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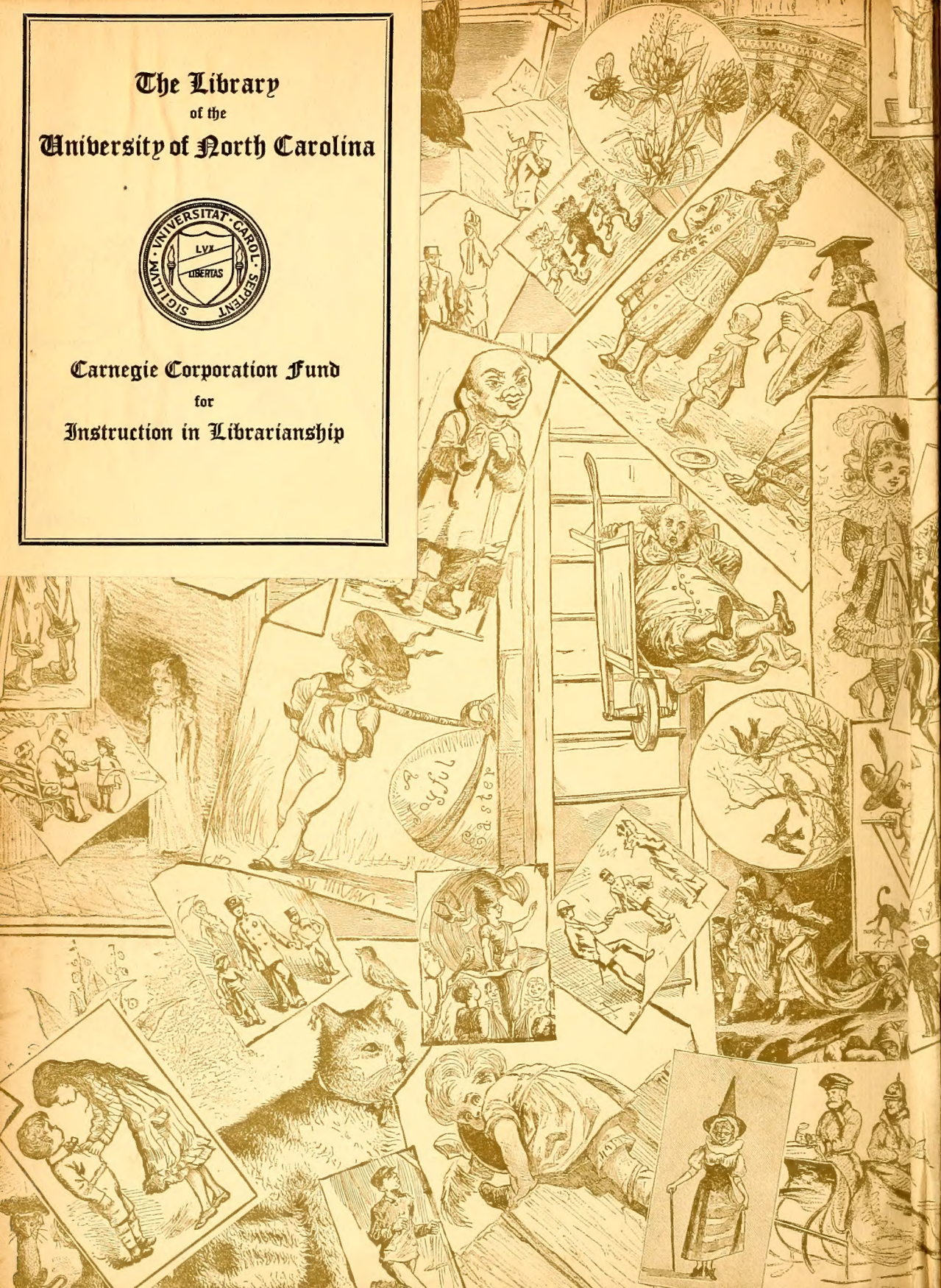
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A NEW YEAR

OF

ST. NICHOLAS.



GRANDMOTHER.

ST. NICHOLAS:

SCRIBNER'S
ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR GIRLS AND BOYS,

CONDUCTED BY
MARY MAPES DODGE.

VOLUME VII.
NOVEMBER, 1879, TO NOVEMBER, 1880.

SCRIBNER & CO. NEW YORK.

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ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME VII.

PART I.

SIX MONTHS—NOVEMBER, 1879, TO MAY, 1880.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE.
ABRAM MORRISON. Poem	*John Greenleaf Whittier*	129
ADRIFT ON THE OCEAN. (Illustrated by Granville Perkins)	*Frank H. Converse*	3
ADVENTURE ON AN EGG-VÄR. An (Illustrated by J. E. Kelly)	*Mrs. C. A. Stephens*	441
AMERICAN KING DAVID. An	*J. T. Trowbridge*	109
AMONG THE LAKES. (Illustrated by W. Taber)	*William O. Stoddard*	44, 138, 258, 340, 413, 499
ARBOR VITÆ OR NOT?	*Ella A. Drinkwater*	11
"AROUND A DUSTY LITTLE ROOM." Jingle. (Illustrated by Jessie McDermott)	*Margaret Johnson*	303
AUDIPHONE. The (Illustrated)	*Aunt Fanny*	313
AUTOMATA. Some Wonderful	*Fanny Roper Feudge*	333
BABIE STUART. (Illustrated)	*Agnes Elizabeth Thomson*	376
BEGINNING. A (Illustrated by Jessie Curtis)	*Sarah Winter Kellogg*	131
BELL-BUOY. The (Illustrated by the Author)	*Mrs. B. L. Merrill*	469
BIDDING THE SUN "GOOD-NIGHT" IN LAPLAND. Poem. (Illustrated)	*Joy Allison*	204
BLODGET'S ORDERS	*George Klingle*	253
BOBBING FOR APPLES. Picture. Drawn by	*Frank Beard*	308
BO-PEEP'S SHEEP WERE FOUND. How (Illustrated by J. E. Kelly)	*Geo. J. Varney*	477
BOY-HEROES OF CRÉCY AND POITIERS. The (Illustrated by Fredericks)	*Treadwell Walden*	64
BOYS AT CHIRON'S SCHOOL. The (Illustrated by F. S. Church)	*Evelyn Müller*	40
BOYS' OWN PHONOGRAPH. The (Illustrated by Daniel C. Beard)	*John Lewees*	235
BOY'S REMONSTRANCE. A Poem	*Carlotta Perry*	43
BUDSY, THE GIANT. (Illustrated by E. B. Bensell)	*J. W. De Forest*	103
BURIAL AT SEA. A (Illustrated)		498
BUTTERCUP GOLD	*Laura E. Richards*	361
CAOUTCHOUC IN NICARAGUA. Gathering (Illustrated by R. Riordan)	*E. P. Lull*	379
CATCHER CAUGHT. The Pictures		218
CHILDHOOD'S GOLD. Poem	*Lucy Larcom*	463
CHILDREN'S CLAIM. The (Illustrated by the Author)	*Mary Hallock Foote*	238
CHILDREN'S TALLY-HO. The (Illustrated by Mary Hallock Foote)	*S. W. Hallock*	339
CHILD-SONGS. The City Child. Minnie and Winnie	*Alfred Tennyson*	281, 349, 428, 430
CHIRON'S SCHOOL. The Boys at (Illustrated by F. S. Church)	*Evelyn Müller*	40
CHRISTMAS AT NUMBER ONE, CRAWLIN PLACE	*Sargent Flint*	114
CHRISTMAS IS COMING! Picture		111
CHRISTMAS STAR. The Picture		102
CHRONICLES OF THE MOLBOS. (Illustrated by Frank Beard)		180
CHY LUNG, THE CHINESE FISHERMAN. (Illustrated by W. F. Brown)	*Fanny M. Osborne*	396
CITY BOYS. Disadvantages of	*Washington Gladden*	405
CLOUD-LAND. Poem	*Mary N. Prescott*	69
"CONSIDER NOW A PAINTER-MAN." Jingle	*Joel Stacy*	108
COUNTRY SCHOOL-HOUSE. The Poem	*M. E. Bennett*	55
CROCUS. Poem	*Celia Thaxter*	376
"DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY." Verses	*Susan Hartley*	482
DAISY'S MISTAKE. (Illustrated)	*E. McKean Ely*	299

182603

		PAGE.
DAUPHIN. The Last (Illustrated)	*Alice D. Wilde*	51
DEAD CITY. A (Illustrated)	*Margaret Bertha Wright*	458
"DEAR LITTLE DEER." The (Illustrated by Daniel C. Beard)	*Olive Thorne Miller*	471
DISADVANTAGES OF CITY BOYS. The	*Washington Gladden*	405
DOLLS' BABY SHOW. The (Illustrated by Jessie Curtis)	*B. M. B.*	199
DOLLS BROKE THE LAW. How Some	*Sarah Winter Kellogg*	1
DRESSING MARY ANN. Jingle. (Illustrated by Addie Ledyard)	*M. M. D.*	167
DROPPED STITCH. That Verses. (Illustrated by E. B. Bensell)	*R. S. T.*	8
EASTER CARD. An Picture. Drawn by	*Addie Ledyard*	469
EASTER IN ROME. (Illustrated)	*Lillian Gilbert Browne*	480
EDITHA'S BURGLAR. (Illustrated by W. Taber)	*Frances Hodgson Burnett*	326
ELEPHANTS TURNED BACK. How The (Illustrated by Gustave Doré)	*John Lewees*	129
FABLES. (Illustrated by the Author)	*Howard Pyle*	98
FAITHFUL FRIEND. A (Illustrated by Hermann Faber)	*John V. Sears*	304
FAMILY WITH WHOM EVERYTHING WENT WRONG. The (Illustrated)	*Mary Mapes Dodge*	32
FAN. My "Sun-flower's" (Illustrated)	*Emma Bryan*	125
FANCY WORK. A Few Pretty Things in (Illustrated by H. W. Troy)	*Eliza Howe*	70
FARMER WHO BECAME DRUM-MAJOR. The Verses. (Illustrated)	*Joel Stacy*	456
FOUR SUNBEAMS. The Poem. (Illustrated by Frederick Dielman)	*M. K. B.*	117
FUNNY MANDARIN. The (Illustrated by the Author)	*Palmer Cox*	172
GAME OF KITE-CUTTING. The (Illustrated by Julian O. Davidson)	*F. D. Clarke*	490
GATHERING CAOUTCHOUC IN NICARAGUA. (Illustrated by R. Riordan)	*E. P. Lull*	379
GETTING ACQUAINTED. Picture. Drawn by	*C. A. Northam*	446
GIOTTO: The Shepherd-boy of Vespignano. (Illustrated.)	*Agnes Elizabeth Thomson*	224
GREAT RACE. The (Illustrated by L. Hopkins)	*F. E. Throop*	96
GUDRA'S DAUGHTER. The (Illustrated by E. B. Bensell)	*Frank R. Stockton*	56
HAPPY BUD. The Poem. (Illustrated)	*Eudora May Stone*	445
HEARING WITHOUT EARS. (Illustrated)	*Aunt Fanny*	313
HOW BO-PEEP'S SHEEP WERE FOUND. (Illustrated by J. E. Kelly)	*Geo. J. Varney*	477
HOW CRUEL IS FATE! Verses	*Margaret Vandegrift*	159
HOW HAL WENT HOME. (Illustrated by W. L. Sheppard)	*Louise Stockton*	228
HOW JOE BROUGHT DOWN THE HOUSE	*Marion Conant*	170
HOW JOHNNY AMUSED THE BABY. Picture. Drawn by	*H. R. Poore*	498
HOW SOME DOLLS BROKE THE LAW	*Sarah Winter Kellogg*	1
HOW TO ENTERTAIN A GUEST	*Susan Anna Brown*	309
HYLAS. The Poem	*Celia Thaxter*	315
"I KNOW A LITTLE MAIDEN." Jingle. (Illustrated)	*Mary Mapes Dodge*	23
INO AND UNO. Verses	*Josephine Pollard*	227
IRENE AND THE YESTERDAYS. (Illustrated)	*"Raja"*	24
"IT 'S SUCH WORK TO GO UP,—UP,—UP!" } Pictures, by	*H. Stull*	378
"BUT SUCH FUN TO GO DOWN,—DOWN,—DOWN!" }		379
"I WISH I KNEW MY LETTERS WELL." Jingle	*M. M. D.*	95
JACK AND JILL. (Illustrated by Frederick Dielman)	*Louisa M. Alcott*	89
		205, 282, 385, 446
JACK-RABBITS. Hunting (Illustrated by J. E. Kelly)	*A Boy*	34
JAPANESE TOP-SPINNING. (Illustrated by R. Blum)	*J. Reed Sever*	198
JINGLES		23, 95, 108, 127, 167, 238, 303, 333, 336
KITE-CUTTING. The Game of (Illustrated by Julian O. Davidson)	*F. D. Clarke*	490
KITE TIME. (Illustrated by the Author)	*Daniel C. Beard*	421
KITTY'S MOTHER. (Illustrated by the Author)	*A. G. Plympton*	483
KNIGHT AND THE PAGE. The (Illustrated by Mary Hallock Foote)	*Martha C. Howe*	99
KNOTTY SUBJECT. A (Illustrated)	*Charles L. Norton*	300
LAND OF SHORT MEMORIES. The	*S. S. Colt*	217
LAZY PUSSY. The Verses. (Illustrated by the Author)	*Palmer Cox*	369
LEGEND OF HARVEST. A Poem	*Edgar Fawcett*	30
LEGEND OF THE GROUND-HOG. The Poem. (Illustrated by the Author)	*William M. Pegram*	411
LITTLE FIRST MAN AND WOMAN. The (Illustrated by the Author)	*William M. Cary*	134

		PAGE.
LITTLE PEASANT. The Poem. (Illustrated)	*R. S. Chilton*	420
LITTLE RUNAWAY. The Poem. (Illustrated by Frederick Dielman)	*Julia C. R. Dorr*	62
LONGITUDE ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY. (Illustrated)	*John Keiler*	366
MAJOR'S BIG-TALK STORIES. The I. A Vacillating Bear. (Illustrated by Miss S. A. Rankin)	*F. Blake Crofton*	476
MARY ELIZABETH	*Elizabeth Stuart Phelps*	316
MASTER TREBORIUS. Nonsense Verse. (Illustrated by L. Hopkins)	*W. M. Bicknell*	333
MRS. MCGLINTY'S PIGS. (Illustrated by Sol. Eytinge, Jr.)	*Miriam Alden*	20
MUSCADINES IN MISSISSIPPI. Gathering (Illustrated by W. L. Sheppard)	*Winnie Weston*	28
MOLBOS. Chronicles of The (Illustrated by Frank Beard)		180
MOTHER GOOSE AND HER FAMILY. A Christmas Recreation. (Illustrated by Allegra Eggleston)	*Edward Eggleston*	146
MYSTERY OF THE SEED. The Poem. (Illustrated)	*Lucy Larcom*	150
MUSIC. A Strange (Illustrated)	*Louis C. Elson*	246
NAPOLEON AND THE YOUNG EGYPTIAN. Translated from the German of W. Hauff. (Illustrated by C. S. Reinhart)	*Col. T. A. Dodge*	486
NAUGHTY BOY. A (Illustrated by Abbott H. Thayer)	*Bessie Hill*	404
ONLY CHILD. An Picture		340
OTTER. Watching for an (Illustrated by W. L. Sheppard)	*Maurice Thompson*	111
OUT AT SEA. (Illustrated)	*Paul Fort*	336
PAUL AND THE GOBLIN. (Illustrated by E. B. Bensell)	*J. Esten Cooke*	119
PEGASUS. The Story of (Illustrated by J. E. Kelly)	*M. C*	144
PENSIVE CRICKET. The Verses. (Illustrated by Miss H. A. Daley)	*Joel Stacy*	13
PHONOGRAPH. The Boys' Own (Illustrated by Daniel C. Beard)	*John Lewees*	235
PICTURE WITH A MORAL FOR BOYS AND DOGS. A Drawn by	*J. G. Francis*	325
PLAYTHINGS. (Illustrated by Jessie Curtis)	*Olive Thorne Miller*	14
PLUMS. (Illustrated)	*Paul Fort*	233
POMPEII—A Dead City. (Illustrated)	*Margaret Bertha Wright*	458
POPPING CORN. Poem. (Illustrated by Alfred Kappes)	*Jennie E. T. Dowe*	223
PRACTICAL FAIRY. The	*Charles Barnard*	219
PRAIRIE SQUIRRELS. (Illustrated by William H. Gibson)	*Mary P. Thacher*	290
PROUD LITTLE GRAIN OF WHEAT. The	*Frances Hodgson Burnett*	193
QUITE A HISTORY. Verses	*Arlo Bates*	348
RAVEN UNCLE. The (Illustrated)		322
RELAY IN THE DESERT. The (Illustrated)	*R. G. M.*	232
RIDING ON THE RAIL. Verses. (Illustrated by R. Sayer)	*H. F. King*	395
SAVED FROM SIBERIA. (Illustrated by J. Harrison Mills and J. E. Kelly)	*A. A. Hayes, Jr*	292
SEED, THE MYSTERY OF THE. Poem. (Illustrated)	*Lucy Larcom*	150
SEEING IS BELIEVING. Jingle. (Illustrated by Miss Kate Greenaway)	*Joel Stacy*	336
SHEPHERD-BOY OF VESPIGNANO. The (Illustrated)	*Agnes Elizabeth Thomson*	224
SILK CULTURE. Origin of (Illustrated)	*Emma Bryan*	125
SLEEPING PRINCESS. The Operetta. (Illustrated by E. B. Bensell)	*John V. Sears*	267
SNOW-BALL WARFARE. (Illustrated by the Author)	*Daniel C. Beard*	263
SNOW-FLAKES. Poem	*Mary N. Prescott*	396
SNOW-SPORTS FOR GIRLS AND BOYS. (Illustrated by Daniel C. Beard)	*Samuel Van Brunt*	320
SOME NEW BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE		188
SOW, SEW, AND SO. Verses	*Rosa Graham*	246
SPRIG OF HOLLY. The (Illustrated)	*Frank R. Stockton*	255
SPRING TIME. Verses. (Illustrated by the Author)	*Mary Gordon*	474
ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON. (Illustrated by Alfred Fredericks)	*Mrs. E. W. Latimer*	494
ST. MARTIN'S EVE. (Illustrated by Sol. Eytinge, Jr)	*Anna Eichberg*	74
STORY TO BE WRITTEN BY THE BOYS AND GIRLS. A Picture, by	*F. B. Mayer*	316
STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A WOOD-SLED. The (Illustrated by Sol. Eytinge, Jr.)	*Washington Gladden*	160
STRANGE MUSIC. A (Illustrated)	*Louis C. Elson*	246
SWAN SONG. The (Illustrated by Sol. Eytinge, Jr.)	*Katharine Ritter Brooks*	363
TEA-KETTLE LIGHT. The (Illustrated by A. C. Redwood)	*Flora A. Sanborn*	370
TELEGRAPH-BOYS. (Illustrated by F. H. Lungren, W. Taber, and W. M. Cary)	*W. A. Linn*	151

PAGE.

THANKSGIVING. Getting Ready for (Illustrated by W. M. Cary).....*M. E. Winslow*..... 37
"THERE WAS AN OLD MAN OF CATHAY." Verse. (Illustrated by H. W. Peirce)..*Frederic Palmer*.....238
"THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY OF BROOKING." Verse. (Illustrated by H. W. Peirce).*Frederic Palmer*..... 238
THORVALDSEN. (Illustrated).....*A. P. C*..... 174
THREE COPECKS. The (Illustrated by Ivan Pranishnickoff).....*Paul H. Hayne*..... 214
TIME WILL TELL. Picture. Drawn by.....*Isaac Porter, Jr.*..... 254
TWO "ALLIES." (Illustrated by the Author).....*Edwin C. Taylor*..... 10
WATCHING FOR AN OTTER. (Illustrated by W. L. Sheppard).....*Maurice Thompson*..... 111
WAYS OF CUTTING ORANGES AND APPLES. (Illustrated by the Author).....*H. W. Troy*..... 276
WHAT HAPPENED TO JANÁN. (Illustrated by J. E. Kelly).....*M. A. Adgate*..... 464
WHY PATTY SPOKE IN CHURCH. (Illustrated by Frederick Dielman).....*Joel Stacy*..... 312
WINTER. Picture..... 292
WOOD-SLED. The Strange Adventures of A (Illustrated by Sol. Eytinge, Jr.). *Washington Gladden*..... 160

DEPARTMENTS.

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

Introduction—A Mouse that Eats Flies—A Two-story Nest—A Bird that Cries "Pa, Pa!"—Bathing Baby Elephants—A Colony of Muskrats (illustrated)—Wells of Artois, 82; Introduction—The Coldest Cold—Catching Larks with Sunlight—A Letter from a School-ma'am—A Lake Roofed with Salt—The Christmas Sheaf (illustrated)—Lighting a Fire with Ice—A Queer Importation—A Live Elevator, 186; Introduction—Mineral Wax—What Plants Breathe Out—Sleeve-stoves—Sea-silk—Cooked by Cold—Champion Walkers and Jumpers—The Gungaboo and the Turtaloo (illustrated)—Snow-spectacles—A Hint from Deacon Green, 274; Introduction—Red Snow out West—A Thick Covering—The Real American Eye—Taking Care of the Rats—Mules that "Coast"—A Deadly Ring—Another "House Beautiful" (illustrated)—Animals that Never Drink Water, 354; Introduction—The Day-fly—Whistling Buoys—Pigeons that help Doctors—Red Rain—Kedrevnik—Sea Robins (illustrated)—Some Pretty "How d'ye do's?"—Flowering without its Root, 434; Introduction—"No More Truants"—Beavers Coasting—Houses on the Roof—Have Insects Hearts?—Well-behaved Swallows—A Water-worm that Builds a House (illustrated)—Brunel's Most Important Job—A Cat Telegraph, 514.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK.

How Kit Saw the Show, 77—Bird-Pictures by Giacomelli, with verses, 182—Trot, Dot and Bunny, 272—Illustrated Alphabet, 350—Goats with Long Hair; Baby's Journey, 431—Ned's Stilts; Naughty Jack, 512.

FRONTISPIECES.—"Grandmother," facing Title-page of Volume—"Little Louis, the Dauphin," facing page 1—Making Mamma's Christmas Present, 89—"The Beggars are Coming to Town," 193—The Princes in the Tower, 281—The Little Peasant, 361—A Burial at Sea, 441.

YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS' DEPARTMENT. Miss Moffat's Dream (Illustrated)..... 436

THE LETTER-BOX..... 84, 188, 276, 356, 436, 517

THE RIDDLE-BOX.....86, 190, 278, 359, 439, 519

OUR MUSIC PAGE.

The City Child. (Alfred Tennyson).....*Mrs. Alfred Tennyson*. 349, 430
Minnie and Winnie. (Alfred Tennyson).....*Mrs. Alfred Tennyson*..... 428
Bye, Baby, Bye! (Mary Mapes Dodge).....*Hubert P. Main*..... 516

PLAYS.

Mother Goose and her Family. A Christmas Recreation. (Illustrated by Allegra Eggleston).....*Edward Eggleston*..... 146
Sleeping Princess. The Operetta. (Illustrated by E. B. Bensell).....*John V. Sears*..... 267



LITTLE LOUIS, THE DAUPHIN.

[See page 51.]

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. VII. NOVEMBER, 1879. NO. 1.

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HOW SOME DOLLS BROKE THE LAW.

BY SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

AT William Hackett's dingy, cramped quarters in London, there were three very busy people. These were Mrs. Hackett, Miss Hackett, and Master Hackett. They were working upstairs in an attic room, sitting about a table on which there were dolls, doll-heads, doll-bodies. All about the room were boxes of dolls, undressed, except for those inevitable little paper-cambric slips which seem to embody the only inalienable right that dolls have in this world. There were red-haired dolls, black-haired dolls, golden-haired dolls, no-haired dolls,—every description of the genus, perhaps, except the china doll.

Were the Hacketts—Mrs., Miss and Master—dressing dolls to help out belated Santa Claus? No. Were they making dolls? Again, no. They were unmaking the creatures. It would have made any little girl's blood run cold to stand by and witness the slaughter.

First, the lovely dears were beheaded. Then they were ripped open about where their clavicles would have been if the doll-makers had n't left the clavicles out of the darlings. When they were all ripped, and gaping in a ghastly way from shoulder to shoulder, they were emptied of what would have been their vital organs if it had n't been sawdust. Then the heads and bodies were stuffed like Thanksgiving turkey, not, however, with oysters or curry force-meat, but with costly laces,—laces fit to adorn a duchess.

Mr. William Hackett was going to emigrate to America. No; he was n't going to colonize with the little deaf and dumb men and women. He was going to open a toy-shop and a lace-shop in the United States, and make his fortune. He had put his means, the gatherings and savings of thirty years of work and economy, into fine laces.

It was a queer way to carry fine laces,—was n't it?—crammed in spaces where dolls' brains and hearts and lungs ought to have been, if the darlings had had their dues.

"It 's a very heavy risk to run," said Mrs. Hackett, shaking her head.

"No risk at all," said Master Hackett, the bold; "the thought will never come to the stupids to look down a doll's throat."

"Or to take its head off," said Miss Hackett.

"Well, be sure you make good knots in your thread, Flora, and sew the bodies up snug; and glue the heads on tight, Billy," said Mrs. Hackett.

"Trust me," replied Billy. "I 'll engage that none of these beauties will ever lose their heads. I 'll glue them on so snug, the dolls wont be able to wag their heads when they get to Yankee-land."

"Any way, I 'll feel uneasy till we 're safe past the custom-house. They do say that the officers are prying, beyond all believing. I must say, it is not to my liking,—this dodging the law; I 'd be far happier to have father pay the duty on the lace, like an honest man. I 'd feel more as if the Lord had good cause to give us good luck in a new land, than if we 'd cheated at the gate; though, to be sure, it 's not like dealings between man and man. A few pounds more or less can't make a deal of difference with America."

"No," said Master Hackett, "the Yankees 'll never know they 're hurt; but I would n't care if they should feel it. If they had n't kicked up a rumpus, and fought us, and set up an establish-

ment for themselves, there would n't be any duties to pay. I don't wonder they did fight, though, I 'm going to 'list to fight the Indians when I get over there."

"And to get scalped," said Miss Hackett, as she crammed a point-lace collar into an alabaster doll-head. "I believe we shall never get this work done."

It was a tedious job, but it was, at length, done, and the dolls and the Hacketts shipped for the United States.

When the custom-house officials boarded the incoming steamer, Mr. Hackett, without hesitation, reported his dolls and toys, and stood by while his wares were rummaged so roughly that Master Hackett, also standing by, thought that some of the doll-heads must surely burst open and let out their secrets. But the investigation ended without any cracked skulls; duty was paid on the dolls, while the laces passed in free.

The Hacketts, in good humor, took rooms, and again the dolls were beheaded, disemboweled and reconstructed. The laces were worked over and carded; a toy-shop was opened, and Master Hackett, instead of going off to fight the Indians, and to get scalped, was set to keep it, while Miss Hackett presided over the lace-shop. You and I know why her laces could be sold at low prices,—low prices bring quick sales,—thus Mr. Hackett soon found himself back in London, ready to bring out another lot of immigrant dolls, to find homes in little Yankee girls' hearts. In the meantime, some things had happened,—among others, the Chicago fire. By this, many and many a little girl was left doll-less, and many a boy top-less. All over the country, from New England and New York and Ohio, and the great North-west and the Pacific coast, while mammas were boiling and baking, and packing boxes of clothing for the burnt-out folks, and papas were giving their checks freely, the dear little boys and girls were getting tops and dressing dollies to comfort the burnt-out children.

And Santa Claus, you must know, was one of the heaviest sufferers from the great fire. Thousands and thousands of his Christmas toys were destroyed. But when the great holiday came around, the children in the land stood by their blessed old saint and friend. Many a Christmas-box they sent to Chicago for this and that burnt-out Sunday-school. And so it came that there was a Christmas-tree for a certain Presbyterian Sunday-school in Chicago, all of whose gifts had been sent by children of nobody-knew-what-places; that is to say, nobody knew by the time the articles had reached the tree.

Among other things on this certain tree was a wonderful dolly, in a marvelous dress of pink gauze.

"If I could have that," said Josie Hawley, "I 'd stop crying about my burnt-up dolly."

"Why don't you pray to get it," said Patsy Clark. "I 've been praying for that picture-book up there ever since I first saw it."

"Well, I will," said little Josie.

She put her hands up to her eyes, and looking through her fingers to keep the coveted dolly in sight, she said:

> "Now I lay me down to sleep,
> I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
> If I should die before I wake"——

"Is that the right way? 'I pray the'—— Santa Claus has tooked it down!" she cried.

A lady had just whispered to Santa Claus. He was looking straight into Josie's eager face.

"This beautiful doll," he said, "is for the good little girl, Josie Hawley."

Oh! where was the little girl who had sent that pretty doll? She ought to have been there to see Josie's radiant, happy face, as two eager arms were reached out to receive the beauty.

One day, in the following January, Mrs. Hawley was thinking, in desponding mood, of her ruined fortunes, when Josie ran into the room, crying:

"Come quick, Mamma! My dolly is drownded all to pieces in the baf-tub."

"Why, Josie, what have you been doing?" said Mamma, hastening to the bath-room.

"I gived her a baf; her wanted a baf so bad," said Josie.

There, in and on the booming deep, with a cataract roaring from the open faucet, was the beautiful dolly, all unpasted. One fair foot and the fairer head had gone to the bottom of the tub. The beautiful unglued curls were floating in a tangled mass on the restless waves.

"And what is this?" said Mamma, as, having rescued the other parts, her hand plunged and brought up the head. Dripping honiton lace was hanging from it. "Did anybody ever?" continued Mamma, pulling at the lace, and drawing out yard after yard.

Further investigation followed; dolly was dissected, and a marvelous anatomical structure was revealed. You see how it was, do you not? It was one of the Hackett dolls which, by mistake, did not get its lace insides taken out, on its arrival in America.

Of course, the matter could n't be kept out of the papers; it was published far and wide. I presume you read an account of it. Some custom-house officers did, and the Hacketts did not. They took a London paper, setting it down that American newspapers were sensational and unreliable. The custom-house folks had their explanation

about the lace-stuffed doll: the lace was smuggled lace. They wrote it down on their memories' tablets, "Beware of dolls!" Mr. Hackett was coming in on a second venture while this inscription was fresh on the tablets.

When his dolls were exposed for inspection, the investigator took one in his hand. It was a beautiful creature, with long Saxon curls, black eyes, bright cheeks and a rose-bud mouth. There is surely not a little girl in all the world who could have looked at it without a flutter. What do you think that hard-hearted officer did? He took the head in his right hand, the bright face against his great palm, while the left grasped the darling just over the little heart, if there had been a heart in its body. He laid the neck across the box's edge and broke the pretty head off, so that it would have bothered Master Hackett, expert that he was, to reconstruct that doll.

Doubtless, there never was another lot of dolls that paid a higher fee than Mr. Hackett's for admission into our country.

ADRIFT ON THE OCEAN.

By Frank H. Converse.



With shaking sails and jib hauled snug to windward, the old whaling schooner "Macy" lay tossing unrestfully on the waves of the Caribbean Sea in the swiftly gathering, tropical twilight. Leaning idly over her taffrail, Captain Smith, and Mr. Freeman the mate, watched the approach of a whale-boat containing Captain Bangs of the "Doane" (also a whaler), which vessel was hove to, a pistol-shot distant, to afford her commander opportunity for making an evening call.

"Drop her astern, you 'Dolph," growled the genial Bangs; and, the boat having arrived alongside, he scrambled over the Macy's rail, followed by his boat's crew. "Mind you make the painter well fast!" With this injunction he dived below, in compliance with a nod from Captain Smith. 'Dolph, a stolid Belgian noted for his stupidity, grunted obedience, and with great deliberation tied the "painter," or boat-line, around the nearest stanchion with an elaborate double bow-knot, as though it were a kind of gigantic shoe-string, after which he joined his shipmates forward. But Boy Jack, who was youngest and lightest of the "Doane's" crew, and pulled "stroke" for the captain, remained in the boat.

"Better than tobacco smoke and a dirty forecastle," he muttered, drowsily, as, curled up in the stern-sheets, he watched the Mother Carey's chickens which danced in the "Macy's" wake. And vaguely associating their monotonous note with the well-remembered twittering of barn-swallows at home, he fell fast asleep, unconscious that, little by little, the clumsily knotted boat's painter was yielding to the strain imposed upon it by the rising and falling waves.

Three hours later, Captain Bangs came on deck, and, having summoned his crew, somewhat hilariously ordered his boat to be brought alongside.

Presently, 'Dolph, who had been aft, appeared before the waiting commander with a dismayed countenance.

"It vos a touble bow-knotz, Mynheer Cap'n," he stammered, "and I shall not tinks how he would untie, but ——"

"Why, you dunderheaded old—old—graven image!" shouted Captain Bangs, rushing to the rail in horror. "You don't mean to say that a brand-new three-hundred-dollar whale-boat has gone adrift through your everlasting, blamed stupidity!"

"I haf tied my shoe yesterday mit the same knotz, an' he wos not yet untie," answered 'Dolph, innocently advancing an enormous foot for the frenzied captain's inspection.

"O–ww!" roared the wrathful Bangs, twining his hands in his own hair in a seeming endeavor to lift himself from the deck; "take that thick-skulled idiot away, some of you, before I throw him overboard!" and Captain Bangs strode wildly up and

down, to the intense but secret delight of little Mr. Marshall, the second mate, who grew purple to his ear-tips with suppressed laughter.

To add to the perplexities of the situation, a heavy squall began to darken the sky and whiten the waves to windward, rendering a return to the "Doane," for that night at least, an impossibility.

But, leaving the hapless commander to pour out the vials of unavailing wrath upon the head of the unlucky but unmoved 'Dolph as he assists in shortening sail on board the "Macy," let us see how it fares with our hero, Boy Jack.

He had been rudely aroused from a two hours' sleep by the violent tossing and pitching of the boat. With a strange feeling that something was wrong, he stumbled forward through the darkness, half awake, to find the painter towing alongside, and the boat drifting aimlessly at the will of the waves! At the same moment, by a sudden flash of lightning which lit up the sea for miles around, he saw for an instant a white speck against the blackening horizon, which he knew was probably the "Macy."

But though cast down, Boy Jack was not of the stuff which yields easily to despondency.

"I must work up to windward as well as I can, till morning, and take my chance of being seen from aloft," he said half aloud as he raised the light mast which every whale-boat carries, fitted to an adjustable socket. Then bringing the peak of his sail down nearly to the tack, he lashed it securely, thereby making a sort of storm try-sail, after which, shipping the rudder, he brought the boat up to the wind, and began his hazardous voyage.

But the wind, at first blowing in fitful gusts, soon burst with fierce suddenness from the north-west. Narrowly escaping being swamped in the act, Boy Jack had no other resource than to keep off and run before the fierce blast, which sent the terrible green seas cockling and cresting in close pursuit astern.

Crouched in the stern, and drenched to the skin with driving spray, he clung convulsively to the tiller as the buoyant boat flew with frightful velocity over the storm-tossed waves, bending all his energies upon the one effort to prevent the little craft from broaching to. Shivering with cold and excitement, oh, how bitterly he regretted the madness which had induced him, two months before, to leave his quiet New England home for a life whose every surrounding he had found, when too late, was not at all to his taste.

But as the hours passed on, and the first gleams of morning appeared in the east, breaking through the dispersing clouds, the violence of the wind gradually abated until it had settled down to a steady breeze. It was then, as he stood erect and shook out his sail, that he caught his first sight of the strange island which, on the chart, is laid down as "Rondia," and which from its dangerous surrounding of coral reefs, is seldom or never visited by vessels, that might pass and repass a thousand times without discerning the wonderfully concealed passage leading to its interior. For Rondia is nothing more nor less than an extinct volcano, rising cone-like from the sea, with neither shore nor harbor visible a cable's length distant from its lofty sides.

It was not until Boy Jack had steered his boat between rows of coral reefs against which the surf unceasingly chafed and fretted, and had come under the very shadow of the overhanging cliffs, that a cleft in the mountain-side, through which a narrow creek flowed inland, revealed itself to his astonished eyes. Ages ago, say the Rondians, this was a burning volcano. And they add that, at the crucifixion of our Savior, when earth and sea were shaken, its eastern side was riven from top to bottom, so that the sea, rushing suddenly in, quenched the internal fires, and remaining, formed the bowl-shaped harbor in the center of which no bottom (so they assert) can be reached. As one in a dream, Boy Jack was borne on the incoming tide between towering walls of stone, until, suddenly rounding an abrupt bend in the stream, a wonderful scene was presented to his view.

Before him lay a perfectly circular basin of clear water, rimmed with dazzlingly white sand; on the shore opposite to him was a tiny collection of palm-thatched huts. From behind them, as from every side of the beautiful harbor, thickly wooded slopes rose gradually upward to a wedge-shaped summit which was seemingly shut in by a circular patch of blue sky.

As the boat's keel grated on the powdered coral beach, Boy Jack stepped ashore, and not yet entirely certain that he was fully awake, looked about him. The stillness, no less than the heat, was intense. No sign of life was anywhere visible. Following a sort of foot-path leading up from the beach, he found himself in an irregular palm-shaded, grass be-grown sort of street, which, wandering aimlessly along between the little vine-embowered dwellings on either side, lost itself in luxuriant groves of plantains and bananas.

"The land of Nod," said Boy Jack, dreamily. For Rondia was taking her noonday siesta, and reclining at ease in grass hammocks, or stretched at indolent length in the cooling shade, was the entire population of Rondia, a people who, for the most part, appear to be allied to French or Spanish creoles in appearance and language, yet who claim that the blood of the now extinct race of Caribs flows in their veins.

Fortunately for Boy Jack, weak and faint with hunger, Father Francis, a sort of missionary priest, who had been sent here thirty years before from Dominica, and had taken up his permanent abode in Rondia, appeared upon the scene. He was a spare, kindly visaged man in a faded cassock and broad-brimmed hat, mounted upon a little, venerable and sleepy-looking donkey. Jack briefly related his story to the amazed priest, amid muttered exclamations of languid surprise in a jumble of poor French and stray bits of English from



"A SUDDEN FLASH OF LIGHTNING LIT UP THE SEA."

a throng of now aroused Rondians who gathered about him, and to whom he expressed his willingness to dine on the shortest possible notice.

Boy Jack has since averred that the baked beans of his native land never tasted one-half as good as the savory bowl of stew which was soon set before him. It was composed of salt fish, oil, beans, Chili peppers, yams, sweet-potatoes, gumbo, turtle meat and plantains, thickened with cassava, and flavored to a shuddering extent with garlic.

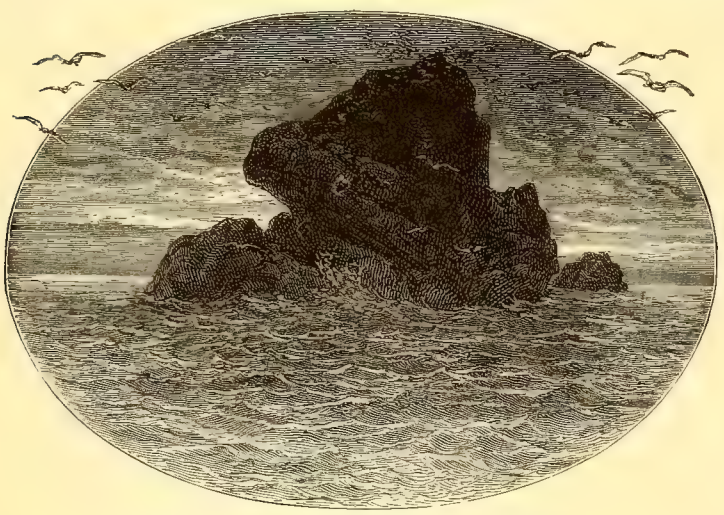
In a day or two, the little ripple of excitement which the stranger's advent had caused among this the most indolent people in existence, had subsided, and Rondia had returned to her normal condition of eating and sleeping. Yet, as Boy Jack learned from Father Francis, his was the first white face which had been seen there since the year 1852, when a Scotch brig was wrecked near the entrance to the harbor, and the two only survivors, who found their way into this strange interior, were afterward carried to Barbadoes by a turtle-catcher. Twice a year a small sloop is loaded with the few native products of the island, to be exchanged in Barbadoes for the necessaries of life,—which, with the Rondians, seem to consist of calico, chewing tobacco, and stove-pipe hats,—though these last-named articles are considered rather as a fashionable luxury, than as a necessity. You can easily imagine that a Rondian presents a decidedly peculiar and imposing appearance as he stalks majestically over the burning sand (the thermometer at 102° in the shade) in dingy and tattered linen shirt and pants, and barefooted, but with his crisp hair surmounted by a stiff, bell-crowned hat of the fashion of forty years ago.

The curious interior of Rondia, already alluded to, is formed of lava, which cooled so suddenly from its fiery, melted state that it left the ground-surface covered with air-holes, like the top of an

immense griddle-cake. These then became gradually filled with dust, loose earth and decayed animal and vegetable matter, forming a surface soil of wonderful richness. Every variety of vegetation matures for the lazy Rondian without his help, and all kinds of tropical fruits ripen with incredible rapidity, as though to fall into his open mouth as he snores away two-thirds of his indolent life in a grass hammock. With the exception of the three hurricane months, as they are called,—which periods of wind and rain afford an excuse for an additional amount of sleep,—the climate of Rondia is that of a perpetual summer.

The harbor itself, from its nearness to the sea and great depth, abounds with fish and turtle. Here Boy Jack saw for the first time the cardinal-hued "snapper" and crimson mullet, the chameleon-like dolphin, the slender pipe-fish, parrot-fishes, gorgeous in plate armor of red and green, and occasionally the rainbow-tinted angel-fish of the Bermudas.

Now Boy Jack called to mind how often, in his school days, he had dreamed of the happiness which a perpetual holiday in some such climate as this—a holiday unbroken by the slightest semblance of duty or task—would afford him. But he found that, after a week of this very easy way of living, it began to grow too tiresome. He had made the acquaintance of every male inhabitant of Rondia, from old Manuel, the Spaniard, popularly believed to have been a pirate, to Jocopo, a peculiarly vicious monkey belonging to Father Francis. Mamma Moyo, an Obi woman, or witch, had given him a charm to insure him riches and long life. He had visited the ruined stone lookout where La Fitte, the freebooter, watched the sails in the offing; for, many years before, Rondia was a famed trysting-place for the pirates which infested the Caribbean sea. He had been out to the wreck of a Spanish man-of-war, where at low tide the whitening bones of her ill-fated crew can be seen among the rusty cannon on the bottom. His appetite was sated with fruit, and he loathed the odor of garlic.



"A BARREN ROCK WITH SEA-GULLS SWOOPING ABOUT IT."

"Rest you easy, my son," said Father Francis, who took a secret pride in his English; "s'pose you s'all here for always to stay, the peoples have to me told that they you will make to become a—a—*Gobernador*—I am not know what he s'all be call in English."

For the primitive Rondians looked upon Boy Jack, who had given them such wonderful accounts of the world without, and especially of the great Yankee nation, with a sort of superstitious respect, as a being possessed of vast stores of wisdom.

But this dazzling honor, to which was added the inducement of marriage with a Rondian belle of some personal beauty, was insufficient to turn Boy Jack from his fixed purpose of setting sail for the nearest sea-board port frequented by American shipping. To reach his quiet New England home once more, never to leave it again,—to ask forgiveness of his loved parents for his headstrong folly in running away to sea, and be to them evermore a dutiful son,—this was the one dream which was present to his mind.

And one day, amid general lamentation, Boy Jack waved a good-bye to Rondia, leaving Father Francis to lift up his voice and weep, while his flock forgot their sorrows in sleep. His boat was provisioned with dried turtle, cassava, and fruit; he had water sufficient to last a week. Barbadoes was but eighty miles distant, the course W. N. W. by his boat compass, and at this season of the year he might reckon upon fair weather and the steady breath of the N. E. trade-wind. He had a blanket and an old sou'wester hat, in addition to his scanty stock of clothing; but in that delightful climate this was all-sufficient for ordinary needs.

Could he but reach Barbadoes, he knew that he was almost sure of finding American vessels loading with sugar or molasses for northern ports. The most he feared was the remote possibility of falling in with the "Doane" or "Macy." He fully intended that in some way the whale-boat should be

returned to its owners; but he firmly resolved that he himself would never willingly go back to the rough life of a whaler's forecastle.

By night-fall, the lofty peak of Rondia was no longer visible. Now and then, a lonely, barren rock could be discerned, with a troop of sea-gulls swooping about it, but as the twilight deepened into darkness, and the stars shone out with a softened brilliancy peculiar to the tropics, Boy Jack began to experience that terrible sensation of being

"Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea,"

in all its misery. But finally, commending himself to the loving care of Him who holds the sea in the hollow of His hand, he wrapped himself in his blanket and fell asleep, awaking at intervals to find the weather fine and the wind gradually dying out.

Toward day-break, he was awakened by a repeated hail of "Boat ahoy!" Struggling to his feet, he became conscious that the cry came from a large fore-and-aft schooner, which was becalmed a cable's length distant. A sudden terror came over him, for in the dim light the vessel's rig and size appeared to be exactly those of the "Doane," and at that distance he could not see whether she carried quarter-boats and had lookout stations aloft, or not.

"Come alongside and give an account of yourself," again shouted a hoarse voice, which to Boy Jack's excited imagination seemed that of the dreaded Bangs; and, as escape was impossible, he slowly propelled his boat toward the schooner. But as he neared her he saw, with feelings of great relief, that it was no whaler; her name was the "Ella," of Boston.

As he came alongside, a gray-bearded man silently left the wheel and took the boat's painter.

"Can I see the captain?" asked Boy Jack, as, reaching the deck, he noticed with some surprise that no one but the gray-bearded man was in sight, and he seemed to have suddenly fallen asleep as soon as he grasped the spokes of the wheel.

"You can," curtly answered the gray-bearded man, suddenly opening his eyes, but not otherwise moving a muscle of his face.

"Well," said Boy Jack, "where is he?"

"I 'm the individual," was the unmoved answer. "Who are you—a runaway from a whaler, eh?"

In some astonishment, Boy Jack told his story, to which the captain—whose name was Simons—listened without remark. He had met with so many more remarkable experiences in his thirty-three years of sea life, that he seemed to think Boy Jack's narration hardly worthy of comment.

"S'pose you want to work your passage north?" said Captain Simons interrogatively. Jack nodded.

"Well," was the dry answer, "you 'll have a chance to. Me and the steward has buried mate, second mate, and three men, who 've all died of yellow fever, since we left Trinidad eight days ago, bound for Boston. And I 'm going to get the schooner home, if nobody 's left aboard but me."

At Captain Simons's bidding, Boy Jack called the steward, who was a gigantic, but wonderfully good-natured, negro; and, the whale-boat being taken up to the stern davits with infinite labor, the captain gave Boy Jack the course and the wheel, and was asleep almost as soon as he reached the cabin.

But long before they sighted Highland Light, Boy Jack was in the same condition. Sometimes, after standing three or four hours at the wheel, a sudden squall would rise, the halyards would be let go; and, after the squall had passed, the three would manage, with heart-breaking toil, to hoist the heavy foresail and mainsail again.

Oftentimes did Boy Jack pace the deck, in the night watch, when it was perfectly impossible to keep awake; and he slept as he walked, until aroused by some order, when he would be obliged to pull and haul till it seemed as though his arms would drop off.

Still, with the exception of a blow off Hatteras, the wind and weather held generally fair. Captain Simons, who was a man of indomitable pluck and energy, vowed that he was n't going to ask assistance, at any rate not as long as he could do without it, though several times they might have spoken passing vessels.

However, Boy Jack has since told me that he thinks he could not have had a *much* harder time, if he had made the voyage in his whale-boat; and that, while he had great admiration for Captain Simons's courage, he was many times inclined to doubt the wisdom of his judgment.

But on one beautiful day in June, the tug-boat "Vixen" took the schooner's hawser in Boston Bay and finally carried her alongside Commercial wharf. Boy Jack helped to furl the heavy sails for the last time, and, after packing his scanty stock of clothing in a bundle, went into the cabin to say good-bye to Captain Simons, who, by the way, had promised to see that the whale-boat in which Boy Jack had made his memorable trip was sent across to Provincetown, where the "Doane" was owned, with the compliments of Jack Smith.

Mr. Mason, one of the owners of the "Ella," was talking with Captain Simons, and rubbing his hands in rather a satisfied manner.

"And this is the boy, eh?" said Mr. Mason, looking sharply over his spectacles at Jack, who, finding that he had been the subject of conversation, colored violently.

"That 's the boy," answered Captain Simons con-

cisely, "and a better or more willing lad never stood five hours to a wheel without a whimper."

An order for a suit of clothes and a check for fifty dollars are not very unwelcome gifts to any one. I wish some one would make such a present to *me*. And that is just what Mr. Mason handed Boy Jack; moreover, he patted him on the shoulder, and said, "Good boy—he 'll make a smart man." Captain Simons also said words to the same effect, and wrung his hand at parting till it ached.

"But whatever you do," said Captain Simons finally, "*don't* go to sea for a living." And Jack not only said that he certainly would n't, but has kept his promise.

THAT DROPPED STITCH.

By R. S. T.



A LITTLE old woman
With silver-rimmed "specs,"
Quite daintily dressed
In the cleanest of checks,
Was sitting alone in a tower, so high
That it seemed like a needle piercing the sky.

There she had sat
For—oh, ever so long!
Knitting, and singing
A sweet little song.
And she said, while her face was all puckered with smiles,
"I 'll soon have enough, for I 've knit twenty miles."

She had needles all round her
And yarn in her shoe,
And she had a partic-
Ular object in view.
Being awfully tired of perpetual sitting,
She meant to climb down on her long piece of knitting.

The knitting hangs free
From the wide-open casement;
The end of it reaches
Almost to the basement.
She cheerfully knits, and remarks as she sings:
"By means of this knitting I 'll do without wings."

Of the world far beneath her
She knew not a bit,
But she said to herself,
With a good deal of wit:
"If no better than this place, it cannot be worse."
So continued her knitting, and singing her verse.

At last, she got near
To the end of her work;
The swift needles flew
In and out, with a jerk,
When, some knot in the worsted producing a hitch,
This cheerful and pleasant old girl dropped a stitch.

Now, a great many persons
Are apt to suppose
That dropping one stitch—
Which you know, hardly shows—
Should be a small matter quite easy to shirk;
And so the old lady went on with her work.

She finished her line,
Never minding her error;
Tied it fast, and then started,
When, oh! to her terror,
It began, where the stitch had been dropped, to unravel,
And rapidly down toward the earth did she travel!

At first fast, and then faster,
The knitting unwound,
And faster and faster
She fell to the ground,
Whirled over and over, and heavily dropped,
Poor soul! How she wished on her window she 'd stopped!

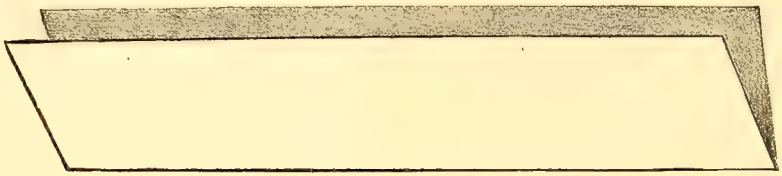
So, children, be thorough,
Whatever you do,
For a similiar trouble
Might happen to you.
In performing your duties don't offer to shirk,
But be careful no stitches are dropped in your work.



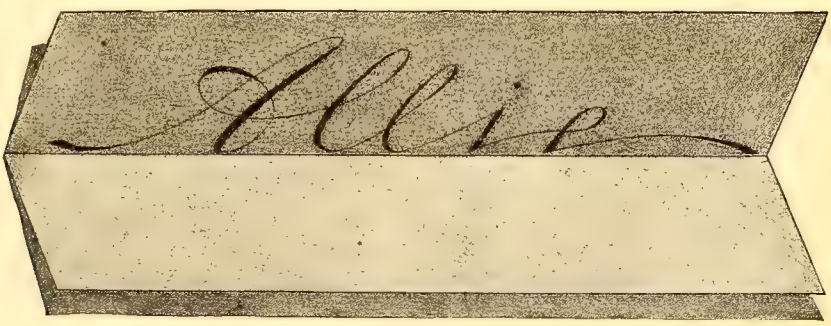
TWO "ALLIES."

By Edwin C. Taylor.

HAVE you ever noticed, boys and girls, the effect of repetition in design? Glance at the carpet under your feet, and see how symmetry is produced by repeating forms irregular in themselves.

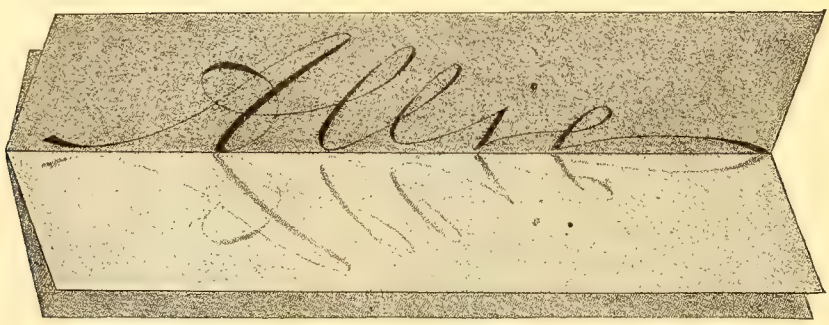


The merest blur, repeated, may form part of a very pretty pattern which will be quite regular in shape, not having at all the effect of a blur. This doubling quite takes away the uneven look, as you might call it, and so produces harmony of shape, though a thing *may* be beautiful without this evenness or regularity.



Many of the fairest forms of classic decoration are made by the repetition of shapes in themselves destitute of beauty. That which is called "a honeysuckle," a favorite decorative device since the days of ancient Greece, is, as you will see by finding the word in Worcester's big dictionary, merely a repetition of a lobe-like form taken from a part of the unopened flower.

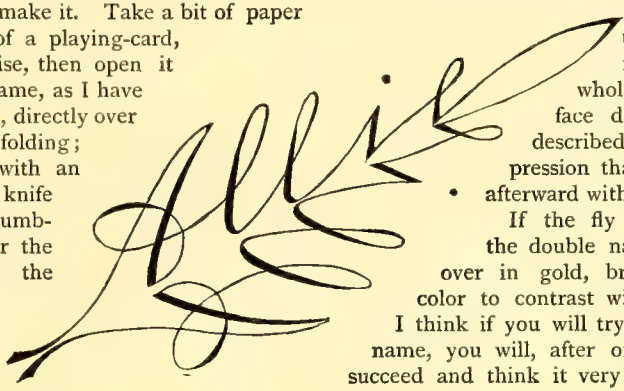
The kaleidoscope furnishes the most striking evidence of this power to assume a pleasing shape that repetition gives to irregular fragments,—for you all know what pretty designs are formed from bits of glass or other material within the angles of your kaleidoscopes.



I want to show you a very pretty illustration of

the effect of repetition and one which any of you may easily make as an ornament to the fly leaf of a book or for any other purpose where it is desired to introduce a name as an adornment.

This is the way to make it. Take a bit of paper say about the size of a playing-card, and fold it lengthwise, then open it flat and write any name, as I have written "Allie" here, directly over the crease caused by folding; fold it again and with an ivory paper cutter, a knife handle or your thumb-nail, rub evenly over the folded paper, and the name written with the soft black lead pencil will be slightly "set off" on the opposite side of the crease, as seen in the third sketch. The faint impression may then be traced over with pencil, and you will have the pretty figure of the two "Allies," as shown on this page.



If it is desired to transfer this to the fly leaf of a book, the whole design may be laid face down and rubbed as described and the slight impression that is left, finished up afterward with ink or pencil.

If the fly leaf is dark paper, the double name may be painted over in gold, bright red or other color to contrast with the ground; and I think if you will try and make a double name, you will, after one or two attempts, succeed and think it very pretty.

ARBOR VITÆ OR NOT?

By Ella A. Drinkwater.

Supper was over, the dishes were washed, and there was no one in the tidy little kitchen but Wallace and Diantha. Wallace was on his knees before the stove stirring some evergreen branches in a large pan in the oven, and Diantha was preparing to make a sponge for Graham bread.

"How good and woodsy that smells, Wal," said Diantha as she measured the flour into the large, yellow bowl. "What is it?"

"Arbor vitæ for Billy; I'm going to mix it with his feed."

"I don't believe he will like it if it tastes as strong as it smells."

"Mr. Guerin likes it; he says he eats it between bread and butter, and it 's good for a horse. He told me about it and gave it to me."

"You might have used some of ours," replied Diantha, dropping a pinch of salt into the flour.

"We have n't any," said Wallace, springing up and seating himself on the wood-box.

"Why yes we have," returned Diantha, "in the front yard before the parlor windows."

"Why no," declared Wallace, "there is n't an arbor vitæ on the place. In the front yard we have spruce and pine and hemlock."

"Why, William Wallace Angus, you know it 's arbor vitæ," cried Diantha, turning an astonished face upon her brother. "We have spruce in the corner, hemlock before the piazza door, and arbor vitæ before the parlor windows."

"Never!" retorted Wallace, "we never had a speck of arbor vitæ on the place. Why should I get it elsewhere if we had it?"

"Let me see what you call arbor vitæ," asked Diantha, stooping to take a hot spray from the oven. "Yes, it is arbor vitæ, just like ours in the front yard."

"You don't know what arbor vitæ is," contended Wallace, his eyes beginning to shine and the color streaming up into his forehead.

"I know this is arbor vitæ," said Diantha, dropping the spray and turning to pour the yeast into the flour.

"But if you say we have it in the front yard, you don't know what it is."

"What is Mr. Blake's hedge made of?" quietly asked Diantha.

"Arbor vitæ, of course ——"

"The tree in our yard is just like that."

"But it does n't grow into trees," persisted Wallace.

"It does if it is not trimmed, and ours has never been, only a little underneath to let the grass grow under it. Just run out and get a piece and compare it with this."

"My boots are off, and the rain will wet my slip-

pers," objected Wallace, "and beside," he added laughing, "there is n't any arbor vitæ there."

"What is there?"

"Spruce and hemlock and —— I wont say positively, what the other is; I only know it is not arbor vitæ. I think the other is pine."

"How did you know arbor vitæ?"

"By experience. I guess a fellow that is old enough to begin to learn a carpenter's trade ought to know different kinds of wood. Where did you learn about arbor vitæ?"

"The man who sold it to father said it was arbor vitæ ——"

"He could n't have said any such thing," interrupted Wallace, hotly. "Father must have forgot the name."

"And every one who has ever spoken of it in my hearing has called it arbor vitæ," continued Diantha, beginning to stir lukewarm water into the flour, and speaking rather sharply.

"Then they did n't know. Arbor vitæ never grows with limbs stretching out straight like the one before the parlor windows. It grows in a thick clump."

"So does ours. It has about five or six trunks that grow straight up."

"I know better, it has only one trunk. You never can see through the limbs of an arbor vitæ as we can through that," Wallace said eagerly.

"But you can't see through this at all, except perhaps in some places where it was winter-killed year before last," explained Diantha.

"It never was winter-killed," cried Wallace, hardly knowing what he was saying.

"You have been at home so little lately that you have forgotten," replied Diantha, who now became calm as her brother's vehemence increased.

"I tell you I have n't forgotten. I looked at the front yard trees before I got mine from Mr. Guerin, and I tell you there is n't a shred of arbor vitæ on the place. You don't know one evergreen tree from another."

"That 's true," replied Diantha meekly, "I do forget their names, but I know how they all look, and I know arbor vitæ."

"How can you when you just acknowledged that you don't know one tree from another? I read to-day that boys reason, but girls jump at a conclusion. Just as you jump at that arbor vitæ."

"I know it because it is so different from all the others," Diantha answered quietly. "I have always noticed it and liked it because its name means the *tree of life*. Now, Wal, do just run out to the front yard and get a piece for me; you can put on your rubbers."

"There 's nothing to go for," declared Wallace, walking about with his hands in his pockets, and trying to appear as if the matter were now settled and done with.

"Is there any other tree that looks very much like arbor vitæ?" asked Diantha wavering a little.

"Yes, that tree in the front yard," replied Wallace ironically, ending with an excited laugh that had just a little sneer in it.

"If you wont go I 'll get up and look at it as soon as it is daylight in the morning," said Diantha, carefully covering her sponge with the breadboard.

"Well, I 'll go just to satisfy you," cried Wallace, slipping on his overshoes and catching up the candle.

"Then I 'll dry it and hold that and your arbor vitæ together and let you choose which came from the front yard," Diantha called after him as he swiftly followed the path around to the front of the house, his candle flickering and sputtering in the rain.

Diantha waited in the door-way with her apron thrown over her head, watching him as he stood before the tree.

He was gone rather longer than it generally takes one to pick a sprig from a tree, but his sister waited for him, and allowed him to speak first as he came toward her looking disturbed.

"You 're right," he answered huskily. "I would n't have believed it. I must have forgotten."

"People usually have the trees alike on both sides of the path; that must have been the reason you thought so," returned Diantha hastily, dropping her eyes to conceal the laugh in them, while she mentally determined never to mention the subject to him again.

"Then if you are through with your work in the kitchen, let us go to the sitting-room, and I 'll play a game of chess with you," proposed Wallace, bending his flushed face over his rubbers, which seemed hard to get off.

"So we will," answered Diantha, knowing that he disliked chess as deeply as she enjoyed it, but generously accepting his endeavor to atone for his injustice to her.

So they sat down together at the chess table in the cheery sitting-room where their invalid mother lay on the lounge, her fingers busy with needlework, while their father sat beside her reading aloud from the weekly paper.

"You move," whispered Wallace, after they had arranged their men.

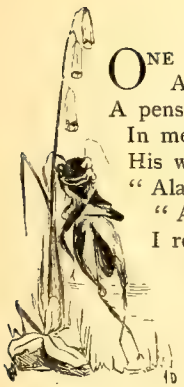
Then Diantha, to begin the game, moved her king's bishop's pawn, hesitating with her finger upon it, as her eyes met those of Wallace.

"Wallace," she said softly, noting the color still in his face and his nervous, apologetic manner, "we ought to be very happy that neither of us said anything unkind, when we were so heated. It 's manly to yield so gracefully in an argument."

"But it 's awful hard," he returned, looking relieved. "I don't remember what I said, but now I 've made up my mind always to be just and reasonable in an argument, for it 's the easiest thing in the world to be mistaken."

THE PENSIVE CRICKET.

By Joel Stacy.



One cold November morning,
All kind companions scorning,
A pensive cricket sought
In melancholy thought
His woes to stifle.
"Alas! alas!" cried he,—
"Ah woe, ah woe is me!
I really do not see
Why I should be
So melan—melancholy.
Ah me!
Let 's see."

He thought, and thought, and thought,—
That cricket did.
"It is not love, nor care,
That fills me with despair.
My chirp is sharp and sweet,
And nimble are my feet;
My appetite is good,
And bountiful my food;
My coat is smooth and bright;
My wings are free and light.—
Then ah, and O! Ah me!
What can the matter be?"

Long time the cricket sighed,
And muttered low: "Confound it!"
Then joyfully he cried:
"Eureka! O, Eureka!"
By which he meant, "I 've found it."—
The learned little shrieker!
"It is—ah, well-a-day!
Because my girl 's away,
My dimble, damble Dolly,
My cheery, deary Polly.
Oh, Queen of little girls!—
I like her sunny curls;
I like her eyes and hair,
Her funny little stare,—
Her way of jumping quick
Whene'er she hears me click.
She 's loving and she 's neat,
She 's spry and true and sweet;
And though I caper free,
She never steps on me.
Ke-nick! Kee-nick!
Ker tick! a tick!
And now the thought has come,—
To-morrow she 'll be home!
My Polly, Polly, Polly,
My dimble, damble Dolly!
I 'll dance to-night
In the bright moon-light.
To-morrow I 'll see Polly!—
Tra la! How very jolly!"



Next night the house with pleasure rang,
For Polly girl had come;
The cricket on the hearth-stone sang,—
And home once more was home.

PLAYTHINGS.

By Olive Thorne.

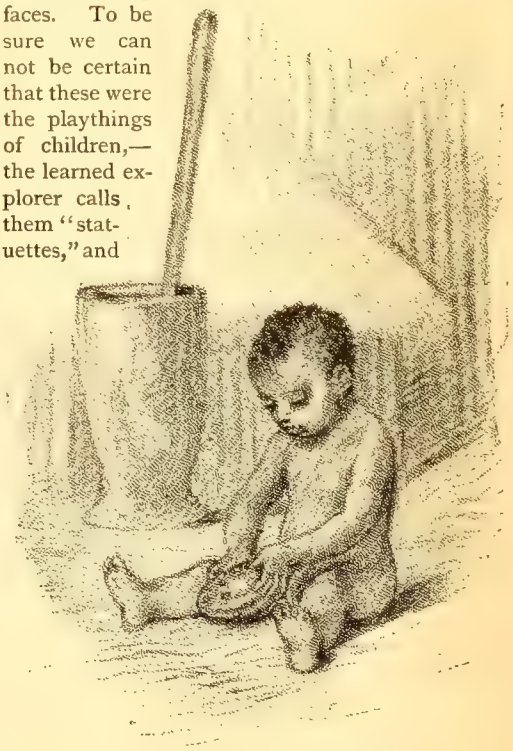


ANCIENT EGYPTIAN TOYS.

THE first toy is said to have been a rattle-box,—a symbol, said the thoughtful ancients, "of the eternal agitation, which is the cause of progress."* The play-life of our nineteenth century babies begins with the same object, and the only genuine toy to be found in all Africa (says a traveler) is a rattle-box.

The second toy was, doubtless, a doll, for that fascinating object has been in use from the earliest times of which we have any record, by all peoples, barbarous or civilized. The English name is said by some of the wise men to be a nickname for Dorothea, while others think it a contraction of "idol." When we see the affection of little people for their dolls, this origin seems probable. The French call a doll *poupée* and the Germans *puppe*. The pronunciation differs in the two languages, but both names come from the Latin *pupa*, a girl.

The dignified science of history is too much taken up with stories of the wars and troubles of grown-up people to tell us what the little ancients used to play with; but we have found out many things in spite of the big books. Out of the ground are being dug, nowadays, ruined cities and treasures of the people of long ago, among them the precious toys of children. Thus we have found out that the little people of the island of Cyprus, in the Mediterranean, who lived three thousand years ago, had toys of terra cotta, figures of animals, of horses on platforms which ran on four terra cotta wheels, with riders of curious form, some on their knees, and others holding in each arm a large jar; donkeys with panniers, two-wheeled vehicles like our drays, and chariots with horses and drivers. Then they had a representation of some game,—whether of child or man,—several figures with joined hands, dancing around one standing still; perhaps some antique play of "Oats, pease, beans." There were also figures shaped like a jumping-jack, a mother with a baby in her arms, and, above all, dolls of all sizes and shapes, and all with smiling faces. To be sure we can not be certain that these were the playthings of children,—the learned explorer calls them "statuettes," and other names,—but they are certainly very suitable for the youngsters, and all of you who live in, or



THE AFRICAN BABY AND HIS RATTLE-BOX.

* See "Jack-in-the-Pulpit," June, 1877.

visit, New York, can see them any day at the Metropolitan Museum. If they were not toys, they ought to have been.

The ancient little Egyptian, three or four thousand years ago, had dolls, painted to represent clothes, with arms and legs moving on pins by means of strings, so that if they could n't take off their clothes, they could move about. Some were very rude, without limbs, and for hair they had thick and long strings of beads. They had also figures washing, or kneading bread, which could be worked by pulling strings, and crocodiles which would open their mouths by the same means. The British Museum has quite a collection of ancient Egyptian toys; balls covered with leather, foot-balls, marbles, small fish, and other things. Some of the balls are stuffed with bran or husks, others are made of rushes, plaited and covered with leather, and others of painted earthenware, probably only to look at.

The first toy of the ancient Greek baby was a rattle-box, then came —as he grew—dolls of clay (a sort of coarse china doll), figures of animals, apes, with their little ones, ducks, tortoises, and others. Then they had small wooden wagons, to which they harnessed live mice, horses and ships made of leather, chickens, and jack-stones (called by a long Greek name.) Your "Jack-in-the-Pulpit" told you of them once in ST. NICHOLAS for April, 1877. Tops were among the earliest playthings of the Greeks, and were well known in Rome in the time of Virgil. One old writer says that a woman, named Anagalia, of Corcyra, made the first ball. However that may be, we know that ladies used to play ball in those days.



NEW-ZEALAND GIRL AND HER PET PIG.

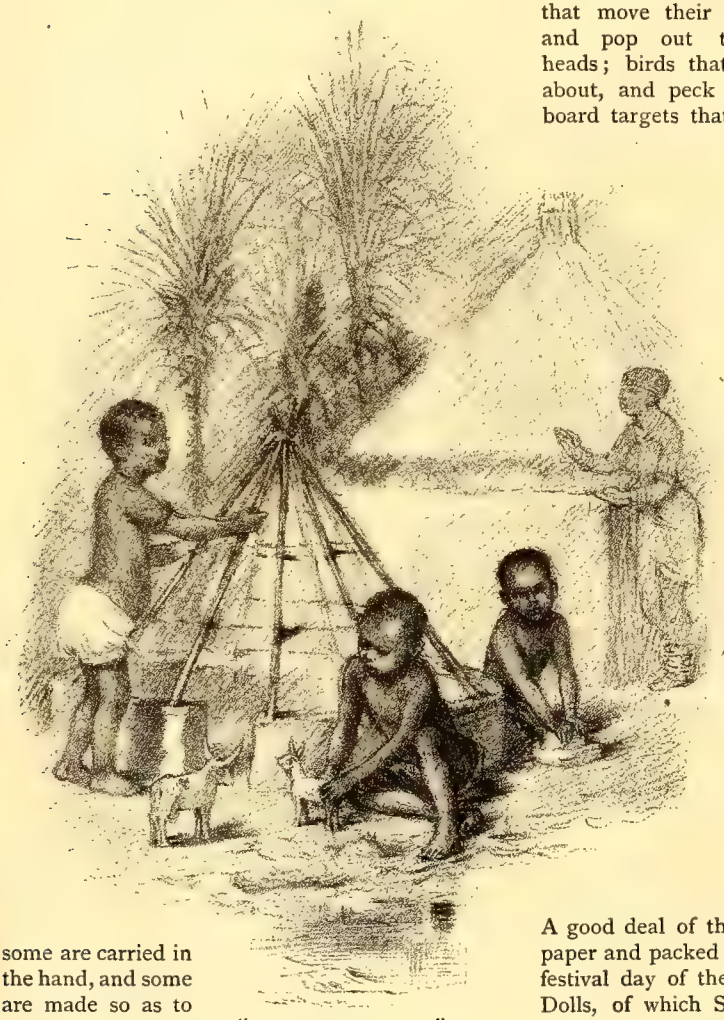
So much for ancient playthings. It is evident that little folks were amused; let us see what they are playing with to-day. Begin with the "Cradle of Nations," the mother of us all,—Asia. It is said that the religion of Mohammed forbids toys, but, if so, it does not prevent little Mohammedans of Central Asia from having balls and tops, and even rag-dolls, which travelers say are not very pretty, by the way. Also of terra cotta they have horses, cattle, dogs, fish, chickens, lions, and donkeys with pack saddles. In Western Asia, dolls with arms and legs moved by strings, like a jumping-jack, comic figures, whistles, marbles, and other things.

The children of India fare better than many Asiatics about toys. The girls have dolls made of wood, cut out all dressed, and painted in gay colors, as though they wore real clothes. They have them of all sizes, and, indeed, the doll is a very important member of the family. "In many houses dolls have a room to themselves, and enjoy as much attention as children. Feasts and garden parties are given in their honor. The death of one involves a great show of mourning, and the marriage of one is a public event." A Bengal paper gives an account of the wedding of two dolls belonging to very wealthy Hindu families. There was a grand procession through the streets as though they were two people, followed by an expensive feast to the friends and the poor.

Besides dolls, curiously dressed in paint and gilt, with ears of some bright color, spots on nose and chin, and a head that "comes off,"—though the clothes do not,—the Hindu children have elephants and other animals of wonderful shapes and colors, with stripes and dots and stars of various colors and gilt, with ears that come off!

To speak of China makes one think of lanterns, fire-works, and kites, though perhaps no one of

them belongs exclusively to the children. The men fly kites, let off fire-works, and light lanterns. The lanterns of China are really wonderful. They are of every shape, color, and design—round, square, flat; some in the shapes of animals, and some of men; some roll on the ground and keep burning; others, shaped like horses, run on wheels; some whirl like a top; some gallop like a horse; there are ships that sail, soldiers that march, and people that dance. The power that works them is the current of hot air from the light. Some lanterns are made of red paper, with patterns made by holes; others are covered with painted gauze; some are carried in the hand, and some are made so as to stick on the wall.



"PLAYING BUILD A HUT."

The real "Paradise of Babies" is Japan,—as has been said many times,—for not only do the children have every imaginable toy, but many persons get their living by amusing them. Men go about the streets and blow soap bubbles for them with pipes that have no bowls as ours have. These young Japs have tops, stilts, pop-guns, blow-guns, magic lanterns, kaleidoscopes, wax-figures, terra cotta animals, flying-fish and dragons, masks, puzzles, and games; butterflies and beetles that flutter about; turtles that move their legs and pop out their heads; birds that fly about, and peck the fingers and whistle; pasteboard targets that, when hit, burst open and let a winged figure fly out; and—most wonderful of all, perhaps—little balls looking like elder pith, which, thrown into bowls of warm water, slowly expand into the shape of a boat, or a fisherman, a tree, flower, crab, or bird.



A KAFFIR DOLL.

The girls of Japan have dolls' furniture and dishes, and, of course, dolls. They have dolls that walk and dance; dolls that put on a mask when a string is pulled; dolls dressed to represent nobles, ladies, minstrels, mythological and historical personages. Dolls are handed down for generations, and in some families are hundreds of them. They never seem to get broken or worn out, as yours do; and, in fact, they can hardly be the dear playmates that yours are. They are kept as a sort of show; and, though the little owners play with them, they do not dress and undress them and take them to bed, as you do. A good deal of the time they are rolled up in silk paper and packed away in a trunk. On the great festival day of the Japanese girls,—the Feast of Dolls, of which ST. NICHOLAS has told you,*—there is a great show of dolls and toys, and it is the event of the year for the queer little black-eyed maidens. The Feast of Flags is the boys' great day, and they have banners, flags, figures of war-

*March, 1875.

riors and great men, swords, and other toys for boys.*

But the finest toy of Japan — as no doubt all you youngsters will agree—is carried about the streets by a man or woman, for any child to play with who is the owner of the hundredth part of a cent, or one "cash."



"TO MAKE THEM SQUINT."

This is a small charcoal stove with hot coals, a copper griddle, spoons and cups; and, above all, ready-made batter and sauce. The happy child who hires this outfit, can sit down on the floor and cook and eat "griddle-cakes" to its heart's content. Could anything be nicer?

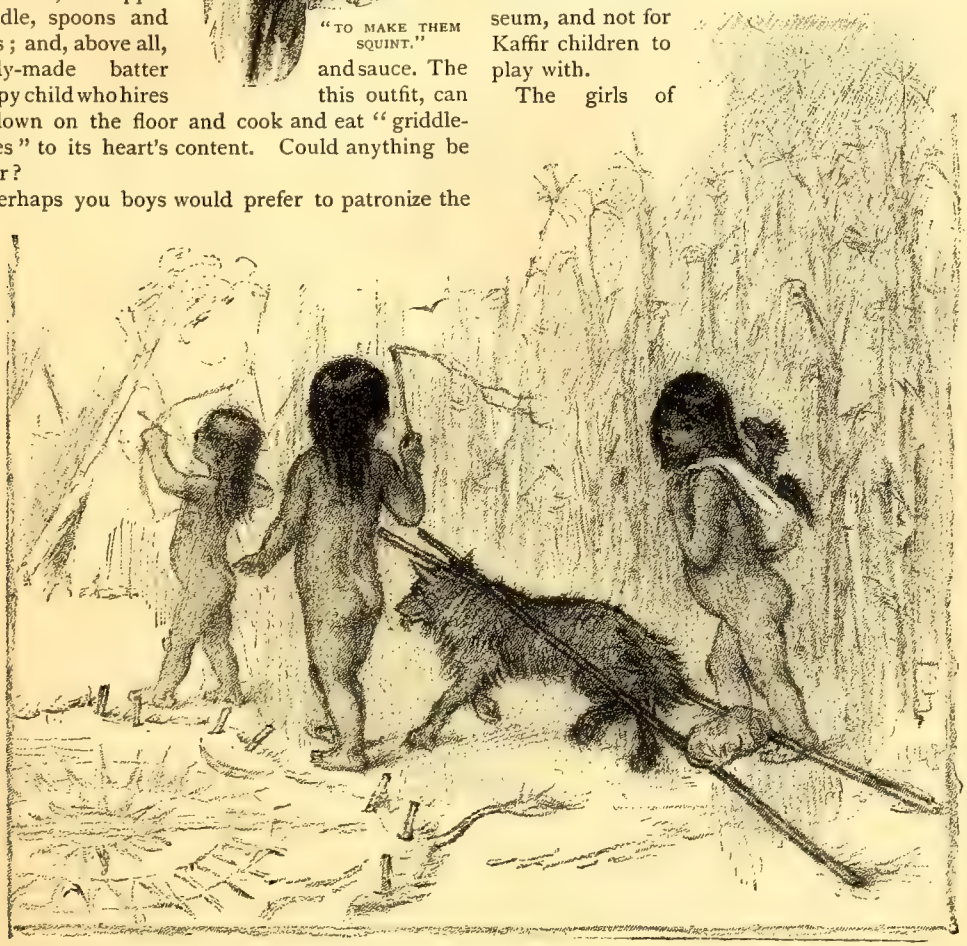
Perhaps you boys would prefer to patronize the "Bug Man," who fastens paper carts to the backs of beetles with bits of wax, and a half-dozen of them will draw a load of rice up quite a hill—made of a board.

The unfortunate babies of Africa have very few playthings, except what they make themselves. One traveler did see a rattle-box which a baby could not have made, as I said above. It was formed of a kind of fruit that has a tough rind and hard seeds, by squeezing the pulp out while green, and leaving the seeds to dry inside the hard skin. The solemn-faced black baby shook his toy with as much gravity as our babies shake theirs. Mr. Wood tells of leather dolls made by the Kaffirs; but they were made for the white man's museum, and not for Kaffir children to play with.



"A GREAT BEAUTY."

The girls of Damaras are fond of dolls; but they like them best alive, so they take puppies for the purpose, and



LITTLE INDIANS AT PLAY.

* See ST. NICHOLAS, May, 1875.

carry them about tied to their backs, as their mothers carry babies. The clumsy puppy faces look funny enough sticking out of the bandages.

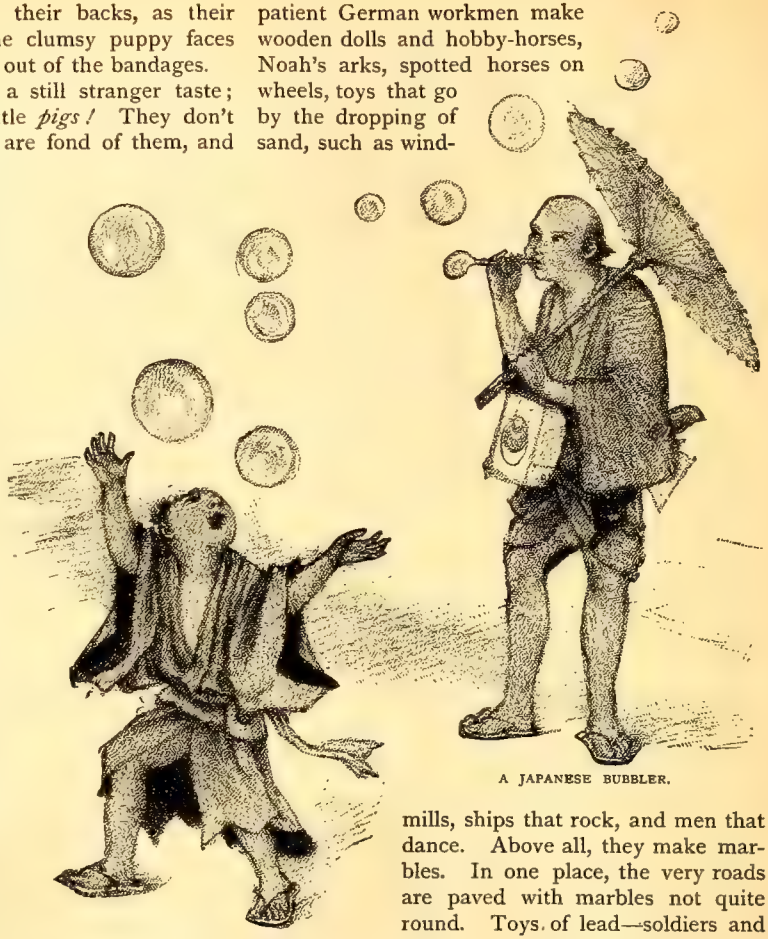
New-Zealand girls have a still stranger taste; they "play baby" with little *pigs!* They don't need your sympathy; they are fond of them, and carry them about from morning to night, under their mantles. The boys of the same country have tops, and three-cornered kites made of leaves, and they always sing while the kite flies. Besides, they play "cat's cradle," in which they make many more figures than we do, such as huts, men and women, and others.

The Wezee boys play shoot with a gun made to imitate the "white man's gun." Two pieces of cane tied together make the barrels, the stock is made of clay, and the smoke is a tuft of loose cotton.

In one African tribe the youngsters have spears made of reeds, shields, bows and arrows, with which they imitate their fathers' doings; and they make animals out of clay, while their sisters "jump the rope." Besides, Africans, like children all over the world, enjoy themselves "making pretend." They imitate the life around them, as you do; not playing "keep house," "go visiting," or "give a party," to be sure, because they see none of thes in their homes; they pretend building a hut, hoein a garden, making clay jars, and crushing corn to eat.

What do the native South-American babies do for toys? Do without, I was going to say; bu they do have blow-pipes of reeds, and they, too, mimic the various doings of grown-ups.

Now for Europe. A list of toys made in that continent would read like an inventory of a toy-shop. It is curious that even there, where there is so much interchange between the people, each nation makes its peculiar toys. Our shops bring toys from several of them, and they are quite different. From Germany we get our "box toys,"—sets of stiff wooden soldiers, villages, farm-yards, tea-sets, and everything that comes in an oval wooden box. The patient German workmen make wooden dolls and hobby-horses, Noah's arks, spotted horses on wheels, toys that go by the dropping of sand, such as wind-



A JAPANESE BUBBLER.

mills, ships that rock, and men that dance. Above all, they make marbles. In one place, the very roads are paved with marbles not quite round. Toys of lead—soldiers and horses, camels, chariots and ships of war, locomotives, and others—nearly all come from Nuremburg, while tin toys—horses, steam-engines, steamers, etc.—come from another city.

Toys are very cheap in Germany, because of the division of work. A peasant will make one or two things all his life, and, of course, he comes to do his special work very rapidly. A traveler visited an old German woman, who had learned from her mother to cut out six animals from wood. They were a cat, dog, wolf, sheep, goat, elephant. She had cut these all her life, and could not cut anything else. It was her trade, and she had taught her daughter and her granddaughter, as a life work, to cut these six animals. In one house, they will perhaps do nothing but paint gray horses with black spots; in another, only red horses with white spots.

Glass beads, or many of them, come from Venice. France sends us, first of all, wonderful young-lady dolls, with various accomplishments and the completest wardrobes and outfits; then clock-work

toys, masks, sabers, muskets, and all kinds of warlike toys.

England is scarcely behind Japan in variety of playthings. To begin with the best known and widest spread of all toys—the doll. England makes the most beautiful wax dolls in the world, though I must say the most marvelous doll I ever heard of was owned by Vasilissa the Fair, of Russia, and was able to help her mistress out of trouble by doing the hard tasks set for her, while she rested herself. But this doll, I fear, never lived out of the story books. To return to England's dolls: they have real hair, set in the scalp, and not a paltry wig; they have glass eyes, each of which is made separately, and is a work of art. There are sixteen manufactories of dolls in London alone.

The London doll *special* is the rag-baby, and a very pretty thing it is, just beginning to come over to our babies. The head is of wax covered with very thin muslin, which gives it a peculiarly soft and babyish look, and makes it strong enough for a live baby to play with. Dolls' boots and shoes are also an English trade.

Next to the doll, in that busy island, comes the boat. These are made of all sizes and prices, from one costing a dime up to six or eight dollars. At one house are used eight tons of lead in one year, for keels alone. England makes, also, mimic theaters, with characters and plays all ready, rubber toys of many kinds, toy picture-books, and thousands of other things.

There are some ancient English toys told about in books. They were in the days when men-at-arms fought on horseback, and the toys consisted of knights on horseback, completely armed and equipped, and fastened to platforms on wheels. They were of brass, and four or five inches high. To play with them, they were drawn together with force, to see which knight would be thrown off by the shock.

In America,—to begin with the natives,—the Indian children living in wigwams in the Far West, have their playthings, though they are somewhat rude. The boys play with bows and arrows, and the girls with dolls, or a substitute for them. The dolls are of rags, with hideous faces painted on them, and daubed with streaks of red, in the style admired by the race. To these, however, they prefer a live plaything,—or a "meat baby," as a little girl once said,—so they make pets of ravens, young eagles, and puppies. A young Indian girl is often seen with the wise head of one of these birds, or the fat, round face of a puppy, sticking out of her blanket behind. They also imitate the life of their mothers, and rig an arrangement with two poles crossed on the back of a dog, as the squaws do on the back of a horse, on which queer vehicle they carry jars of water, or anything they choose. The babies of the Indians, strapped into their cradles, play with the dangling string of beads or other article which is hung before their faces to make them squint, that being considered a great beauty.

You are indebted to Mr. H. W. Elliott, who has spent years in the Far North, and knows all about them, for a most interesting account of the playthings of the Eskimo children, who spend five or six months of every year in an underground hut, when the day is nearly as dark as the night, and all the family must find amusement within.

Toys they have in plenty, and they are twice as useful as our toys; for, making them entertains and occupies the parents, and playing with them does the same for the children. From ivory they carve the animals of their country,—bears, wolves, foxes, geese, gulls, walrus, seals and whales. These are quite small, none more than three inches long, and many not more than one inch, but so well carved that the animal is easily recognized.



LITTLE ESKIMOS HAVE THEIR PLAYTHINGS.

For the boys, are made small ivory or wooden spears, arrows, lances and sleds, and, above all,

toy *kyacks*, or boats, and even imitations of the "big boat," or ship of the stranger, with sinews, or the roots of a peculiar grass for the rigging.

But here—as everywhere—the doll is the grand toy. No wax, china, rubber, or rags will do for the Eskimo doll. It is made of ivory or wood, carefully carved as nearly like the human figure as possible, with eyes of bits of pearly shell, inlaid. Some of them are twelve or eighteen inches tall, but most of them are six or eight inches only. As to the manner of playing with them, I suppose the Eskimo boys play seal-catching, bear-hunting, sledge-riding, and dog-training; and the girls keep house with their ivory dollies, get the meals and make the clothes, all in Eskimo fashion.



It is pleasant to know that the droll little round-faced Eskimo babies have nice times, and plenty of playthings in their homes, that seem to us so dreary.

Our own toy-shops have all the wonders of European make, but the kinds we invent ourselves are mostly mechanical toys,—creeping dolls, bears that perform, horsemen that drive furiously, boatmen that row, steam cars that go; and we have a monopoly of base balls and bats, for no other people use them. None but English-speaking people indulge in plays so violent as to be dangerous to life and limb, as is our base ball, and the cricket of our English cousins.

When we begin to talk of these games we reach the amusements of the grown-ups, which perhaps they would n't like to have called "playthings," though—between you and me—they are just as much toys as are dolls and tops.

MRS. McGLINTY'S PIGS.

By Miriam Alden.



"I TELL ye, Micky, a shtroke o' good luck is afther comin' til us, and all through the freshet, that 's dalin' destruction to others. Ye know Danny Casey that 's livin' in the shanty, on the very edge of the river, on the other side? It 's the freshet is carryin' him away, entirely, and he not havin' time to get anythin' but the childer and the bit o' furniture to a safe place, an' he havin' as beautiful a litter o' pigs as iver was, siven o' them, and not a week old, and the wather, and the big blocks of ice floatin' up, and washin' over the pen! An' says he to me, says Danny, says he, 'Mrs. McGlinty, I know you 're a poor, lone, widdy woman, and the bit and the sup for the childer is hard to get, and you 're welcome to three o' my pigs, as foine pigs as iver you seen, an' me movin' into the loft over the Company's store, where the wife and the childer 'll be warrm and safe, but pigs is not allowed.' An' the ould one, and four of the little ones he 's afther sellin' to a man from Oil City, for a good price, so Danny 'll not be losin', an' it 's rich they 'll be, afther givin' us three foine young pigs, an' it 's beautiful an' fat, an' worth a dale they 'll be agin fall! But my tongue runs away wid me, and it 's drownding the foine little pigs is by this time as like as not! Run, Micky, darlin', wid the big basket, an' put sthraw in it an' the bit of an' ould shawl to cover them, for it 's tinder plants young pigs is!"

The few last remarks of Mrs. McGlinty were screamed from the open door, for Micky, no less delighted than his mother at the prospect of possessing "three foine pigs," had already started, on the run. And before he reached the bridge he had seen, in his mind's eye, the tails of those pigs

gradually straighten out of their quirks, as they advanced to mature pighood; had seen them weighted with flesh beyond any pigs that ever lifted up their squeals in Clarion County, had seen them sold, and had seen his mother's broad face aglow with delight over a heap of money that would buy them all warm clothes, and plenty to eat for the winter. For Micky, though he was only eleven, was the man of the family, and had taken a great deal of care and responsibility upon his shoulders, ever since the death of his father, more than a year before.



"MICKY CLUTCHED HIS PIGS TIGHTLY, AND PREPARED TO JUMP."

Micky found a crowd of people lining the banks of the river. It had rained, steadily, for five days, and the river was rising rapidly. It was full of ice, —huge blocks, that leaped and slid over each other, almost as if they were living things. It had been the most severe winter for many years, and the ice was of wonderful thickness. A great many logs and timbers were floating among the blocks of ice, with the roof of a shanty, a hen-coop, and a broken chair and portions of a light wooden bridge.

The iron mills were near the bank of the river, and the men had left their work to look at the rising river. Micky heard one of them prophesy that the bridge would go. He paused in his run for one moment. What if he should be swept away with the bridge, and drowned? His mother would be worse off without him than without the pigs; the wages that he earned in the mills were all that she had to depend upon, except the washing which she found to do now and then. Mr. Ludlow, the superintendent of the mills, was standing at the entrance of the bridge.

"Will the bridge go, sir?" said Micky, out of breath, his red hair standing out straight, under his rimless cap, and his freckled face fiery with excitement.

"Pooh! have they been trying to scare you, my boy?" said Mr. Ludlow, a red-faced, jolly man, who was always very kind to Micky. "There is n't a stancher bridge on the Alleghany!"

Mr. Ludlow was authority for Micky. He never thought of questioning his opinion. With one

bound he was on the bridge, running, not for life, —he had not a shadow of fear since Mr. Ludlow had pronounced the bridge safe,—but for the pigs, almost as dear as life. Danny Casey's shanty looked as if it were almost submerged; what if the pigs had already found a watery grave? That thought lent redoubled swiftness to Micky's feet. In almost as short a time as it takes to tell it, he reached Danny Casey's deserted shanty. He only cast one glance at the shanty, and rushed to the pig-pen. It was completely under water! The blow was too much for Micky to bear calmly; he thrust his fists into his eyes, and uttered a prolonged Irish howl.

"Is it the Widdy McGlinty's bye ye are?" called a voice from a neighboring house, higher and drier than Danny Casey's, and an old Irishwoman approached with her capacious apron filled with a squealing mass, which proved to be the three little pigs. "Danny left 'em wid me, and well he did, wid the murtherin' wather covering the place intirely!"

Micky's mourning was suddenly turned to joy. He placed his treasures tenderly in his basket, amidst the straw, and covered them with the piece of a warm shawl which he had brought, and their squealings gave place to piggish grunts of satisfaction. The crowd on both sides of the river had increased, Micky noticed, as he took his way homeward, but everybody had left the bridge.

"Look here, boy, I don't know as you had better go across there. I aint sure that it 's safe!" called a man.

"Pooh!" said Micky, imitating Mr. Ludlow. "There don't be a *standisher* bridge on the Alleghany!"

And he ran along, without a thought of fear. It had never occurred to Micky, in all his life, that Mr. Ludlow could be mistaken.

He ran very fast, and looked neither to the right nor the left, he was in such haste for his mother to see the pigs; there never were quite such pigs, Micky thought,—so white, so plump, and with such bewitching quirks in their tails!

Suddenly there was a great shouting on the banks; everybody was looking and pointing up the river. A great mass of ice-blocks, piled high, one above another, wedged together into a solid, glittering iceberg, was sweeping down toward the bridge. Micky was only a little more than half way over. In spite of Mr. Ludlow his knees shook. That great, massive thing, sweeping along so swiftly, must carry everything before it!

There was a great shock. It seemed to Micky, as he said afterward, "as if the woruld and the sky had come together wid a bang!" A heaving and creaking of timbers, a crashing of masonry! The bridge divided into three parts; the great mass of ice went crashing through, driving the middle portion of the bridge almost entirely under water. The icy pile seemed almost like a living thing, powerful and relentless, treading a defenseless object under its feet.

Where was Micky? He had just stepped off the middle portion, which the iceberg crushed beneath it; he was floating down the river on that part of the bridge which was near his own shore. But he was too far from the shore ever to reach it, thought Micky. There was a great commotion on the bank; hurrying to and fro, and shouting, but there seemed to be no way to release him from his dangerous position. Just here the water was comparatively free from ice. The great mass in its onward rush had swept it almost clear. But there were signs that this mass had been weakened by its collision with the bridge, and was about to break up into blocks; and, when the trembling, creaking, wooden raft upon which Micky was afloat got into the midst of great blocks of ice, it would almost inevitably be broken in pieces, or submerged. Some men were running as fast as possible down along the shore, probably hoping that Micky's frail craft would float near enough to the shore for them to rescue him, before it got among the dangerous ice blocks. It did drift nearer the shore; but the next moment the relentless ice blocks were around it, pushing it farther out toward the middle of the river. It pitched and tossed, now riding over the blocks and sheets of ice, now pushed almost entirely under them; great planks and timbers were torn from it.

"The saints preserve us!" cried Micky. "The pigs an' me 'll niver get home!"

The raft was drifting nearer the shore, but alas! it was going to pieces surely and swiftly.

"Jump! jump on to the ice cake!" cried voices from the shore.

He could see Mr. Ludlow pointing frantically to a large cake of ice which was floating by him. But the space between him and the cake was so wide that Micky was afraid he could not leap it, encumbered, as he was, by the basket.

"Never mind the basket! leave the basket!" cried voices from the shore.

"Is it lave the pigs, ye say? Niver!" shouted Micky, angrily.

But the boards were giving way under his feet, and he jumped, basket and all—and reached the ice cake. "Hurrah!" went up from the shore, whither anxiety with regard to Micky's fate had led the crowd which had witnessed the giving way of the bridge, nearly half a mile farther up the river.

But Micky's feet went out from under him as he came down, in his flying leap, on the slippery cake

of ice. The shock sent the basket, with its precious contents flying. It rolled over and over, and into the water, before Micky could catch it! But two of the "foine little pigs" were sprawling on the ice, squealing as if they fully realized the dangers through which they were passing—the other had uttered his last squeal, as he went overboard with the basket.

Micky's perils were not yet over, and he knew it, but yet the first cry he had uttered was for the loss of the pig. The cake of ice on which he stood was drifting toward the shore, but soon it might be steered out toward the middle of the river by other blocks. But some kind influence seemed to guide it; now it was very near the shore. The men had tried to launch a little boat, but near the shore the blocks of ice were so close together that it was impossible. Mr. Ludlow and one or two others walked out, stepping from block to block, to within a few yards of Micky's ice-raft.

"Now is your time, Micky!" called Mr. Ludlow, as the cake floated near. "Jump, and if you go into the water we 'll catch you!"

Micky clutched his pigs tightly, one under each arm, and prepared to jump.

"Let the pigs go!" called Mr. Ludlow, angrily.

But even Mr. Ludlow's command was not sufficient to make Micky desert the pigs.

"I could 'nt go home to the mother, sirr, widout the pigs, an' her depindin' on 'em!" said Micky.

But alas! one of the squirming, squealing creatures dropped as he jumped, and Micky went up the river bank amid the shouts and congratulations of the crowd, happy that he was safe on land, of course, but with a great pang at his heart because he had only one pig left.

"How can I go home wid but the won pig, an' she depindin' on 'em to buy the warrm clothes next winter?" he cried.

"O, that 's it, is it?" said Mr. Ludlow. "Well, I 'll make that loss up to you—I ought to do it, because I told you the bridge was safe."

"Pass round the hat—let 's pay for the two pigs!" said one of the bystanders.

The hat was passed round. Two members of the iron company, rich men from New York, were there, and two or three oil princes. Every man gave something. I would n't dare to tell you how well those two pigs were paid for, lest you should doubt my veracity. Micky thought it was too good to be true.

Mrs. McGlinty had just heard of Micky's peril, and met him on his way home. She was too happy to see him safe and sound, to think of the pigs. But when Micky poured his pile of money into her lap, she shed tears of joy.

"The saints be praised! The foine little pigs was a sthroke of luck, after all!" she cried.

And the little pig who survived such perils lived to be a great comfort to Mrs. McGlinty.



I KNOW a little maiden who can knit and who can sew,
Who can tuck her little petticoat; and tie a pretty bow;
She can give the thirsty window-plants a cooling drink each day;
And dust the pretty sitting-room, and drive the flies away.
She can fetch Papa his dressing-gown, and warm his slippers well,
And lay the plates, and knives and forks, and ring the supper-bell;
She can learn her lessons carefully, and say them with a smile,
Then put away her books and slate and atlas, in a pile;
She can feed the bright canary, and put water in his cage;
And soothe her little brother when he flies into a rage.
She can dress and tend her dollies like a mother, day or night,—
Indeed, one-half the good she does, I cannot now recite;
And yet there are some things, I 'm told, this maiden cannot do.
She cannot say an ugly word, or one that is not true;—
Who *can* this little maiden be? I wonder if it 's you.

IRENE AND THE YESTERDAYS.

BY "RAJA."

ONLY two minutes ago, mamma tucked little Irene into her warm bed, and kissed her good-night, and here stands the white-robed child at the window looking—looking so intently that she does not hear the footsteps at the door. What is it that has drawn her with such magnetic force from her nest? is it the wonderful landscape, the fields and trees and hills all covered with snow and flooded with moonlight? No, for her eyes are turned to the sky and fixed upon the yellow moon.

"Why, Miss Irene, you naughty child," cries nurse, suddenly coming in, "what are you doing there by the window? Don't you know that you 'll catch your death of cold unless you go back to bed this minute?"

"I am looking at my dear moon," answers Irene, allowing herself to be again stowed away between the blankets. "I was thinking if the yesterdays went up there, Katy: do they, I wonder? Where *do* they go?"

"Mercy! Miss Irene, how should I know? When they 're gone, they 're gone, that 's all I care about, and it 's the to-morrows that bring the wrinkles and the gray hairs, though to be sure, you 're not likely to think of these for some time to come. Good-night, now, and don't get out of bed again."

"No, I will not," answers Irene, and goes on thinking to herself.

"I wonder what is up there; how I should like to go up and see! Nurse says the moon is all made of green cheese, and papa says there is n't any old man, but I can't believe either of them, and ——"

A beautiful star-queen comes gliding in through the window, followed by a train of tiny thought-fairies,—fair thoughts, queer thoughts, tricksy thoughts, ill-natured thoughts, and good. For a moment the tricksy thoughts try to drive away the better ones, but they do not succeed; and soon Tom, the sweetest of the thought-fairies, whispers into Irene's ear,—the star-queen waves her wand and all the odd little forms vanish and twelve lovely stars come dancing in at the window. They hold out their hands to the dazzled and bewildered child.

"Come quickly, darling; come quickly," they sing, "we have seen you watching us often, and we love you, and now we are going to take you up to the moon. Make haste, pretty one!"

And be ore Irene can think of what she is doing, she finds herself in the arms of the stars, floating gently through the air. Oh, how beautiful the white earth looks, as she rises far above it!

A little breeze rustles about with an important air, and tells a great secret to the evergreens.

"What do you think? The stars are taking a little girl up to the moon." And the snow whispers to the poor little violets who are imprisoned underground and cannot see what is going on in the world, "Little Irene has gone to look for the yesterdays."

Higher and higher rise the stars, bearing with them the happy child. They are singing sweet melodies to her; they are telling her wonderful tales of star life.

"Oh, I am all alone, says Irene, suddenly, and looks about her in dismay. What odd place is this that she sees? She is standing in the midst of a great field, which is covered with grass and stones: there are a few trees to be seen, but there is not a hill in sight, and what makes it all so strange, is that the grass, the stones, the trees and the flowers are of a bright yellow color.

"Well, I never!" cries Irene, and wonders what she shall do next.

"Ahem!" says a voice close at her side; and turning quickly around she perceives a little man not more than three feet high, who is dressed all in yellow, and whose cap is covered with bells.

"Good-evening, my dear," he replies in a pleasant tone. "I am glad to see you up here. It is not often that a human child finds her way to the moon, but she is sure of a welcome if she does come."

"You are very kind," answers Irene, quite relieved by the cordiality of his words. "Are you the man in the moon?"

"One of the men in the moon, my dear; but perhaps not the one of whom you are thinking. I never have been to Norwich," with a merry look and a sideways glance at the little girl. "My name is Father Gander."

"Indeed!" says Irene.

"Yes; my wife is the famous Mother Goose. You 've read her books, have n't you?"

"I 've read one of them," answers Irene; "a book of — of — poems; but I did n't know that she had written any others."

"Oh, well," replies Father Gander, "the book



"THE BEAUTIFUL STAR-QUEEN WAVES HER WAND."

of melodies is her best-known work. But in reality half of the books in your world are the productions of her mind; for she dictates to mortals and they write. Still, they never give her the credit, which is a piece of gross injustice, according to my way of thinking. However, her style is unmistakable; that is my only comfort."

While Father Gander is talking, he has gently led Irene across the fields, and the two now find themselves upon the brink of what seems like a yawning precipice.

"If you please," says Irene, "what is this hole?"

"It is one of the spots which you have often seen upon the surface of the moon," answers Father Gander, "and which many of you mortals imagine to be mountains. In reality, they are the passages which lead to our home."

Irene gives him a questioning glance, and he replies:

"You know that we do not live on the outside of the moon, but in the interior."

"Oh, why, how dark it must be in your houses," ventures Irene, "unless you have gas."

"You shall see," returns her guide; "now just close your eyes for a moment."

Irene complies, and, upon re-opening her eyes, finds herself in a most wonderful spot. She is in a large and brilliantly beautiful hall; so far from being dark, it is flooded with light which proceeds from millions of tiny winged creatures that flit about the place. As Irene learns from Father Gander's explanations, these insects are called *ignes fatui*,—creatures which have come to live in the moon, because on the earth people doubt their existence; and though, in the world, they are rather uncertain and misleading lights, in the moon they are forced to behave. The walls of this apartment are blazing with precious gems, and Irene scarcely dares to stir, for the whole floor is composed of diamonds and pearls. But now Father Gander is presenting to her a crowd of strange beings, who gather about the new-comers; here are all the well-known characters of the "Mother Goose Melodies"; here are the ogres and dwarfs of ancient fable, and here the beloved fairies with Oberon and Titania at their head. Irene just laughs a glad little laugh, and cries in joyful surprise:

"Why, here you are all of you, you dear, lovely old things! And, just to think! They told me you were 'make-believes!'"

"We came up to the moon, dear child," answered Titania, "because Doubt always drives us away. We live here, and we are merry enough all the time. But how did you manage to reach our home?"

"The little stars brought me up to see the Yesterdays."

"Ah, the Yesterdays," says the queen, gently, and all the bright creatures about echo, very softly, "The Yesterdays!"

Then there is a short silence.

"Memory!" calls the queen, and, in answer to her call, there comes the strangest little man. His face is old and wrinkled, and one minute it looks sad, while the next it looks as bright and happy as possible, and then, again, it appears gay and fanciful. His voice is changeable, and beginning with a sad complaining tone, ends with a sound that is not unlike a piece of dance music.

"Memory," says the queen, "this little girl would like to see the Yesterdays."

Memory gives her a sharp look from head to foot.

"Come, follow me," he says, "you are one of the right kind."

"Good-bye, dear fairies; good-bye, all of you!" cries Irene, making a little courtesy to the assembled company, who all kiss their tiny hands to her and ask her to come again.

Memory leads her through many winding passages, and finally pauses before a door; turning a key in the lock, he invites her to enter.

"Oh!" says Irene.

For there is a heavy mist before her eyes, and she can see only a few indistinct figures moving back and forth.

Memory waves his hand, and mutters a few unintelligible words. The mist vanishes, and Irene perceives that she is in a hall, larger and brighter than the first, and filled with graceful, beautiful women. They move so gently to and fro that they seem almost to float upon the air; and as they glide past her, a faint, far-off music reaches her ear, and seems like some half-forgotten air.

"Come in order! in order!" calls Memory, and a band of white-robed maidens quickly place themselves before the little girl.

"What Yesterdays are you?" queries Irene.

"We are the Yesterdays of your infancy," returns one of the group.

"Mine?"

"All the Yesterdays in the room are yours, dear child. You could not see those of other people."

"I love you," says Irene; "you look so happy."

"We are happy, for we have nothing to be sorry for," say the maidens, as they glide away.

And now comes another band. Beautiful they are, all of them, and light in movement as the zephyrs; but some of the number, sad to say, wear upon their faces an expression which is anything but peaceful.

"Why do you frown so?" says Irene to one damsel; "you are not like the rest."

"Alas!" answers the Yesterday; "when I was 'To-day' you frowned upon all who approached you, and I must forever frown."

"Your voice is harsh and loud ——" began Irene.

"Your voice was harsh and loud," was the answer.

Irene is silent. Then she passes on to the next bright form.

"Oh, you are prettier than all the rest! And what beautiful flowers!" and she takes hold of the Yesterday's garland of roses, but draws back with a cry of pain. "It pricked me! Why did you not tell me of the thorn?"

"Ah," says the Yesterday, mournfully, "when I was 'To-day' you were full of happiness and glee, but your pleasures stung, for they were selfish. You had no thought of any one but yourself."

"Come here, dear Yesterday!" calls Irene to a third, but she does not stir.

"I will not come; for, when I was 'To-day,' you were a disobedient child."

"I cannot come, for you were jealous of your little brother," murmurs a fourth, covering her eyes.

"Nor I, for you were uncharitable, and spoke unkind words of a little playmate," says a fifth.

"Nor I, because your thoughts were discontented," says a sixth.

Little Irene casts down her eyes, a few tears run down her cheeks, her breast heaves, and, bursting into sobs, she sinks upon the ground and buries her face in her hands.

"Oh, Yesterdays, I am so sorry! oh, I am so sorry!"

"Don't be discouraged, little one," says Memory, kindly; "look up,—here are more coming."

And through her tears Irene sees the most beautiful Yesterday of all, whose face is covered with smiles.

"When *I* was 'To-day,'" she says in a low, sweet tone, "you were kind, and unselfish, and pleasant to every one whom you saw. You had little trials and vexations, but your lips smiled on just the same; you had temptations, but you resisted them; your feet were weary, but you ran to help your tired mother; you answered gently when a rough boy spoke to you in angry tones, and you prayed for him that night, although he had made your heart ache."

Oh, how bright grows Irene's face, as she turns to welcome the next Yesterday! She is clothed in sad-colored garments, but her eyes are full of a sweet, holy light, and she clasps the little girl in her arms.

"When I was 'To-day,'" she whispers, "poor Irene bore a bitter sorrow, for her loved father left the world for ever. But her troubles only turned her eyes heavenward, and though she wept and mourned for him whom she had loved so dearly, she strove to lose all thought of self, and comfort her heart-broken mother."

Irene gives a deep sigh and says:

"Yes, I remember you very well. You were sad, dear Yesterday; but you were the best of all."

"Sorrow is never hurtful in the end, if it is rightly met," murmurs the Yesterday.

"I have seen enough now, Memory," says Irene, quietly; "but tell me, Yesterdays, do you always stay here?"

"We stay here, love, until you leave the world, and then we go with you to the Beautiful Land. There the Holy One will see us."

"Oh no—no!" cries Irene, clasping her hands. He must not see the wicked Yesterdays, the cross, the selfish, disobedient Yesterdays. It hurts me in my heart to think that He will see them. Will it be so?"

"Dear child," answers one of the maidens, "the Holy One has already seen us all. We can never be changed, we can never be other than what you have made us; but if you ask Him to forgive us, He has promised that He will do so. And there, hidden beyond that mist, are a great company of To-morrows. No, little girl, you cannot see them, —you can never see them. But remember, when each To-morrow becomes To-day, to fill it up, with right and kindly deeds, then His love will brighten every moment, and all the Yesterdays to come will be spotless, pure, and beautiful."

A dim, gray mist rises before Irene's eyes. The Yesterdays all vanish. A ray of light greets the child with a morning kiss, and, springing out of her bed, Irene cries:

"Oh, now it is *To-day!*"

GATHERING MUSCADINES IN MISSISSIPPI.

By Winnie Weston.



THE MUSCADINE PARTY ON THE WAY HOME.

It was in the early autumn, when the summer vacation was fast drawing to a close, and the very next week the children must look up books, buckets and slates, to begin again the routine of the school-room for another year. No wonder, then, that the busy brains of Mr. Butler's two fun-loving children, Fred and Fannie, were crowded with plans for extracting the very essence of fun out of the few remaining days of freedom.

Fred and Fannie were twin brother and sister, eleven years old. One bright morning, their mother said, at breakfast, to their older brother:

"Joe, I wish you could get me a good lot of muscadines to make some jelly for winter use."

Joe, always ready to please, thought a moment, and replied:

"I must carry some wheat to mill to-day, but to-morrow I 'll see if I can find any along the creek about two miles from here, where we went for scaly-barks last year,—don't you remember, Fred?"

"Oh yes!" said Freddy; "it was a beautiful place. You know we wished Fannie had gone with us, for it was not damp along the creek at all,

and there were such fine old beech-trees, lovely vines, and ——"

Here Joe stopped him, saying:

"Well, if mother says so, Fannie shall go and see all those wonders for herself. You and she will be great help in picking up the muscadines, and you can carry your dinner, and make a picnic of it."

The children were delighted, but presently Fannie said, half doubtfully:

"Mamma, does n't it take more than three people to make a picnic?"

The mother smiled, and took the hint by saying:

"As you seem to think it does, you may invite Nannie and Kitty Harris, and their cousin Hal, to go with you; don't you think so, Joe?"

"Yes, I 'll have to go in the wagon, and there will be room enough for all, and the muscadines besides."

A happy day that was to the five children, and the next morning found a merry group in front of Mr. Butler's door, with baskets in hand, waiting for Joe. Soon he came, in the new farm-wagon, with its gorgeous body of green and red, and its high spring seats. Two large gray mules were drawing it, and looked proud of their fine equipage. A hamper was lifted in for the muscadines, and in it lay a bag filled with something hard and knobby, which Joe said was his contribution to their dinner. Baskets were securely tucked away under the seats, and the children climbed in while the mother stood at the gate, telling Joe to take good care of his precious freight, and cautioning the children about health and safety.

A crack of the whip and off they go,—past fields of rustling corn, shaking their plumy tassels in the morning breeze, past fields of early cotton, whitening with the "fleecy staple" as it bursts the boll, and hangs out invitingly to the pickers, who with bags and baskets dot the fields,—until they come to a hill. As the mules go toiling up its sunny slope the children spy in front of them two grotesque-looking darkies, with blue buckets on their arms. They were barefooted and ragged, but chatting as merrily as the party in the wagon.

"Who are those children,—do any of you know?" asked Joe; for their buckets made him think that probably they were on the same errand as themselves.

"I think the boy has worked for us sometimes; his name is Sandy," said Kittie Harris.

Joe stopped and called out:

"Hullo, Sandy, where are you traveling?"

"We'se gwine atter muskidimes, we is; we hearn we kin git two-bits a bucket fer 'em in town."

"We are going to look for some, too," returned Joe, "and you may get in and go with us. We will share our luck with you."

Their teeth flashing and eyes dancing, the colored children climbed in, and Kitty, feeling that she had introduced Sandy, turned to the little girl and asked her name.

"Dey calls me Babe, but dat aint my name. I 'most forget what my name is; does you 'member, San?"

"Did n't Mammy say sumfin 'bout Sinai?"

"Dat 's it. I knows now. Yes 'm; my name 's Sinai Sarepta Jones."

By this time they had passed the fields, and turned from the road into a dense forest that skirted a large creek. After driving as far in as possible, they stopped, took the mules out, and set out on the search for vines. Joe divided the party into twos, taking little Nannie with him because she was the youngest. Hal and Fannie set off together, Fred and Kittie took another direction, and Sandy and Sarepta still another. Fannie's eyes proved brightest, for she soon called out, lustily: "Come this way; I 've found them!" There was the vine with its bright shining leaves, and beautiful purple grapes, stretching from tree to tree until it made one large arbor, shading twenty or thirty square yards of ground. As soon as jackets and hats could be thrown aside, up went the boys, and down came the grapes, bouncing and bumping on the heads of the girls, who hastened to do their part by filling the baskets. Joe came down from his tree, when he found all were employed, and said he would look for another vine, and also select a place for their dinner. Meanwhile, the fingers worked busily, and the merry voices made the old forest ring with a music not often heard in its shaded depths.

Before long, a call from Joe summoned all to the spot he had selected for the picnic dinner. It was on the banks of the creek, and under the very beeches that Freddy had so admired before. Just there, a huge tree had fallen across the stream, making a bridge by which one could easily cross to the opposite side. Over there, Joe had set fire to an old dead tree trunk, which was sending up such myriads of red sparks and wreaths of graceful smoke, that the children saw only the beauty thus presented, and many were the exclamations of delight as piece after piece of the burning wood fell to the ground, and the sparks flew up in all directions through the green arches above. When the dinner of sandwiches, cakes, etc., had been spread, Joe told Sarepta to go to the fire and bring his share of the repast. Tripping across the log to the foot of the burning stump, she found a lot of sweet-potatoes roasted in the ashes, and a row of roasting-ears, all nicely brown, stood in front

of the fire, leaning against a piece of wood placed there for the purpose.

What a fine dinner that was, and what fine appetites for enjoying it! It was not eaten with much ceremony, and was soon over, Sandy and Sarepta leaving not a crumb to carry back. An hour's play followed, and the lunch-baskets were filled with grasses, berries, ferns and flowers. Then another vine was stripped of muscadines, this time filling all the baskets and the buckets besides. The mules were harnessed up, and the girls and boys moved toward the wagon, where Joe was stowing away the fragrant purple load.

"Don't you wish we did n't have to go to school, and could come back for more?" said Kitty.

"May be we can come some Saturday," Fred answered.

"The Saturdays are nearly all rainy days, seems to me."

"Why, Kittie," said Fannie, "you are like Jo in the story who thought it always is a-rainin'. May be there 'll be some bright Saturdays, and you will bring us; wont you, Joe?"

"If I can find time, I surely will," good-natured Joe answered.

"Wish I could git to go 'long wid yer," said Sarepta, for this had been a glorious day to her.

"Hump, chile," said San, 'we 'll be in de cotton patch den, dar's whar *we 'll* be."

They were going home now, and a bright picture the brilliant wagon with its load made as they wound their way through the dim aisles of the wood, and then along the dusty highway. Joe sat in front with Nannie beside him, holding the whip, and looking into his face now and then to ask if she should give the mules a little "persuasion." Hal and Fannie were on the next seat, and Kittie and Fred behind them. The girls had let their sunbonnets fall back, and the setting sun sent gleams of gold through their hair, as it fell in long braids or clustering curls over their shoulders; their laps were filled with flowers, which they arranged as they rode leisurely along, and the boys watched with interest to see which mamma was to have the prettiest bouquet. Sandy and Sarepta stowed themselves among the heaping baskets in the rear. When they reached home, the mothers bought the bucketfuls of Sandy and his sister, so that they scampered home, each with an empty bucket in one hand and a bright two-bits piece in the other.

As the children exchanged good-byes and separated, they all concluded that this day, of combined work and play, had been the happiest of all the happy vacation.

A LEGEND OF HARVEST.

By Edgar Fawcett.

So long ago that history pays
  No heed nor record of how long,
Back in the lovely dreamy days,
  The days of story and of song,

Before the world had crowded grown,
  While wrong on earth was hard to find,
And half the earth had never known
  The forms and faces of mankind,

When just as now the years would keep
  Their terms of snows and suns and showers,
It chanced that Summer dropt asleep,
  One morning, in a field of flowers.

And while the warm weeks came and fled,
  In all their tender wealth of charm,
She slept, with beauteous golden head
  Laid softly on her weary arm.

She did not hear the waving trees,
The warbling brook she did not hear,
Nor yet the velvet-coated bees
That boomed about her rosy ear.

In many a yellow breezy mass,
The rich wheat ripened far away,
And glittering on the fragrant grass,
Her silver sickle idly lay.

But then at last, one noontide hour,
A gorgeous moth, while hovering by,
Mistook her sweet mouth for a flower,
And Summer waked, with startled cry.

She rose, in anxious wonder, now,
To gaze upon the heightened wheat,
And saw its plenteous tassels bow
Dead-ripe below the sultry heat.

Half crazed, she wandered East and West
Amid the peaceful spacious clime,
Until at length, with panting breast,
She stood before old Father Time.

With tears of shame she told him all,
While pointing to the wheat unmown,
And said, "What power shall make it fall
Ere Autumn's bitter winds have blown?"

Then Father Time, with laughter gay,
Bowed all his frame, and crooked his knees,
And tossed his white beard like the spray
That crowns the crests of wintry seas.

"Oh, daughter, cheer your heart!" he cried;
"The wheat shall fall ere falls the night.
We two shall mow it, side by side,
And reap it in the stars' pale light!"

So Summer cleared her brow of gloom,
And forth with Father Time she went,
And, haggard Age by Youth in bloom,
Above the tawny wheat they bent.

Ere fall of night the harvest fell;
But since that season, fair and blithe,
As ancient annals love to tell,
Old Father Time has borne a scythe!



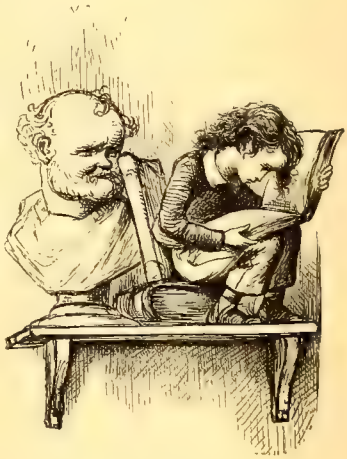
THE FAMILY WITH WHOM EVERYTHING WENT WRONG.

BY M. M. D.



SOMETHING IS WRONG WITH THE BABY.

IT was the queerest family that ever was known. In the first place, there was the baby,—and a real nice, hearty, pretty baby it was. That baby went wrong from the first week of its existence. It was always waking up when they wished it to sleep, and dozing off when they longed for it to be at its brightest. When the father came home and tried to have a sort of subdued romp with the little mite, it would blink and blink, and finally drop off, just when he was saying "A-choo!" in his funniest possible style. But there was a good reason for that, as you will admit when you hear more about the father. And when he wished the house to be very, very quiet, I declare if the rose-bud would n't wake up and scream as if it were taking the prize in a crying-baby show! But just so sure as company came, and mamma, ringing the parlor bell, said sweetly, "I 'll have the baby brought down; he 's a lively little thing for his age," it would be carried in, the next moment, bathed in the sweetest of dewy slumbers. Later on, that baby "beat everything in the way of contrariness" the nurse "ever saw." He was so large of his age that it made him "delicate"; he kicked when they rocked him to sleep, and collapsed when they tried to stand him on his legs; finally, he was so plump and puffy that he had the croup every seventh night, — not really serious croup, but just croup enough to set the family on edge.



SOMETHING GOES WRONG WITH JOHN.

But baby was sugared moonbeams compared with his little brother Rob,—or rather his big brother, for I suppose a boy of four years *is* a big brother from a younger point of view. That boy was always going where he was not wanted, though when needed he was invariably out of sound and reach. If you were talking secrets, he would suddenly pop up from behind a sofa. If you wished to steal out by the side door, you 'd be sure to find him on the sill, and he would catch at your ankle and coax until you said, "Oh yes, you can come, too." And then, if you did say it, he would n't keep hold of your hand, and he would go exactly where he pleased. Then, when he went exactly where he pleased, he was sure to get into trouble. If he ran to Ponto's kennel, he would catch his feet in the chain, and Ponto would spring out and snarl at him; if he went to the barn to look for eggs, the old hen would scare him away; if he went to the stable, it would be at the precise moment when the old mare was switching insects away with her tail, and poor Rob's eye would be taken for a fly; if he went to the kitchen, he would certainly upset the molasses-jug or milk-pail, and so be chased out by the cook's broom-stick. He was n't really bad; but somehow he was never absolutely good. "His stars were unpropitious," his brother John said; "they would n't twinkle, twinkle, for



SOMETHING GOES WRONG WITH ROB.

him worth a cent." But then, John himself had a dark way of looking at things.

Once, in a fit of kindness, the big brother took pity on him. He was reading on the bank, and, seeing Rob run crying from the house, he called: "Hello! trouble again, hey? Come here, poor little chap!" Soon, however, the poor little chap proved to be so much in his way that he lifted him up and set him upon the beam of an old, broken-down pier close by. The water was quite deep there; but the beam was strong, and Rob, who was stout and brave, did n't mind it at all, and said so.

"Don't move now, my little man! Call big brudder when you get tired," said John exultingly, as he went back to his reading.

Any one would have supposed that now poor Rob was out of everybody's way, for once. But no! In a few moments the "big brudder" looked up from his book, and, with a whistle, sprang to his feet, crying:

"Hi! If Rob is n't in one of his fixes again!"

There sat Rob, helpless, on the beam; his poor little feet dangling over the rough waters, and a great sea-gull flying into his face, as if to drive him away. Rob was so used to not being wanted, that he took it quite as a matter of course, until the gull came too very, very close; and then he screamed so loud that John, who was about to rescue him, asked if he wanted to make a fellow deaf?



SOMETHING GOES WRONG WITH NELL.

This John was a queer fellow, too. He was ten years old, and a book-worm. He read, morning, noon and night. It was almost impossible for any one but Rob to make him hear, when once he became absorbed in a book. The door-bell might ring, his mother might call, the fire might go out, the daylight might fade slowly away; and still John would not look up. There is a story that once he sat down in the swing and began "Little Men," and when at last he reached the last word of the book and looked up, he found a fine spider-web stretching from his knee to the ground. You can imagine how often he got into trouble. The history of his school-days would make almost a tragedy. Everything went wrong with him, he said, from morning till night; all because he had no eyes nor ears for anything besides the book he happened to be reading on the sly. If he was set to watch the baby, the poor little thing would find the scissors, or put feathers into its mouth, or climb into the coal-scuttle, in less than no time. If sent on an errand, he would pull out his book, sit down on a tempting stoop, and read till it began to rain. One day, when painters were frescoing the library ceiling, he climbed up their ladder to get out of the way, and perched himself on a bracket shelf over a book-case. There he sat, absorbed and happy, and at last the men forgot about him. They moved the book-case, because it was in the way; finished their work; took out the ladder; and when finally John looked up, he found himself alone in the great room, and about eight feet from the floor. It was a big jump, but he made it, and, of course, sprained his ankle. He

was laid up for a month; and, as the baby and Rob were down with the measles just then, his sister Nell had to nurse him, though she admitted she "hated it like sixty."

What a queer girl Nell was! She was sourer than a lemon ten miles from a lump of sugar; she was as cross as two sticks,—that is, she was very, very cross, indeed. What wonder, poor child, belonging, as she did, to *that* family! If things went wrong with them generally, everything went wrong with her especially. She was known as the most unlucky girl in school. At home, if she sipped tea, it was sure to burn her lips; if she skipped her rope, it invariably tripped her; if she smelled a flower, its thorn, or some sharp stem, was certain to prick her nose and make her cry. In fact, it would require a whole number of ST. NICHOLAS for me to tell you all that happened to poor Nell from almost any Monday till the next Saturday night.

What else could you expect of a girl with such a father and mother? What? Did n't I tell you about them? Dear me! It is such a long story that, if once begun, it would never be ended. I must be content with saying that the father was a night editor; that is, he worked all night, every night, on a newspaper that had to be printed and sent out before breakfast to thousands of readers. So, of course, if he worked all night, he had to sleep all day; and that was quite enough to turn any household topsy-turvy. As for the mother, she belonged to a first family. Well, we all know what first families are. Look at Adam. He belonged to a first family. So did Cain. And this mother was so very busy, belonging to a first family, —thinking about it, talking about it, acting up to it,—that things went at sixes and sevens generally. It is not a complete explanation, perhaps; but I have no other to give just now.

And I have no moral to give, either. But any moral that would come out of such a family as that would hardly be worth having, I think. Don't you think so, too?

HUNTING JACK-RABBITS.

BY A BOY.



OUT in Kansas, we have rare sport hunting jack-rabbits. Eastern boys can hardly guess how much excitement there is in it. We have other game, of course. Deer and antelopes are quite common in Edwards and other south-western counties; and the wolves that prowl over the prairies are worse for our sheep and calves than bears are, or ever were, in New England.

But the greatest sport of all is hunting jack-rabbits. We hunt them on horseback, with greyhounds. All the settlers in our section keep one or more greyhounds on purpose to hunt jack-rabbits. I went fox-hunting twice, with hounds, in Maine,* and did not have half the fun that I have had out here, in Kansas, hunting "jacks."

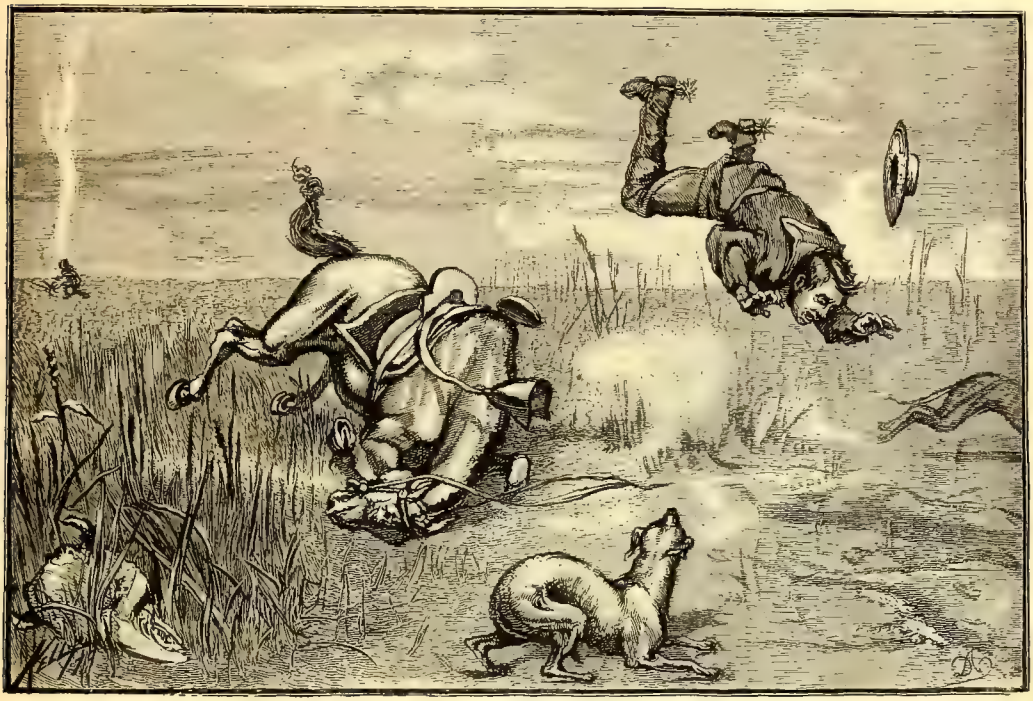
Our jack-rabbit, I should say, is no such little scrub as the Massachusetts rabbit, or even the Maine hare. Jack is quite a beast, and makes, roast or stewed, a pretty good dish. Many a settler's family lived on jacks, after the grasshoppers came. Our rabbit has black legs and black ears, and a blackish head. When he stands up on his haunches, for a look around, he is nearly three feet tall. His tail is long, and that is black, too. But the body is a brownish gray. I have seen jacks almost as large as a small goat. Now and then one comes across a tremendously large one,—so big and tall and long-eared, and so awfully clumsy-looking, as fairly to make a fellow stare, even when he is used to jacks. Generally, however, they do not weigh more than fifteen or twenty pounds.

These jack-rabbits live right out on the open prairie and along the shallow river-valleys, where there is not a bush, nor a tree, anywhere in sight. Most of the grass, except by the streams, is buffalo grass,—a short, curly, fine grass; but scattered about are seen bunches, or rings, of taller grass, two and a half or three feet high. These rings of high grass are commonly not larger across than a bushel-basket, but quite thick. And right inside of the grass rings is where the jacks hide. They hide in there, curled up, cuddled warm out of the prairie wind, and well out of sight, too. You scarcely ever see a jack stirring on the prairie in

* The narrator emigrated to Kansas from Maine when fifteen years old.

the day-time, even in places where they are really very numerous. Those grass bunches are so thick that you may pass close to one and not see the jack cuddled up in the middle of it; and if he sees you, he will not stir, unless you kick, or strike, into the grass. Then out he goes, ten feet at one jump; and, clumsy as he looks, there is nothing that runs which can catch him, if he gets twenty yards start, as if propelled by a single kick, then stop and look. The wolf knows that the game is up. I once saw a wolf sit down and look hard at the rabbit, and sniff him longingly; and the jack, not yet half awake, sat and winked. But the wolf turned away and went to another bunch of grass. He knew better than to waste his strength chasing a jack-rabbit.

The way we used to hunt jacks was to start out—



"BUT I WAS N'T IN THE SADDLE. I WENT ON."

—not even a greyhound. Away he flies, like an old felt hat flopping along the ground before the wind; and you think that the hound will catch him in no time; but he does n't. Jack keeps just about two jumps ahead, and will run one mile, or two, or all day, just as you like. There is no such thing as tiring one down, when once he has had a good fair start, and has had a chance to get his eyes fairly open and catch his wind. The only way we ever catch jack-rabbits with hounds is to take them by surprise, before they have time to lay themselves out for good steady leaping.

I have often laughed to see a wolf hunt jack-rabbits. The wolf will sneak along, crouched close to the ground, and work up to a ring of grass, then give a sudden jump right into the midst of it. About one time in fifty, he will manage to seize the sleeping jack. But commonly the rabbit will, in some mysterious way, leap out from under the wolf's very nose, and go twenty or thirty feet, eight or ten of us—on our ponies (and there are no horses in this country fleeter than some of those Texas ponies), with all the greyhounds we could muster,—sometimes fifteen or twenty of them. Riding out on the prairie, we would now string out in a line, with the dogs all running close beside the ponies, and go at a gallop for those rings of tall grass. Just as some pony's fore feet were going into a bunch of tall grass, out would leap a rabbit. The greyhounds would be at close hauls, not two yards from the rabbit's tail; and everybody knows how a greyhound will buckle down to the ground and run, without so much as a *yip*. The jack, waked up so suddenly, would not have time to straighten out for long leaps, and would tack, first right then left. In that way he would dodge one hound, but in dodging one, another would grab him. That was the way we used to hunt them. Sometimes we would by this plan catch eighteen or twenty in an hour. Oh, it was live sport! Such shouting

and cheering on! Three or four jacks going at once, and all crazy after them, at a dead run! The ponies would chase as eagerly as the greyhounds. Why, I have seen more excitement and more downright, laughable fun in a jack-rabbit hunt than in anything else I ever witnessed.

But it is not the safest business in the world—riding at full spring and at a venture across the prairie. For one is always liable to run into a "buffalo wallow," or break through into some old burrow. Our Texas ponies were pretty sure-footed little fellows; but, of course, if a horse broke into a deep hole he would go down in a heap, and his rider would go headlong on the ground. I once got a tremendous "fore-reacher" of this sort. And here I should explain, perhaps, that a "buffalo-wallow" is not a slough, nor a pig-mire, but just a dry hole where a bison has got down and dug with his horns, and rolled and plowed himself into the dirt, either to get rid of flies or vermin, or else, perhaps, from some desire to get the fresh earth into his hair.

The winter after the grasshoppers came, my brother and I started a "bone-team." We were about cleared out in the way of money; we had land and lean cattle, *but nothing to eat.* So we rigged up an old prairie-schooner (large wagon), and put our ponies to it and went into the business of drawing bones. Perhaps, too, I need to explain what a bone-team is. On those prairies where buffalo and deer and antelope have run so many years, there are vast quantities of old bones lying about. In many tracts the ground is fairly covered with them; and in the winter and spring, when the grass is off and the sun shining, the plain at a distance looks white as if covered with frost or ice. The turf is full of bones of all sorts and sizes; and scattered about are some enormous buffalo skulls, with the short, thick horns still in them.

These old bones are of some commercial value. At almost every station of the railroads across the plains there is an agency for the purchase of bones. They are taken East, and manufactured into fertilizers, like superphosphate of lime. The price paid a year ago at the stations of E—— County was five dollars per ton. My brother and I drew in rather over a hundred tons during the winter. It is no great job to pick up a ton of those bones in many places, but we had to haul ours nearly twenty miles; for the most of the land near the railway has now been taken up, or at least cleared of bones. It was a three-days' trip to go out on the plains and get a load. With our team of six ponies, we commonly drew in three tons. While out on these bone trips, we made considerable account of jack-rabbits; we had two greyhounds on purpose to hunt them, and to hunt antelopes. I did most of the hunting; my brother was a little lame that season from a "hoist" he had received off a reaper. We had one of the fleetest ponies for running I have ever seen. In color she was so light as almost to look silvery, and had both her fore legs white. Her hair was very short and thin. She was slim and trig—oh, a delicate little creature! In weight she was not much above seven hundred pounds; but ah! she would skim those plains like a goshawk. We called her Gilly.

I would get up before sunrise, call in Sport and Grip (the two greyhounds), then mount Gilly, and start after a jack for breakfast. One morning we got after a pretty big jack, and ran him out past a large white-topped "schooner," where an emigrant party had hauled up for the night. Two men and a woman were stirring about it; and I saw two nice, rosy girls peering out of the back end of the wagon. They looked so inspiring that I thought I would show them a little fancy riding. So I touched Gilly and told her to go. At that, she just reached out those white legs of hers and straightened to it. Oh, she went like an arrow after the hounds and past that schooner, and away on across the prairie. And, right in the midst of her keenest run, she broke into a wolf-hole! Believe it or not, the mare turned a complete somersault! But I was n't in the saddle when she turned it: I had gone on, and went on; went on my head, went on my knees, went every way. I was more than fifty feet from the pony when I finally stopped! Sport and Grip pulled up to see me go, and the jack,—he stopped and looked. The wolf came out of the ground and looked, too. They were all so interested in it, that they entirely forgot each other. And back at the schooner I saw six or seven men, women and girls, standing motionless, with their mouths open. When I, at length, got up, such a "ha! ha!" came wafted on the wind as I shall not soon forget. It hurt me outrageously. I got up feeling as if I were a hundred and one years old. As for the jack, he had taken leave; and the dogs were barking into the wolf-hole.

Another young fellow, named Adney Clark, and myself once ran a jack-rabbit under a settler's house, which stood out by itself on the prairie. The rabbit ran up to it and crawled under the sill. The hounds could not get under. We went round the house and then into it. There was no one at home. We were determined to have that jack, anyhow. So we pulled up two or three boards of the floor, and Ad took the fire-poker and got down under the floor, to poke out the jack. He had not been down there long when he uttered a screech and came out at one jump, with a great big rattlesnake hanging to his boot-leg! I grabbed a chair and killed the snake. Ad was so weak he could

not stand alone and could scarcely speak. I pulled off his boot. But there was no mark on him. Fortunately, the snake had only bitten his boot-leg. We then poked out the jack and the hounds grabbed him.

And at another time, when eight or ten of us were out racing down jacks, with as many as thirteen hounds, we all got after one big fellow, and at length ran him into an old deserted "dig-out."

A "dig-out," or "root-out," is a house dug in the ground, and the floor of it is often four or five feet below the level of the soil. The door of this one was gone. The jack, being pretty hard run, darted in there. In went the whole pack of hounds after him, and there was no end of a pow-wow. Round and about they went, yelping and growling down there in the dark. We thought there would n't be much left of that jack when, by and by, out he came and leaped away, leaving all the hounds in there tumbling over one another, and the end of the business was that we had to go in and haul those dogs out by the legs.

GETTING READY FOR THANKSGIVING.

By M. E. Winslow.



"THESE ARE ALL TO BE YOURS, DAUGHTER, AS LONG AS YOU TAKE CARE OF THEM."

"Will it never be Thanksgiving?" said Amanda, plaintively, as she threw her dinner-basket and books in a corner and prepared to eat the supper, which she found neatly spread for her, on her return from the school-house, two long miles away.

"What possesses you to think about Thanksgiving in May?" said Jake, scornfully. "You might as well talk about Fourth of July when the pond is all frozen up and the ground covered with snow."

"So I would, if it would make me warm to think about it," said the little girl, looking out over the

broad meadow land and green swales which lay between her little brown home and the black, jagged mountain ridge which had bounded the horizon of her whole life. Only one house lay between her and the mountain,—a long, low farm-house,—where dwelt her companion, Cynthia, with whom she daily walked those long two miles to school. These were in the other direction, where, half hidden in a clump of trees, stood the white church, the black school-house, the store, and the five houses composing "the village." Not another human habitation was in sight, and, though there were other farm-houses scattered here and there in solitary spots, even the thought of this scattered population did not tend to make one feel "crowded."

"It 's so dull," pursued Amanda; "there 's never anything to do but go to school, nor anybody to see, nor anything to hear about, except when the folks come home for Thanksgiving. I just wish we could be getting ready for it all the time."

"So we can, little daughter," said a gentle, tired voice, as the worn, faded-looking farmer's wife placed upon the table the smoking hot pork, potatoes, corn-bread and tea, which had only awaited the arrival of the little school-girl. "Every day of our lives may be made a preparation for Thanksgiving, by counting up our mercies, and thanking the Lord for them as we go along."

"Pshaw!" said Amanda, "I did n't mean that way; I meant doing something. It 's always so gay and lively when you 're chopping apples and making pies and all that; but we 've got to wait six whole months for that, and it 's so dull."

"Suppose we begin to-day, Mandy," said the farmer, as he took his place at the table, "and you and Jake spend your spare time all summer getting ready for Thanksgiving; that is, of course, when lessons are over."

Wondering looks crossed the table, but no more was said; for the farmer was just ready to say grace, and after that the business of the hour absorbed every one's attention.

When tea was over and the farm lay in the shadow of the great mountain, while slant yellow rays of sunlight still rested on the village and further down the valley, the farmer unfolded his plan, and the first preparation for Thanksgiving was made by the children's going out into the garden-patch and in the center of a great open space dropping three squash-seeds into an open hole in the top of a little hill. It was a small beginning, but Amanda at once began to take an interest in garden-work which she had never experienced before. The next day was Saturday, and her mother called her into the barn-yard and presented her with two setting hens, a brood of downy little chickens, and a flock of young turkeys.

"These are all to be yours, daughter, as long as you feed them regularly and take care of them. All the turkeys and chickens you can raise, and all the eggs you can store, will be for Thanksgiving."

Meanwhile, Jake went with the farm hands to plant corn, and undertook to drive the cows to and from the pasture every night, and to learn to milk, that he might help to make the golden butter, which would be needed by and by, to spread Thanksgiving bread and to make the Thanksgiving pie-crust.

No one heard the children complain of dullness now, for the poultry and the cows took up a great deal of the long, light evenings, and the shouts of delight with which Amanda announced the discovery of shining white eggs, were only equaled by their joy at the sight of the little green squash-vines that in time peeped up above the dark-brown earth. Then Jake begged for another bit of land, in which to plant little purple potato-eyes; and his father promised that, if they came to anything, those potatoes and no others should be cooked for the Thanksgiving dinner. Even vegetables cannot grow without care, and potato and squash bugs had to be picked off very carefully, while in the long weeks of July drought the children carried many a tin pail of water, with which to keep moist the roots of their precious vine; and the onion-beds, parsley-beds, and beds of sage and summer savory, which were to help dress the Thanksgiving dinner, were kept by those little fingers as free from weeds as any one could desire. What delightful berrying expeditions Amanda and Jake and Cynthia had, during the hot July and August afternoons! They worked as they had never worked before, for they had an object in their picking; and when the mother showed her little daughter how to dry the huckleberries on boards covered with white paper, and how to make beautiful pots of jam of the raspberries and blackberries, she felt quite like an old housekeeper, and put away these delicacies, beaming with delightful visions of the future Thanksgiving.

As the season advanced, there were apples to be gathered and packed away in barrels; or else peeled, strung on long cords, and hung up to dry. The frost opened the chestnuts, and they and the hickory-nuts afforded many an hour's busy sport for the children; and many a jolly woodland excursion was taken on Saturday, while the men cut down trees, brought them home, and cut and piled wood for the Thanksgiving fires. One grand excursion to the cranberry swamps closed the season, and on this occasion the baskets and pails, filled with bright red berries, were crowned with wreaths of ground pine, branches of hemlock, and twigs of shining holly, with which to decorate the old

farm-house for the grand Puritan Christmas,—the Thanksgiving festival.

Meanwhile, the children, Amanda and Jake, happy and contented, had been growing healthy and strong from their constant work in the bracing mountain air. They had learned many secrets of nature, and of domestic and rustic art; and if thoughts had sometimes come to them of the power and love that caused the earth to bring forth in its season, sending the rain to fill, and the sunshine to ripen, the harvests, turning aside the lightning and the frost, keeping that mysterious thing called life in the animals, and crowning the year with plenty, till thankful longings arose in their hearts,—such thoughts did not pale any of the roses in their cheeks, or take away the least bit from the joy of the days. Nor did even their annoying disappointments, when young turkeys hung themselves on wood-piles, black hawks carried off downy chickens, malicious boys stole unripe crook-necks, and the like, hurt them; they thus learned to "endure hardness," and to gain the mental and moral vigor which comes from perseverance under difficulty and patience in defeat.

"I did not think it took so much time and so many things to get ready for Thanksgiving," said Amanda, as, the afternoon before the happy feast-day, she stood in the store-room with her mother, taking a last look at the preparation for to-morrow's festival. There were turkeys and geese, ready dressed for roasting; sausages waiting to be fried, and chickens ready to be broiled. Great loaves of white and brown bread and jars of cookies and nut-cakes already were made for the children, and sponge and jelly cake for their elders. A great plum-pudding, tied in a bag, was ready to boil, and was flanked by pork-pies, chicken-pies, apple-pies, cranberry tarts, and yellow pumpkin delicacies wherein the ripened crook-necks, garnered eggs, and grass-fed milk told of a summer's successful and faithful labor. On a shelf lay piled-up dishes of rosy and golden apples and cracked hickory-nuts, all wrinkled and appetizing, ready for the coming festival.

Outside of the store-room, all was in a state of beautiful, home-like decoration. Fires blazed on every hearth, and beside them stood wood-boxes piled with logs and crackling brush, gathered by Jake's busy hands. Bedrooms had been fixed up everywhere, and snowy beds prepared in rubbish rooms and closets, while the warm, dry loft above the wood-house, with its row of "bunks," looked, Jake said, "a good deal like camp-meeting." For all "the folks" were coming to-night, and the two great farm wagons had been fitted up with plank seats and sent down to the dépôt to meet them. Amanda's two elder brothers and their wives, her three sisters and their husbands, the unmarried teacher sister, even Aunt Sophronia and Uncle Bill, and all the crowd of grandchildren who lived ever so far away, traveled night and day to be at home; for on that one day, at least, of all the long year, the old brown farm-house should hold its own united family.

"So many things," said Amanda, as she closed the door; "besides all that we have done, there's sugar and raisins and spice and flour, and the things to put them in, and the things to cook with—oh dear, I can't think how many!"

"Yes," said her father, who just then entered, bright with expectation; "long before you or I were born, and ever since, God has been busy getting ready for our Thanksgiving. He put the coal down in the earth; He set the trees to growing; He prepared the seeds, and made ready the soil, and blessed the labors of the husbandman. He built the homestead and sent the children. Yes, wife, He has watched and cared for each one as it grew up, and so arranged its life that, of the band who come to us to-day, not one but is an honor and cause for thanksgiving."

"Yes, indeed," said his wife heartily, "and I want my little girl here to learn that not by fits and starts of feeling, but by steady perseverance in appointed tasks all through life; by gentle works and loving thoughts, by kindly and care-taking deeds, we must be storing up the good things, just as she has done this summer."

"It 's all 'getting ready,' I suppose," said Amanda thoughtfully, at the same time breaking the least little teenty bit from the edge of the fruit-cake and nibbling it with great complacency.

THE BOYS AT CHIRON'S SCHOOL.

BY EVELYN MÜLLER.

EVERY one knows about the Centaurs,—"a people of Thessaly;" yet no one ever has told us about Centaur boys.

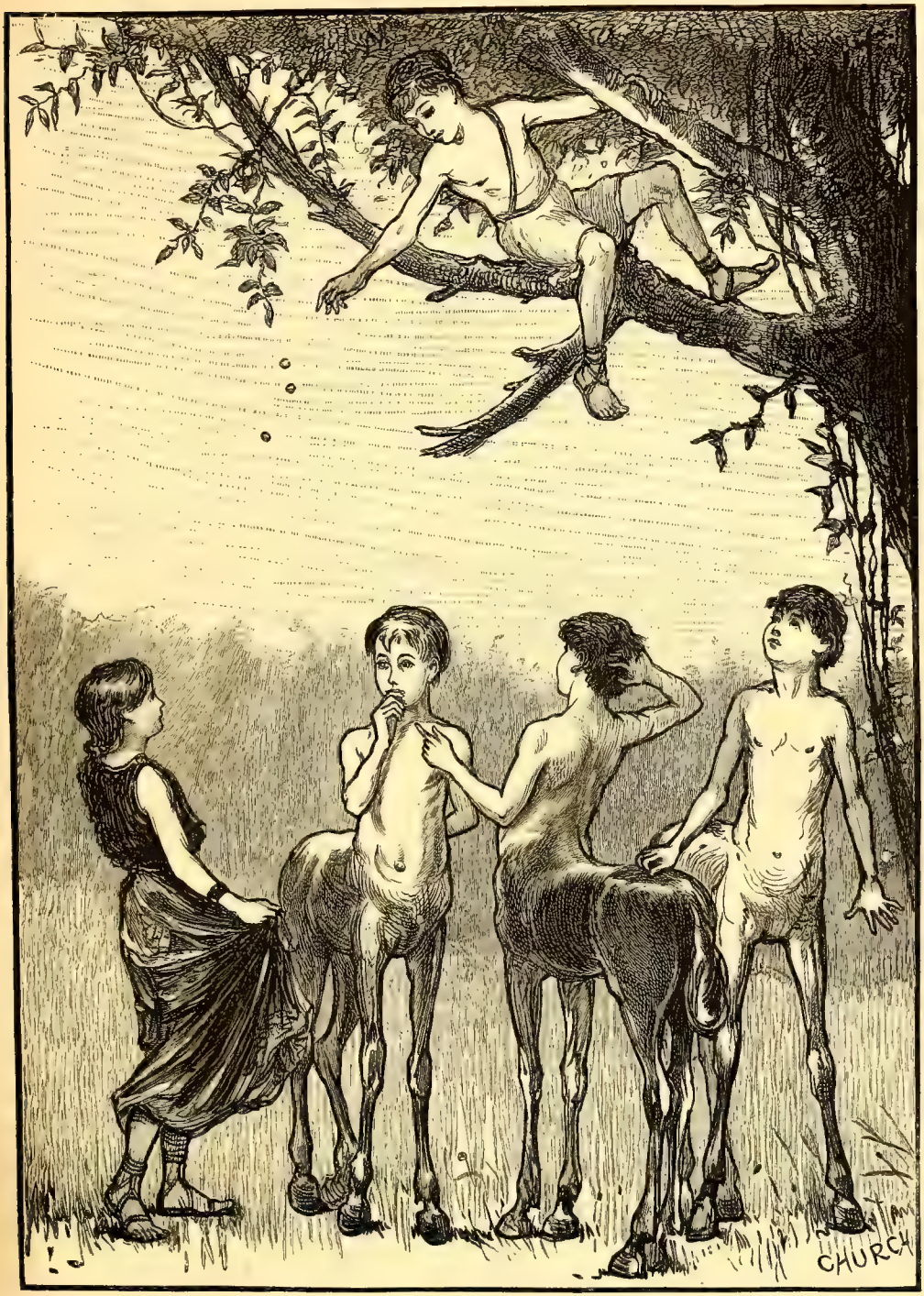
But nowadays people are discovering everything. There is Dr. Schliemann, who has discovered all the old kitchen-ware of the ancient Trojans, and written a book about it; and another explorer has just found out about some young Centaurs who went to old Chiron's school.

It was a boarding and day school, situated on the Island of Peparethos, off the coast of Thessaly; "a most salubrious spot," the school prospectus said, and old Chiron taught all the polite arts. It must have been a trouble, for young Centaurs were a wild set. Indeed, people in those days never said, "This boy is as wild as a young colt," but "As wild as a young Centaur," which amounted to the same thing. The Centaur boys had good times, you may be sure. The polite arts did not bother them much, though the boys bothered old Chiron. He was always shouting to them to keep their hoofs off the desks, and to stop switching their tails about, for they knocked down ink bottles and things. Of course, in fly-time such a rule was very hard, but the Centaur boys revenged themselves by chasing the geese that belonged to Chiron's old housekeeper, and making her scold till she was hoarse. They played foot-ball, too, and such a splendid game, for every Centaur could kick with both his hind feet, while he steadied himself on his fore feet. The ball sometimes went clear across the island—about two miles. At least, that is the record the boys left cut on the rocks at Peparethos, so far as our discoverer could make out and translate. "Gryneus" and "Pholus" must have been the best kickers, for he found their names cut on the rocks, just under this big kicking score.



THE CENTAUR BOYS CHASING THE GEESE.

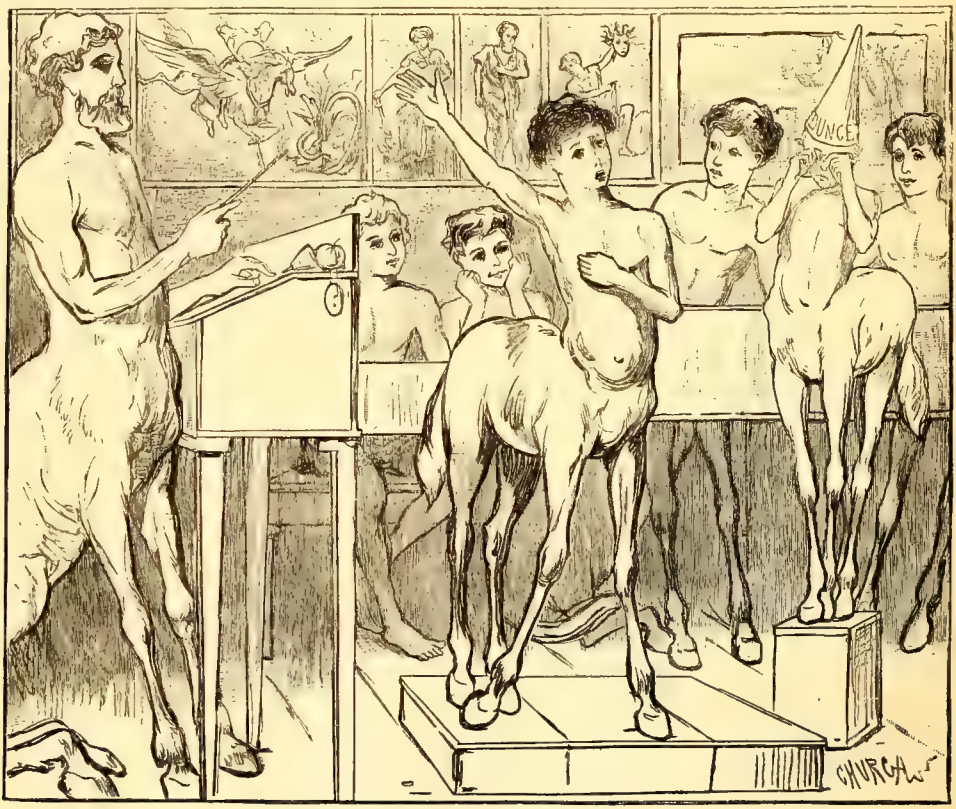
And they had grand games of base-ball; such



"THE CENTAUR BOYS COULD NOT CLIMB A TREE."

running and catching! They did not need to stoop to steady themselves when they caught, so none of them were at all bow-legged, and that was certainly an advantage over two-legged boys.

But they never played marbles, for they could not kneel down properly, though it was a great saving favors. This made the Centaurs envious, and they did their best to make the young Greeks' lives a burden to them. They would not let them play ball, because they had only two legs, nor race, though Crantor was a first-rate runner, nor even let them chase the old woman's geese. So Cran-



CHIRON'S SCHOOL—THE LITTLE CENTAUR SPEAKS HIS PIECE.

in trouser-knees. They ran races, though, and made splendid time. "Rhœtus" was the best racer for two school terms, so the record said, and the name of the champion for the next year must have been kicked off out of envy, for our explorer noticed a big piece of rock chipped off, just under Rhœtus's name. They could not have boat races, of course, but they had swimming matches, and you may imagine that a boy with four legs and two arms could make pretty fast time.

They were a right conceited set, those Centaurs, but they had a "take down," when two Greek boys from the mainland came to school. These boys had only two legs, like our boys here, and the Centaur boys made no end of fun of them. But when Chiron saw that the two young Greeks, "Crates" and "Crantor," were studious and polite, he used to ride them on his back, and show them other

tor and Crates gave up, and turned their attention to the polite arts, hoping their turn would come soon.

And it did.

Crates and Crantor had a cousin, a pretty little Greek girl named Celena, who came to visit them one day. She brought a splendid cake for the boys, and some honey from Hymettus, so, of course, all the boys were anxious to please her. They ran races, and played ball, and jumped fences, and Celena said they were very smart.

Then Crates turned a hand-spring, and Crantor stood on his head.

"Can you do that?" asked Celena.

The Centaurs were ashamed, but they had to own up that it was impossible.

"Well, then," said Celena, "can't you get me some nuts? There is a tree full of them."

The Centaur boys all gathered around the tree,

and reached up as far as they could, but having gathered all the nuts within reach some days before, they could get none now for Celena.

"Why don't you climb up, stupids?" said she.

Then all those Centaur boys were covered with confusion, for not one of them could climb a tree.

Crates and Crantor could, and in a minute they were on the topmost branches gathering nuts and throwing them down to Celena, who thanked them very prettily, and turned up her pretty Greek nose at the unhappy Centaur boys. And after that Crates and Crantor held their heads high enough.

"For some things," sighed the Centaur boys, "it is better to be a two-legged boy." and then they grew more modest, and went to work to study the polite arts.

A BOY'S REMONSTRANCE.

By C. Perry.

I AM feeling very badly; everything is going to smash:
All the things I have believed in are going with a crash!
The folks are growing learned, and all their wretched lore is
Used to shake a fellow's faith in his best-beloved stories.
The fairies have been scattered, and the genii they have gone,
There are no enchanted castles; they have vanished, every one.
Aladdin never lived, and the dear Scheherazade,
Though very entertaining, was a much mistaken lady.
Of course I see through Santa Claus, I had to, long ago;
And Christmas will be going, the next thing that I know,
For I heard, I was n't listening—I heard the parson say,
He had really—yes had really—grave doubts about the day.
And as for Master Washington, they say the goose should catch it,
Who believed a single minute in that story of the hatchet.
They 've given a rap at Crusoe, and dear old Friday. Why!
We 'll all believe in Friday, we boys will, till we die!
They may say it 's not "authentic," and such like if they dare!
When they strike a blow at Friday, they hit us boys. So there!
And I 've been reading in a book, writ by some college swell,
That there never was a genuine, a *real live* William Tell!
That he was just a myth, or what we boys would call a sell:
That he did n't shoot the apple, nor Gesler, not a bit—
That all the other nations have a legend just like it.
I think it 's little business for a college man to fight
Against these dear old stories and send them out of sight.
And all the boys are just as mad! and so the girls are, too;
And so we called a meeting to decide what we should do.
And we passed some resolutions, because that is the one
And only way for meetings, when it 's all that can be done.
I send you here a list:

Resolved, that there *was* a William Tell;
That by his bow and arrow the tyrant Gesler fell.
Resolved, that he was *not* a myth, whatever that may be—
But that he shot the apple and Switzerland was free.
Resolved, that Crusoe lived, and Friday, and the goat.
Resolved, that little Georgy his father's fruit-tree smote,
And owned up like a hero. Resolved, that all the science
Of all the learned professors shall not shake our firm reliance
In the parties we have mentioned; and we do hereby make known
The fact that we boys feel that we have some rights of our own—
And request that in the future these rights be let alone.

AMONG THE LAKES.

(A Farm-house Story.)

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD, AUTHOR OF "DAB KINZER," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"SHE can do it. I give it up. They could n't be making a better show if they tried. Aunt Keziah said she 'd have her peonies in bloom when the city folks got here. She 's done it, but I was n't mor 'n half sure she could."

The sun had not been up an hour yet, but he was shining full and warm in the rosy face of the very plump, healthy-looking boy who stood there, on the grass, looking down at the peonies.

"The old tub 's choke full of 'em," he continued. "They 're almost all burst out, now. They 'll burst the tub next. What fat, red-looking fellows they are. Aunt Keziah says I 'm like 'em. I don't care. They 're real pretty. Anyhow, I don't believe I 'll tumble all to pieces, as they will when they get through bursting. I 'm fat, all the year round."

"Hullo, Piney!"

He did not turn around, or even take his hands out of his pockets, as he answered:

"Hullo, Kyle, is that you? Drove your cows to pasture? I have."

"Course I have, or I would n't be here. What 's the matter with your pinies? Looks as if the tub was sinking with 'em."

"Sinking? You 'd sink if you had all those flowers to carry. How red they are!"

"Reddest kind. Aunt Keziah named you after 'em, did n't she?"

"So she says."

"They 're redder 'n you are. They 're a good deal handsomer, too."

"I aint a flower, and I don't live in a tub. Aunt Keziah says I burst everything she puts on me, though, just as they do. That 's why she makes all my clothes so loose."

"They 're bursting all theirs, and no mistake. Glad there 's no danger of my skin cracking round like that."

"I say, Kyle, how 'd you like to go a-fishing?"

"Tip top. That 's what brought me over. It 's Saturday."

"We can't go next Saturday, you know."

"No," said Kyle; "and I have n't half learned my piece for the Academy Exhibition."

"I 've learned mine. 'T is n't that I 'm afraid of."

"What then?" said Kyle, in surprise.

"What then?" echoed Piney, sharply. "Why, the Examination, of course."

"O, that 's nothing. Wilbur begins with a W, and that puts my name 'most at the bottom of the list. Bill Young and I talked it over. They wont get down to us."

"They 'll get to me. Then wont I turn red in the face and forget everything!"

"Piney! Piney! Piney! Come in to breakfast."

A shrill, sweet, girlish voice was calling very positively from the top of the steps in the middle of the front piazza, and Piney started for the house.

"I 'll come over after breakfast," shouted Kyle Wilbur after him.

"He ought not to miss that," muttered Piney, as he walked along. "Aunt Keziah says his face 'd do for a hatchet. Why can't she call me some other name. But, then, Dick 's the nickname for Richard, and I would n't like that any better. Anyhow, she might have picked out a meaner flower than they are. Bull-thistles are red."

"Piney, why don't you hurry?"

"What for, Roxy?"

"Why, for breakfast. It 's all ready. I 've been helping Aunt Keziah."

"Did you boil the radishes?"

"Not this time. Guess I know better than that, now; but I picked the strawberries, and put lots of sugar on them."

"Brown sugar?"

"No, of course not. I put on the white, fine sugar, out of the wooden box. Aunt Keziah put it out on the table, and I sugared the berries."

The look on Piney's face told very plainly of his liking for strawberries and cream, with plenty of sugar. As for Roxy, her rosy face was full of pride over her morning's performances. It was not so plump as her brother's, although her eyes and hair were as dark, and any one would have said she was his sister. She was younger, too,—not over seven or eight years, perhaps,—while Piney must have been somewhere between thirteen and fifteen.

When a boy is so evidently large for his age, it is not always easy to say just how old he is.

Roxy was not large for her age; she was only a little too old for it, so that she sometimes walked into mistakes. Such, for instance, as boiling the crisp, fresh radishes.

While she and Piney went in to breakfast, the sun rose higher, very slowly indeed, but steadily, promising a grand, warm, June day. He was not looking down, that morning, upon many prettier places than that valley.

The old farm-house stood right at the head of a little lake. It was big and white, with a high, peaked roof, from which the dormer windows looked out as if they were forever watching for somebody to come around the turn of the dusty road. A great many people did come, too, but the windows on the roof sat right there and waited for somebody else, all the same.



"PINEY! PINEY! COME TO BREAKFAST."

There were no blinds up there, but there were green ones to all the windows of the lower story, and those on the front piazza came right down to the floor.

The barns and the hayricks were away back from the road, and the ground sloped from them down to the front gate. That was toward the east and the sunrise. On the south it sloped to the very edge of the lake, and they kept the grass mowed down close, so as to make a beautiful green lawn.

You could have measured out a dozen good croquet grounds on that lawn if you had wanted to.

Away to the north, a mile and more, there was another little lake, and beyond that another; but a little bit of a river ran into the upper one, and out of that into the next, and out of that into the third, and out of that into the valley below. So a man in a boat could row himself through all those lakes and then down-stream.

Nobody but the Indians at the reservation, long miles to the north, could pronounce the name of that river correctly, but when the white men gave up trying and spelled it out, they called it the Ti-ough-ne-au-ga. That was as near as they could have hit it if they had shot at it.

That is, if they had tried with a bow and arrow and could not shoot very well. And the little river was crookeder than any name that even an Indian could have given to it.

Roxy had been in a great hurry to have Piney come in. To tell the truth, she was apt to be a little ahead of time, and when Piney entered the dining-room the only person yet seated at the table was his three-year-old brother Chub in his high chair.

There was no need of asking how he came by his name, but just at that moment Chub's face was very red indeed, and he was pounding the table with a spoon, while he uttered a squall that made Aunt Keziah put down the coffee-pot and rush in from the kitchen.

"Roxy! Roxy! What are you doing to that baby?"

"Nothing at all. I brought him a whole saucer full of strawberries, and I poured the cream all over them."

"I never told you to," exclaimed Aunt Keziah. "You 're a meddlesome girl. Piney, ring the bell for your mother to come down. Roxy, tell Ann to bring in the breakfast. What can be the matter with that child!"

"Berry sour," whimpered poor Chub, as he pushed the saucer away from him.

"Sour? No, they 're not. You naughty boy, to scare me so."

But even the arrival of his mother, a tall, pallid,

languid-looking lady, evidently not in good health, who came in just then, failed to pacify Chub. It was not till all the rest were seated at the table that the cause of his trouble came out.

It was almost a matter of course that Piney should be the next person to try a spoonful of those berries.

"Mother! Aunt Keziah!" sputtered he, as he reached suddenly out for a tumbler of water. "The berries are salted!"

"Salted?" exclaimed Aunt Keziah. "Piney Hunter, what do you mean?"

"Richard, my son," murmured his mother; "Salted?"

"Yes, mother. Just you taste 'em. I don't wonder Chub said they were sour."

"O, Roxy! Roxy Hunter! This is some of your work," exclaimed her mother, dolefully.

"No, mother, I saw Aunt Keziah bring the box out herself."

"The salt box! So I did, and the sugar box, too. They 're just alike. That child 'll p'ison us all, yet!"

Aunt Keziah's face was as red with vexation, almost, as Piney's own. His, though, was redder than usual, for he was trying not to laugh, and that was always hard work for him.

"Roxy," said her mother, "you can go right out into the garden and pick some more berries, in place of the spoiled ones. When you come in you are not to have any."

"Glad there 's plenty of 'em on the vines," said Aunt Keziah. "These 'll all have to be thrown away. But, Elizabeth, what are we to do with Roxy? Suppose her uncle and aunt and all the rest had been here. I 'd have died of mortification."

"Uncle Liph would n't," said Piney. "He 'd have laughed."

"Not with salted berries in his mouth," said Aunt Keziah; but poor, crestfallen Roxy was already marching through the back door with her basket on her arm, muttering:

"I wish I 'd tasted it before I put it on, so I 'd have known if it was sugar."

CHAPTER II.

THERE were, indeed, vines and strawberries in great abundance in that garden, and Aunt Keziah Merrill was as proud of all that grew there as she was of her peonies and other flowers.

Roxy picked away as fast as she could, but was glad enough, in a minute or so, when her big brother came to help her.

"Don't cry, Roxy," he said, as he knelt near her, "these berries are just as good as the others."

"But I can't have any," whimpered Roxy.

"I 'll ask mother if you can't have some of mine. Kyle Wilbur and I are going fishing after breakfast."

"O, can I go with you?"

"Not this time. You see, Roxy, we want to catch some fish."

"I can catch fish."

"Yes; but I don't believe mother and Aunt Keziah 'll let you go."

Roxy was very much of Piney's opinion on that head, but she asked, all the same, as soon as they got in with their berries.

"In the boat?" exclaimed her mother. "And get upset, and may be get drowned?"

"O, she would n't get into the water," said Aunt Keziah; "but she 's been a naughty girl this morning. Besides, I want her in the house. I 'm going to make some cake."

"Cake? O, aunty, I 'd rather make cake than catch fish."

"But you must let things alone. I can't afford to have my cake salted."

"I wont touch ——"

"Mother," said Piney, "let me give Roxy some of the berries I picked."

"Just a few, then; I want her to remember about the sugar."

"About the salt, you mean," said Aunt Keziah. "Well, she 's a pretty good little girl if she would n't be so forward. I 'll give her a few of mine."

Chub said nothing about giving anybody a share of the berries in his saucer, but he tasted them carefully before he tried a whole spoonful at once.

Piney did not linger long at the table, and when he reached the shore of the little lake, with his rod and line all ready, and his bait in an old blacking-box, there was Kyle Wilbur, sitting in the boat, waiting for him.

"Guess you did n't eat much breakfast," said Piney.

"Yes I did. What made you stay so long?"

"O, I had to pick some more berries." And Piney told him the story of Roxy's blunder, in a way that made Kyle laugh all over. If Aunt Keziah could have seen him, she would have said it was the best thing in the world for a thin, peaked boy like him.

In a minute more they were rowing away, straight across the lake, toward the woods on the other side. Both of them said they were sure the fish bit better over there.

The boat was a good one, not at all likely to get upset. It was square at each end, and the boys called it "the scow."

It was quite good enough for them to fish from, and may be they were right about the habits of the fish, for they did bite very well, that morning,

along the shore where the tall trees leaned over the water. The day was beginning to be a warm one, and it may be the fish were thinking that part of the lake would be shadier by and by.

Both Piney and Kyle were pretty good fishermen, and the perch and sun-fish and bull-heads came in pretty fast for an hour or so. Piney even hooked a pickerel that weighed more than a pound.

"I caught a bigger one than that, last week," said Kyle.

"O, that 's nothing. Aunt Keziah says they eat more than any other fish, and can't get fat on it, either."

"I must be a sort of a pickerel, then. I say, Piney, have you practiced your piece for the Exhibition?"

"Mother made me say it to her, once, but I don't believe I can say it before a crowd."

"Why don't you try and speak it out here? What is it?"

"O, everybody knows it. It begins, 'O, why does the white man follow my path.'"

"That 's an Indian piece. You ought to speak it in the woods. Let 's go ashore and try it."

Piney colored very red, but he answered, promptly:

"Well, I will, if you wont tell anybody. Then will you speak yours, after I 'm done?"

"Of course I will. We 've got fish enough."

"No, we have n't. But we can come back and catch some more. Let 's go ashore now."

The anchor, a big, heavy stone, was at once pulled up from the bottom and the scow as quickly fastened to a bush on the bank, while the two young orators went on under the shade of the trees.

They knew there would be nobody there to hear them, for all the men about the place were busy in the fields. In fact, the woods were as pleasant and still as could have been asked for, and if the tall hickories and maples were getting ready to listen, they did not say a word about it to confuse the speakers.

"Hurrah, Kyle! Look at what I 've found," suddenly exclaimed Piney, who had been stooping down to tie one of his shoes before he began his piece. "I 'm to be an Indian warrior, and here I 've been and picked up an Indian arrow head!"

Kyle examined it eagerly enough, although he remarked coolly:

"That 's nothing. People pick 'em up everywhere. Father plowed up a stone hatchet last spring. That 's a pretty big arrow head, though. Most of 'em are little fellows."

It was a piece of flint, nearly as wide as a half dollar, and more than twice as long, tapering to a point at one end with sharp, ragged edges, and at the other end it had a sort of knob with a notch in it.

"That 's to tie it to the arrow by," said Piney. "Uncle Liph has any number of 'em. I mean to give him this."

"I guess father 'd let him have the stone hatchet," said Kyle. "Did n't you say he was coming to visit you?"

"We expect him here to-night. Now, Kyle, you stand over there by that hickory, and I 'll stand here on this knoll and I 'll say my piece."

He brandished the stone arrow-head in his right hand, and launched into his recitation.

> "O, why does the white man follow my path
> Like the hound on the tiger's track?
> Does the hue of my dark cheek waken his wrath?
> Does he covet the bow at my back?"

Right there Piney pointed fiercely over his shoulder with the arrow-head, resolving to have some kind of a real bow provided in time for use at the Exhibition.

He went safely through with verse after verse of the poetry, while Kyle Wilbur leaned against the hickory tree and watched him.

"First rate," exclaimed Kyle. "But you 'll never do it that way before a crowd. Are you sure you 'll remember it all?"

"Kind o' half way sure."

"Wish I was, but I aint."

"Guess I 'll have the arrow-head in one hand and the stone hatchet in the other. Then I can put it through. What piece did you learn?"

"Oh, I picked out 'The boy stood on the burning deck.' It 's awful old, but then I 've spoken it before, and I wont be so likely to break down in it."

"'The boy stood on the burning deck,'" repeated Piney. "Why, that does n't belong to the woods. You ought to practice that in the boat."

"Could n't set it on fire, and it has n't a square inch of deck."

"Oh, we can fix that. Come on. Gather all the birch bark and hickory bark you can lay your hands on."

"Why, what 'll you do?"

"I 'll show you," answered Piney. "I 've got an idea in my head."

"You 're always getting ideas in your head," grumbled Kyle; but he did as he was bidden, for it was clear that of those two boys, Piney Hunter was decidedly the leader.

It took but a few minutes to gather an armful of dry bark, and Piney hurried toward the scow. He dropped his load on a dry spot in the bottom.

Next he picked up a long, wide, flat board, which lay there, and laid it across the boat. It reached over for nearly a foot on either side.

"There 's your deck, Kyle," said Piney. "Now for your fire."

The pieces of bark were quickly heaped up on the board, and a match and a wisp of paper from Piney's pockets did the rest. The fire was there.

you to stop till you 've done speaking your piece. Now for it."

As he said that, Piney shoved the boat away from the shore, and the bark began to blaze and smoke.

"The boy"—began Kyle, in a somewhat unsteady voice, as he stood up, striking an attitude, behind the small bonfire on the board.



"THE BOY STOOD ON THE BURNING DECK."

"'The boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but him had fled.
The flames that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him——'

"But," objected Kyle, steadying himself in the boat, "that is n't enough of a deck to give a fellow a fair show, and you 've made so much fire I can't stand on it."

"Can't help that," said Piney. "You can stand close to it. And you can make believe there are masts and sails on fire over your head. I 'll be your father, and I 'm dead and can't tell

Ough—ough—ough—ough—look a-here, Piney Hunter, you 've swung the boat around so the wind blows the smoke in my face. I 'll cough my head off—ough—ough!"

"I guess the real boy in the story must have had a coughing spell before the ship blew up," said Piney. "Go ahead. This ship wont blow up. Not till you finish your piece."

There was no help for it, Piney seemed so very determined; and so Kyle went bravely on for several stanzas, but just as he was exclaiming,—

"But once again he cried aloud,
'Say, father, must I stay?'"

he was compelled to add:

"Hold on, Piney, if his boat had rocked like that, he would n't have stayed in it half a minute. Don't be mean, now, I 'm 'most through."

"I wont," said Piney, and Kyle was really doing splendidly, when Piney suddenly seized the board with its blazing load and shoved the whole thing over into the lake.

"It is n't time to blow up," said Kyle, reproachfully.

"Go right on," said Piney. "The deck was burned through, that 's all. You 'll have to speak the rest of it without any fire."

Kyle went on without missing a word, but he sat down very suddenly at the end of it, as if he had doubts as to Piney Hunter's intentions.

"That 's tip top," exclaimed Piney. "It 's a good deal better 'n mine. But then they wont let us set the academy hall platform on fire, you know. You 'll miss your deck."

"I wont be choked with birch-bark smoke, either. Let 's catch some more fish."

"All right," said Piney.

And so they did, but when they finally got tired of it and rowed across the lake for some dinner, Aunt Keziah hardly looked at Piney's string of fish before she asked him:

"What made you kindle a fire in the woods?"

"Did n't kindle any, Aunt Keziah. That fire was out on the water."

"In the boat? What for?"

"To help Kyle Wilbur speak his piece. He had to have some sort of a burning deck."

A few more questions and answers explained the matter.

"Piney Hunter," exclaimed Aunt Keziah, as the tears of laughter rolled down her cheeks, "you 'll set the lake on fire next. Roxy, keep your fingers away from those fish. There, I thought so. One of the bullheads has pricked you with his horns."

"Oh, aunty, it hurts me awfully. I 'll never touch one of them again. Not as long as I live."

"Better not, then. It 's a good string, though, and I 'm glad of it. Your uncle 's fond of fish."

"And I 've found an Indian arrow-head for him," said Piney, "and Kyle Wilbur has promised me a stone hatchet his father plowed up."

"I 'm sure he 'll be pleased with them," said Aunt Keziah. "Come, now, it 's dinner-time."

Chapter III.

Every now and then, while they were at dinner, Roxy gave a pitying look at the thumb of her right hand. There was a very distinct mark on it, for the "horns" of a bull-head are sharp and stiff, and she had picked up the slippery little fish without thinking of them.

"I did n't hurt him a bit," she said to herself, but Piney heard her, and answered:

"No, but I did, when I caught him, and perhaps he knew you were a sister of mine."

"Teach her a lesson," said Aunt Keziah. "I sometimes wonder she has any fingers left."

But for all that, Aunt Keziah put on her spectacles and looked closely at the dent on Roxy's thumb.

"There, dear, don't make any more fuss about it. I guess he did n't mean to hurt you."

"Well, he did n't. Not much," said Roxy, "and I hope Uncle Liph 'll eat him up."

"All but his horns," said Piney.

It was a splendid summer day, and the doors were all wide open. So were the windows, although the blinds were closed.

Up on the roof, where there were no blinds, the dormer windows seemed more wide awake than ever, as if they were watching for the visitors from the city.

It was hours too early for them, whether the windows knew it or not; but a great many other travelers came along the road. The largest company that arrived together was a flock of sheep, with a man and two boys and a dog to keep them going, and the noise they all made brought out Piney and his sister.

Dinner was about over, but Roxy came out with a piece of pie in her hand.

There was nothing very wonderful in a flock of sheep, though that was quite a large one, but not a great distance behind it there came such a queer-looking little man that Piney laughed outright as he exclaimed:

"If there is n't the Woodchuck!"

"Why, it 's the blackberry Indian himself," said Roxy. "And there 's Kyle Wilbur, coming up to the gate."

"Yes, and there 's Hawknose John, coming around the turn. He 's trying to catch up with the Woodchuck."

"He 's the chief, is n't he?"

"Not exactly. Not the head chief. The head chief lives in a good house, up at the Reservation, and he would n't pick berries or whittle bows and arrows for anybody."

"Piney, did you hear that?"

"Why, if the Woodchuck is n't trying to sing."

"He 's funny, is n't he."

"Come down to the gate, Roxy. I want to see Hawknose John."

Kyle Wilbur got there about as soon as they did, and the Woodchuck came along in the middle of the road, singing a queer chant, or song, full of rough, harsh-sounding words.

"That 's real old Onondaga, Roxy," said Piney. "It 's Indian. His mouth must be made different from yours or mine."

"And his ears, too," said Roxy, "or he could n't know what he 's singing."

The Woodchuck was a short, broad man, remarkably dirty and ragged. His face was dark and ugly, and his long, coarse black hair came down on his shoulders from under all that was left of what must once have been a white man's high black hat. He had put a red ribbon around it, and stuck a feather in the ribbon on one side, and a strip of shining tin on the other, so that he certainly was a very gay and funny-looking old Indian that day.

The man who was now coming close up to him was a very different sort of person. He was as dark and Indian-looking as the Woodchuck, but he was very tall and thin, with a high, hooked nose, that gave his face almost a fierce expression. In fact, if Hawknose John had lived in the old times, when his tribe was a great nation, it is very likely he would have been a warrior, for he looked like one as it was, he was so stern and stood so straight.

He spoke a word or two to the Woodchuck, in harsh, guttural tones, and that Indian at once stopped singing and stood still.

John was evidently very angry, but it could not have been about the feather or the piece of tin, for he, too, had a wide red ribbon around the straw hat he was wearing, and he had on an old blue swallow-tail coat, with gilt buttons.

"Is he swearing?" asked Roxy.

"No," said Kyle Wilbur, "Hawknose John would n't swear. He 's as good as a deacon, but anybody can see he 's mad. The Woodchuck 's always getting into some sort of scrape."

He was in one now, beyond a doubt, for the tall Onondaga raised his long right arm, when he ended his rough scolding, and struck him hard on the forehead with his clenched fist.

It made a sharp, cracking sound, as the blow fell, and over went the Woodchuck in the dust, as if he had been an Indian nine-pin. He was not much hurt, however, for he at once picked himself up, rubbing his forehead, and marched off along the north road without saying a word. Hawknose John said nothing, either, but pointed threateningly in the direction of the Indian Reservation.

"John," said Piney, "what made you knock him down? He does n't belong to you."

"Woodchuck big fool. Drink whisky. Hawknose John good friend. Knock him down and send him home. Go home sober now. Not waste any more money for squaw. He sell berries for squaw. Promise not drink. Go wicked just a little. Knock him down, so he stop right there. White man not know enough to do that."

"Yes," said Piney, "but what if he 'd been a big Indian and you a little one?"

"Boy ask too many question," said the tall Onondaga, with dignity.

"Got any potatoes?" he asked, presently.

"Plenty of 'em," said Piney. "Is that bow for sale?"

Piney had been watching, from the first, an unusually long and handsome-looking bow which John carried in his left hand. It was beautifully polished, but was likely to require a strong arm to bend and use it. John now lifted it at arm's length, and held it up for the boys to admire, but slowly remarked:

"No. No sell him. Hawknose John give him away."

"Whom will you give it to?" asked Kyle Wilbur.

"Give it to Aunt Keziah. So she give John some potatoes. No sell bow."

"O, that 's it," said Piney. "Let me show it to her, John. It 's just the kind of bow she wants."

Kyle and Roxy laughed while Piney seized the bow and hurried back into the house.

"Aunt Keziah," he shouted, "see what a splendid present Hawknose John has brought you. Just what you were wishing for."

"Me, Piney? A present to me? Why, it 's a hickory bow. What a pretty one. But what do I want of a bow?"

"O, you can lend it to me. I 'll take care of it for you. Besides, Hawknose John wants you to make him a present of some potatoes."

"He 's always wanting something. They 're a lazy, shiftless, good-for-nothing set."

"O, Aunty, you ought to have seen him knock down the Woodchuck and send him home, just because he 'd taken one drink of whisky!"

"Did he? I always said there was something good about John. How many potatoes does he want?"

"He did n't say. He can't carry a great many. It 's a splendid bow."

"Well, tell him he may have as many as he can carry in a sack. New potatoes can't be had yet, and good old ones, like ours, are high and scarce."

Very likely Hawknose John knew all that, for Aunt Keziah's skill at making potatoes "keep over" was as well known as some of her other wis-

doms. She was very likely, too, to get good prices for what she sold, and she knew her Indian acquaintance was too lazy a man to carry a heavy load far in that weather.

"Piney's a good boy," she said to his mother, "and I like to humor him. Besides, it 's only a few potatoes."

When the bargain was completed with Hawknose John, however, that tall, thin person pulled from under his blue coat a very stout-looking sack, and silently followed Piney to the barn.

"Have what can carry?" he remarked, as he leaned over the side of the potato-bin, and began to pick out the best ones and drop them into his bag.

"Yes, John, you 're only to have as many as you can carry."

"Good. John like that. You like potatoes?"

"O, yes, I eat them."

"Good for boy. Eat a heap. John got boy at home. Eat all day."

Piney began to think there must have been a famine at the Reservation, as John worked away at his bag. He never ceased putting in more and more, until it was so full that he could hardly tie the mouth of it.

"You can't carry that," said Piney.

"You see. Hawknose John big Indian. Put him right on shoulder."

And so he did, and walked out of the barn with it, although it made him stagger and waver in his walk. And Aunt Keziah, happening to look out of the kitchen window just then, had to exclaim:

"Well, I declare! Why, that Indian rascal has taken a good two bushels and more. It 'll kill him if he tries to carry it. And all that for a bit of hickory wood."

Hawknose John did not seem to notice anybody, however, until he had marched out of the front gate and along the road for several rods. He then carefully slipped the bag of potatoes down on the grass and took a seat beside it.

Piney and Kyle and Roxy had followed him, wondering what he meant to do, and the former asked:

"John, how 'll you ever carry that bag to the Reservation?"

"Boy ask too many question. My potatoes now. Aunt Keziah give big bag full. Wagon come along, by and by. Put 'em in and take 'em home to squaw."

There was a look of something very much like fun on his dark face as he said this, and Kyle Wilbur said to Piney:

"He 's got a big price for his bow, anyhow. Your Aunt Keziah is n't sharp enough to make trades with Indians."

"She is with white men, then. I never saw her beaten so badly before. Anyhow, his little Indians must have something to eat, and the bow 's a splendid one."

"Will you teach me to shoot?" asked Roxy.

"Certainly," answered Piney, absently, but in high good humor. Already he was planning a splendid frolic. The bow and arrow would be just the thing!

(To be continued.)

THE LAST DAUPHIN.*

By Alice D. Wilde.

Once upon a time, many, many years ago, there lived, in a palace in France, a poor little boy. You will wonder, if he were a *poor* little boy, why he should have lived in a palace; but he was not poor in that sense. He had no lack of food and clothes; cold and hunger were unknown to him. On the contrary, no little child was ever more tenderly cared for than he. His home was in a superb palace, richly furnished and adorned with rare pictures and fine statuary. His play-ground was a beautiful garden, with winding walks and green alleys leading to summer-houses and pavilions, and where fountains, gushing forth in the midst of beds of lovely flowers, cooled the air with their spray. Besides all this, he had a little plot of ground of his own, which you may be sure he cared for far more than he did for all the stateliness and variety of his father's garden.

He worked in it quite diligently, and great was his pride and delight when at length he could carry a bouquet of his own raising to his beautiful young mother.

In winter, or when the weather was too stormy to play out-of-doors, he had numberless bright and costly toys, and his sister—who was older than himself, and who was very sweet and gentle—would play with and amuse him for hours. But with all these lovely things about them continually, they

*See Frontispiece.

were not allowed to think only of themselves; for their mother taught them to care for the poor and helpless, and to be ready always to give up their own pleasure for the comfort and happiness of those about them.

One New Year's Day,—which in France is the great day for making presents, as Christmas is with us,—she caused a number of splendid toys to be brought to the palace, and spreading them out on a table before her, she called her children, and bade them look at these fine playthings, which she had intended to give to them as New Year's gifts; but, owing to the severity of the winter and the consequent suffering among the poor, she should instead, if they were willing, buy clothing and food for those who needed both so sadly. The children gave up their toys very sweetly and cheerfully, and their mother had the pretty things taken away, paying the man for his trouble in bringing them.

But you must not imagine that this little boy's whole time was taken up with play. No, indeed; he had a very kind and wise governess, who taught him a great many useful things, and a tutor who gave him instruction in all the manly studies, arts and exercises of those times.

He was very diligent in his studies, and made wonderful progress. His memory was very good, and he could recite long poems with great correctness and taste.

It was very necessary that he should be thoroughly well educated; for, child as he was, he was a very important personage in France, second only to his own father, and it was hoped that one day he would hold the highest position in the kingdom —that of its sovereign.

Surrounded as he was by all this wealth and luxury, tenderly beloved by his sweet sister, the pet and darling of his kind father and lovely young mother, the pride and hope of a great nation, you are no doubt wondering why I should call him a *poor* little boy.

There is a certain Greek proverb which says, "Call no man happy till his death," and it applies perfectly to this young prince.

His name, which you have not yet heard, was Louis. Louis Capet, I suppose, was his full name; but, as he was the son of Louis XVI., king of France, he never was called by his last name. Kings and princes always sign their first name only. He was not even called Prince Louis, as he would have been if he had been an English prince; but was called the Dauphin, a title always bestowed on the eldest son of the king of France. His sister, although she was only a little girl and a princess, was called simply Madame.

But in spite of his youth and the love and tenderness that would have shielded him from all harm, clouds began to overshadow the sunny brightness of his life. When he drove out through the streets of beautiful Paris with his father and mother, instead of the shouts of joy, the cheers and demonstrations of affection, with which their presence had always been greeted by the people, there began to be, first, silence, broken by a few faint cheers; then low mutterings of anger, which after a time developed into loud and insulting remarks.

Fierce and scowling faces peered into the carriage, and the shrill voices of coarse women were heard in horrid yells and mocking laughter.

Louis was no longer glad to accompany his father and mother in their drives. He would have preferred the quiet and peacefulness of his own garden. He used to ponder over these things, and wonder what could be the meaning of so great a change. His usually bright face looked serious and perplexed. His father asked him one day why he looked so sober.

Little Louis said, "Papa, why are the people, who used to love you so much, so angry with you now? What have you done to them?"

The king took his son on his knees, and replied: "My child, I wished to make my people happy. I asked for money to pay the expenses of the wars, as all my ancestors have done; the parliament opposed me, and said that the people alone had the right to grant it. I therefore called together the principal inhabitants of every town, at Versailles. This assembly is called the States General. When they were assembled, they required of me concessions which I could not make, either with due respect for myself, or with justice to you, who will be king after me. Wicked men have made the people angry, and this has caused the crowds and trouble of the last few days; the people themselves must not be blamed for them."

But little Louis, although he accepted his father's explanation and asked no more questions, yet was not satisfied. He could not understand why the people should be so angry at being asked for money.

Carefully shielded as he had been from every rough wind, he could not realize that there were thousands of little children in the same city with himself, who, in all their lives, had never known what it was to have enough to eat; who, pinched with cold and hunger, every night lay down on the bare stone floor, huddling together, and drawing their wretched rags over their wasted limbs, to try if by any means they might keep off the bitter cold. But the fathers and mothers, who loved their children as well as the Queen of France loved her little ones, knew it was so; and, in their fierce struggle for the barest necessaries of life, they grew hard and bitter, and ready to curse the rich lords and



LITTLE LOUIS IN HIS PRISON. [SEE PAGE 54.]

masters who, as they considered, had ground them down and trampled them under foot.

Now, in this case, as it often happens, the innocent suffered, as well as the guilty. Louis XVI. certainly was a better man than the kings before him had been, and much more careful than they

not to waste the public money by spending it extravagantly on his own pleasures.

But he was too tender-hearted to rule with a strong hand, and too weak in judgment to govern wisely; so the wind which his fathers had sown became the whirlwind for his reaping.

The long course of oppression under which the people had suffered had made them hard and cruel, and when the strong hand which had kept them down was exchanged for a weak one, the fierce passions of hatred and revenge, which had been slumbering in their breasts, were ready to burst forth at a word into crimes of such ferocity that the world stood aghast. At length, one July day, the word was given, and a mob of twelve thousand people attacked the Bastille, and set free the prisoners who had been shut up in it.

After that, matters grew worse every day. Jeering and mockery were familiar sounds whenever the royal family drove out, and soon the mob shouted their brutal insults under the very windows of the palace.

One night at Versailles, after a day of unusual tumult, when the rioters had forced themselves into the palace itself, Louis lay in his little bed, shaking and sobbing with terror. He could not get over the shock of seeing his mother insulted,—his sweet, beautiful mother,—and his piteous sobs continued till the queen came to bid him good-night.

She soothed him with tender words and comforting assurances, until at length he fell asleep.

He was awakened, about four o'clock the next morning, by shrieks and cries and sounds of fire-arms; and, before he had time to do more than wonder, his governess came in and hurried him off to his father's apartments, where he found his sister and the queen, who had barely escaped with her life. That same day they were forced to go to Paris, whither the fierce mob accompanied them.

They surrounded the carriage, pressed upon it, and peered into it, scanning with cruel eyes the unhappy occupants, and with rude, mocking laughter, making their coarse comments.

A band of fish-women—large, broad-shouldered, brawny-armed, and fierce, even more vile, degraded and brutal than the men, if that were possible—stalked on before, their wooden shoes clattering on the pavements; and they cried with hideous yells: "We shall no longer want bread, for we have the baker, the baker's wife, and the baker's little boy with us!"

The poor little dauphin arrived at Paris half dead with terror; so much so that the next day, hearing some noise in the court-yard of the palace, he threw himself into his mother's arms, crying, "Oh, mamma, is to-day yesterday again?"

From that time there was little peace for the royal family. They were captives in their own house, surrounded by guards day and night. Once they made an attempt to escape, but were discovered and brought back. And after this, escape was impossible for them. They were closely guarded, and daily and nightly these scenes of horror and of blood were renewed in the great city around them, till at length it was almost a relief to them when the walls of a prison shut from their sight that maddened, yelling mob thirsting for their blood.

This was the Prison du Temple, and here little Louis sometimes walked on the roof with an older companion, and threw a few crumbs to the little birds, whose freedom the young prince envied. For, although he still had good food and a clean dwelling, which he shared with his father, mother and sister, he was in prison, and could no longer enjoy freely the fresh air and warm sunshine.

At last, the summons came for the king to appear before the tribunal to answer for the crime of being of royal blood.

He bade his family a last farewell, embraced them tenderly, gave his blessing to his children, and bade them trust in God for their deliverance.

More happy than his wretched wife, in being spared the sight of his beloved ones' sufferings, the king, forgiving his enemies, calmly yielded up his life on the scaffold.

One night, shortly after the king's execution, the guards came to the queen's cell, and roughly told her that they must take away the dauphin. The unhappy mother, in the extremity of her anguish, threw herself before her son, and for a long time kept off the guards. But, at length, utterly exhausted, she fell fainting at their feet, and the young prince was then removed.

The little boy, who had been so carefully nurtured, so tenderly cherished all his life, was roughly thrust into a cold, damp cell, and, with a rude push and an oath, was left by the guards to sob and cry through the long night for the mother who would never come to him again.

So cruelly was he treated that, in a few months, no one would have been able to recognize the bright, beautiful young prince in the dirty, squalid, neglected little being who inhabited a cell in the Prison du Temple.

Scantily covered with a few filthy rags, his body wasted to a mere skeleton, he sat, for the most part, on a wretched heap of straw, which served him for bed by night and seat by day.

His food was thrown to him twice a day, and he scarcely ever saw a human being save his brutal jailer, Simon, who could hardly be considered human.

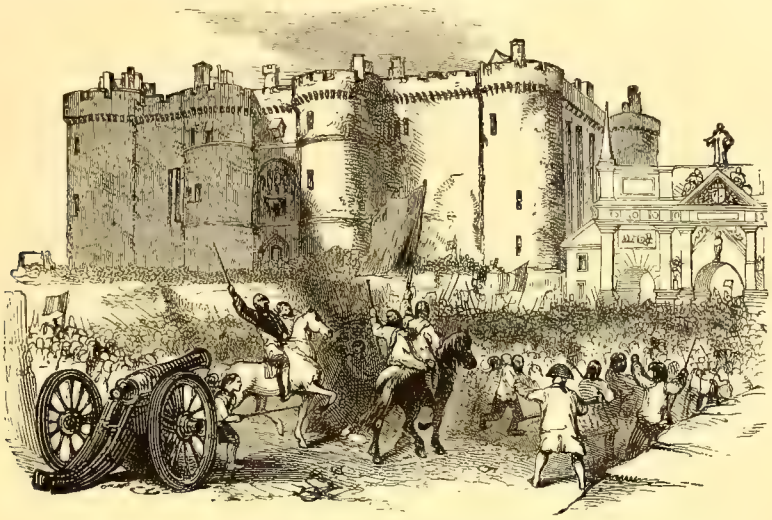
He was not only neglected and starved, he was also cruelly beaten and roughly knocked about. The hardened wretch, Simon, taught him vile and

wicked language, and tried to make him as degraded as himself.

After eighteen months had passed away, the fall of Robespierre caused the prison doors to be opened; but the poor little prince, sunk in a heap on his bed, took no notice of any one, and when his sister came, almost heart-broken and longing for a smile of recognition from the only one of her family left alive, he had for her only a dull and vacant stare.

His mind was gone, and in a few days the gentle Death-angel released him from his misery.

And so ends the sad, sad story of the last Dauphin of France.



THE ATTACK ON THE BASTILLE.

THE COUNTRY SCHOOL-HOUSE.

By M. E. Bennett.

THE school-house stood beside the way,
A shabby building, old and gray,
With rattling sash, and loose-hung door,
And rough, uneven walls and floor;
And why the little homespun crew
It gathered were some ways more blest
Than others, you would scarce have guessed;
It is a secret known to few.

I 'll tell it you. The high-road lay
Stretched all along the township hill,
Whence the broad lands sloped either way,
And smiling up did strive to fill
At every window, every door,
The school-house, with that gracious lore
That God's fair world would fain instill.

So softly, quietly it came,
The children never knew its name;
Its various, unobtrusive looks
They counted not as study-books;
And yet they could not lift an eye
From play or labor, dreamily,
And not find writ in sweetest speech,
The tender lessons it would teach:
"Be gentle, children, brave and true,
And know the great God loveth you."

Only the teacher, wise of heart,
Divined the landscape's blessed art;
And when she felt the lag and stir
Of her young idlers fretting her,
Out-glancing o'er the meadows wide,
The ruffling woods, the far hillside,
She drew fresh breath of God's free grace,
A gentler look came in her face,
Her kindly voice caught in its own
An echo of that pleasant tone
In which the great world sang its song—
"Be cheerful, patient, still and strong."



THE GUDRA AND HIS DAUGHTER START ON THEIR JOURNEY. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE GUDRA'S DAUGHTER.

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON.

THE Gudra's daughter was named Volma. She was thirteen years old, and had never been to school. Her kind mother had taught her all she knew.

But as there are many people who do not know what a Gudra is, I will state, at once, that a Gudra is a giant dwarf. Volma's father belonged to a nation of dwarfs, who dwelt among the mountains. These little people were seldom over three feet in height, but the Gudra—the giant among them—was between five and six feet high, and broad and stout in proportion. He was a powerful lord among his people, and his size and courage gave him additional importance and influence. He was very proud of his superior stature and his high position, and this pride was the reason why his daughter, Volma, had never been to school. He considered her far above such a thing as going to school with the dwarf children of the country.

Volma resembled her father, in stature, and, at the time of this story, was as large as an ordinary girl of her age. She was very good and gentle, and would have been glad to go to school, but this her haughty father would not allow. One day, Volma's mother—who was quite a small woman, even for a dwarf—began to talk about her daughter's want of education.

"Education!" cried the Gudra, "I intend she shall have an education. But I do not intend that she shall waste years in poring over books and parchments. She is a girl with a fine mind, like mine. She can take in learning instantly. Even now, she is a head higher than any woman in the country."

"But does that make it any more easy for her to learn?" asked her mother.

"Of course it does!" exclaimed the Gudra. "She is superior, in every way, to any other child in the nation. She shall have an education, but she shall have it all at once. I am sure that her mind is capable of taking in an excellent education in a week."

This made the Gudra's wife exclaim, in astonishment, "My!"

"Of course it is!" cried the Gudra; and then, taking up a heavy hammer, he struck a large bell which hung in his room. This was his manner of summoning his attendants.

One stroke brought the attendant of the first rank, two strokes him of the second rank, and so on.

The one stroke brought in old Krignock, the head-councilor.

"Krignock!" said the Gudra, "you have known

me for a very long time,—ever since I was born. Did you ever know me to fail in anything?"

"Most noble sir," said Krignock, "I never did."

"There now!" cried the Gudra, turning to his wife. "Did you hear that. I never have failed in anything, and I don't intend to do it now."

"But how do you expect to manage this matter?" asked his wife.

"I don't know yet," said the Gudra. "But I'll do it."

The next day, the Gudra told his wife that he had decided to give his daughter her education among the ordinary men and women of the world; that their methods of learning must be better than those of the dwarfs, and that as Volma was now quite old enough to be a learned little princess, he should take her to the part of the world where ordinary people live, and have her immediately educated.

"Am I to go?" asked his wife.

"No," said the Gudra. "I do not wish any one to suppose that she has so small a mother. I will take Krignock, half a dozen servants, and the Curious One. That will be enough. We shall soon be back."

"But will it not be dangerous," asked his wife, "to travel with the child and so few attendants?"

"Dangerous!" roared the Gudra, indignantly, "am *I* not going?"

The next day they started. They went on foot, for the dwarfs have no horses. The Gudra and his daughter marched first, then came Krignock, then the attendants in single file, and at the rear of all walked the Curious One. This was a young fellow, not quite three feet high, and dressed entirely in white. He had a small head, which was absolutely bald. He was a full-grown dwarf, but had never had any hair on his head. To add to his peculiar appearance, he wore a glass cap. This allowed the sun to shine on his head, to keep it warm, and, in time of storms, it protected his pate from snow and rain. He was very proud of this cap, which was his own invention.

The duty of the Curious One was to find out things, and tell them to the Gudra. He was excellent at this business, being of an investigating turn of mind, and very fond of telling what he knew; and, on this account, the Gudra liked always to have him near at hand. He now walked last, so that he could see everything that the rest of the company might happen to do.

Having marched for the greater part of a day, with frequent rests, the Gudra and his party drew near a large city. As they approached it, they saw, walking toward them, an Ordinary Man.

"Ho, ho!" cried the Gudra, "here is one of them! And now, Krignock, tell me, am I not larger and taller than this person, who, I suppose, is about as big as any of them?"

"Exalted sir," replied Krignock, "it seems to me—it really does seem to me—that you are rather taller, and somewhat stouter than this person."

"I thought so, myself," said the Gudra, drawing himself up. "Indeed, I supposed, before I saw any of them, that I was larger than the men of this place."

The Ordinary Man now drew quite near, and was much amazed to see the company of dwarfs, who composed the train of the Gudra and his daughter. He stood still and looked at them.

A happy idea came into the Gudra's head. "We shall want some one to guide us about the great city," said he to his head-councilor. "Let us engage this person, if he is acquainted with the place."



"I SHALL NOT FAIL NOW!" SAID THE GUDRA.

The Ordinary Man, when Krignock proposed that he should become their guide, immediately consented. He was not rich, and was glad to get a

job. He was also well acquainted with the city, having lived there all his life. The Gudra promised to pay him well.

"In the first place," said the Ordinary Man, when these arrangements had been made, "a party of your rank should not walk into the city. It would not be considered dignified. It would be well if you would sit here and rest, while I go and bring animals for your proper conveyance."

So the Gudra and his company sat down by the road-side, and the Ordinary Man returned to the city, where he went to one of his relatives, who kept a camel-stable, and hired a string of eleven camels. On these animals in single file, one person on each camel, the Gudra and the Ordinary Man leading, with the Curious One bringing up the rear, the party entered the town. As they slowly filed through the streets, a crowd of people collected and followed them. The Gudra was very proud when he saw the curiosity of the citizens.

"I thought I should attract attention," he said to himself.

It was generally supposed that this was a dwarf-show, in charge of the Gudra and the Ordinary Man; and the little people on the camels were regarded with great interest, especially the Curious One, who was very conspicuous as he sat on the tallest camel, with his glass cap glistening in the sun. The party was conducted to one of the best inns, where all were sumptuously lodged.

The next day, early in the morning, the Gudra summoned the guide, and told him his object in visiting the city.

"I suppose there are teachers of eminence in this place," said he.

"Oh yes, good sir!" replied the other. "There are persons here who can teach anything from alchemy to zoölogy. And there are also excellent schools."

"Which is the best school?" asked the Gudra.

"The *very* best?" said the other.

"Yes, certainly," replied the Gudra sharply; "of course I mean the very best."

"Well, then," said the Ordinary Man, "the very best school is the one where the young prince, the only son of the reigning prince of the city, is educated. In it are all our most learned professors, and there is a class for every branch of education. But the young prince is the only pupil in the school. He is the only one in each class, and all the apartments, and apparatus, and books, and all the professors and tutors are for him alone."

"That is the very school I want," cried the Gudra. "It is just what I am looking for."

"But it would be impossible for you to get your daughter into that school," said the Ordinary Man. "It was established solely for the young prince, and his father will allow no one else to enter it. Some of our highest grandees have asked that their children might be permitted to share the instruction of the young prince, in this most admirable school, but they have always been denied the privilege."

"That makes no difference," said the Gudra. "*I* have never asked. I shall do so instantly. I shall write a letter to the prince of the city, tell him who I am, and ask that my daughter be allowed to study in this school, where everything seems to be brought together in such a manner that an education can be obtained, by such a girl as she is, in a very short time."

Without further ado, the Gudra wrote the letter, and the Ordinary Man was ordered to have it conveyed to the prince.

That same day the answer came. The prince positively refused to allow any child, with the exception of his son, to enter his school.

Now, indeed, was the Gudra angry. No one had ever seen him storm around a room as he now stormed. He vowed he would send to the king of his country, borrow an army, and carry his daughter into the prince's school at the point of the sword.

"I am afraid," said the Ordinary Man, "that an army of dwarfs would have but a small chance against the soldiers of our prince. And he has plenty of them."

The Gudra could not help thinking that there was sound sense in this remark, but that did not make him feel in any better humor. He called for his head-councilor.

"Krignock!" he cried, "did you ever know me to fail in anything?"

"Never, most eminent sir," replied Krignock; "I never did, indeed."

"Well, then," said the Gudra, striding up and down the floor, "I shall not fail now."

Poor Volma was greatly terrified and troubled at all this, and begged her father to take her home. She would be perfectly satisfied, she said, to learn from her mother and the ordinary teachers of dwarf-land. But her father would listen to nothing of the kind. He stalked up and down the floor, still vowing he would succeed in what he had resolved to do, although he did not seem to have any idea how to go about it.

Two or three days now passed, during which the Gudra fumed and strode about; little Volma sat at the windows and looked out at the strange sights of the great city, and the Curious One went everywhere, looking at everything, and coming back, in the evening, to tell his master what he had seen and heard. He heard a great deal—not very complimentary—about himself, and even that he told the Gudra.

During one of his walks, he wandered into a suburb of the city. He wanted to see if anything in particular was going on there. Coming to a place where two roads began, one of which seemed about as interesting as the other, he was in great doubt as to which way he should go. He would not, upon any account, miss anything worth seeing by going the wrong way. While still unable to decide which road to take, he saw a person approaching him who seemed to be a traveler. He was dusty and travel-worn.

"Sir!" cried the Curious One, "can you tell me where these roads lead?"

"I am sorry to say that I cannot," replied the other; "I am a stranger here; I never saw the city before."

"Indeed!" cried the Curious One; "where did you come from?"

"I came from the land of the giants," said the other.

"The Giants!" exclaimed the Curious One. "Why, what were you doing there? Were you not afraid they would kill you?"

"Oh no!" replied the other, smiling; "they would not kill me. I am one of them."

"You!" cried the Curious One. "You! Why you are no bigger than an ordinary man."

"That is probably true," said the other, "I am a dwarf giant."

The Curious One opened his eyes, as wide as they would go. He was too much astonished to say a word.

"Yes," said the other, "my countrymen and my family are all giants. I am the only dwarf among them. I am so much smaller and weaker than any of them, that I can do none of the great things they do. And so, somewhat disheartened by my inferior position, I thought I would journey to this city, of which I have heard a great deal, in the hope that something would happen to raise my spirits."

"Do you know?" cried the Curious One, "this is the most wonderful thing! My master, who lately came to visit the city, is a giant dwarf! And he is just about your size!"

"That is rather remarkable," said the other. "A giant dwarf! I should like to see him."

"You can do that easily enough," said the Curious One. "Come with me, and I 'll take you to him. He has n't looked at many rare sights yet, and I know he will be glad to see you."

The dwarf giant smiled, and consented to go with the Curious One; not so much, however, to please the Gudra, as to see for himself what a giant dwarf looked like. On the way to the inn the Curious One (who had lost all interest in the two roads, now that he had found something so well worth seeing and showing) told the dwarf giant why his master had come to the city, and what had happened since his arrival.

"Perhaps you can help him."

"I doubt that very much," said the dwarf giant. "I am seldom successful in anything I undertake. But I am perfectly willing to try."

When they arrived at the inn, the Gudra appeared glad to see the dwarf giant, and immediately poured into his ears the story of his troubles and the affronts to which he had been subjected, to which the other listened as silently and patiently as if he had not heard it all before. When the long recital was finished, the Ordinary Man was summoned, and a consultation between the three was begun.

As little Volma sat and gazed at them, while they were talking together, she said to herself:

"They look just like three brothers."

The Gudra was in favor of carrying out his object by means of some kind of force. He proposed that he should challenge the prince to single combat, and thus decide the matter. The others opposed this, the dwarf giant saying that, if he were in the Gudra's place, he would be afraid to undertake such a combat, for he had been told that the prince was a brave soldier and a good fighter. The Ordinary Man, also, thought the plan was a poor one. He proposed that they should all three go to the prince, and lay the matter before him, in person. It was often much better to do things in this way than to write letters.

This proposition was agreed to, and the next day the three, accompanied by little Volma, proceeded to the prince's palace. They were admitted, and the prince gave them an audience. They found him on his throne, in a magnificent and spacious hall; and, as it happened to be a holiday, the little prince was sitting on a cushion by the side of his father's throne.

The prince requested them to make known their business, and the Gudra, drawing himself up as tall as possible, began to state what he wanted, and how dissatisfied he was with the answer to his letter. During this speech, the little prince beckoned to Volma, and, moving to one side, made room for her on his cushion. So she sat down beside him, and they soon began to talk to each other, but in a very low tone.

"You, then," said the prince, addressing the Gudra, when he had finished, "are a giant dwarf, and you," turning to his companions, "are a dwarf giant and an ordinary man?"

The three assented.

"Well," continued the prince, with a smile, "I really do not see very much difference between you. I have heard the giant dwarf. Now, I would like

to know what the dwarf giant and the ordinary man have to say."

The dwarf giant said that, of course, the prince had a good right to say who should go to the school he had himself founded, and who should not go. But he thought it would be doing a very great favor to the Gudra, and especially to the Gudra's daughter,—who, in his eyes, was a very charming little girl,—if the prince would allow her to study with his son. He put the matter entirely on this ground.

The Ordinary Man thought that, while the proposed arrangement would be of advantage to the little girl and the Gudra, it would also be of advantage to the prince, who, when his son was grown up, would probably be very glad to know that there was, in a country not a day's march away, a young lady of noble birth, who was also admirably educated.

At this, the prince and the others turned and looked at Volma and the little prince, as they sat side by side. But the two children were now so busy talking that they did not notice this, nor had they heard a word that had been said.

"Well," said the prince, "I will carefully consider what all of you have said, and will send an answer some time to-morrow." So saying, he dismissed his visitors, first drawing little Volma toward him and taking a good, long look at her pretty and good-humored countenance. In everything but stature, Volma resembled her mother.



THE PROFESSOR OF MOTTO-PAINTING PAINTS A MOTTO ON THE CURIOUS ONE'S HEAD.

After they had departed,—the Gudra a little discontented, for he had wanted his answer on the spot,—the prince proceeded to consider the proposition that had been made to him. He would not have taken more than a minute to make his decision, had it not been that the dwarf giant was one of the party that asked the favor. He cared nothing for the Gudra and his dwarfs; but it would be a bad thing for him to be drawn into a quarrel with the giants, who would not take long to destroy his city, if they should happen to go to war with him. And, although this dwarf giant was very peaceful and reasonable in his remarks, there was no knowing that the quarrelsome Gudra would not be able to prevail upon him to enlist his countrymen in his cause.

So the prince considered and considered, and the next morning he had not finished considering. He walked over to his son's great school-house, that he might consult some of the professors in the matter. While standing in one of the large lecture-rooms, the prince happened to spy a little creature, dressed in white and wearing a glass cap, who was creeping about among the benches and desks.

"Hello! What is that?" cried the prince, and he ordered his attendants to seize the creature. The Curious One was very nimble, but he was soon surrounded and caught. When the prince saw him, he laughed heartily, and asked him who he was and what he was doing there. The Curious One did not hesitate a moment, but told the prince all about himself, and also informed him that he had visited the palace, and afterward the school, to try to hear something that would give him some idea of what the prince's decision would be in regard to his master's proposition, so that he could run back and take the Gudra some early news. But, he was sorry to say, he had n't found out anything yet.

"Then your business," said the prince, "is to hear and see all you can, and tell all you hear and see?"

"That is it, Estimable Prince," replied the Curious One.

"And to pry into other people's affairs?" continued the prince.

"I have to do that, sometimes," returned the little fellow.

"Well, you must not come prying here," said the prince, "and I shall punish you for doing so this time. I might send you to prison, but I will let you off with a slighter punishment than that."

He then called to him the Professor of Motto-

Painting, and ordered him to paint a suitable motto on the top of the Curious One's bald head.

The Professor immediately took a little pot of black paint, and, with a fine brush, he quickly painted a motto on the smooth, white pate of the Curious One. The glass cap was then replaced, and the motto, which was beautifully painted, was seen to show quite plainly through the top of the cap. All the professors gathered around to see the motto, and they, as well as the prince, laughed very heartily when they read it.

The prince then called his son and told him to read the motto.

"You must understand," he said to him, "that this is not done to annoy, or to make fun of this little person. It is a punishment, and may do him more good than locking him up in a cell."



THE CURIOUS ONE TRIES TO READ HIS MOTTO.

The moment the Curious One was released, he ran into the street, and asked the first person he met to please read the motto that was painted on his head, and tell him what it was. The man read it, and burst out laughing, but he would not tell him what the motto was. Many other people were asked, but some of them said there was nothing there, and others simply laughed and walked away.

Devoured by his desire to know what the motto was, the Curious One ran to the inn, feeling sure that his friends would relieve his anxiety; but they laughed, just as the others had done, and even little Volma told him there was nothing there. This he did not believe, for he had felt the paint on his skin, and so he went to his room and, holding a looking-glass over his head, tried to read the motto. There was something there,—that he could see plainly enough,—but the words appeared, in the glass, not only to be written backward, but upside down, for the Professor had stood behind him when he painted them. So he had to give it up in despair, and for the rest of his stay in the city he wandered about, vainly trying to get some one to tell him what was written on his head. This was the only thing that he now wished to find out.

"Why don't you wash it off if it gives you so much trouble?" asked the Ordinary Man. "A little oil would quickly remove it."

"Wash it off!" cried the Curious One. "Then I should never know what it was! I would not wash it off for the world."

After the prince had consulted with the professors, he concluded, solely because he was afraid of offending the giants, to agree to the Gudra's proposal.

"It will not matter so very much," he said, "as he only wishes his daughter to attend the school for one week, it seems."

The Ordinary Man was very much opposed to this plan of getting an education in a week. He thought it was too short a time, not only for Volma, but for himself, for he wished his engagement to last as long as possible. But the Gudra would not listen to any objections. His daughter had an extraordinary mind, and a week was long enough for her. He took her to the school, and desired each Professor to tell her, in turn, all about the branch of learning he taught, and thus get through with the matter without loss of time. Then, each day, while his daughter was in school, he and his party, in company with the dwarf giant, and under the guidance of the Ordinary Man, visited all the sights and wonders of the city.

As for Volma, she did not study anything, as

children generally study. She went from room to room, asking questions, listening to explanations, and paying the strictest attention to the manner in which the little prince studied and recited his lessons. The professors did not pretend to tell her, as the Gudra had desired, all about their different branches. They knew that would be folly. But they gave her all the information they could, and were astonished to find that she had already learned so much from her mother.

In exactly a week, the Gudra brought his visit to a close. He took leave of the prince, giving him a diamond, handsomer than any among his treasures; he bade the dwarf giant good-bye; and then, with his party mounted on the eleven camels, he rode away until he came to the mountains, where, paying the Ordinary Man twice as much as he had promised, he left him to return to the city with the animals, and proceeded, for the rest of the journey, on foot.

"There now!" he cried to his wife, when he had reached home. "Did not I tell you I never failed in anything? My daughter has been to the best school in the world, and her education is finished."

"My dear Volma," said her mother to her, when they were alone, "what *did* you learn in the great city?"

"Oh, mother dear!" said Volma, "I learned ever so much. I learned, for one thing, that the largest dwarf is no bigger than the smallest giant, and that neither of them is larger than an ordinary man. And, at the school, I learned that it takes years and years to study properly all that I should know. And I have found out how the little prince studies, and how he recites, and I have a list of the books and parchments and other things that I need for my education. And now, dear mother, we will get these things, and we will study them together here at home."

This they did, and, gradually, little Volma became very well educated. Every year, the young prince came to see her, and, when she was about twenty years old, he married her, and took her away to the great city, of which he was now prince. Volma's mother used to make her long visits, but her father seldom came to see her. He liked to stay where he was bigger than anybody else.

The dwarf giant went home in very good spirits. He had found out that a very small giant is as large as an ordinary man, and that satisfied him.

As for the Curious One, as soon as he reached home, he gathered together a lot of small looking-glasses, and so arranged them that, by having one reflect into another, and that into another, and so on, he at last saw the reflection of the top of his head, with the words thereon, right side up, and in their proper order. And he read these words:

"There is nothing here."

"Now, what does that mean?" he cried. "Did that Motto-Professor mean hair or brains?"

He never found out.

THE LITTLE RUNAWAY.

BY JULIA C. R. DORR.

[THE incident occurred in our church one Sunday. I suspect the little creature ran away to church "unbeknownst" to her mother, for I saw her, after service was over, running down street, alone, as fast as her feet could carry her.—*Extract from author's letter.*]

THE church was dim, and silent
With the hush before the prayer;
Only the solemn trembling
Of the organ stirred the air.

Without, the sweet, still sunshine;
Within, the holy calm,
Where priest and people waited
For the swelling of the psalm.

Slowly the door swung open,
And a little baby girl,
Brown-eyed, with brown hair falling
In many a wavy curl,—

With soft cheeks flushing hotly,
Shy glances downward thrown,
And small hands clasped before her
Stood in the aisle alone;

Stood half abashed, half frightened,
Unknowing where to go,
While like a wind-rocked flower
Her form swayed to and fro;

It was but for a moment,
What wonder that we smiled,
By such a strange, sweet picture
From holy thoughts beguiled?



And the changing color fluttered
In her troubled little face,
As from side to side she wavered
With a mute, imploring grace.

Then up rose some one softly,
And many an eye grew dim,
As through the tender silence
He bore the child with him.

And I—I wondered (losing
The sermon and the prayer)
If, when, sometime, I enter
The "many mansions" fair,
And stand, abashed and drooping,
In the portals' golden glow,
Our God will send his angel
To show me where to go!



PRINCE PHILIP OF FRANCE DEFENDING HIS FATHER AT POITIERS.

THE BOY-HEROES OF CRÉCY AND POITIERS.

By Treadwell Walden.

Almost every one has heard of the famous battles of Crécy and Poitiers, which were so much alike in all that made them remarkable that they are generally coupled together,—one always reminding us of the other. Yet there is one point they had in common which has not been especially remarked, but which ought to link them memorably together in the imagination of young people.

These two great battles really took place ten years apart; for one was fought in 1346 and the other in 1356. The battle-fields also were wide apart; for Crécy was far in the north of France, near the coast of the English Channel, and Poitiers away in the south, deep in the interior, nearly three hundred miles from Crécy. But they have drawn near to each other in the mind of students of history, because in both cases the French largely outnumbered the English; in both cases the English had gone so far into the country that their retreat seemed to be cut off; in both cases there was a most surprising and unexpected result, for the French were terribly defeated; and in both cases this happened because they made the same mistake: they trusted so much to their overwhelming numbers, to their courage and their valor, that they forgot to be careful about anything else, while the English made up for their small numbers by prudence, discipline, and skill, without which courage and valor are often of no avail.

It is quite exciting to read the description of these battles, with their archery fights, the clashing together of furious knights, the first brave advance and the final running away; but, after a while, the battles at large seem to fade out in the greater interest which surrounds the figures of two youngsters,—one hardly more than fifteen, the other scarcely fourteen,—for one carried off all the honors of the victory of Crécy, and the other redeemed from total dishonor the defeat of Poitiers. Let us now take up the romantic story of the English lad in the former battle, and of the French lad in the latter.

When, in 1346, Edward III. of England had determined upon an invasion of France, he brought over his army in a fleet of nearly a thousand sail. He had with him not only the larger portion of his great nobles, but also his eldest son, Edward Plantagenet, the Prince of Wales. He had good reasons for taking the boy. The prince was expected to become the next King of England. His father evidently thought him able to take a very important part in becoming also the king of France. If all the accounts of him are true, he was a remarkable youth; wonderfully strong and courageous, and wonderfully discreet for his years.

There was only one road to success or fame in those days, and that was the profession of arms. The ambition of every high-born young fellow was to become a knight. Knighthood was something that both kings and nobles regarded as higher in some respects than even the royalty or nobility to which they were born. No one could be admitted into an order of the great brotherhood of knights, which extended all over Europe and formed an independent society, unless he had gone through severe discipline, and had performed some distinguished deed of valor. Then he could wear the golden spurs; for knighthood had its earliest origin in the distinction of fighting on horseback, while ordinary soldiers fought on foot. Although knighthood changed afterward, the word "chivalry" always expressed it, from *cheval*, a horse. And in addition to valor, which was the result of physical strength and courage, the knight was expected to be generous, courteous, faithful, devout, truthful, high-souled, high-principled. Hence the epithet, "chivalrous," which, even to-day, is so often heard applied to men of especially fine spirit. "Honor" was the great word which included all these qualities then, as it does in some measure now.

I have only time to give you the standard, and cannot pause to tell you how well or ill it was lived up to generally. But I would not have taken this story in hand if Chivalry had to be left out of the account, for it was chivalry that made my two boys the heroes they were.

As soon as King Edward had landed at La Hogue, he gave very clear evidence of the serious work he had cut out for his son, and of his confidence that the youngster would be equal to it. He publicly pledged his boy, beforehand, to some great deed, and to a life of valor and honor. In sight of the whole army, he went through the form of making him a knight. Young Edward, clad in armor, kneeled down before him on the wet sand, when the king touched his shoulder with his sword, saying: "I dub thee knight. Be brave, bold, and loyal!" You may imagine how proudly then the young fellow seized lance and sword and shield, and sprang into his saddle at a leap, and with what high resolve he rode on beside his

mailed and gallant father to deserve the name which that impressive ceremony had given him.

The army moved rapidly forward and northward toward Calais, conquering everything on its way, till, when in the neighborhood of Crécy, the intelligence came that the French king, Philip, with an army of one hundred and twenty thousand men and all the chivalry of France, had come in between it and the sea. There was no retreat possible. Edward had but thirty thousand to oppose this great host. They were four to one. He was in a dangerous spot also; but after a time he succeeded in getting away to a good position, and there he awaited the onset. No one will doubt that he was anxious enough, and yet what did he do? After arranging his troops in battle order, three battalions deep, he sent young Edward to the very front with a brilliant group of his finest barons to take the brunt of the terrible charge that was now to come! It shows of what stern material the king and the men of that time were made, for all his present love, all his future hope, lay around that gallant boy. But he knew that the value of the glory which might be earned was worth all the risk. Besides, he was as much under chivalrous necessity to send him, as the lad was under to go. That pledge to knighthood, on the sea-shore, had not been either lightly taken or lightly given. If Chivalry was not equal to sacrifice, it was equal to nothing. There was keen wisdom, too, in the act. The king could count all the more on the enthusiasm, self-devotion and valor of the knights and men-at-arms, in whose keeping he had placed so precious a charge. That whole first battalion would be nerved to tenfold effort because the prince was among them, for every one would be as deeply concerned as the father in the boy's success.

Edward carried this feeling of devotion to his son's best interests to such a chivalrous extent that he made it a point of duty to keep out of the battle altogether. He was nowhere to be seen. He went into a windmill on a height near by, and watched the fight through one of the narrow windows in its upper story. He would not even put on his helmet. That was the way the father stood by his son—by showing absolute confidence in him, and denying himself all the glory that might come from a great and important battle. And the young fellow was a thousandfold nerved and strengthened by knowing that his father fully trusted in him.

I need not give the details of the battle. It is sufficient to know that the first line of the French chivalry charged with the utmost fury. Among these was an ally of note. John, king of Bohemia, who with his barons and knights was not behindhand in the deadly onset; and yet this king was old and blind! His was Chivalry in another form! He *would* have his stroke in the battle, and he plunged into it with his horse tied by its reins to one of his knight's on either side. A plume of three ostrich feathers waved from his helmet, and the chroniclers say he laid about him well. After the battle, he and his two companions were found dead, with their horses tied together.

But although the French were brave they were not wise. For not only had they brought on the fight with headlong energy before they were prepared; but they had allowed Edward to place himself so that the afternoon sun, then near its setting, blazed full in their eyes and faces. Edward's army fought in the shadow. The terrible English bowmen sent their deadly cloth-yard arrows so thick and fast into the dazzled and crowded ranks of fifteen thousand Genoese archers and the intermingled men-at-arms, that the missiles filled the air like snow. The Genoese were thrown into confusion, and this spread throughout the whole French army. The French king, with some of his dukes, flew foaming over the field in the rear, trying in vain to get up in time to swell the onset upon the English front.

But the onset had proved hard enough as it was. The knights around the young prince were frightened for his safety. One of them, Sir Thomas of Norwich, was sent back to Edward to ask him to come to the assistance of the prince.

"Sir Thomas," said the king, "is my son dead or unhorsed, or so wounded that he cannot help himself?"

"Not so, my lord, thank God; but he is fighting against great odds, and is like to have need of your help."

"Sir Thomas," replied the king, "return to them who sent you, and tell them from me not to send for me, whatever chance befall them, so long as my son is alive, and tell them that I bid them let the lad win his spurs; for I wish, if God so desire, that the day should be his, and the honor thereof remain to him and to those to whom I have given him in charge."

And there he stayed in the windmill till the battle was over. Soon the cry of victory reached him as the French fled in the darkness, leaving their dead strewn upon the field. Now the young prince appeared covered with all the glory that his father had coveted for him, bearing the ostrich plume which he had taken from the dead king of Bohemia. The boy rode up with his visor raised,—his face was as fair as a girl's, and glowed under a crown of golden hair. He bore his trophy aloft, and when it was placed as a knightly decoration above the crest of his helmet, he little thought that the triple tuft was to wave for more than five hundred years, even to this day, on England's front, for



EDWARD, THE BLACK PRINCE, IN THE CHARGE AT CRÉCY.

such it does, and that, next to the crown, there shall be no badge so proudly known as the three feathers which nod above the coronet of the Prince of Wales. Albert Edward, son of Queen Victoria, now wears it because Edward, the Prince of Wales, when still in his teens, won it at Crécy. We will leave him there, and go on ten years.

Philip, the French king, had passed away about six years before, and John, a wild character for such a trying time, had ascended the throne. He was always plunging himself into difficulties, and was often guilty of cruelty; and yet was of such a free, generous nature, and had so many of the virtues of chivalry in that day, that he was known as "John the Good." He was the extreme opposite to the grave, prudent, sagacious Edward III., who was still alive and well, and king of England.

Some time after the victory of Crécy, Calais had been taken, and then both nations were glad to arrange a truce. Nine years of this had gone by, when Edward thought it necessary to make another attempt on France. As soon as might be, therefore, young Edward, his son, now twenty-five, came over alone, landing at Bordeaux. He had, meantime, gained great fame. He was now known as "the Black Prince," because he had a fancy for having his armor painted as black as midnight, in order, they say, to give a greater brightness to his fresh blond complexion and golden hair. Marshaling his little army of 12,000 men, he set out into the interior of France. When he had reached the neighborhood of Poitiers, he was astounded by the news that King John was both after him and behind him, with a force of 60,000 men—five to one! Here was Crécy over again as to numbers, but there was one thing made it worse; for, as Edward III. not long before had instituted the famous "Order of the Garter," which is even now one of the foremost orders of knighthood in Europe, so John, not to be behindhand, and in order to give a new chivalrous impulse to his nobles, had just instituted the "Order of the Star." He made five hundred knights of this new order, every one of whom had vowed that he would never retreat, and would sooner be slain than yield to an enemy.

The Black Prince thought it almost impossible to fight his way through such a desperately determined host. So he offered to restore all he had just conquered and to make another truce, if he might pass by unmolested. But John would not consent. He must have Calais back again, and the prince, with one hundred of his best knights, into the bargain. "This will never do," thought the prince. "Better try for another Crécy."

On the morning of September 19, 1356, the battle began. John had with him all four of his sons, Charles, Louis, John and Philip; the eldest only nineteen, and the youngest fourteen. The three former were put under good guardianship in different portions of the field; but why the hare-brained monarch took the youngest boy with him into the very front and thickest of the fight, it is hard to guess, unless it was another imitation of Edward, and he had also good reason to think that the lad was unusually well able to take care of himself, having been trained to arms and pledged to knighthood. But young "Sir Philip," as he was called, proved quite equal to the occasion.

King John himself led the van, moving down through a defile, into which, after a time, his whole army found themselves crowded. Meantime, the Prince of Wales had planted his army just where he would tempt John into that trap and had set his archers in good position. These men were clad in green, like Robin Hood's men, and carried bows seven feet long and so thick that few men of modern days could bend them. A cloth-yard shaft from one of these would fly with tremendous force. Edward had placed these archers in ambush, behind green hedges, and crouching in the green of the vineyards.

Just as the French king, with all his new chivalry around him, dashed down the narrow valley—the white standard of France on one side of him, his keen-eyed little son on the other—and began to deploy the whole advance battalion, preliminary to a grand charge—whiz! whiz! whir! whir! from both sides came the arrows, as thick as hail and as terrible as javelins, from the hidden archers. The astonished Frenchmen fell back. That crowded still more those who were yet wedged in the narrow space behind. Now came the English onset. Then a panic. Then a rout. Then a general flight. Dukes, barons, knights of all sorts fled with the rest; also Charles, Louis, John, the three elder sons of the king. The king was in great danger of being slain; but he did not move, and Philip stood, fighting by his side. The standard-bearer fell, and the white ensign lay in the dust. Many a faithful knight was cut down, or swept away a prisoner. But Philip flinched not.

The assailants—some of whom knew the king, while others were wondering who he might be—pressed them fiercely on every side, striking at them, but more anxious to take them captive than to kill them, for they were worth a heavy ransom. The Englishmen shouted all together, "Yield you! Yield you, else you die!" Little Sir Philip had no yield in him, as long as his father held out. He kept close to him, trying to ward off the blows which were aimed at him, and warning him in time, as his quick eye caught a near danger on either hand. Every instant he was heard calling out, "Father, ware right! Father, ware left!" Suddenly a

mounted knight appeared, who hailed the king in French. It was a French knight, who was fighting on the English side.

"Sir, sir!" he shouted, "I pray you yield!"

"To whom shall I yield me?" said John. "Where is my cousin, the Prince of Wales?"

"Sir, yield you to me; I will bring you to him."

"Who are you?" said the king.

"Dennis de Morbecque, a knight of Artois; I serve the king of England, not being able to live in France, for I have lost all I possessed there."

"I yield me to you," said John, handing him his steel glove.

Then the whole crowd began to drag at him, each exclaiming: "I took him!" Both the king and the prince were sadly hustled, until two barons broke through the throng by dint of their horses, and led the two to the tent of the Prince of Wales, "and made him a present of the King of France!" says an old chronicler. "The prince also bowed full low before the king, and received him as a king, properly and discreetly, as he well knew how to do."

In the evening he entertained him and Philip at supper, "and would not sit at the king's table for all the king's entreaty, but waited as a serving man, bending the knee before him, and saying: 'Dear sir, be pleased not to put on so bad a countenance, because it hath not plèased God to consent this day to your wishes; for, assuredly, my lord and father will show you all the honor and friendship he shall be able, and he will come to terms with you so reasonably that you shall remain good friends forever.'"

Nor did all this end in words, but it went on for years during all the captivity of King John and Prince Philip,—first at Bordeaux and afterward at the then new Windsor Castle, in England, where galas, tournaments, hawking and hunting, and all sorts of entertainments were devised for them. When King John was brought from Bordeaux to England, where King Edward had prepared to meet him in great state, the French king was mounted on a tall, cream-colored charger, and young Philip rode by his side in great honor also, while the Prince of Wales sat on a small black horse, like a humble attendant on them both. The two royal fathers met midway in that London street, the houses which lined the way were hung with rich tapestries, the trades were out in companies of many colors, the people thronged round the steel-clad cavalcades as they came together, and they filled the air with shouts—but what two figures now most fill the eye when all that pageant has passed away? Not the father who stood by his son with such chivalrous faith, nor the father whose son stood by him with such chivalrous devotion, but the fair youth who carries that tuft of feathers upon his helmet, with its motto, "I serve," and the lad whom all have now heard of as "Philip the Bold;" the boy-hero of Crécy doing chivalrous honor to the boy-hero of Poitiers!

CLOUD-LAND.

By Mary N. Prescott.

Sometimes there 's a flock of sheep
Traveling landward, where the grass
Grows so green and fresh and deep,
They might crop it as they pass.

Sometimes there 's a school of fish,
Slowly swimming out to sea,
Perch or mackerel, as you wish,
Scales as bright as scales can be.

Now a castle rises there,
Broken casements, turrets rent;
Here a bit of crazy stair,
Or a ruined battlement.

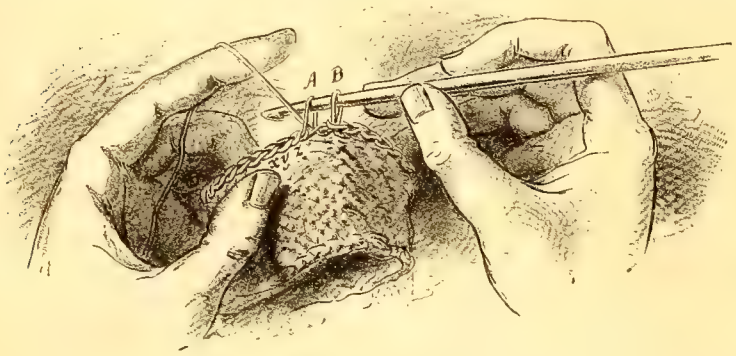
And anon, a mountain peak
Shines beneath eternal snows,
Where the venturous might seek
For the little Alpine rose.

Or, perchance, a face looks out,
Like a seraph's, faint and far,
Just to see what we 're about,
In this distant star!

A FEW PRETTY THINGS IN FANCY WORK.

By Eliza Howe.

These pretty things are to be made by the hands of skillful girls, not bought out of shops. Most girls begin to knit, or crochet, when they are eight or nine years old; and, at ten years of age, are sufficiently expert to follow printed directions, plainly expressed. In this way their minds and fingers become educated in designing and making a variety of simple articles, and they are prepared, when a little older, to learn the higher branches of fancy work,—what we call "artistic needlework."



METHOD OF CROCHETING.

These little things that you girls like to take off to an obscure corner, or to your own rooms, to do privately, that you may surprise the friend for whom they are intended, often afford more satisfaction to giver and receiver than more costly gifts, not fashioned by your own hands. Perhaps I can suggest some pretty presents that will be new to you.

How would you like to make a pair of mittens for your baby brother, or sister? Baby will be proud of them, and Mamma will be pleased by your loving thought, and then, too, she cannot buy such pretty ones as cheaply as you can make them. If you have no baby at home, there must be some dear little one among your friends, who is your own particular darling, and whose hands you will be glad to keep warm during the wintry weather.

To Crochet Baby Mittens.

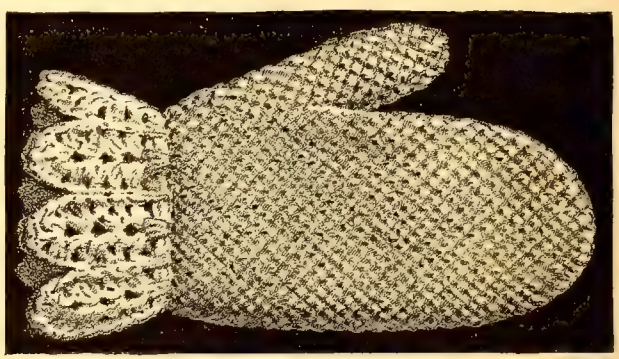
For these you will need a bone crochet-needle five inches long, with a hook a quarter of an inch long, and about a sixth of an inch wide; also three skeins of yarn, which will probably cost six or seven cents a skein.

First make a chain as for any other crochet work. It should have thirty-eight loops or stitches.

With the needle in the thirty-eighth stitch, unite the two ends, taking care not to twist the chain. You have now a circle of loops or stitches. Begin with the stitch nearest the yarn. Put the needle *under* the stitch, as at A in the sketch, and bring the yarn round *under* the hook of the needle; then draw the yarn through the stitches A and B. This will drop A and B off the needle, but you have a new stitch in the place of B. Take up the next loop of the chain; this will take the place of A again, and you put the yarn *under* the hook, as before, and draw it through the two stitches, dropping them, and again forming a new stitch.

Thus proceed till you have gone once round the chain. Your work will now look like a simple circle of stitches.

Continue to knit each one of these as directed above, being careful to take up that side of the stitch which lies toward you. In the sketch this circle of stitches is shown around the edge of the work. Put the hook of your needle *under* that side of each stitch nearest you, as at X Y Z. Our artist has made the stitches on the needle very loose, that we may see



THE BABY MITTEN FINISHED.

them well; but in the work we make them only loose enough to be easily crocheted.

In order to give the hand of the mitten the proper shape, the following directions should be observed:

After crocheting once round the work, you must widen. This is done by making two stitches in the same loop; that is, you take up a loop and knit it as above, then, instead of going to the next one, you take up the *same* loop and knit it again, thus making two stitches in the place of one. This widens once. Then crochet round, taking care at this place to knit each of these two stitches, and pass on. On coming round the second time, you widen again on *each side* of this first place of widening—thus making two stitches between these last new ones. Crochet round plain again, knitting *both* stitches at the two widening places.

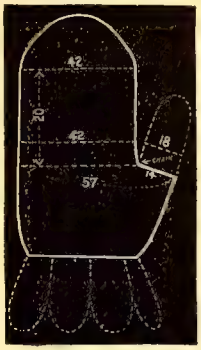


DIAGRAM OF MITTEN.

When you come round again, widen twice more, on the *outside* of the former widening, or with six stitches between the last two pairs of new ones. Continue to widen two stitches every other time round, till you have fifty-seven stitches round your mitten, having started with thirty-eight. Now crochet to the first of your two widening places; then make a chain of three stitches. Count fourteen stitches on your mitten, beginning at the point where you began your chain; take up the fifteenth stitch with your needle, and knit it fast to your last chain-stitch. This forms the base of the thumb.

Crochet once round and *over* the chain; then the second time narrow twice on each end of the chain. (To narrow, take up two loops and knit them as if they were but one.) The third round, narrow in the same way. You should now have but forty-two stitches round the mitten. Continue to crochet round and round, without widening or narrowing, till from the chain across the thumb, you have crocheted twenty rounds.

Then crochet fourteen stitches and narrow; fourteen more and narrow again; and so on three times. Then crochet thirteen stitches and narrow; thirteen more and narrow; and so on three times. So with twelve, eleven, ten, etc., till you get down to six; then narrow every third stitch, till but three or four are left, when you narrow every stitch, breaking your yarn eight or ten inches from the mitten, and drawing it through the last stitch, that it may not ravel.

When your mitten is done, you must darn this end neatly into it.

You should now make the thumb for your mitten, and to do this you must proceed as follows:

Tie the yarn in the corner of the thumb-hole. Take up and crochet the first of the fourteen stitches and so on to the last one. The stitches now, of the chain crossing the thumb, will not be very distinct, so take a deep stitch in the mitten itself, crochet it, and make another in the same way, and so round to the plain stitches again. Be sure and take these first stitches *deep* enough, or your work will not wear well.

Crochet round once, then narrow two or three times (on the side toward the hand), or till your thumb numbers eighteen stitches. Go on crocheting round and round till the thumb is sufficiently long—say ten rounds—then narrow every third stitch, till but three or four are left, when you finish the same as with the hand.

The hand and the thumb having been finished, there is nothing more to be done but to furnish the mitten with a suitable cuff.

There are various ways of making the cuff. One of the easiest and prettiest is to reverse the mitten,

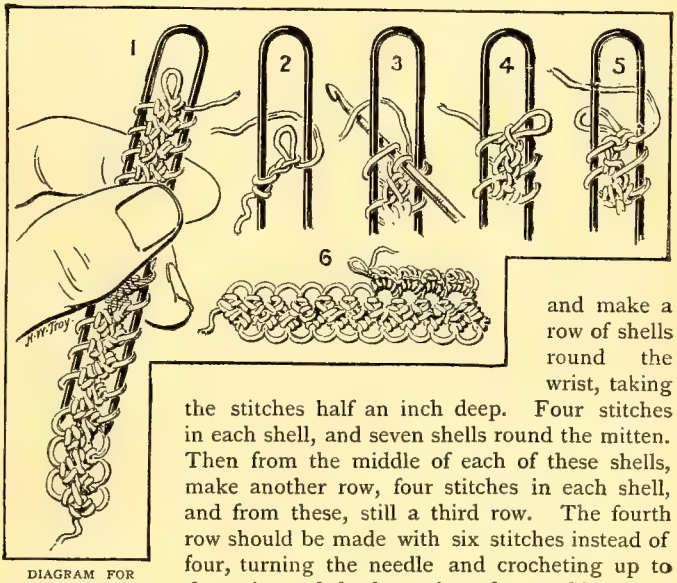


DIAGRAM FOR HOME-MADE BRAID.

and make a row of shells round the wrist, taking the stitches half an inch deep. Four stitches in each shell, and seven shells round the mitten. Then from the middle of each of these shells, make another row, four stitches in each shell, and from these, still a third row. The fourth row should be made with six stitches instead of four, turning the needle and crocheting up to the wrist and back again, after making each shell. This forms a pretty scallop.

When the seventh scallop is made, crochet to the wrist and back; break the yarn (as at the end of

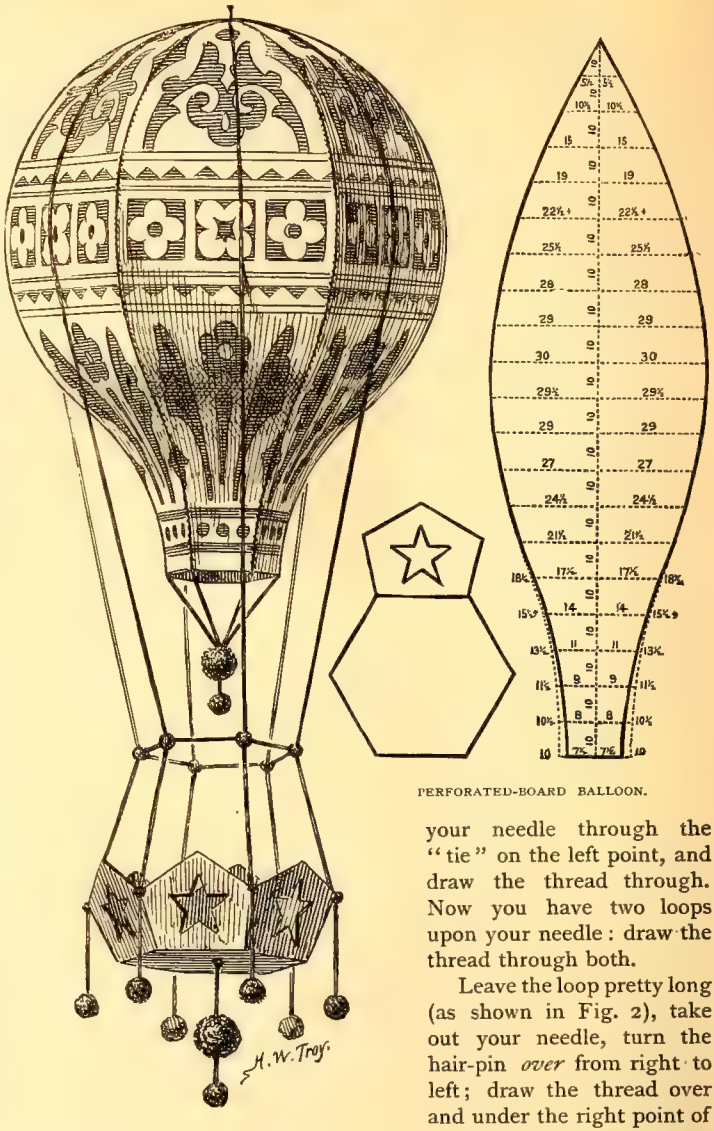
the thumb and of the hand) and fasten securely, and your mitten is done.

If you wish variety, you can make the first three rows of shells of some different color from the mitten (as pink or blue, when the mitten is white; or chinchilla, when the mitten is scarlet). It is a prettier finish to make the last row that forms the scallop, of the same color as the mitten.

The above directions give the size of crocheted mittens for a child of three years. But you can make them larger or smaller by following the scale here given, and looking at the diagram. The third row of figures in the scale you see is the same as the diagram.

SCALE OF STITCHES FOR CROCHETING MITTENS.

Wrist.....	30	35	38	42	43	45	47
Base of Thumb.	45	52	57	63	64	66	70
Left for Thumb.	14	14	14	16	18	18	20
Hands.....	33	38	42	46	50	50	52
Thumb.....	15	17	18	20	20	21	21



PERFORATED-BOARD BALLOON.

A very pretty specimen of crochet work has lately been sent me by Hannah Sheppard, of Salem, New Jersey, and it is so simple that I have obtained directions from her for the ST. NICHOLAS girls. She calls it—

HOME-MADE FEATHER-EDGED BRAID.

It is intended for the heading or "beading" of any crocheted edging. You first make this heading, and then crochet on it an edge of shells, or any pattern you may fancy. It will also make pretty and durable trimming, in itself (without an edge) to be "set on,"—two or three rows on a little apron, for instance.

The materials needed are—a long, thick hair-pin, a fine steel crochet-needle, and a spool of No. 8 white cotton.

Hold the hair-pin between thumb and finger, as shown in Fig. 1. Tie the end of your cotton round the left point of the hair-pin; then make one or two chain-stitches, and pass your thread over and under the right point of the hair-pin (see Fig. 2). Draw the thread through the loop; now put your needle through the "tie" on the left point, and draw the thread through. Now you have two loops upon your needle: draw the thread through both.

Leave the loop pretty long (as shown in Fig. 2), take out your needle, turn the hair-pin *over* from right to left; draw the thread over and under the right point of the pin (as before); draw the thread through the loop; then put your needle into the upper loop around the hair-pin on the left side (see Fig. 3). You now have two stitches on your needle; draw the thread through both; turn your hair-pin again (as always) *over*, from right to left, and proceed as before. The pins and stitches are sketched large and spread, the better to show the detail.

When you have your pin as full as that shown in Fig. 1, push downward the work already done, and draw off a few stitches from the lower end without stretching them.

Fig. 4 shows the work just before you turn the pin over, and Fig. 5 the pin just turned. Fig. 6

illustrates a simple design for an edging. For this edge, No. 24 cotton should be used.

While reading these directions, they may seem difficult to you; but, if you get your materials and try, following the directions exactly, you will find the work easy.

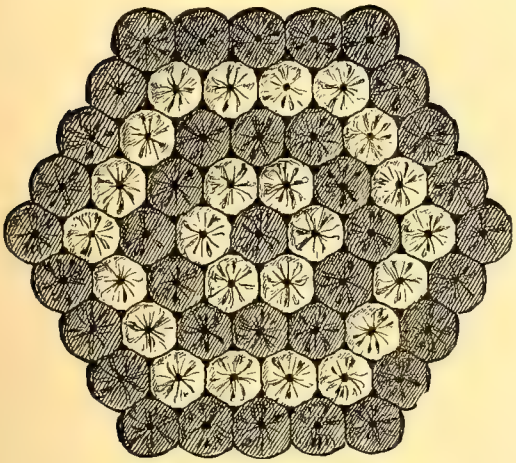
And now I will turn to other materials with which you are, no doubt, quite as familiar as with crochet needles, yarn and cotton, and tell you how to make a very fanciful little affair out of perforated card-board.

Perforated-Board Balloon.

The card-board should be fine, about fourteen inches long, and four and a half inches wide. (If you use coarse card-board it must be proportionately larger.) Mark a line of holes down the middle. Divide this into 20 parts of 10 holes each, and draw lines across the central ones. On these mark off the distances of the curved line from the center, by counting the number of holes given in the diagram. (The dimension "½" means a point half way between two holes.)

Now draw the curved lines, following the points as above marked off, either free-hand or by bending a piece of whalebone, or the old rib of a used-up umbrella. Cut the figure out neatly, and use it for a pattern with which to mark out six pieces, saving the original for future use.

An easy way to count the holes is to take the



ROSETTE TIDY.

blank strip that is usually on the side of a sheet of perforated board, and mark off the tens on it; then you can use this marked piece as a scale.

Sew your six pieces of card-board together with worsted, and you will have a six-sided balloon, eight inches in diameter, and about ten inches high. But, before putting the sides together, it will make your balloon much more handsome if you work on them, with variously colored worsteds, some ornamental designs, as suggested in the illustration.

And now you must have a car for your balloon;

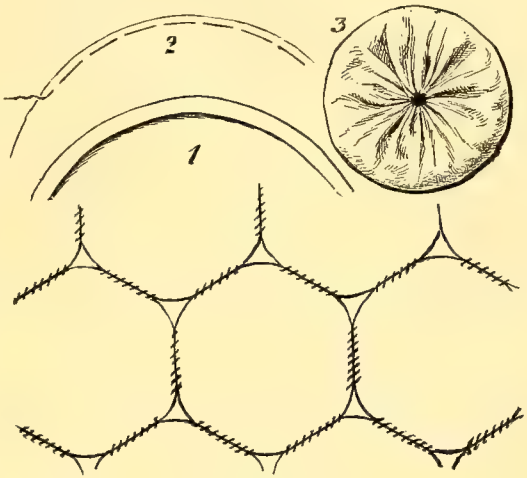


DIAGRAM FOR TIDY.

and you will see that the one attached to this balloon is made like a six-sided card-receiver. The bottom is three inches wide. Suspend this to the balloon by cords as here shown, and add balls, beads, or tassels for ornament. A cord on top of the balloon will attach it to the chandelier or to the ceiling.

Your grown-up brother, or cousin, or friend can make for you, or for his own pleasure,

A Tissue-Paper Fire-Balloon,

by taking the same dimensions, and multiplying them any number of times, remembering that he must allow a quarter of an inch for pasting. It would be better for him first to cut a pattern out of brown paper. The gores should be larger toward the bottom, according to the outside dotted lines and figures. The opening will require a circular wire (as light as will keep the snape) with two cross-pieces, at the intersection of which secure a sponge, dipped in alcohol. This is intended to burn, *but do not set anything else on fire.* A little strip of folded tissue-paper pasted on the top of the balloon will enable it to be held until it is inflated. Be careful, at first, not to let the sides flap against the blaze. When it is swelled out to its full dimensions, let go, and the balloon will slowly rise up.

Now I will give you an idea about making

ROSETTE TIDIES, OR MATS.

Cut circular pieces of about four inches in diameter out of silk, or merino. You can mark them out with the top of a tea-cup, or small bowl, using a pencil or tailor's chalk. Suppose you cut between ninety and a hundred of these. You can tell when you put them together whether you will need more or less. Now fold down the edge of each of these pieces, making a narrow fold, as shown in Fig. 1; and run a thread of silk through this, as in Fig. 2. Draw this thread until the circle is nearly closed; fasten your thread securely; and flatten out smoothly the puff you will then have, and you will form a rosette, like Fig. 3, with a small hole where it is gathered. Be careful to make this hole come exactly in the center. When you have a sufficient number of rosettes, arrange them in some pretty shape,—a hexagon, like the illustration of the completed tidy; or a diamond, or any figure you may fancy. Sew the rosettes together at the points of contact, and sew them on the *plain* side, that the stitches may not be visible on the right side. The diagram shows how the rosettes are to be put together.

The size and number of circles given above makes quite a large tidy. For table-mats you can make much smaller rosettes, and fewer in number. A good deal of ingenuity may be displayed in forming pretty designs for these mats and tidies.

Silk, or merino, makes the handsomest articles; but very pretty ones can be made of fine sun-bleached shirting and Turkey red combined. Your rosettes may be all of one shade, or of different shades of the same color blended together, or of different colors. In fact, the ST. NICHOLAS girls can make these mats an education in color, for much of their beauty depends upon harmony of hues.

Any one of these things will be a pretty Christmas present (except the fire-balloon, which is a summer toy), and they are easily made, and cost but little money.

ST. MARTIN'S EVE.

BY ANNA EICHBERG.

IMAGINE, children, that a little bird had seen all this—a little bird rocking itself high up in the top branch of a linden-tree; or, perhaps, a nightingale trilling gloriously in the pleasant solitude of a rose-bush—for they have nightingales in Germany—but I forgot! The dear old Saint comes in the middle of November when all the merry company of birds has fled and only a few withered leaves remain clinging to the branches.

So, then, dear children, suppose it was a clear, bright star which shone down on St. Martin's Eve, and told all it saw. The stars have been over the world so long, that our own dear star has seen the grandfathers of the grandfathers of the great-grandfathers of every child—yes, and great-grandfathers even farther back than that,—listening with beating heart to the heavy steps of the Saint coming upstairs, and then knocking solemnly against the sitting-room door.

Saint Martin and Santa Claus live near together, which is very pleasant for them, for they can talk together of the little people they love, and what they would like to give them. It is hard for Santa Claus to turn his face away even from a naughty child and go off with all his treasures on his back; but Saint Martin always leaves something, if it is only a bunch of switches for a luckless youngster whom you can't help but pity as he is sent supperless to bed.

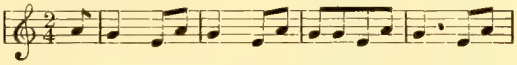
Santa Claus hurries from one end of the earth to the other at all the world's call if it only wants him; but the bright star that saw Saint Martin, always twinkled down on the river Rhine, in Germany, especially on an old town called Düsseldorf.

You 've heard of the beautiful Rhine? The river with the high hills on either side; with vineyards covering them from base to summit, and perched upon the highest peaks the ruins of stone-built castles where beautiful ladies and gallant cavaliers once lived.

It is pleasant to think of them looking down on the flowing river below from the tops of queer turrets, or out of narrow, deep-set slits of windows. Why, on one of the hills a dragon lived who ravaged the whole country round till a brave knight came and killed him and then married the beautiful lady whom the dragon had stolen from her home. Surely you have heard of the Loreley, who combed her golden hair with a golden comb, while she sang a magic song? But I shall forget Saint Martin if I say more.

Imagine, children, then, that wonderful country where Saint Martin and Santa Claus live next door to each other, where, it is said, the toys grow on trees,—think of a doll-tree and a rocking-horse tree!—and the cakes and candies on bushes, so that you can pick off anything you like. On the eleventh of November, after tea, Santa Claus strolled into Saint Martin's garden to see how his neighbor was getting ready for his journey: wished him God-speed, and many good children to serve, and helped him mount his patient donkey with the huge, heavy baskets at its sides filled with delicious things not to be seen just yet. Saint Martin flung a few switches over his shoulder,—after all there are not many bad children,—and with his round, rosy face and kind eyes glowing with pleasure he started off. The dear old man is so glad to shut his eyes to all naughtiness that, if a bad child, at the last moment, begs pardon of his parents, I think Saint Martin always finds a good excuse to call. Of course it never snows nor rains when he comes, for he would not have his children's pleasure spoiled for all the world, and so he and his donkey—a nice, cheerful donkey, but rather short in the legs, so that Saint Martin's sandaled feet touch the ground—reached the old town of Düsseldorf with its narrow street and the gabled, red-roofed houses where all the children, great and small, were ready to greet him royally.

You understand, now, the advantage of being a star and seeing everything? The queer, old town was brilliant with light; in every window shone a lamp, and the streets were crowded with children all hurrying to the market-place, where stood the statue of an old Prince John riding a superb bronze horse. Who knows, when this old John was a child perhaps his heart also beat fast when the beautiful princess, his mother, told him to be good, for Saint Martin was coming? If the bronze prince could have looked down, how he 'd have winked at the sudden light which came pouring into the great, square market-place from every alley and street. Every child in the whole town had come, and each carried a torch or a lantern,—Chinese lanterns, glass lanterns, or hollowed-out pumpkins with candles burning inside. How they laughed,—the children! why, there was not one so poor or so small that it had not a twinkling light to swing in the air while walking in the long procession which formed here in the market-place. In and out of the crooked streets they filed, swinging their lanterns and singing an old hymn to Saint Martin, while, at the end of the long line, the babies were carried, and even they clutched gorgeous lanterns with dimpled hands, and sang, too, they did. I wish you could have heard them. How sweet and clear were the young voices, rising into the night; not that it was a very wonderful hymn, but it was loved for the sake of old memories, for parents and grand-parents leaning out of the windows remembered that they, too, had sung the melody. So it begins:



As for Saint Martin, he and his donkey remained modestly hidden; he watched the little people filing all over the town with torches and lanterns, and he rejoiced when he heard the hymn, listening fondly till the clear voices became fainter and fainter and the little feet were beginning to be very tired. At last the children wanted to go home and see Saint Martin in real earnest. It was time, for the babies at the end of the procession were doubled up, fast asleep, and even the red and yellow lanterns could not keep them awake. So, in the twinkling of an eye, the streets were deserted,—not a child remained. Now was the time for Saint Martin to start on the most important part of his mission. He patted the donkey gently on the neck, and went to every house where he was called.

How the little folk hurry up to the sitting-rooms, dark but for the lanterns brought out of the street! The Saint likes to speak to each child alone, and so everybody else is hustled into a side room.

Put the lantern, with the candle still burning, in the middle of the floor; jump over it three times; call: "Saint Martin! Saint Martin! Saint Martin!" as bravely and loudly as you can.

Sure enough there comes a knock at the door. "Come in, Saint Martin!" some one says, with a beating heart. The saint opens the door a crack, and asks, in a solemn voice:

"Have you been a good child this whole year?"

As for concealment, it is of no use, for Saint Martin knows everything; so you might as well say, if it is the case, that you have been a bad child, for he has a respect even for naughty children who tell the truth.

"I 've been a bad child!" sobs a little voice; and if it is true, the saint flings a bunch of switches into the room, and stumps sadly down the dark stairs.

If, however, the little voice falters: "I 've tried to be a good child," then, oh, children! I wish you could be there once to see how Saint Martin rewards a child who has tried to be good. The door is thrown open,—though the saint keeps in the dark,—and in come, tumbling and rushing out of his enchanted bag, huge roasted chestnuts, bursting with pride and haste,—boiled chestnuts filled, as it were, with delicious cream; rosy apples, which come bumping in on their plump cheeks; nuts, raisins, figs, dates, oranges, walnuts,—nearly fresh from the tree,—filberts, cakes of every kind

and shape, everything that the heart can wish; but, best of all, a word of praise from Saint Martin, who runs quite briskly down-stairs in his joy at having found a good child. The moment he is gone, a blaze of light bursts in from the next room, then in come father and mother and sisters and brothers, and the way they help to pick up Saint Martin's treasures is really splendid. Even this is not the end of the holy man's visits. He has been known to come back at supper-time, when some one is sitting by the mother's side, with two chubby arms hugging a huge dish of goodies. The door is flung open, and Saint Martin, wonderfully wrapped in a great cloak, while a broad-brimmed hat is pulled over his face, makes a low bow, as if begging pardon for coming so often, walks solemnly up to each, and leaves a mysterious package at every plate. He says little or nothing as he walks slowly about the table; but, goodness only knows, nobody wants words; they want actions, and Saint Martin's are superbly generous. So, amid startled silence, he reaches the door and vanishes.



"ST. MARTIN AND HIS DONKEY REMAIN HIDDEN."

Once I knew a little boy who was so curious to see Saint Martin's donkey, and to learn whether or not the old man meant to go over the way to see his playmate, Elsbeth, that he ran after him down the dark stairs, when he stumbled and fell, and might have hurt himself badly if two strong arms had not caught him in time: but these arms did not belong to Saint Martin at all.

"Oh, Uncle! Uncle! did you see Saint Martin?" a breathless voice cried.

"Ah, what if I met him on the street just as he crossed over to Elsbeth!" Uncle said, solemnly, but with a twinkle in his pleasant, brown eyes.

"I am so glad," the small inquisitor said, drawing a sigh of relief; then looking up, wonderingly, as the strong arms let him down on the ground: "Uncle, what 's the matter with your hair? it 's all rumpled;" at which Uncle blushed unnecessarily. Then, without waiting for an answer: "Uncle, do you know Saint Martin's voice is just like yours?"

"Ah, dear child, there are so many curious

things in the world, and old people's voices often sound alike," Uncle begins to explain, a bit confused, while Saint Martin, over the way, has probably come and gone.

The bell in the church-tower, by the market-place, struck twelve; the city was still; the happy children were asleep, and the lanterns were all burnt out. Saint Martin, on his donkey, trudging homeward, was all alone with the bright star. His two bags were quite empty, though he still carried the switches over his shoulder. The good donkey stepped briskly along, for he was going home and his load was so light.

To the star looking down, the saint seemed a little sad, as if it made him unhappy to part from his little people. However, he smiled as he saw the bright star.

"Come back, dear Saint Martin; come back next November, and the children and I will be ready for you," it seemed to say, and the dear old man patted the donkey encouragingly on the back, and so they reached their home in the wonderful land where the toy-trees grow. Santa Claus stood by the garden-gate under a sugar-plum-tree with chocolate blossoms, waiting for him.

"Glad to see you back, St. Martin! How are all the children?"

"Growing better every year!" he cried, joyously, as he dismounted from the donkey. "See," he said, quite excitedly, going toward Santa Claus, "I 've brought all the switches back. Now it is your turn; but do you think," he said, anxiously, "but do you think there 'll be toys enough on the trees for all the good children in the world?"

"Don't worry," Santa Claus said, kindly. "Little things trouble you. If there were twenty million more children in the world than there are, and not a bad one among 'em, there 'd be presents enough and to spare. I am glad you found the children so good, though you must be tired going up all those stairs. I find the chimneys a great convenience. Indeed," Santa Claus said, rather thoughtfully, "I don't think I could do the whole world alone if I had to climb so many stairs."

"But you don't," Saint Martin suggested.

"That 's true," and Santa Claus laughed. Perhaps, children, you never heard Santa Claus laugh? Keep your ears wide open this Christmas, for it is the jolliest, merriest sound in the world.

So they bade each other good-night and parted.

HOW KIT SAW THE SHOW.

Kit Strong sat on the door-step, looking very sad. A Great Show had come to town only the day before, and had set up its big white tent on the common, almost in sight of his home. Yet Kit could not go to it. He had no money, and his mother was very poor.

He always sat on the door-step when he was in trouble. It was shady and cool, for the little house stood back from the street, and on one side a high brick wall reached all the way from the house to the sidewalk, and on the other a little tree shook its leaves whenever there was a breeze. So Kit liked the step, and would often sit there for ten whole minutes, which was a long time for him, as he was a very lively boy.

But this morning he stayed, five, ten,—yes, *twenty* minutes, at least! There he sat, and thought and thought and thought. He had been around to the common, and the bill posters he had seen there, and the queer sounds that came out of the tent, had made him sure that the tent

held such wonders as he had never seen in all his life. But how to get in—that was what troubled Kit. I suppose there is no way in the world for a boy to get to see a show, that Kit did not think of. But sitting there, with his head in his hands and his elbows on his knees, if he had been a girl, you might have thought she was crying. Indeed, the only move he made looked very much like brushing away a tea—; but then Kit was a boy, and the other thing must have been a fly. Still, Kit seemed very, very sad for a lively boy. He would n't look up at all. The whole show—except the brass band—might have passed along the street in front of him, and he would never have known it. And, strange to tell, when he did look up at last, there it was!—or if not the show, certainly a part of it.



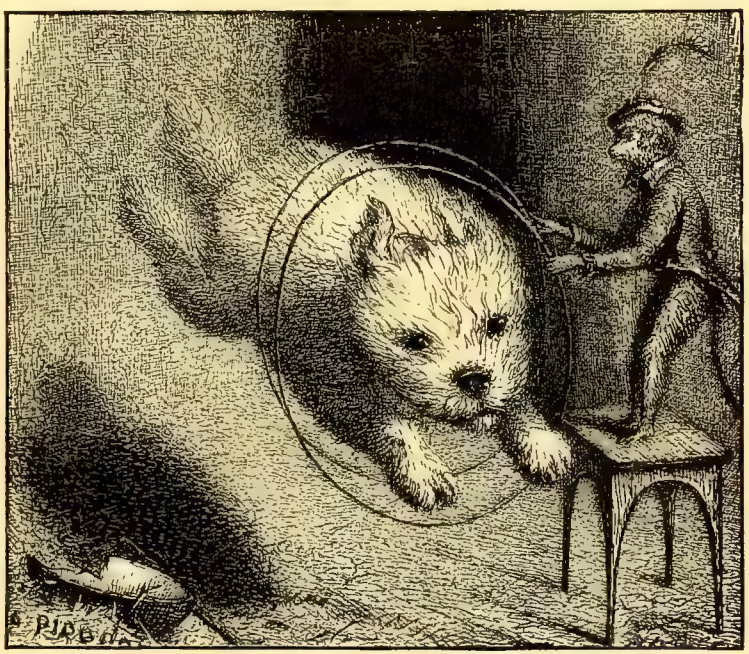
For there, in the open street, was a queer procession: a big white woolly dog and a little black monkey were walking along together, followed by a troop of boys, and, stranger still, the monkey wore a little coat and a hat with a feather, and he carried a trumpet and a pair of light hoops, while the dog had a small stool in his mouth. And, strangest of all, the monkey, dog and boys were all coming right into Kit's open gate, and then—could *anything* be stranger?—the monkey and the dog, without looking at Kit at all, or saying "by your leave," or even making a bow—went over to a little bare spot near the brick wall, and actually began to give a show, right there in Kit's yard!

Kit could n't believe his eyes,—but that was his very last minute on

the door-step for that time. The next minute, he was among the boys, looking on.

First—Master Dog put down the little stool, and Master Monkey set the hoops against the wall. The dog then sat up on his hind legs, and the monkey jumped on top of his head, and began to blow his horn. When Monkey had blown on his horn a good while, he got down from Doggie's head and stood up on the stool, holding the two hoops for Doggie to jump through. The dog went back a little way, so as to get a good start, and then he ran as hard as he could, and made one spring right through both of the hoops. When Kit and the boys saw that, they clapped their hands and shouted.

Next, Monkey took a piece of string out of his little pocket and put it in Doggie's mouth to make a sort of bridle. Then he jumped on the dog's back and began to ride him around. The boys laughed to see the dog galloping like a horse with the little monkey on his back, and when the dog jumped up on a barrel lying in the yard, and stood there like a stone statue, they laughed and shouted more than ever.



Doggie soon jumped down from the barrel, and Monkey got off his back. Then Monkey sat down on the little stool and began to blow on his horn, and the dog stood up on his hind legs and danced. The boys thought this was the best thing of all. "Toot-toot-too-ty-too-ti-ty too!" went Master Monkey, and skip, skip, skip, went Master Dog up and down the yard, turning his head from one side to the other, just as dancing people do.

All these funny tricks amused the boys very much, but at last Master Monkey settled down on his stool, and Master Doggie lay down beside

him. And now, those bad boys would not let them rest. They began to tease Monkey to do more tricks by throwing little pebbles at him, and to poke long sticks at Doggie, and shout to them to "do it again."



This made Kit angry, and he pushed the boys aside, and told them to go away. But they would not.

"The dog and monkey are not yours," said one.

"Well, they are in our yard," said Kit.

"We 'll take them with us," was the reply. But Master Doggie's white teeth said "No" to that, very plainly. And Kit replied:

"No, you 'll only tease 'em. I mean to take care of 'em."

Just then a man in a great hurry glanced over the fence, and came quickly through the gate. Instantly the Dog and Monkey bounded toward him, and began to frisk and play about his feet.

"You see, they belong to me," said the man to Kit. "They strayed out of the show-tent a while ago, when I was away. But I heard what



you said about taking care of them, and I am very much obliged. And now, if you want to see what the little fellows can do to music, come to the tent this afternoon. Here are two tickets."

"Oh!" screamed Kit with delight, "one for me and one for mother!"

And this is how Kit saw first a part of the show, and then all of it.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

WAS there ever in all this green and busy world such a happy Jack-in-the-Pulpit as I am! Here is ST. NICHOLAS starting out with a new volume,—the seventh,—and if here are not just as many, yes, more children than ever,—thousands, tens of thousands, scores of thousands more,—all eager to read it!

Every one of these scores and scores of thousands seemed to me to be looking out of the glad eyes of the group of youngsters from the Red School-house who crowded about that dear Little Schoolma'am yesterday in my meadow. And oh, but did n't she look glad and smiling as she talked to them and shook hands with them and kissed some of the rosy wee mites among them!

"What did she tell them?"

Oh, I did n't hear half. But it was good news, for it made them clap their hands and jump for joy. It was something about a brand-new year-long story for you, by that good Louisa Alcott, and another long story by the "Dab Kinzer" author; and still another, a base-ball affair, by that splendid old fellow who told you about the "Boy Emigrants."

How she came to know all this news is a mystery to your Jack, but she *did* know it, and ever so much more beside.

Why, she even told them that henceforward ST. NICHOLAS is to have every month sixteen pages more than formerly!

And besides all this, jolly King Christmas is winking and chuckling on his road, and is even now not far off beyond the frosty hill-tops.

To hear of so many good things in store for his chicks, would make any Jack almost beside himself with delight. But, bless you, my dears, your own particular Jack always has special and peculiar comforts, so that his pulpit is the cosiest place in all the world, even through the early frosts and the long, cold winter. For don't I get, all the while, your cheery letters and puzzling little questions?

But now it 's high time to open our budget; and first comes

A MOUSE THAT EATS FLIES.

Carthage, Ill.

DEAR MR. JACK: A few days ago, while standing in front of a store in this place, I saw something run up the inside of the closed window. Farther looking showed me that it was a mouse, keenly engaged in catching flies. The instant one came near the sash, the mouse would dash upon it, and seldom missed the game. This he would eat daintily on the instant, seeming to relish the tid-bit wonderfully.

There was no one in the store to interrupt the chase, and the mouse seemed in no manner disturbed by the people who soon crowded about the window without.

All agreed that they had never seen before such an exhibition of mouse instinct. But yesterday, I was told a story which seems to show that fly-hunting is not confined to my mouse:

In a country-house, a half-witted girl occupied an attic room alone, while sick. She attracted attention by showing with much glee more than fifty mice that she had killed in two days. People wondered how, in her bed-ridden state, she could have captured them. She explained that the mice came up to a window by her bed to catch flies. To her hearers, it seemed stranger that the mice should catch the flies than that the invalid girl should catch the fifty mice.

S. W.

A TWO-STORY NEST.

TRAVELERS in Zululand tell of a pretty little brown bird, called "The Watcher," which makes its nest on the ground, weaving it of soft grass, and building it with two stories. The male bird keeps watch over the top of the grass from his seat in the upper story, while his little wife is warming the eggs below. If he gives a cry of warning, she has time to run away safely.

Snakes would soon find these two-story nests, and eat the eggs, but a woven door or screen hangs down in front of the eggs, and completely hides them. The Watchers are just as kind and attentive to each other as they are careful of their unhatched chicks.

A BIRD THAT CRIES "PA, PA, PA!"

Williamstown, Mass.

DEAR MR. JACK: Let me tell you about some queer birds that I saw in South Africa. They are called "Hadeda" by the natives, and are as large as crows, with long legs and bills, and wings that are dark-green in one light and golden in another. The birds look like gentlemen in dress suits with their hands folded under their coat-tails.

The Hadeda live in marshy places, but they are easily tamed to live in houses, and soon go in and out as if they were part of the family. And, indeed, you might almost think they were part of it, for, when they cry, they say "Pa, Pa, Pa!" quickly, like an impatient child.

Two of these birds that I saw were very fond of the father of the family, and would follow him about, all day. On Sundays they would even walk after him into church, unless he locked them up at home. Once, they actually did walk into church, marching gravely up the aisle, and taking their stand near their master, who was the minister, behind the little lectern, or reading-desk. It was very funny to see those three solemn figures standing there; and it was lucky the birds did not think to call out "Pa, Pa, Pa!" just then, for the congregation laughed quite enough as it was. The birds would n't go away, although the minister told them to, in a severe tone; so he had to walk out, and they followed him into the open air. When he came in again, he shut the door close behind him, and so kept them out.

Yours truly, M. ENANDA.

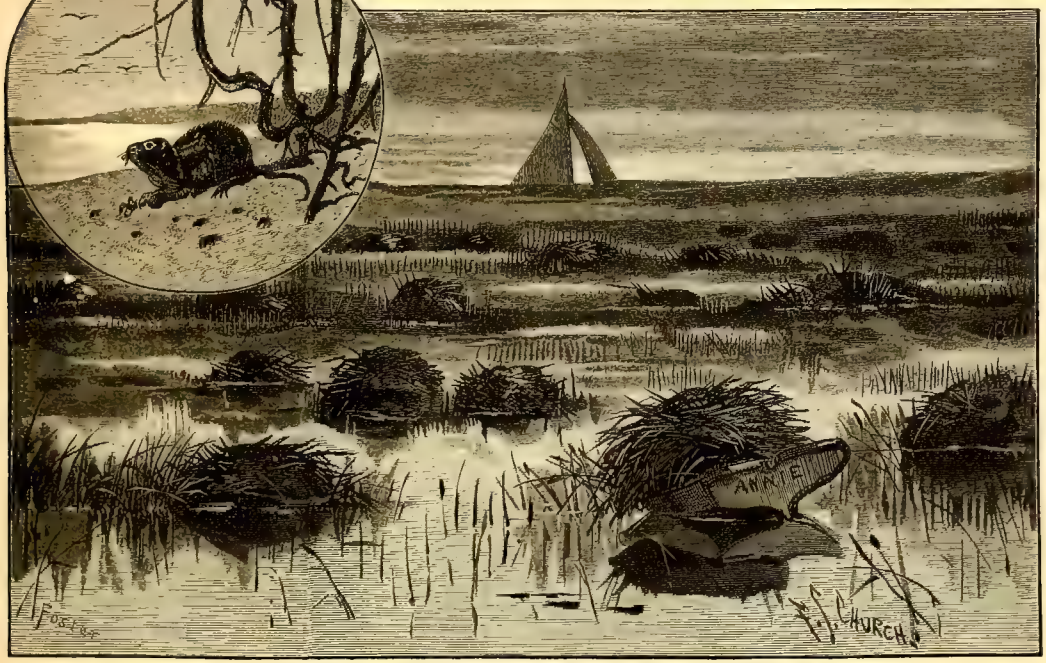
BATHING BABY-ELEPHANTS.

YOUR Jack has had plenty of news lately from South Africa. Here is some about elephants:

A large herd of elephants was on its way to Zululand, these animals usually passing the cool

season in its warmer climate, coming south into Natal to spend the summer. The herd was fired into by everybody who could get hold of a gun; but the animals gave no heed to the bullets, and slid down the steep bank of the river Umooti, and plowed through its flood, swollen with heavy rains. They swam gracefully where it was too deep to reach bottom, keeping their ears dry. There were three young baby-elephants, however, which screamed loudly for help, refusing to go into deep water. After a few notes from their trumpets, the mothers joined their trunks under the calves' bodies and ferried them across.

When they reached a shallow spot in the river, the parents paused, and gave the three young ones a good sousing, "playing a fountain" over head and ears with their trunks. The "infants" took the dose meekly, setting a good example to little boys and girls who kick and scream under the sponge in a shallow bath.



A COLONY OF MUSK-RATS.

A COLONY OF MUSK-RATS.

A SAILOR-MAN writes your Jack that by the sea, not far from New York, is a meadow over which the salt water flows with every tide; and in this salt-meadow are fifty or more queer untidy mounds, built of rushes, and rising about two feet above the surface of the water. These are the homes of musk-rats, or "musquashes." One of them has been built in the stern of a disused boat. The entrance to each of these dwellings is under water, and a passage leads from it up to a warm nest lined with soft grasses, and high enough to be always dry. When the meadow is frozen, there is a small hole in the ice near the door.

One day, in winter, a man saw a musk-rat which had caught a crab and was eating it hungrily. The rat heard the man near, looked up, but did not think it worth while to move away. Presently, two dogs came along, and, seeing the rat, ran to kill it. This was two to one, and therefore the man tried to make the rat go home, and so prevent the dogs from getting it. To his surprise, the rat made a furious attack upon him, and sent him off. Then the dogs came near, but they only sniffed and barked; evidently they did not like to tackle an animal that had driven off a man. The man and the two dogs waited at a respectful distance, while plucky Mr. Musk-rat ate his meal; that done, he went quietly home to take a nap, and the assembly broke up.

WELLS OF ARTOIS.

So, it seems that "Artesian" wells were so called from the name of the French province, "Artois," in which was dug the first well of the kind, in the year 1126. At least, this is the gist of the answers to J. B. L.'s question, which I gave out in September.

Answers came from Oriole—Emma Valentine—Juismer Le Comte—C. L. Wheeler—Primm de Noel—Maisie Balch—W. Shattuck—Josephine—I. B. D.—M. H. L.—Gertrude Abbott—Nellie C. Emerson—Hannah J. Powell—E. M. Hussey—Sallie W. Peck—Frances E. N.—T. T. Wood—E. N. Rochester—Aron Hobby—D. Beatty.

THE LETTER-BOX.

ST. NICHOLAS begins its seventh volume with this number, and, besides the promised extra pages, wider margins and heavier paper, the publishers have given an additional Frontispiece picture,—which is to serve as the frontispiece for the volume,—and a red-line title-page, as an earnest that they mean to do always a little better for the magazine than they may promise.

M. A. G.—Some things suitable for Christmas gifts are pictured, and the ways to make them described, in the article entitled "Some Pretty Things," printed in this number; and you will find the methods of making many others described in full, with illustrations and diagrams, in ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1875, and November, 1877.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write to you about a little incident that occurred at home. I live 'way down in Louisiana. An alligator came from the swamp into our yard. He was about five feet long. A flock of turkeys saw him, and followed him around and around, so close that they nearly stepped on his tail. He would snap at them, and they would jump away; then he would snap at them again, and they would jump away. It was very amusing to see the turkeys following him. He was a horrible-looking creature with his long mouth and formidable teeth.—Your friend, NELLIE.

A. P. S.—A little girl, living near New York, suggests sending old numbers of the magazine, as soon as they are read through, to other little girls who otherwise might not see it. This same thing is already done by a great many ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls; but there may be some who have not yet tried this easy way of giving pleasure to others.

FRED H. BEAR.—To make old silver coins look bright again, wash them thoroughly with soap and hot water; then rub them with a chamois leather, first with moistened whitening, and afterward with dry whitening. See also "Letter-Box," October, 1876.

Marlboro, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I should like to ask a question; and, if it is answered in the "Letter-Box," I shall be very much obliged: Should the children of an American missionary, who are born in India or some such place, be called Hindoos or Americans?—Your constant reader, H. F. H.

MRS. LOUISA B. GOODALL sends ST. NICHOLAS a description of a novel kind of "side-show," which might be used in a church-fair, but it could be given by little girls at home, perhaps for a charitable object, yet not connected with a fair, and might prove very successful. It is called

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

The show must be in a side room, or in a part of the hall curtained off. The work of preparing this family and their parlor for exhibition can be done by six or more young ladies. Some of them take charge of the "room," which consists of a box about three feet wide and four feet long, or square, if you please. The box is to be placed on a table, the open part toward the spectators. Carpets may be put on the floor, paper on the walls; windows with lambrequins, curtains, and so forth, may be imitated; and there should be arrangements for fire-place and grate, with a fire of sparkling metallic foil, if possible. A door in the rear of the room should be made to stand ajar, and a strong light arranged behind the door.

Some others of the managers should provide the furniture of the room. There *must* be a piano; and, if a toy piano cannot be bought, a block of wood shaped like a piano, provided with legs, and with the keys painted in black and white, will do. Throw a handsome cloth partly over it; and a music-box (out of sight) will fairly serve for pianoforte playing. The other pieces of furniture can be bought, hired, or borrowed for the occasion,—chairs, tables, sofas, chandeliers with real wax candles to be lighted, pictures, ornaments, vases, flowers. A table in the center of the room is to be set for tea, with a dainty cloth, tea service, tiny biscuits, small berries, cake—in fact, whatever one would like for tea must be there in miniature.

Another part of the committee will see after the "happy family" itself, which is composed of dolls. The father stands in the front of the room, holding the baby in a long white dress. Baby's head will rest on his papa's shoulder or face. A fine wire may be used to fix the dolls in their proper positions, but it must be carefully hidden. Beside the father stands a little boy dressed in a blue suit; in his arms nestles a pet kitten or dog. A young lady sits at the piano, with her fingers on the keys; a tiny pin will keep her little hands in place, while the music-box plays the tune for her. By her side stands a brother, with a flute or violin, in playing position. At a small table, two children are seated engaged in some game. Mother stands by the tea-table, richly dressed, holding by the hand a little girl. At the fireside sit grandfather and grandmother, with the proper number of spectacles and bald heads. In the door-way, at the rear of the room, stand a young lady and gentleman, about to enter, ushered in by a black servant with many bright buttons on his livery. If you choose not to have callers, the servant can be entering the room bearing a tray full of things for the tea-table.

The dresses of the dolls should be very handsome, and in the latest fashion. Do not have the dolls too small. Every attitude must be made perfectly natural. At the close of the exhibition, the family can be sold off or otherwise disposed of.

A NEW and pretty way of writing a name in a Christmas gift-book is explained and illustrated on pages 10 and 11 of this number; and in ST. NICHOLAS for July, 1874, are some funny pictures showing a similar process, but with a very different effect.

Manasquan.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We often have nice times in this place swimming, crabbing and fishing. Crabs are a queer kind of an animal. Probably some of the boys would like to hear how crabs grow. The mother is called a "Cow Crab." She produces about ten million eggs and then dies. The young do not have the care of the mother, but have to take care of themselves. They shed their shells once a month. I don't know what a crab is usually called at first, whether a soft or hard crab. We say he is a "Buckler." A buckler is always very poor to begin with; but he eats everything he gets hold of, which, of course, fattens him up some. Then he is called a "Comer." He keeps on eating till he is bigger still; then he is called a "Shedder"; and he still keeps on eating and gets bigger still, and then cracks a little, and is called a "Crack-buster." He still grows till he is called a "Buster," and then sheds. Then he is called a "Soft Crab."

From your interested reader,

JAMES LESLIE PEARCE (13 years).

EMMA VALENTINE, Thomas Hunt, and Julia M. Ruggles, each sent a short verse containing all the letters of the alphabet. Their letters were too late for mention in the October "Letter-Box."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to ask if you could tell a remedy for a very peculiar and inconvenient trick of a horse. I know a gentleman whose horse will not go out in the rain, hating to have the water touch his ears. Almost everything has been tried to cure him, without success. If the day is a good one, and the owner starts out with him, and rain comes up, he has either to go under shelter and wait until the storm is over, or do as I knew of his doing once,—take his horse out of harness and leave it in a friend's stable, while he borrowed another to take him home.—Yours truly,

BELLA G. STONE, 13 years.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have heard that Friday first began to be thought an "unlucky" day, as M. R. T. calls it in the October "Letter-Box," when the ancient Christians began to keep with sorrow and fasting the anniversary of the Savior's death. But whether or not that is a good reason for thinking the day unlucky, it might be hard to say. However, I will ask your readers, dear ST. NICHOLAS, to look through this long old list of fortune-favored Fridays, and then perhaps they may feel inclined to think that, after all, it is a lucky day—at least in America.—Yours sincerely,

THE LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM.

On Friday, August 3, 1492, Christopher Columbus sailed on his great voyage of discovery. On Friday, October 12, 1492, he first discovered land. On Friday, March 15, 1493, he arrived at Palos in safety. On Friday, November 22, 1493, he arrived at Hispaniola, on his second voyage to America. On Friday, June 13, 1494, he, though unknown to himself, discovered the continent of America. On Friday, March 5, 1497, Henry VII., of England, gave to John Cabot his commission, which led to the discovery of North America. On Friday, September 7, 1565, Melendez founded St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States. On Friday, November 10, 1620, the *Mayflower*, with the Pilgrims, made the harbor of Provincetown; on Friday, December 22, 1620, the Pilgrims made their

final landing at Plymouth Rock. On Friday, February 22, George Washington, the father of American freedom, was born. On Friday, June 16, Bunker Hill was seized and fortified. On Friday, October 7, 1777, the surrender of Saratoga was made by the British. On Friday, September 22, 1780, the treason of Arnold was laid bare, and this saved us from destruction. On Friday, October 19, 1781, occurred the surrender at Yorktown, the crowning glory of the American arms; and on Friday, June 7, 1776, the motion in Congress was made by Richard Henry Lee, that the United States colonies were, and of right ought to be, free and independent.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you for the "Letter-Box" some story riddles. The point is to find out what stories or personages in story-books the verses refer to.

Recall the story, if you can,
About a lonely shipwrecked man;
A gentle savage he reclaims,
Master and man, who'll name their names?

A man who climbed the mountain steep,
With fairies tippling, fell asleep,
And dozed away life's hopes and fears,
About the space of twenty years.

That king and his fair queen, who sent
A man to seek a continent,—
Their names and his now tell who can,
And from what port he sailed,—this man.

Who laid his cloak before a queen,
To keep her dainty slippers clean?
A courtier and a man of pride,
Tell now his name and how he died.

In Athens, not the modern "Hub,"
A surly man dwelt in a tub;
With lantern lit, he sought by day
One honest soul: his name please say.

We play this game on long evenings, each person making a verse and handing it to the next neighbor. Then a judge is chosen, and whoever fails to answer correctly the verse given to him, pays a forfeit.—Yours truly, J. D. L.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Let me tell you a funny thing about my little sister Rosie. She found an egg one day in the grass by the pond. So she carried it in her little white apron up to the house and into the parlor. She was dressed all in white, for it was late in the day, and Papa was expected home soon. No one was in the parlor but Brother Tom.

"Tom," said Rosie, holding her apron fast, "how does hennies get the tsickses out of zey eggses?"

"Why, they sit on them, of course! Don't you remember how you went with me to see old Gray-speckle and put water in her dish?"

"Did n't she do nuffin but sit on ze eggses, an' dwink wawa?" asked Rosie, anxiously.

"Why, of course not!" and off went Tom, whistling.

Rosie thought a little while, with her head on one side. Then she took the afghan from the sofa, and put it on the floor, where she arranged a "nes'," on which she placed the egg. Next, she brought a glass of water, from the hall table, and set it down by the "nes'"; then she gently sat down on the egg.

There was a soft "squelch," smothered by the afghan! Rosie took a sip of water.

"Ze sell 's broke," said she, cheerfully; "I wunner how soon ze tsick 'll say 'Tseep, tseep.'"

Five minutes passed,—ten minutes; Rosie took another sip of water, and her sweet little face looked troubled, as she felt herself settling down on the "nes'."

"Fwaid zere is n't woom for ze tsick to bweave," said she.

"Miss Rosie! Down on the floor in your clean dress; get up this minute, you naughty child!" called nurse, coming into the parlor. She was a person of power, for she had been Mamma's nurse, too; but Rosie rebelled.

"Nursey, I tan't det up; I'se hatsin' a tsick."

Rosie was pulled up by a strong hand, and shown a dreadful yellow stain on the pretty white dress.

Just then Papa's step was heard in the hall.

Rosie broke away, and, in one minute, was sobbing on her father's neck, and telling her pitiful story.

"I was a hen, Papa, an' Nursey pulled me off my nes' 'fore ze lit'l' tsick tould say, 'Tseep! tseep!'"

"You 'd better set her down, sir, or she 'll egg your coat. And I dressed her not an hour ago; and just look at her Ma's new afghan!"

Now came Mamma.

"Never mind, Nursey," she said, when she had heard all the story; "I do not believe she meant to be naughty."

"Well, come along, you tiresome midget, and be made tidy," said Nursey, laughing, and Rosie (with a wistful look at the "nes'") was carried off.—Yours truly, ALFA.

OF course, Russell Fraser's three methods undertaking to solve H. C. Howland's algebraic problem are incorrect. They slipped into the September "Letter-Box" through an oversight, and were not found out until it was too late to have an alteration made. Letters have been received from everywhere calling attention to the oversight; and here is a list of the writers' names:

J. M. S.—J. F. Maynard—Honorable Richard Watson—Paul H. Applebach—Rebecca L. Lodge—J. W. J.—Charley T. Jamieson—Aimee—N. H. Strong—O. C. T.—A. N. Swibbor—Willie S. Burns, Jr.—Edward T. Ward—Algernon Bray—D. C.—Miss Julia Wilsor—M. D. C.—W. B. Dix—G. E. K.—William Rennyson—Vermifuge—J. Benson Akers—Sarah J. Russ—Harry B. Walter—James Blunt—S. Lincoln, Jr.—P. E. M.—C. E. N.—R. C. Taylor, Jr.—H. H. Saxe—High School Boy—W. R. Howland—C. G. Rockwood, Jr.—May H.—Charles Groenendyke—C. G. Blatcheler—Elmer Durggins—Miss May Townsend—R. H. Howard—A. G. H. M. R.—Sturley—Fanny M. Hyde—Alice Gregory—O. E. D.—S. K.—An old subscriber—Pupil in R. Academy—Old Reader—Sinclair Oliver—"x + y + z"—R. H. W.—Ella B.

H. C. Howland's problem cannot be solved by simple algebraic processes, and the solutions here given will not be understood at all by little folk, and are printed solely to satisfy those grown-up readers of the "Letter-Box" who are interested in such abstruse things.

The following is what an expert says about the problem:

"The equations $\begin{cases} x^2 + y = 7 \\ y^2 + x = 11 \end{cases}$ cannot, I believe, be reduced by artifice, as many of their class may be, to the solution of equations of the 2nd degree. They really involve equations of the 4th degree in x and y. These equations are found at once by ordinary elimination and may readily be solved by well-known methods. The algebraic solution of the problem shows that only one pair of the values of x and y is expressed in commensurable numbers. This remarkable pair may most readily be found by simple inspection. But if one likes roundabout work he can proceed thus:

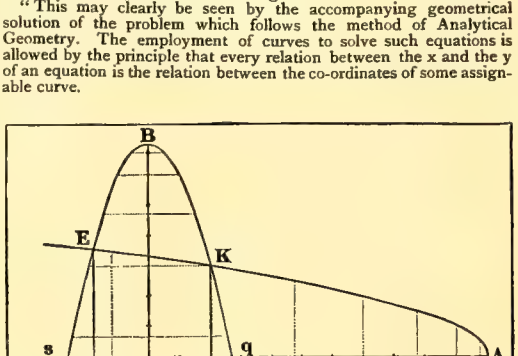
"Adding the two equations, and increasing each member of the result by ½, we have

$x^2 + x + \frac{1}{4} + y^2 + y + \frac{1}{4} = 18\frac{1}{2}$, therefore $(x + \frac{1}{2})^2 + (y + \frac{1}{2})^2 = \frac{74}{4} = \frac{25}{4} + \frac{49}{4}$

"This equation is satisfied if $(x + \frac{1}{2})^2 = \frac{25}{4}$ and $(y + \frac{1}{2})^2 = \frac{49}{4}$ that is if $x = 2$ and $y = 3$, which values also satisfy the original equations.

"There are four real values of x (two of them positive and two negative) which will satisfy the equations,—and four corresponding real values of y, two positive and two negative.

"This may clearly be seen by the accompanying geometrical solution of the problem which follows the method of Analytical Geometry. The employment of curves to solve such equations is allowed by the principle that every relation between the x and the y of an equation is the relation between the co-ordinates of some assignable curve.



"The equation $x2 + y = 7$ is represented by the parabola C B D. The equation $y2 + x = 11$ is represented by the parabola C A E. The co-ordinates of their points of intersection E K C D are the values of x and y which satisfy simultaneously both equations.

"Thus we have $x = o\ p$ $y = K\ p$
$x = o\ q$ $y = D\ q$ (negative value)
$x = O\ r$ (neg.) $y = E\ r$
$x = O\ s$ (neg.) $y = C\ s$ (neg.)

"If the curves had been accurately drawn, the lines named would have given closely approximate values of x and y."

Baltimore, Md.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please ask the readers of the "Letter-Box" to tell me how to break a dog from killing chickens?

G. B.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Could you tell me how to bleach ferns, so that I could make a bouquet of them with skeleton leaves? Please tell me in the "Letter-Box."—I remain your constant reader,

MILLIE J. RUSSELL.

Ferns that are to be bleached should be gathered in the country in summer, and prepared very soon after picking. But if you can find now some that are still vigorous, and not too old,—say in a fernery or conservatory,—you may bleach them whole, without making them into skeletons, by following these instructions:

Place the ferns, stems downward, in a glass jar containing two quarts of soft water,—rain water is the best,—in which a large tablespoonful of chloride of lime and a few drops of vinegar have been thoroughly mixed. Cover the jar, and set it in a warm place. Watch the ferns closely, and as each one whitens, carefully remove it and lay it in a dish of lukewarm water. When all are bleached, let them remain in the dish for several hours, changing the water often. Then spread them, one by one, upon sheets of blotting-paper, curving them as you like, and straightening out the little points with a pin. Place each sheetful between two other blotting-sheets, and then lay all beneath heavy books or weights until the ferns are perfectly dry. If any should stick to the paper, press your thumb-nail on the back of the sheet and the ferns will drop off. If you find the stems too brittle to use, you can make imitation ones by painting fine dry twigs with white oil-color, and gumming them on.

You will then have the ferns just as they grew, but white instead of green. If, however, you wish first to make them into skeletons before bleaching them and putting them into the bouquet, you will find in the "Letter-Box" for July, 1875, full directions for doing this, and, besides, for covering leaves with sparkling crystals.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received too late for mention last month from Florence L. Turrill—L. and K. Post—"Winnie"—Jno. V. L. Pierson—Wm. McKay—Edward Vultee—Will E. Nichols—"Riddlers"—Morris Hutchinson—Bessie and Her Cousin—Fannie Densmore—Rita S. McIlvaine—"Topsy"—B. Cushman—"Dick Deadeye"—"Unknown"; and James Buchanan Johnston, who answered all the July puzzles correctly.

In the following list the numerals denote the number of puzzles solved:

Answers to Puzzles in the September Number were received before September 20 from Dycie Warden, 18, all—"Jim Crow," 7—W. W. Oglesbee, 2—Matie H. Chase, 5—Millie Van Kleech, 4—Rufus B. Clark, 2—John H. M. Wells, 1—D. S. Shauts, 11—Julia W. Boyd, 2—F. S. Smith, 8—Bessie Campbell, 8—James Buchanan Johnston, 18, all—Ella F. Dargue, 2—Jennie S. Ward, 2—Harry C. Crosby, 3—J. Maurice Thompson, 6—Roberta Thornton, 3—Bessie Alexander, 2—Leddie C. Lander, 1—Julia Grice, 4—Annie E Plumb, 5—A. W. Stockett, 6—"Old Judge" and Senate, 8—Edith L. Granger, 1—Minnie Baker, 2—Lloyd M. Scott, 8—A. T. Burnes, 2—"Guesser," 17—Fannie W. Hunt, 3—E. W. R., 1—Annie G. Baker, 8—E. B. Clark, 5—Perry Beattie, 2—B. S. and W. T., 7—Bella Wehl, 3—Ida Maud Angell, 3—Sallie W. Peck and Family, 6—"Scrub and Irish," 6—Mary L. Otis, 17—Mattie Olmstead, 8—John V. L. Pierson, 7—Kitty C. Atwater, 13—Carrol L. Mancy, 13—Bessie Hard, 7—Morris Hutchinson, 8—Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain, 9—Margaret J. Gemmill, 5—Julia Crofton, 3—Susie Sipe and Mamie Gordon, 13—Kenneth B. Emerson, 2—Nellie C. Emerson, 8—"No Name," 3—"Six Cousins," 17—B. E. L. T., 6—Lizzie R. Howland, 4—W. H. Rowe, 9—Annie Raynes, 3—Millie W. Thompson, 9—Lillie Burling, 4—Kate, Alice and Richard Stockton, 10—Stanley King, 4—Mollie B. Platt, 1—Georgie and Carlton Woodruff, 1—"Riddlers" 9—C. F. Lipman, 7—J. A. G. M. E. T., 1—"7, 8, 9," 1—Will E. Nichols, 5—Florence Wilcox, 9—Jennie Mondschein, 1—Betsy Mondschein, 1—O. C. Turner, 16—L. W. S., 1—"Winnie," 13—Elsie K. Alexander, 1—Wm. McKay, 7—Allen T. Treadway, 13—"Oriole," 3—Georgia Harlan, 11—"Three Guessers," 13—Edward Vultee, 13—Snibbuggledyboozledom, 9—Alfred Keppelmann, 7—Jessie Van Buren, 13—Lulu Mather and Brother, 7—Herbert James Tiley, 10—Arnold Guyot Cameron, 3.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

EASY ACROSTIC ENIGMA.

FOR LITTLE PUZZLERS.

THE answer, composed of two words and spelled with eleven letters, names an autumn festival. The initials of the words defined, taken in the order of the numbering, spell the answer

1. My 1, 2, 3, 5 is a swift animal. 2. My 2, 4, 5, 3 is to state. 3. My 3, 5, 6, 7 is repose. 4. My 4, 5, 6, 7 is a garment. 5. My 5. 2, 6, 7 is a point of the compass. 6. My 6, 7, 2, 3 is a bright thing far off. 7. My 7, 2, 3, 5 is a weed that sometimes grows among wheat. 8. My 8, 9, 6, 7 is an army. 9. My 9, 2, 3, 6 are used in rowboats. 10. My 10, 11, 5, 7 is fit and proper. 11. My 11, 4, 5, 3 is always.

GILBERT FORREST.

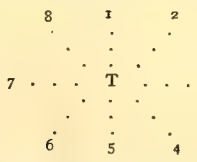
NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

MY whole, spelled with twelve letters, is the name of a profusely flowering shrub.

My 2, 5, 1, 12 is a musical instrument. My 6, 3, 9, 11 is the name of a bird now extinct. My 10, 7, 8, 4 is to tear.

ISOLA.

REVERSIBLE-STAR PUZZLE.



THE letter in the middle of the diagram is the initial of each of eight four-letter words ending at the points of the star where the numerals are set. Each word is here defined, first as it reads forward, and then as it reads backward: 1. Season; to send forth. 2. To ring; an insect. 3. A heavy wagon generally used to convey coal; a market. 4. To overflow; to assemble. 5. An instrument used by mechanics; to plunder. 6. A snare; a portion. 7. Heads; a place. 8. A strong current; to publish.

H. H. D.

DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

EACH cross-word consists of six letters. The third letters of the cross-words, taken as they come, spell a word indicating good times; the fourth letters of the cross-words, taken as they come, spell helps to spend a vacation enjoyably.

1. A kitchen utensil. 2. Agonized murmurs. 3. Felt in the wrists. 4. More thoroughly bleached 5. Concealing. 6. Humiliated. 7. Strata. 8. Gone beyond.

F. S. F.

TRIPLE HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

IN this puzzle, the letters forming the Perpendicular, except its middle letter, are used three times; once in the whole word, once as the final of a short word made from the first portion of the whole word, and again as the initial of another short word made with the initial and the remainder of the whole word. Thus, if the whole word were "re-Dan," the letter D would be used in the center of the whole word, at the end of a short word, "reD," and at the beginning of another short word, "Dan." In the following statement of the puzzle, the whole word is numbered 1; the first short word 2; and the second short word 3.

Perpendicular, a character named in the title of one of Shakespeare's plays. Horizontals: I. 1 Was entertained; 2. distant; 3. a color; II. 1. A negative prefix; 2. opposed to consent; 3. a city of ancient Egypt. III. A part of me, but not of you or I. IV. 1. Came together; 2. the person you ought to know best; 3. a Latin word showing union. V. 1. A disagreeable expression; 2. back or backward; 3. to possess.

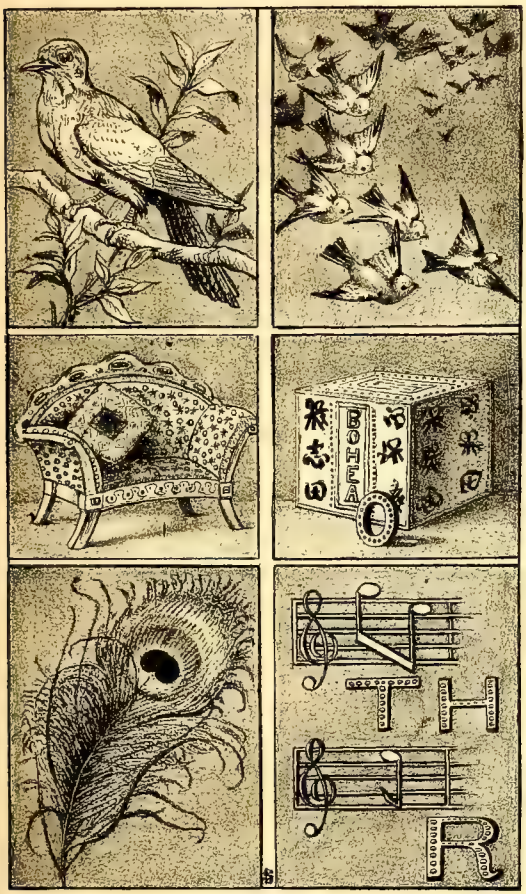
E. D. and L. H.

COMBINATION PUZZLE.

TAKE the middle letter away from one word in each of the following proverbs, and in each case leave a complete word. The abstracted letters, read downward, will spell something which is much desired, and difficult to use without abusing it. Each complete word that remains after syncopation, is defined after the proverb which contains it.

1. "Hopes delayed hang the heart upon tenter hooks." Garden tools.
2. "Many shout for help when in no danger." Closed.
3. "Contentment is a good dowry." Boat.
4. "He who has no bread to spare should not keep a dog." Nail.
5. "If the doctor cures, the sun sees it; but if he kills, the earth hides it." Hints. C. D.

EASY REBUS.



A very familiar adage.

EASY GERMAN BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD a pleasant temperature, and leave poor. 2. Behead want, and leave smoke. 3. Behead to press, and leave backs. 4. Behead a bladder, and leave a pitcher. 5. Behead a reed, and leave a part of the head. 6. Behead to burn, and leave to run. 7. Behead to show, and leave a metal. 8. Behead a part of a house, and leave without stopping. DYCIE.

COMPARISONS.

IN the following puzzle, the first definition represents the positive degree, the second the comparative, and the third the superlative. To form the comparative, prefix to the sound of the positive the adverb "more," or add the sound of the syllable "er." To form the superlative, add to the sound of the positive the sound of the letters "st" or "est." Example: Behold; learning; farthest down. Answer; Lo, lore, lowest.

1. Lively; a kind of shark. 2. A large body of water; dry; done. 3. One; anger; chilled. 4. A natural phenomenon common in wet weather; a pile of débris at the foot of a glacier. 5. A keen observer; a tower; seasoned. 6. A name of a girl; to provide meals. 7. A garment; a skip. 8. A gulf; unclad; to sew. 9. A poet; to flow; a stake. 10. An insect; a beverage; an animal. 11. An instrument of ancient war; a nuisance; brag. 12. A domestic animal; a vessel; accustomed. N. T. M.

A THANKSGIVING DINNER.

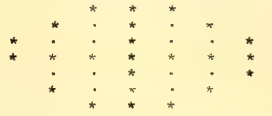
WE once attempted, in a quiet way,
To make a dinner on Thanksgiving Day,
But (cannibal idea for Christian feast!)
Had for a dish "the Sick Man of the East" (1).
Could he be thus disposed of by digestion,
Soon Russia's Czar would end the Eastern Question.
A son of Noah (2) for our dinner came,
Wearing the crown of the Nemean game (3).

We had the vegetable (4) Raleigh brought
To England from the far-off land he 'd sought.
Another kind (5) which General Marion gave
To British guest, the sole food of that brave,
In war's alarm, a hundred years gone by,
When patriots had heart to starve and die.
The chaff of naughty boys (6); the "staff of life" (7);
Some small amusement (8); many a man and wife (9);
The Paynim foe (10), of the Crusaders bold,
But from his name one syllable withhold.

A printer's treasures (11)—one, the pump's relation;
The other, scorn of greenback circulation.
A product of the dairy (12), closer pressed
Than e'er was babe to loving mother's breast.
There were some sweetmeats (13) which a rhyming lay
Says queenly fingers made one summer's day.
The fruit (14) that caused the fall of Mother Eve;
Some martial men (15), whose armor hard we leave;
Their ammunition (16) in sweet clusters dried;
And what a cold is like to be beside (17).

This was our dinner. If you guess it all,
We may invite you to partake next fall. E. D. S.

OCTAGONAL PUZZLE.



THE words read across; 1. Base. 2 Outdo. 3. Satisfaction. 4. A geometrical figure. 5. Blundered. 6. Farming implements. 7. An insect. Central Perpendicular, the same as 4. GUESSER.

DIFFICULT CLASSICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of thirty-eight letters.

My 19, 33, 4, 10 was an attendant of Juno. My 31, 29, 35, 29 was the goddess of health. My 21, 28, 15, 9, 1, 32 was one of the muses. My 20, 21, 13, 3, 27, 2 was the god of fire, and patron of all artists in iron and metal. My 5, 37, 36, 12, 16, 29 was one of the Æolian isles. My 10, 15, 23, 34, 28, 38 was a race of demi-gods. My 17, 18, 8, 33, 25, 9, 15, 22 one of hills of Rome. My 14, 8, 24, 6, 27 was the mother of Tiberius. My 30, 15, 11, 21, 10 was a famous robber, son of Vulcan, who stole some of Hercules' cattle. My 7, 8, 26, 38 was a Roman emperor. My whole is a Latin proverb, to the effect that in our eagerness to escape one danger, we are likely to fall into a greater.

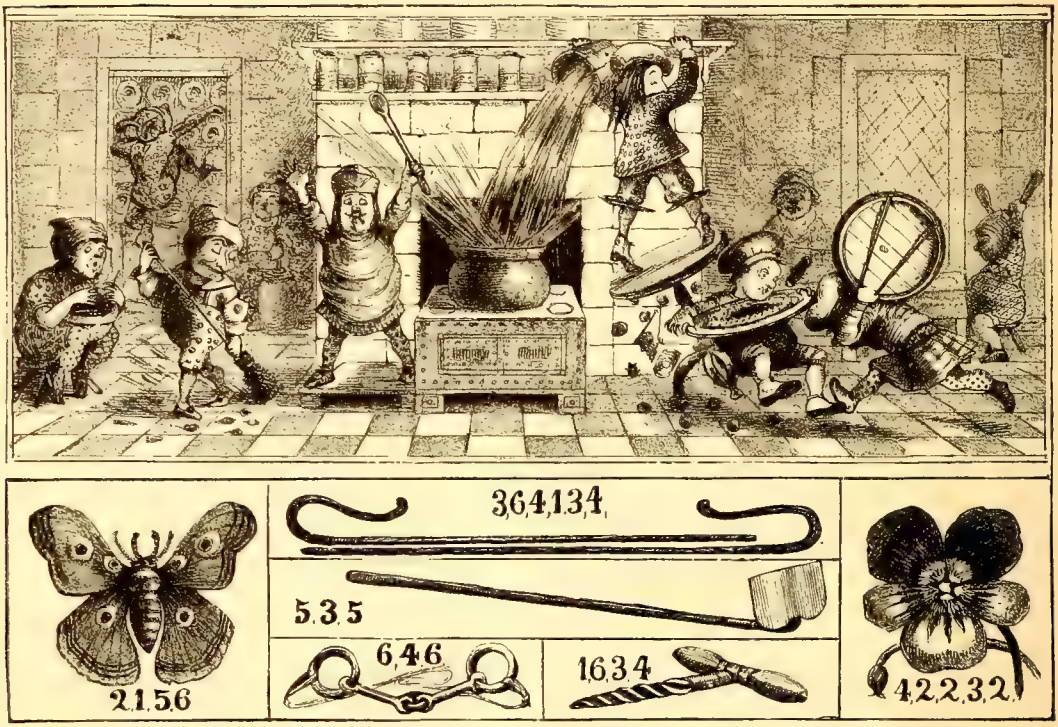
SIMPLE WORD SQUARE.

1. A cord. 2. Off. 3. To shut up. 4. Small catches for hooks. M. G. A.

AMPUTATIONS.

1. BEHEAD and curtail to amass, and leave a propelling implement. 2. Behead and curtail flatters, and leave a beard of barley. 3. Behead and curtail to chew, and leave cured meat. 4. Behead and curtail a general dealer, and leave to touch. CYRIL DEANE.

PICTORIAL PROVERB FOR LITTLE PUZZLERS.



THE proverb has six words, and is pictured entire by the upper part of the illustration. The smaller pictures represent words spelled with just the same letters that are contained in the proverb,—not one more nor less. The numerals refer to the six words of the proverb.

To solve the puzzle: find words that describe the small pictures properly, each word to have as many letters as there are numerals under its picture. When all the words have been found, write under each its own set of numerals; the first numeral under the first letter, the second numeral under the second letter, and so on. [Thus, supposing the word for the small left-hand picture to be "grub," the numeral 2 would be written under "g," 1 under "r," 5 under "u," and 6 under "b."] Now write down, some distance apart, the numerals 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6. Below figure 1 set down all the letters under which you have written that numeral; below figure 2, all the letters which have that numeral under it; and so on, until all the letters have been distributed into groups. On properly arranging the letters of each group into a word, and reading off the words in the order of their numbering, the answer will appear.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN OCTOBER NUMBER.

ENIGMA.—Catamaran.——CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Asp.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—1. P. 2. MEg. 3. MoNad. 4. PenGuin. 5. GaUge. 6. DIe. 7. N.

SEVEN-LETTER ENIGMA.—Sparing.——HOUSEHOLD PROBLEM.—Three shirts.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILMENTS.—1. N–ewe–l. 2. H–oar–d. 3. T–ape–r. 4. C–alas–h. 5. D–raw–l. 6. V–ill–a.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.—A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse.

QUOTATION PUZZLE.—Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.
[Not Henry VIII., but Henry V., Act 2, Scene 4.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Ataghan.——EASY ENIGMA.—Tongs.

WORD SYNCOPATIONS.—1. Chocolate; Col., Choate. 2. Moat; o, mat. 3. Reached; ache, red. 4. Tactile; act, tile. 5. Valet; ale, Vt. 6. Mislead; isle, mad.

BEHEADED RHOMBOID.—
s H U T S
o P E N S
s N A P S
t R I P S
e L A T E

VERY EASY REBUS.—Nine birds: Knot, Grossbeak, Toucan, Diver, Bobolink, Bittern, Crane, Kingfisher, Kite.

PUZZLE.—Five words: Cater, caret, crate, react, trace.

ARTICLES OF ATTIRE.—1. Hoop-skirt. 2. Locket. 3. Shawl. 4. Panier. 5. Seal-skin sack. 6. Sun-bonnet. 7. Waterproof. 8. Parasol. 9. Pea-jacket. 10. Frill. 11. Bracelet. 12. Petticoat. 13. Handkerchief. 14. Hose. 15. Guard-chain. 16. Wrapper. 17. Tippet. 18. Cape. 19. Slippers.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.—Multiplicand 74, multiplier 82.

TWO EASY SQUARE-WORDS.—
E P O C H W A S T E
P A S H A A L L O W
I O S I E R II. S L O P E
C H E A P T O P E R
H A R P Y E W E R S

TRANSPOSITIONS.—Names of trees: 1. Sumach, as much 2. Cedar, cared. 3. Limes, smile. 4. Pear-tree, repartee. 5. Maple, ample.——SQUARE-WORD.—1. Girl. 2. Idea. 3. Reed 4. Lads.

RHOMBOID AND HIDDEN DIAMOND.—
F E A S *t*
T R *e a t*
t a p i s
t i n E D
S T E E L

REBUS.—Couplet: Fortune a goddess is to fools alone;
The wise are always master of their own.

HIDDEN CITIES AND RIVERS.—1. Breslau, Oder. 2. Troy, Hudson. 3. Rome, Tiber. 4. Omaha, Missouri. 5. Paris, Seine. 6. Lucknow, Ganges. 7. Cairo, Nile.

For names of solvers of September puzzles, see "Letter-Box."



MAKING MAMMA'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

ENGRAVED BY G. KRUELL FROM A PICTURE BY KNAUS. BY PERMISSION OF GOUPIL & CO.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. VII. DECEMBER, 1879. NO. 2.

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JACK AND JILL.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

JACK and Jill went up the hill
To coast with fun and laughter;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

CHAPTER I.
THE CATASTROPHE.

"CLEAR the hill–a!" was the general cry on a bright December afternoon, when all the boys and girls of Harmony village were out enjoying the first good snow of the season. Up and down three long coasts they went as fast as legs and sleds could carry them. One smooth path led into the meadow, and here the little folk congregated; one swept across the pond, where skaters were darting about like water-bugs; and the third, from the very top of the steep hill, ended abruptly at a rail fence on the high bank above the road. There was a group of lads and lasses sitting or leaning on this fence to rest after an exciting race, and, as they reposed, they amused themselves with criticising their mates, still absorbed in this most delightful of out-door sports.

"Here comes Frank Minot, looking as solemn as a judge," cried one, as a tall fellow of sixteen spun by, with a set look about the mouth and a keen sparkle of the eyes, fixed on the distant goal with a do-or-die expression.

"Here 's Molly Loo
And little Boo!"

sang out another; and down came a girl with flying hair, carrying a small boy behind her, so fat that his short legs stuck out from the sides, and his round face looked over her shoulder like a full moon.

"There 's Gus Burton; doesn't he go it?" and such a very long boy whizzed by, that it looked almost as if his heels were at the top of the hill when his head was at the bottom!

"Hurrah for Ed Devlin!" and a general shout greeted a sweet-faced lad, with a laugh on his lips, a fine color on his brown cheek, and a gay word for every girl he passed.

"Laura and Lotty keep to the safe coast into the meadow, and Molly Loo is the only girl that dares to try this long one to the pond. I would n't for the world; the ice can't be strong yet, though it is cold enough to freeze one's nose off," said a timid damsel, who sat hugging a post and screaming whenever a mischievous lad shook the fence.

"No, she is n't; here's Jack and Jill going like fury."

"Clear the track
For gentle Jack!"

sang the boys, who had rhymes and nicknames for nearly every one.

Down came a gay red sled, bearing a boy who seemed all smile and sunshine, so white were his teeth, so golden was his hair, so bright and happy his whole air. Behind him clung a little gypsy of a girl, with black eyes and hair, cheeks as red as her hood, and a face full of fun and sparkle, as she waved Jack's blue tippet like a banner with one hand, and held on with the other.

"Jill goes wherever Jack does, and he lets her. He 's such a good-natured chap, he can't say No."

"To a girl," slyly added one of the boys, who had wished to borrow the red sled, and had been politely refused because Jill wanted it.

"He 's the nicest boy in the world, for he never gets mad," said the timid young lady, recalling the many times Jack had shielded her from the terrors which beset her path to school, in the shape of cows, dogs, and boys who made faces and called her "'Fraid-cat."

"He does n't dare to get mad with Jill, for she 'd take his head off in two minutes if he did," growled Joe Flint, still smarting from the rebuke Jill had given him for robbing the little ones of their safe coast because he fancied it.

"She would n't! she 's a dear! *You* need n't sniff at her because she is poor. She 's ever so much brighter than you are, or she would n't always be at the head of your class, old Joe," cried the girls, standing by their friend with a unanimity which proved what a favorite she was.

Joe subsided with as scornful a curl to his nose as its chilly state permitted, and Merry Grant introduced a subject of general interest by asking abruptly:

"Who is going to the candy-scrape to-night?"

"All of us. Frank invited the whole set, and we shall have a tiptop time. We always do at the Minots'," cried Sue, the timid trembler.

"Jack said there was a barrel of molasses in the house, so there would be enough for all to eat and some to carry away. They know how to do things handsomely," and the speaker licked his lips, as if already tasting the feast in store for him.

"Mrs. Minot is a mother worth having," said Molly Loo, coming up with Boo on the sled; and she knew what it was to need a mother, for she had none, and tried to care for the little brother with maternal love and patience.

"She is just as sweet as she can be!" declared Merry, enthusiastically.

"Especially when she has a candy-scrape," said Joe, trying to be amiable, lest he should be left out of the party.

Whereat they all laughed and went gayly away for a farewell frolic, as the sun was setting and the keen wind nipped fingers and toes as well as noses.

Down they went, one after another, on the various coasts,—solemn Frank, long Gus, gallant Ed, fly-away Molly Loo, pretty Laura and Lotty, grumpy Joe, sweet-faced Merry with Sue shrieking wildly behind her, gay little Jack and gypsy Jill, always together,—one and all bubbling over with the innocent jollity born of healthful exercise. People passing in the road below looked up and smiled involuntarily at the red-cheeked lads and lasses, filling the frosty air with peals of laughter and cries of triumph as they flew by in every conceivable attitude; for the fun was at its height now, and the oldest and gravest observers felt a glow of pleasure as they looked, remembering their own young days.

"Jack, take me down that coast. Joe said I would n't dare to do it, so I must," commanded Jill, as they paused for breath after the long trudge up hill.*

"I guess I would n't. It is very bumpy and ends in a big drift; not half so nice as this one. Hop on and we 'll have a good spin across the pond," and Jack brought "Thunderbolt" round with a skillful swing and an engaging air that would have won obedience from anybody but willful Jill.

"It is very nice, but I won't be told I 'don't dare' by any boy in the world. If you are afraid, I 'll go alone." And, before he could speak, she had snatched the rope from his hand, thrown herself upon the sled, and was off, helter-skelter, down the most dangerous coast on the hill-side.

She did not get far, however; for, starting in a hurry, she did not guide her steed with care, and the red charger landed her in the snow half-way down, where she lay laughing till Jack came to pick her up.

"If you *will* go, I'll take you down all right. I 'm not afraid, for I 've done it a dozen times with the other fellows; but we gave it up because it is short and bad," he said, still good-natured, though a little hurt at the charge of cowardice; for Jack was as brave as a little lion, and with the best sort of bravery,—the courage to do right.

"So it is; but I *must* do it a few times, or Joe will plague me and spoil my fun to-night," answered Jill, shaking her skirts and rubbing her blue hands, wet and cold with the snow.

"Here, put these on; I never use them. Keep them if they fit; I only carry them to please mother." And Jack pulled out a pair of red mittens with the air of a boy used to giving away.

"They are lovely warm, and they do fit. Must be too small for your paws, so I 'll knit you a new pair for Christmas, and make you wear them, too," said Jill, putting on the mittens with a nod of thanks, and ending her speech with a stamp of her rubber boots to enforce her threat.

Jack laughed, and up they trudged to the spot whence the three coasts diverged.

"Now, which will you have?" he asked, with a warning look in the honest blue eyes which often unconsciously controlled naughty Jill against her will.

"That one!" and the red mitten pointed firmly to the perilous path just tried.

"You will do it?"

* Jill, of course, was not her real name, but had been given because of her friendship with Jack, who so admired Janie Pecq's spirit and fun.

"I will!"

"Come on, then, and hold tight."

Jack's smile was gone now, and he waited without a word while Jill tucked herself up, then took his place in front, and off they went on the brief, breathless trip straight into the drift by the fence below.

"I don't see anything very awful in that. Come up and have another. Joe is watching us, and I 'd like to show him that *we* are n't afraid of anything," said Jill, with a defiant glance at a distant boy, who had paused to watch the descent.

"It is a regular 'go-bang,' if that is what you like," answered Jack, as they plowed their way up again.

"It is. You boys think girls like little mean coasts without any fun or danger in them, as if we could n't be brave and strong as well as you. Give me three go-bangs and then we 'll stop. My tumble does n't count, so give me two more and then I 'll be good."

Jill took her seat as she spoke, and looked up with such a rosy, pleading face that Jack gave in at once, and down they went again, raising a cloud of glittering snow-dust as they reined up in fine style with their feet on the fence.

"It 's just splendid! Now, one more!" cried Jill, excited by the cheers of a sleighing party passing below.

Proud of his skill, Jack marched back, resolved to make the third "go" the crowning achievement of the afternoon, while Jill pranced after him as lightly as if the big boots were the famous seven-leagued ones, and chattering about the candy-scrape and whether there would be nuts or not.

So full were they of this important question, that they piled on hap-hazard, and started off still talking so busily that Jill forgot to hold tight and Jack to steer carefully. Alas, for the candy-scrape that never was to be! alas, for poor "Thunderbolt" blindly setting forth on the last trip he ever made! and oh, alas, for Jack and Jill, who willfully chose the wrong road and ended their fun for the winter! No one knew how it happened, but instead of landing in the drift, or at the fence, there was a great crash against the bars, a dreadful plunge off the steep bank, a sudden scattering of girl, boy, sled, fence, earth and snow, all about the road, two cries, and then silence.

"I knew they 'd do it!" and, standing on the post where he had perched, Joe waved his arms and shouted: "Smash-up! Smash-up! Run! Run!" like a raven croaking over a battle-field when the fight was done.

Down rushed boys and girls ready to laugh or cry, as the case might be, for accidents will happen on the best regulated coasting-grounds. They found Jack sitting up looking about him with a queer, dazed expression, while an ugly cut on the forehead was bleeding in a way which sobered the boys and frightened the girls half out of their wits.

"He 's killed! He 's killed!" wailed Sue, hiding her face and beginning to cry.

"No, I 'm not. I 'll be all right when I get my breath. Where 's Jill?" asked Jack, stoutly, though still too giddy to see straight.

The group about him opened, and his comrade in misfortune was discovered lying quietly in the snow with all the pretty color shocked out of her face by the fall, and winking rapidly, as if half stunned. But no wounds appeared, and when asked if she was dead, she answered in a vague sort of way:

"I guess not. Is Jack hurt?"

"Broken his head," croaked Joe, stepping aside, that she might behold the fallen hero vainly trying to look calm and cheerful with red drops running down his cheek and a lump on his forehead.

Jill shut her eyes and waved the girls away, saying, faintly:

"Never mind me. Go and see to him."

"Don't! I 'm all right," and Jack tried to get up in order to prove that headers off a bank were mere trifles to him; but at the first movement of the left leg he uttered a sharp cry of pain, and would have fallen if Gus had not caught and gently laid him down.

"What is it, old chap?" asked Frank, kneeling beside him, really alarmed now, the hurts seeming worse than mere bumps, which were common affairs among base-ball players, and not worth much notice.

"I lit on my head, but I guess I 've broken my leg. Don't frighten mother," and Jack held fast to Frank's arm as he looked into the anxious face bent over him; for, though the elder tyrannized over the younger, the brothers loved one another dearly.

"Lift his head, Frank, while I tie my handkerchief round to stop the bleeding," said a quiet voice as Ed Devlin laid a handful of soft snow on the wound; and Jack's face brightened as he turned to thank the one big boy who never was rough with the small ones.

"Better get him right home," advised Gus, who stood by looking on, with his little sisters Laura and Lotty clinging to him.

"Take Jill, too, for it 's my opinion she has broken her back. She can't stir one bit," announced Molly Loo, with a droll air of triumph, as if rather pleased than otherwise to have her patient hurt the worse; for Jack's wound was very effective, and Molly had a taste for the tragic.

This cheerful statement was greeted with a wail

from Susan and howls from Boo, who had earned that name from the ease with which, on all occasions, he could burst into a dismal roar without shedding a tear, and stop as suddenly as he began.

"Oh, I am so sorry! It was my fault; I should n't have let her do it," said Jack, distressfully.

"It was all *my* fault; I made him. If I 'd broken every bone I 've got, it would serve me right. Don't help me, anybody; I 'm a wicked thing, and I deserve to lie here and freeze and starve and die!" cried Jill, piling up punishments in her remorseful anguish of mind and body.

"But we want to help you, and we can settle about blame by and by," whispered Merry with a kiss; for she adored dashing Jill, and never would own that she did wrong.

"Here come the wood-sleds just in time. I 'll cut away and tell one of them to hurry up." And, freeing himself from his sisters, Gus went off at a great pace, proving that the long legs carried a sensible head as well as a kind heart.

As the first sled approached, an air of relief pervaded the agitated party, for it was driven by Mr. Grant, a big, benevolent-looking farmer, who surveyed the scene with the sympathetic interest of a man and a father.

"Had a little accident, have you? Well, that 's a pretty likely place for a spill. Tried it once myself and broke the bridge of my nose," he said, tapping that massive feature with a laugh which showed that fifty years of farming had not taken all the boy out of him. "Now then, let 's see about this little chore, and lively, too, for it 's late and these parties oughter be housed," he added, throwing down his whip, pushing back his cap, and nodding at the wounded with a re-assuring smile.

"Jill first, please, sir," said Ed, the gentle squire of dames, spreading his overcoat on the sled as eagerly as ever Raleigh laid down his velvet cloak for a queen to walk upon.

"All right. Jest lay easy, my dear, and I wont hurt you a mite if I can help it."

Careful as Mr. Grant was, Jill could have screamed with pain as he lifted her; but she set her lips and bore it with the courage of a little Indian; for all the lads were looking on, and Jill was proud to show that a girl could bear as much as a boy. She hid her face in the coat as soon as she was settled, to hide the tears that would come, and by the time Jack was placed beside her, she had quite a little cistern of salt water stored up in Ed's coat-pocket.



AFTER THE ACCIDENT.

Then the mournful procession set forth, Mr. Grant driving the oxen, the girls clustering about the interesting invalids on the sled, while the boys came behind like a guard of honor, leaving the hill deserted by all but Joe, who had returned to hover about the fatal fence, and poor "Thunderbolt," split asunder, lying on the bank to mark the spot where the great catastrophe occurred.

CHAPTER II.

TWO PENITENTS.

JACK and Jill never cared to say much about the night which followed the first coasting party of the season, for it was the saddest and the hardest their short lives had ever known. Jack suffered most in body; for the setting of the broken leg was such a painful job, that it wrung several sharp cries from him, and made Frank, who helped, quite weak and white with sympathy, when it was over. The wounded head ached dreadfully, and the poor boy felt as if bruised all over, for he had the worst of the fall. Dr. Whiting spoke cheerfully of the case, and made so light of broken legs, that Jack innocently asked if he should not be up in a week or so.

"Well, no; it usually takes twenty-one days for bones to knit, and young ones make quick work of it," answered the doctor with a last scientific tuck to the various bandages, which made Jack feel like a hapless chicken trussed for the spit.

"Twenty-one days! Three whole weeks in bed! I should n't call that quick work," groaned the dismayed patient, whose experience of illness had been limited.

"It is a forty days' job, young man, and you must make up your mind to bear it like a hero. We will do our best; but next time, look before you leap, and save your bones. Good-night; you 'll feel better in the morning. No jigs, remember." And off went the busy doctor for another look at Jill, who had been ordered to bed and left to rest till the other case was attended to.

Any one would have thought Jack's plight much the worse, but the doctor looked more sober over Jill's hurt back than the boy's compound fractures; and the poor little girl had a very bad quarter of an hour while he was trying to discover the extent of the injury.

"Keep her quiet and time will show how much damage is done," was all he said in her hearing; but if she had known that he told Mrs. Pecq he feared serious consequences, she would not have wondered why her mother cried as she rubbed the numb limbs and placed the pillows so tenderly.

Jill suffered most in her mind; for only a sharp stab of pain now and then reminded her of her body; but her remorseful little soul gave her no peace for thinking of Jack, whose bruises and breakages her lively fancy painted in the darkest colors.

"Oh, don't be good to me, Mammy; I made him



JILL AND HER MOTHER.

go, and now he 's hurt dreadfully, and may die; and it is all my fault, and everybody ought to hate me," sobbed poor Jill, as a neighbor left the room after reporting in a minute manner how Jack screamed when his leg was set, and how Frank was found white as a sheet, with his head under the pump, while Gus restored the tone of his friend's nerves, by pumping as if the house was on fire.

"Whist, my lass, and go to sleep. Take a sup of the good wine Mrs. Minot sent, for you are as cold as a clod, and it breaks my heart to see my Janie so."

"I can't go to sleep; I don't see how Jack's mother could send me anything when I 've half killed him. I want to be cold and ache and have horrid things done to me. Oh, if I ever get out of this bed I 'll be the best girl in the world, to pay for this. See if I aint!" and Jill gave such a decided nod that her tears flew all about the pillow like a shower.

"You 'd better begin at once, for you wont get out of that bed for a long while, I 'm afraid, my lamb," sighed her mother, unable to conceal the anxiety that lay so heavy on her heart.

"Am I hurt badly, Mammy?"

"I fear it, lass."

"I 'm *glad* of it; I ought to be worse than Jack, and I hope I am. I 'll bear it well, and be good right away. Sing, Mammy, and I 'll try to go to sleep to please you."

Jill shut her eyes with sudden and unusual meekness, and before her mother had crooned half a dozen verses of an old ballad, the little black head lay still upon the pillow, and repentant Jill was fast asleep with a red mitten in her hand.

Mrs. Pecq was an Englishwoman who had left Montreal at the death of her husband, a French Canadian, and had come to live in the tiny cottage which stood near Mrs. Minot's big house, separated only by an arbor-vitæ hedge. A sad, silent person, who had seen better days, but said nothing about them, and earned her bread by sewing, nursing, work in the factory, or anything that came in her way, being anxious to educate her little girl. Now, as she sat beside the bed in the small, poor room, that hope almost died within her, for here was the child laid up for months, probably, and the one ambition and pleasure of the solitary woman's life was to see Janie Pecq's name over all the high marks in the school-reports she proudly brought home.

"She 'll win through, please Heaven, and I 'll see my lass a gentlewoman yet, thanks to the good friend in yonder, who will never let her want for care," thought the poor soul, looking out into the gloom where a long ray of light streamed from the great house warm and comfortable upon the cottage, like the spirit of kindness which made the inmates friends and neighbors.

Meantime, that other mother sat by her boy's bed as anxious but with better hope, for Mrs. Minot made trouble sweet and helpful by the way in which she bore it; and her boys were learning of her how to find silver linings to the clouds that must come into the bluest skies.

Jack lay wide awake, with hot cheek, and throbbing head, and all sorts of queer sensations in the broken leg. The soothing potion he had taken did not affect him yet, and he tried to beguile the weary time by wondering who came and went below. Gentle rings at the front door, and mysterious tappings at the back, had been going on all the evening, for the report of the accident had grown astonishingly in its travels, and at eight o'clock the general belief was that Jack had broken both legs, fractured his skull, and lay at the point of death, while Jill had dislocated one shoulder, and was bruised black and blue from top to toe. Such being the case, it is no wonder that anxious playmates and neighbors haunted the door-steps of the two houses, and that offers of help poured in.

Frank, having tied up the bell and put a notice in the lighted side-window, saying, "Go to the back door," sat in the parlor, supported by his chum, Gus, while Ed played softly on the piano, hoping to lull Jack to sleep. It did soothe him, for a very sweet friendship existed between the tall youth and the lad of thirteen. Ed went with the big fellows, but always had a kind word for the smaller boys; and affectionate Jack, never ashamed to show his love, was often seen with his arm round Ed's shoulder, as they sat together in the pleasant red parlors, where all the young people were welcome and Frank was king.

"Is the pain any easier, my darling?" asked Mrs. Minot, leaning over the pillow, where the golden head lay quiet for a moment.

"Not much. I forget it listening to the music. Dear old Ed is playing all my favorite tunes, and it is very nice. I guess he feels pretty sorry about me."

"They all do. Frank could not talk of it. Gus would n't go home to tea, he was so anxious to do something for us. Joe brought back the bits of your poor sled, because he did n't like to leave them lying round for any one to carry off, he said, and you might like them to remember your fall by."

Jack tried to laugh, but it was rather a failure, though he managed to say, cheerfully:

"That was good of old Joe. I would n't lend him 'Thunderbolt' for fear he 'd hurt it. Could n't have smashed it up better than I did, could he? Don't think I want any pieces to remind me of *that* fall. I just wish you 'd seen us, mother! It must have been a splendid spill,—to look at, any way."

"No, thank you; I 'd rather not even try to imagine my precious boy going heels over head down that dreadful hill. No more pranks of that sort for some time, Jacky," and Mrs. Minot looked rather pleased on the whole to have her venturesome bird safe under her maternal wing.

"No coasting till some time in January! What a fool I was to do it! Go-bangs always are dangerous, and that 's the fun of the thing. Oh dear!"

Jack threw his arms about and frowned darkly, but never said a word of the willful little baggage who had led him into mischief; he was too much of a gentleman to tell on a girl, though it cost him an effort to hold his tongue, because Mamma's good opinion was very precious to him, and he longed to explain. She knew all about it, however, for Jill had been carried into the house reviling herself for the mishap, and even in the midst of her own anxiety for her boy, Mrs. Minot understood the state of the case without more words. So she now set his mind at rest by saying, quietly:

"Foolish fun, as you see, dear. Another time, stand firm and help Jill to control her headstrong will. When you learn to yield less and she more, there will be no scrapes like this to try us all."

"I 'll remember, mother. I hate not to be obliging, but I guess it would have saved us lots of trouble if I 'd said No in the beginning. I tried to, but she *would* go. Poor Jill! I 'll take better care of her next time. Is she very ill, Mamma?"

"I can tell you better to-morrow. She does not suffer much, and we hope there is no great harm done."

"I wish she had a nice place like this to be sick in. It must be very poky in those little rooms," said Jack, as his eye roved round the large chamber where he lay so cozy, warm and pleasant, with the gay chintz curtains draping doors and windows, the rosy carpet, comfortable chairs, and a fire glowing in the grate.

"I shall see that she suffers for nothing, so don't trouble your kind heart about her to-night, but try to sleep; that 's what you need," answered his mother, wetting the bandage on his forehead, and putting a cool hand on the flushed cheeks.

Jack obediently closed his eyes and listened while the boys sang "The Sweet By and By," softening their rough young voices for his sake till the music was as soft as a lullaby. He lay so still his mother thought he was off, but presently a tear slipped out and rolled down the red cheek, wetting her hand as it passed.

"My blessed boy, what is it?" she whispered, with a touch and a tone that only mothers have.

The blue eyes opened wide, and Jack's own sunshiny smile broke through the tears that filled them as he said with a sniff:

"Everybody is so good to me I can't help making a noodle of myself."

"You are not a noodle!" cried Mamma, resenting the epithet. "One of the sweet things about pain and sorrow is that they show us how well we are loved, how much kindness there is in the world, and how easily we can make others happy in the same way when they need help and sympathy. Don't forget that, little son."

"Don't see how I can, with you to show me how nice it is. Kiss me good-night, and then 'I 'll be good,' as Jill says."

Nestling his head upon his mother's arm, Jack lay quiet till, lulled by the music of his mates, he drowsed away into the dreamless sleep which is Nurse Nature's healthiest soothing sirup for weary souls and bodies.

(To be continued)



WISH I knew my letters well,
So I might learn to read and spell;
I 'd find them on my pretty card,
If they were not so very hard.

Now S is crooked—don't you see?
And G is making mouths at me,
And O is something like a ball,—
It has n't any end at all.

And all the rest are—my! so queer!
They look like crooked sticks—oh dear!
Ma counted six, and twenty more;
What *do* they have so many for?

THE GREAT RACE.

BY F. E. T.

EVERY bird, insect and flower, within a hundred miles, had been talking about it all summer. The leaves were so excited that they could n't stand still, and even the cross old crows, who do nothing but scold, had promised their young ones, that if they would be very good little crows for a whole month, they should be taken to see the race.



"Yes," said one wily old owl to the other, as they retired for the day; "yes, I heard one of the District Telegraph mice say that the Wind was going to be umpire."

"Humph," returned the other, "the Wind! they just choose him because he blows so much. I tell you, my dear, if you want to make a stir in the world, all you have to do is to get on the right side of the Wind; he 'll make you fly, I can tell you."

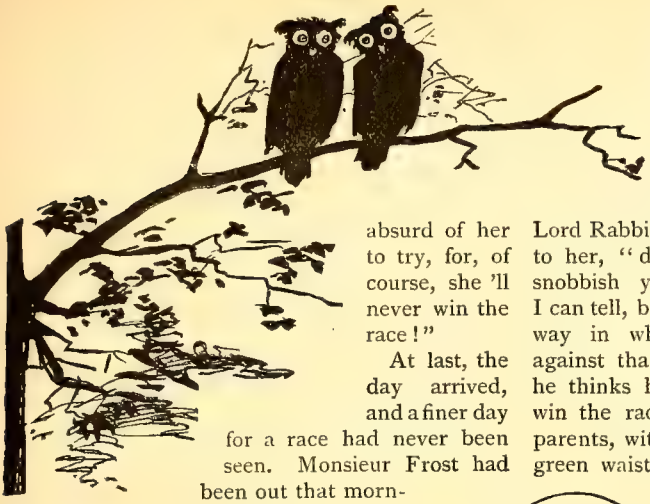
"That is just the reason they make him umpire," replied the first; "he will urge on the laggards, they say, and keep things in general disorder, which you know is the most important thing in the whole race; and, for my part, I greatly approve their taste in choosing him."

"Well, if you think so, I 've nothing more to say; but if I get a chance, I shall tell them what I think of him."

With that she flounced off, leaving her companion to wonder over the peculiarities of fowl nature, as she retired to her nest in an old well; where the moon made faces at her over the brink.

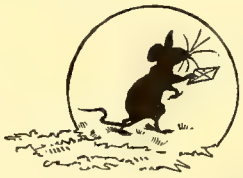
The race was to be between the Leaves. Every tree in the forest sent a delegate, and it was whispered by a gossiping young squirrel that the rivalry in costume would be something perfectly wonderful.

"Old Oak's daughter," he said, "who has been dancing and flirting all summer, is to appear in an elegant maroon dress just from Robin Redbreast's; and all because Monsieur Jack Frost says, maroon is going to be fashionable this winter. But it is



absurd of her to try, for, of course, she 'll never win the race!"

At last, the day arrived, and a finer day for a race had never been seen. Monsieur Frost had been out that morning, talking about fashions, to such an extent, that every body's cheeks were very red, and some had even blushed up to their noses. I suppose it was because their clothes were not in the latest style; I'm sure I don't know any other reason.



Old Wind was up bright and early, too, and making such a noise and confusion in sweeping off the course, that no one could help knowing he was going to be umpire.

The crowd began to assemble long before the race began, and, when the time arrived, the grand



stand was so packed that some of the nobility were obliged to have toad-stools set in the aisle for them. These being too hard for many of the ladies (who still insisted upon staying), the manager, Mr. Fall Season, ordered several of the District Telegraph mice to lie down as seats; they proved very soft, and the ladies, now being comfortable, began to talk with their friends.



"Dear me," said Lady Daisy to the stylish Lord Rabbit, who sat next to her, "do look at that snobbish young Maple! I can tell, by the conceited way in which he leans against that cobweb, that he thinks he is going to win the race. I hear he is a great trial to his parents, with his extravagant habits; just see his green waistcoat and yellow knee-breeches; I 'm thankful *my* sons dress plainly!"

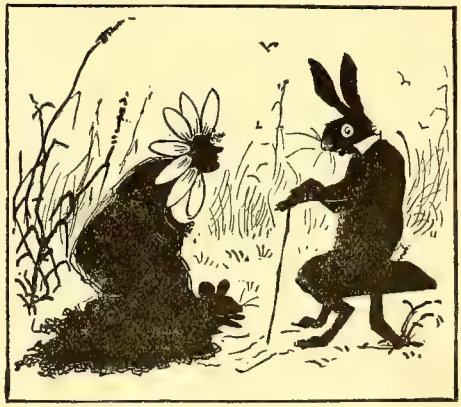
"Oh, he 's young yet, he 's young yet," said Lord Rabbit, as he smoothed down his soft fur waistcoat and thought of his own silly youth.

"Now, there 's his cousin, young Ash," said Lady Daisy, "with a new suit of crimson and brown. I fully approve of him, as they say his father is a millionaire."

Lord Rabbit was just going to reply, when the blue-bell sounded the signal to start, and the race began.

And what a race it was!

Helter-skelter, away they went! over and over! leaping high into the air, then falling low into the dust, until old Wind, getting very excited, jumped



up, and, shouting that he was umpire no longer, rushed after them.

They reached the goal, but could not stop, for

old Wind was behind them, and the Trees, and the Birds, and the very Air, shouted:

"He 's mad! he 's mad!!"

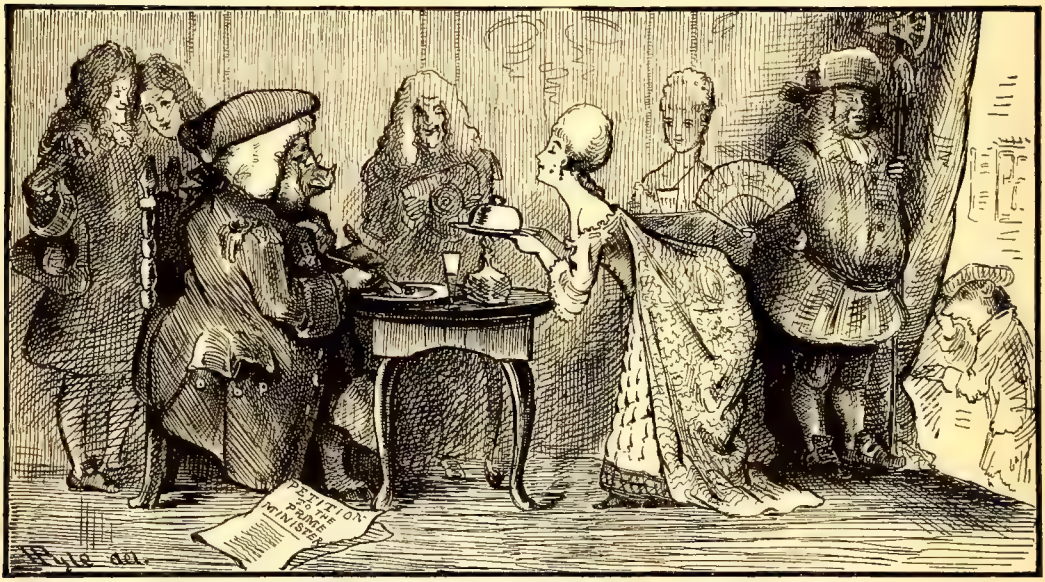
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Little Ted Williams sat on a flower-pot, making a jolly mud-pie, when he chanced to look up, and lo! in the distance he saw a great heap of Leaves blown by the Wind. As they passed him he caught the foremost of them,—a deep-red oak-leaf,—and put it in his hat. His mother said the color of it was maroon, the fashionable shade this winter; but nobody heard the Birds and the Flowers say to a little gray squirrel, who was sitting on the rail fence:

"Old Oak's daughter won the race, after all. Just let your cousin know, will you?"

FABLES.

By Howard Pyle.



"A PERSON OF CONSEQUENCE, CAREFULLY FED AND ATTENDED TO."

The Pig and the Rat.

A pig, so fat that it could hardly move, once lolling indolently in its sty, saw a poor, half-starved rat, that, with much timid alertness, stole from its hiding-place, and after seizing one of the many grains of corn that lay scattered around, quickly escaped with his prize, and with very much the air of a beggar who had asked for something to eat, and had then run away, ashamed to be seen.

"You poor creature," grunted the pig, "what a life you lead; half starved and half frozen! Behold me now! Here I am,—a person of consequence, carefully fed and attended to, with every morning fresh, sweet straw thrown to me to make my bed soft and warm. As for you, poor creature, it is only at the risk of your life, by constant labor and struggles with your fellow-creatures, and even by beggary, to speak of nothing worse, that you can contrive to live at all."

"Please to recollect," said the rat, as he paused for a moment at the mouth of his hole, "when you heap your pity upon me, that you receive favors and benefits not on account of the love your master bears you, nor on account of your own worthiness, but because of the use which he intends making of you, when he has fattened you up to his liking. As for me, I do not live in constant fear of the butcher's knife, and I think it is likely that I shall keep my place in the world, poor as it is, much longer than you will keep yours."

The Lazy Chimney.

A CHIMNEY, feeling proud of the important position it held, refused to perform its duty.

"Here am I," it said, proudly, "an important and indispensable portion of this house to which I belong. Shall I, then, important as I am, continue to carry off the foul smoke, that even the very logs in the fire-place refuse to retain? Never!" Accordingly, the following day, instead of carrying off the smoke as usual, it sent it disdainfully into the house, nearly strangling the family within.

The master of the house soon perceiving where the fault lay, thus addressed the chimney:

"Since you refuse to fulfill the office that is required of you, and as you are neither an object of beauty nor an adornment to the house, you will soon discover that a useless object has no place in this world." Then calling his servants together, they soon demolished the chimney, and in its stead erected one that was more willing to perform a chimney's duty.

The Sapling and the Sycamore.

A TENDER sapling, to protect itself from the various perils attendant upon its existence, had grown closely to the trunk of a large and powerful sycamore, finding there security from danger.

One day, however, a terrible storm arose, and the sycamore, in spite of its struggles, was hurled prostrate upon the earth. In its fall it not only crushed the sapling beneath its huge bulk, but tore its very roots from the earth where it grew.

"Alas!" said the dying sapling, "how foolish it is to place utter dependence upon the strength of another!"

The Wind and the Man.

THE wind observed with amusement the vast labor with which a man built himself a house.

"Ho! ho!" waved the wind, as it dashed down upon the laborer, "do you expect that puny edifice to protect you from the elements? Behold! I with a breath can destroy it."

Hereupon, accumulating the utmost amount of its power, it dashed down upon the house with a roar, and utterly demolished it.

"It is easy for you to criticise, and not very difficult for you to destroy my unfinished work," said the man, standing sadly in the midst of his ruined cabin, "but, now that you have thrown it to the earth, can you erect a better?"

THE KNIGHT AND THE PAGE.

(A Story of a Long Ago Christmas.)

By Martha C. Howe.

In leathern volume, old and quaint,
I read, one Christmas-tide,
Stories of lady and knight and saint
Who loved and suffered and died;
But one of a simple and noble child
Was sweeter than all beside;—

A little page in castle hall
Fair-faced, with golden hair,
Who waited his lady's lightest call
And stood at the baron's chair;
Or sang, with silvery voice and sweet,
And chanted the evening prayer.

And life, in the castle, was bright and gay
With chase and feast and dance,
One hundred good knights held courtly play,
And tilted with gleaming lance,—
When tidings came of invading foes,
And war with haughty France.

Then rode the knights from the castle gate
In glitter of martial pride,
Ready to meet the warrior's fate
Or stand at the victor's side;
And within the walls, save page and serf
There were none, to shield or guide.

In the lady's bower was heard no song,
All hearts were chill with dread;
The weary days, how sad and long!
Laughter and light were fled,
And when they chanted the evening prayer
They were thinking of their dead.

Darker and deeper grew their woe
As Christmas-eve drew near;
For the baron's fiercest, deadliest foe,
With many a flashing spear,
Rode up and clattered the castle gate
With mocking words of cheer.

"Good thirty men behind me ride,
The bravest in the land;
I come to break your baron's pride,
And offer a mailèd hand.
Will ye be crushed in its iron grasp?
Or tamed to my command?

"Ye are but women few and lorn;
Your 'frighted menials flee;—
Ho, lady! vain thy lofty scorn.
Bring down the castle key!
Come down and plead for leave to live,—
Upon thy bended knee!"

Then stood she up before them all,
That lady brave and true:
"So ye besiege defenseless wall,
And war with women few?
I will not yield my castle key,
Cowards, whate'er ye do!"

The knight laughed loud in bitter hate:—
"Fine words, my lady bold;
To-night, before thy castle gate,
We feast and revel hold.
When the matin bells of Christmas chime
Know that thy doom is tolled."

That night, within the lofty hall,
Fair faces blanched with fear:
"Must we in vain for mercy call!
Is there no succor near?"
What prayers rose up that dreary night
Broken with sob and tear!

In the cold gray light of Christmas morn,
They wait the summons grim ——
What music on the air is borne,
Thrilling the silence dim?
It is the voice of the little page,
Singing a Christmas hymn!

"O Christ, upon whose natal morn
Rejoicing angels sang,
When o'er the blue Judæan hills
Their heavenly anthems rang!

"O Christ, to whom with gifts from far
Came shepherd, sage and king,—
Our choicest gifts on this glad morn,
Our hearts, we humbly bring!

"Grant us to follow Thee in love,
Nor from Thy path to stray,
Thy blessèd feet have gone before
And glorified the way.

"We join the angel choirs that sing
This happy morn again,
'Glory to God the Lord most High,
Good-will and peace to men!'"

There were no faltering tones of fear
In all that joyous song;—
The childish voice rang loud and clear
The vaulted halls along,
And trembling ones who heard the strain
Grew comforted and strong.

But soon below the castle wall
Pealed out a trumpet blast,
And hoarsely rose Sir Ronald's call:
"Thine hour hath come, at last!
Now yield me up thy castle key;
The respite-time is past!"

The cruel words still filled the air
When, with a valiant grace,
The little page sped down the stair.
The dreaded foe to face.
The castle key gleamed in his belt
As on he went apace.

Great shouts of taunting mockery came
From the armèd band below.
"Ha! fallen house and haughty dame!
End all your glories so?"
But Ronald shrank before the child,
As from a sudden blow;

Then sternly spake: "There is no time
For quip or parley now;
The matin bells have ceased to chime,
And Ronald keeps his vow!
Go tell thy haughty lady there
Her doomèd head to bow."

"My lord,"—the voice was low and clear,—
"One word to thee I bring;
Not from a woman white with fear,
But from the Heavenly King,—
A message which thou well mayst hear
Before thou do this thing!



"THE CHILDISH VOICE SANG LOUD AND CLEAR, THE VAULTED HALLS ALONG."

"But if the holy Christmas hour
Brings no kind thought to thee,
My little life is in thy power,
Set but my lady free,
And I will bless thee e'en for death,
Nor ask for liberty;

"Do with me as thou wilt, my lord,—
Here is the castle key,—
Yet give me first thy knightly word
To set my lady free!
Our King hath given me this trust;
Spend all thy wrath on me."

The knight bowed low his haughty head
Upon his mailèd hand;
He who before a foe ne'er fled,
Nor failed in fight to stand,
Sat faint and white before them all,
Unanswering and unmanned!

Slowly stretched forth a kindly arm,
The voice grew low and mild;
E'en hate could find no power to harm
The faithful, dauntless child.
"Live on, my boy, to sing again
Thy praises undefiled!"

He stood before the wondering boy,
And raised the massive key:
"I give thee Christmas cheer and joy,
Life for thy friends and thee!
The lady hath her liberty,
Thy hand hath set her free!"

The maidens cowering in the hall
Hear a loud trumpet blare,
And thirty horsemen from the wall
Ride off in order fair.
The little page with the castle key
Comes slowly up the stair.

That night, at chime of vesper bell,
Pealed forth an anthem choice;
But far above the organ's swell
Rang out a childish voice:
"My soul shall magnify the Lord,
My heart in him rejoice!"



THE CHRISTMAS STAR.

BUDSY, THE GIANT.

By J. W. De Forest.

Although Thomas Feathercap was only fifteen years old, he felt sure that the captain would not dare to sail without him, because his father, Mr. Ezra Feathercap, of Salem, was owner of the ship. So, while the sailors were filling the puncheons with sweet water from the spring, he shouldered his Winchester rifle and wandered along the shore of the unknown island, or continent, or whatever it might be, at which the vessel had stopped.

It was a particularly strange and uninhabitable-looking country. As Thomas afterward expressed it, everything was very scattered and very large and very unhandy. There were trees which had just the shape and style of alder-bushes, but which were a foot in diameter and ten feet apart and forty feet high. There were flint bowlders, as round and almost as smooth as our sea-side pebbles, yet as big as millstones or as haystacks. Thomas found the shell of a dead horsefish, exactly like the horsefishes which he had seen on the Essex beaches, but large enough for a tall man to lie down in at full length. A little back from the sea he saw a glaring precipice, or bluff, which hid all the inland regions, and yet strangely resembled a common whitewashed fence. Notwithstanding his spirits and the fifteen shots in his rifle, Thomas began to be daunted by the general volume and unhandiness of things.

"I 'm glad that horsefish was n't alive," he said. "I guess I 'd better be getting back, before any more of 'em come ashore. I don't want to be eaten by a horsefish."

But just then he came upon a still more surprising and alarming sight. It was a series of human footprints in the sand, each one of them nearly as long as himself. Thomas perceived at once that, if the creature who left these tracks should return and should make a grab at him, it would be a very unequal tussle. Fighting a lion, or a grizzly bear, even, must be light and trifling employment, compared with fighting a giant whose shoes measured five feet from heel to toe. Tommy was tremendously scared; he forgot that he had a rifle, and even forgot that he had legs; he stood perfectly still and bawled to the ship for help, although it was a mile away.

But his outcry only brought him into greater trouble. There was an awful rustle in a neighboring thicket of the tree-like bushes, and then Thomas saw a most monstrous and ponderous giant running toward him. He was about thirty feet high, and very nearly three yards across the shoulders, and must have weighed many tons. The largest ox that ever was seen would have been only a lap-dog to him, and the American eagle could have perched on his little finger like a canary-bird. But big and dreadful as he looked, he seemed to be very clumsy, for he ran with uncertain, tottering steps, and presently he went slam-bang on his face, kicking his great fat legs over his head and grunting like a whole drove of pigs.

While the giant was blowing the sand out of his mouth, and slowly getting on all fours as if to rise to his feet, Thomas Feathercap prepared to defend himself. He was not so frightened but that he could cock his rifle and face his enemy. Meantime, too, he stared at the surprising shape and dress of the giant, and wondered if giants in general had such figures and costumes. This particular giant wore a velvet cap and long feather; also a blue frock, which looked as if he had outgrown it, and which stuck out funnily in the short skirt; underneath this, cotton drawers edged with frills, all quite visible to a person who stood so much below him as did Tommy; checkered stockings, which only partially covered his tremendous, pink legs; and, lastly, red shoes badly stubbed at the toes.

His face, five or six feet across, was as round as the full moon and had as many dimples in it as a baby's. His expression was very mild and somewhat troubled. His under lip stuck out, in a tremulous way, and there was a tear as big as a hen's egg on his monstrous, quivering cheek. He looked as if he had hurt himself in falling, and could hardly keep down a whimper. If he had been only three feet high, instead of about thirty, he would have been ridiculous or pitiable, and Thomas would probably have laughed at him, or offered to brush off his jacket.

As it was, he was pretty dreadful. Suppose he should merely fall down again, and smash a fellow as thin as blotting-paper? Thomas realized that he must keep the monster at a distance. He bawled as loudly as he could: "Hold up there! You stand off, will you?"

The giant appeared to hear him, but not to see him. He opened his enormous rose-bud mouth, and turned his huge blue eyes in every direction. He looked out to sea, and then up and down the shore, and then straight into the sky, meanwhile turning slowly round on his immense trotters.

After he had stared about in this childish, drooling way for half a minute, he resumed his queer, toddling march toward the beach. He was within fifty yards of Tommy, and likely to trample him down in a few more seconds, when the latter fired a shot at him, just by way of a caution. The ball struck

Now at last the giant saw him. He stopped crying all at once, and stared at him with a mouth as round as a cart-wheel. Then he started back in such haste that he fell down again, this time in a helpless sitting position, kicking his great plump feet about at a furious rate, like a child in a fright.



"AT LAST, THE BABY GIANT SAW HIM."

one of his spacious knees, and buried itself in a great dimple. The effect was tremendous. The giant uttered a cry as loud as the whistle of a steam-engine, and began to rub his knee with his ponderous chubby hand, meanwhile looking at it with a face full of anguish.

"Well, I told you to stand off!" shouted Tommy, getting his rifle into position again. "I 'll give you another one if that is n't enough."

After a while, finding that he was not hurt, he slowly got on his legs once more, and stood staring at Tommy. What with the tears on his big cheeks, and his monstrous mouth wide open, and his expression of timorous wonder, and his very prodigious size, it was hard to say whether he was most funny or dreadful.

"Don't you step on me!" yelled Tommy, at the top of his voice, and retreating a few paces.

"I aint a do-in to," replied the giant. And then he began to rub his knee and scream again, though somewhat more composedly than before.

And he fired another shot right past the astonished monster's ear.

The giant looked all about him with his mouth



"'I SALL FALL,' HE WHIMPERED. 'CATCH ME!'" [SEE PAGE 106.]

"What are you bawling about?" asked Tommy, with some contempt.

"A bee 'tung me," said the whimpering giant.

"It was n't a bee," explained Tommy, smiling to himself. "Look here,—I 'll show you what it was."

open, and then looked at Tommy, and then laughed. "Was that you popped?" he asked.

"Yes," said Tommy, hoping to scare him, and so keep his great feet at a safe distance.

"Pop it adain," grinned the giant.

Tommy fired one more shot close to the other ear of the child-mountain, which so delighted him that he jumped up and down and laughed with a mighty noise. Indeed, he seemed to be a very playful monster, for the next minute, catching sight of the ten-foot horsefish, he made a run for it, seized it by the tail and flung it several rods out to sea, scattering pailfuls of water and wet sand all about him.

"Goodness!" muttered Tommy. "What if he should give *me* such a send-off as that!"

He resolved not to plague the giant, and also to keep his rifle cocked.

"What 's your name?" he asked.

"Budsy," answered the child-mountain.

"Oh, that 's it, is it?" said Tommy. "Well, Budsy, if you 'll keep out from under my feet, and look where you step yourself, we 'll get along first rate. Where do you live?"

Budsy pointed indefinitely inland, and then abruptly set off on a run toward the forest of gigantic alders, as if he had forgotten something there. When he re-appeared, he was pushing before him a prodigious vehicle, at least as high as an ordinary house, and which had much the look of a baby-wagon.

"It 's my 'ittle sister," he said, pointing inside with a grin. "She 's a girl-baby."

"Is she!" stared Thomas, quite confounded at the idea of a giant girl-baby, a thing which he had never thought of before.

"I 'll show oo," said Budsy, and proceeded to fumble inside the carriage, at a fearful height from the ground. Presently he lugged out the most colossal infant that Thomas had ever seen, even in a nightmare. It was about as big as an elephant, and must have been at least as heavy. Its great dimpled face was so fat and tranquil, and its large blue eyes were so innocent, that Thomas rather admired it, though it was twenty feet above his head.

"Look here, you 'd better be careful," he said. "If you drop it all that distance, it 'll hurt it."

The giant set the huge baby down on a sand-hill, and held its broad back with his thick hand, so that it could sit up. He seemed to be very fond and proud of his juvenile relative.

"Do oo want to kiss it?" he asked.

"I guess not to-day," said Thomas. "You bring it here to-morrow about this time, and I 'll come round and see what I can do. You just tell me where you live."

Budsy hastily put the girl-baby back into the wagon, and covered it up with forty or fifty square yards of blanket.

"Come and see my papa's house," he said.

"Just as lieve," answered Tommy, who had begun to take kindly to the harmless monster, and who, moreover, felt curious to know what a giant's house was like. So, leaving the tremendous infant to go to sleep again, they trudged inland toward the white precipice already mentioned, the child-mountain a long distance ahead, and gaining a fathom at every step.

"Can oo dit over dis fence?" asked Budsy.

Tommy looked up at the precipice, and saw that it was indeed a fence, built out of boards a foot thick and ten or twelve feet wide, the whole daubed with great lumps of whitewash.

"No!" he replied. "It 's more 'n forty feet high."

The giant grinned. He evidently felt superior to Tommy, and was very proud of the superiority.

"I can dit over it," he said.

Then he proceeded to climb, taking hold of the top of the fence with his chubby hands, and sticking his fat right foot into a knot-hole as large as a cart-wheel, and finally getting his left leg over. By this time he was red in the face, and puffed and gasped like a porpoise. Moreover, one of his socks caught in a nail about a yard long, so that he could make no further advance. There he stuck and struggled. It was a really dreadful spectacle. His broad countenance assumed an anxious expression, which rapidly changed to terror.

"I sall fall," he whimpered. "Catch me."

Tommy, on his part, was almost equally scared. What if the child-mountain *should* tumble and break his corpulent neck? "Then they 'd think I killed him," he said, forgetting how small he was. "They 'd have me up for murder."

Meantime, the giant scratched and kicked with the strength of four elephants, but so stupidly and clumsily that it seemed as if there were no hope for him.

"Hold on tight, you little goose!" screamed Tommy. "Jerk your leg."

Budsy did just as he was told, and finally got loose, and with difficulty came down on his feet.

"Did you hurt yourself?" asked Tommy, compassionately.

The giant did n't say anything, but he lifted up the skirt of his frock and looked piteously at his knee. There was a scratch as long as a hoe-handle.

"Oh, never mind it," said Tommy. "Don't boohoo; I 've been scratched worse 'n that many a time."

Budsy seemed much comforted by this information, and merely wiped and rubbed his knee, without crying.

"You 'd better be more careful of yourself, Budsy," continued Tommy. "You 'll get a bad tumble some day, if you don't keep off these fences. Don't stop to stare at your scratch. Let 's

go down to the shore an' wash it. Salt water 's good for sores."

"Is it?" said Budsy; and off he went on his queer, toddling trot, leaving Tommy far behind him. But on the way he stopped at the baby-wagon, and commenced to fumble in the lower part of it, meanwhile talking baby-talk to his "ittle sister." When Tommy overtook him, he had got out a toy boat about twelve feet long, and held it



THE BABY GIANT IN GRIEF.

up in both his hands, looking with a grin at the sails bellying in the wind.

"I dot a boat," he said.

"That 's sloop-rigged," observed Tommy. "I can work that kind. Let 's see it sail."

"Dere 's anoder boat," added Budsy, looking off to the left and giggling with delight.

Tommy looked also, and to his horror beheld the ship working out of the bay and heading for the open sea, while a giant, who must have been two or three times as big as Budsy, was vainly endeavoring to catch it by wading. The ship was in full sail before a brisk wind.

For half a minute our brave Yankee boy was quite paralyzed with grief and despair. Then it occurred to him that there was just one means of escaping, and that he must try it without a moment's delay. He ran after his overgrown playmate, who by this time was squatting on the edge of the shore, evidently with the purpose of launching his boat.

"Hold on, Budsy!" he screamed. "Don't shove her out yet. Let *me* see."

"Do oo want to dit in?" asked the simple giant, not in the least suspecting Tommy's intentions.

"Yes," replied Tommy, overjoyed. "Let me sail her for you. I know how to work boats."

The sloop was already in the water, her stern held fast between Budsy's thumb and finger, and her bows pointing toward the open sea. Tommy never minded wetting himself, but dashed knee-deep through the ripples and clambered aboard. Then, to his great disgust, he saw that there was a rope fast to the taffrail, and that the baby-giant held the other end of the rope in his hand, evidently for the purpose of keeping his boat from going to sea. Of course he proposed to cut it, but Budsy shook his big head, and said:

"No, I sall loss it."

"Oh, *cut* it!" begged Tommy, with tears in his eyes. "You cut it, and see what 'll happen. I can sail boats like anything."

He really felt ashamed of himself, however, as he thought of what he meant to do, and looked up in Budsy's great fat face, and noted its simple, innocent expression, mixed with anxiety.

"I haint dot no knife," explained the boy giant.

"Well, break it then," ordered Tommy.

So Budsy broke the rope with his fingers, giving the boat an awful shake in the effort, and sending Tommy flat on his face. Then, giggling at his success, he put his wet thumb against the stern, and shoved the little vessel into deep water.

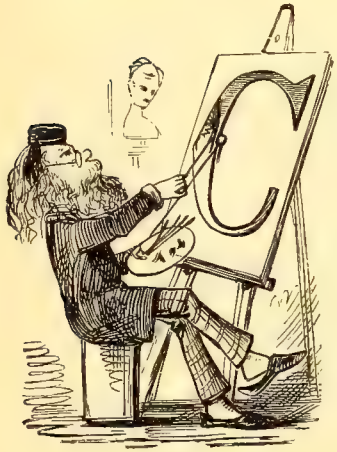
"Look out!" roared Tommy, who had nearly rolled overboard;—"that 's all right," he added, as he seized the tiller and gave it a turn. In another minute the wind caught the clumsy mainsail, and the boat began to fly through the foamy surges. Tommy saw his father's ship standing along the shore, not more than a mile away, and felt sure that he would now get clear of the land of the giants.

"Good-bye, Budsy!" he called. "Don't cry, old fellow. I 'll send your boat back to you."

But Budsy did cry. He seemed to realize all at once that his playfellow and plaything were leaving him, and he set up such a roar of grief that Tommy's heart fairly ached to hear it. Moreover, he waded knee-deep into the water, holding up his frock with one hand, and pointing with the other after his boat, while tears swashed down his red cheeks and splashed into the ocean.

Well, Tommy at last reached the ship in safety, and then started the giant's boat back to him. The last seen of it was that Budsy had got it in his arms and was toddling back to the baby-wagon with it, his great big tears, let us hope, all dried.

Such was the adventure of Thomas Feathercap in Giant Land. It was of great use to him in the struggles and trials of his after life. Whenever he met a trouble of more than ordinary magnitude, and it seemed to him that his strength must fail at the bare sight of it, he would say to himself: "Well, I have learned by experience that some giants are babies, and can be handled."



CONSIDER, now, a painter-man who thought himself divine,—
Correggio Delmonico del Michael Angeline;
"Fine portrait-painting done within," was printed on his sign,
And all around his studio his works hung in a line.

When he painted little boys, he said: "How plainly I can see,
I am such a mighty lion that they 're afraid of me!"
And when he painted little girls,—"Dear little things!" said he,
"They 're shy because I awe them with my grace and dignity."

"'T is wonderful," he oft remarked, "the colors that I know;
The sky is green, the grass is red, and blue the roses blow;
And yet the people look amazed whene'er I paint them so,
And seem to think that higher yet an artist ought to go!"

Well, it was strange, it came to pass that men took down the sign;
For never one would take away, for pay, his pictures fine.
And that is all I know of one who thought himself divine,—
Correggio Delmonico del Michael Angeline.

AN AMERICAN KING DAVID.

By J. T. Trowbridge.

When the Spaniards, under the famous Cortés, came to Mexico in 1519, they found the country inhabited by a people very different from our North-American Indians.

They had cities, palaces and temples, which astonished the Europeans by their riches and magnificence; and they were governed by monarchs who lived in Oriental luxury. In some of the arts of civilization they excelled the Spaniards themselves. They had a knowledge of astronomy, and Cortés found their method of reckoning time—making allowance for the fraction of a day over the three hundred and sixty-five days in each year—more exact than the Christian calendar. They had vast farm-lands watered by artificial means; and their beautiful gardens gave Europe a lesson in horticulture. On the lakes about the city of Mexico were floating gardens, formed of rafts covered with rich mud from the lake bottom, and glowing with the luxuriant flowers and fruits of the tropics,—the wonder of the Spaniards.

They were skilled in the arts of war, as well as in those of peace. They had bows and arrows, and lances, and other weapons; and their generals knew something of stratagem, and of the wielding of great armies. But they knew nothing of powder or guns, and they had no horses. So, when the Spaniards came with their loud-roaring artillery and musketry, and mounted men who seemed a part of the strange beasts they managed, the natives, though they fought desperately for a while, gave way at last, and we have the romantic story of a numerous and powerful people conquered by a mere handful of Spanish troops!

The most enlightened of all the tribes then inhabiting the country were the Tezcucans. Tezcuco, the capital of their country, was on the eastern side of the lake of Tezcuco, near the western side of which was Mexico, the capital of the renowned Aztec emperor, Montezuma. The Tezcucans and the Aztecs were confederates in war; and, if left to themselves, they would probably have become one nation, in the course of time extending their sway over all the races of North America. But the swelling wave of native civilization was met by a mightier wave from the Old World, and the spirit and power of these extraordinary people sank, never to rise again. In the sad and broken-spirited Mexican Indians of to-day, one fails to recognize the children of the warlike and industrious tribes whom the Spaniards came to plunder and to convert to their own religion.

About a hundred years before the coming of Cortés, lived a Tezcucan prince whose history has a peculiar interest, from its striking resemblance to that of the Hebrew King David. His name is a hard one, but by dividing it into double syllables we may master it,—Neza–hual–coyotl. In his youth, like David, he was obliged to flee for his life from the wrath of a morose monarch who occupied the throne, and he met with many romantic adventures and hair-breadth escapes.

Once, when some soldiers came to take him in his own house, he vanished in a cloud of incense, such as attendants burned before princes, and concealed himself in a sewer until his enemies were gone. He fled to the mountains, where he slept in caves and thickets, and lived on wild fruits, occasionally showing himself in the cottages of the poor people, who befriended their prince at the peril of their own lives. Once, when closely pursued, passing a girl who was reaping in a field, he begged her to cover him from sight with the stalks of grain she was cutting; she did so, and when his enemies came up, directed the pursuit into a false path. At another time, he took refuge with some soldiers who were friendly to him, and who covered him with a war-drum, about which they were dancing. No bribe could induce his faithful people to betray him.

"Would you not deliver up your prince if he came in your way?" he once asked a young country-fellow, to whom his person was unknown.

"Never!" replied the peasant.

"Not for a fair lady's hand and a great fortune?" said the prince.

"Not for all the world!" was the answer.

The prince, who was rightful heir to the throne, grew every day in the favor of the people, and at last he found himself at the head of an army, while the bad king was more and more detested. A battle was fought, the usurper's forces were routed, and he was afterward slain. The prince, who so lately fled for his life, was now proclaimed king.

He at once set about reforming abuses, and making wise laws for his kingdom. He established a society devoted to the encouragement of science and art. He gave prizes for the best literary compositions (for these people had a sort of picture-writing), and he was himself a poet, like King David.

His poems, some of which have been preserved and translated, were generally of a religious character. His favorite themes were the vanity of human greatness, praise of the Unknown God, and the blessings of the future life for such as do good in this. The Tezcucans, like the Aztecs, were idolators, who indulged in the horrid rites of human sacrifice to their awful deities; but this wise and good king detested such things, and endeavored to wean his people from them, declaring, like David, that, above all idols, and over all men, ruled an unseen Spirit, who was the one God.

The king used to disguise himself, and go about among his people, in order to learn who were happy, how his laws were administered, and what was thought of his government. On one such occasion, he fell in with a boy gathering sticks in a field.

"Why don't you go into yonder forest, where you will find plenty of wood?" asked the disguised monarch.

"Ah!" cried the boy, "that forest belongs to the king, and he would have me killed if I should take his wood; for that is the law."

"Is he so hard a man as that?"

"Aye, that he is,—a very hard man, indeed, who denies his people what God has given them!"

"It is a bad law," said the king; "and I advise you not to mind it. Come, there is no one here to see you; go into the forest, and help yourself to sticks."

"Not I!" exclaimed the boy.

"You are afraid some one will come and find you? But I will keep watch for you," urged the king.

"Will you take the punishment in my place, if I chance to get caught? No, no!" cried the boy, shrewdly shaking his head, "I should risk my life if I took the king's wood."

"But I tell you it will be no risk," said the king. "I will protect you; go and get some wood."

Upon that the boy turned and looked him boldly in the face.

"I believe you are a traitor," he cried,—"an enemy of the king! or else you want to get me into trouble. But you can't. I know how to take care of myself; and I shall show respect to the laws, though they are bad."

The boy went on gathering sticks, and in the evening went home with his load of fuel.

The next day, his parents were astonished to receive a summons to appear with their son before the king. As they went tremblingly into his presence, the boy recognized the man with whom he had talked the day before, and he turned deadly pale.

"If that be the king," he said, "then we are no better than dead folks, all!"

But the king descended from his throne, and smilingly said:

"Come here, my son! Come here, good people both! Fear nothing. I met this lad in the fields yesterday, and tried to persuade him to disobey the law. But I found him proof against all temptation. So I sent for you, good people, to tell you what a true and honest son you have, and that the law is to be changed, so that poor people can go anywhere into the king's forests, and gather the wood they find on the ground."

He then dismissed the lad and his parents with handsome presents, which made them rich for the remainder of their lives.

A descendant of this king, who many years after wrote in Spanish a history of his reign,* has related many other interesting anecdotes of him. These are not all to his credit, and he certainly was not a perfect prince. The following anecdote, however, narrated by the writer I have mentioned, makes us think of another incident in the history of King David:

Once, seeing a beautiful maiden, Neza-hual-coyotl fell violently in love with her, and asked who she was. He learned that she was of high rank, and betrothed to a lord of the country, at whose house he had seen her. He immediately ordered the destined husband to be given the command of an army, and to be sent on a warlike expedition. At the same time he secretly told two Tezcucan chiefs to manage that the general should be brought into the thickest of the fight. Everything happened as he wished, and his rival—like Uriah in the front of the battle—was slain. The king afterward wooed the maiden, who, unaware of his base conduct, became his wife.

This one great crime leaves a blot upon his character and darkens his memory. But living as he did in an age filled with all kinds of cruelty and superstition, this monarch of a half-civilized race displayed some virtues that were rare enough in those days. And while our boys and girls are taught to read the histories of many an Old-World prince and monarch far more barbarous than he, they need not neglect the story of the Indian king Neza-hual-coyotl, our American King David.

* See Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," Book I, Chapter vi.



CHRISTMAS IS COMING!

WATCHING FOR AN OTTER.

By Maurice Thompson.

When I was about fifteen years of age and my brother somewhat younger, we one day had the good luck to discover in our wild-wood rambles, an otter slide.

What is an otter slide? It is a smooth place, like a path, made down a steep bank of a river, by means of which the otter slides from the top of the bank down into the water. The otter everywhere is a great coaster, and often goes sliding down muddy or icy slopes, for no other reason that I know of than simply because he likes the sport. But it sometimes proves very unlucky fun, for hunters set their traps just at the bottom, and the otter slides quietly into a prison, almost without knowing it. If you have never seen an otter I would say to you that it is an animal whose appearance is about half-way between that of a musk-rat and that of a beaver. It is sometimes four and a half feet long, from the nose to the end of the tail, but, of this length, the tail measures eighteen inches or so. The otter has very small bright eyes, a long neck, short, fat legs, webbed feet, and a tail round above but flat beneath. Its fur is brown and soft and sometimes quite valuable, and is used extensively for caps and gloves.

The slide of which I have spoken was on the south bank of the Saliquoy, a little river of North Georgia, at a point where the high bluffs which overhang the stream are thickly fringed with dwarf cedar-trees.

My brother and I were hunting among these cedars for a tree which would make good bow

staves, and had clambered somewhat down the almost perpendicular wall of the bluff on the north bank, when, glancing across the stream, we both saw the otter go rapidly down its slide into the water.

We looked at each other quickly, our faces all aglow with delight and surprise.

"Was n't he a big one?" said Will.

"I should say so," said I. "We must try to get him. His pelt is worth having."

"If I had only seen him before he moved," Will ruefully remarked, stringing his bow as he spoke and lifting an arrow from his quiver.

But it was too late to think of shooting now, for the otter was under the water and in his hole long ago.

Perhaps you wonder how this animal could have its den under water. I will explain. The otter is what naturalists call an aquatic animal. Its principal food is fish. So it digs a hole in a stream's bank below the water and runs it up till it finds a dry place for its bed. Sometimes it has two entrances to this den, one under and one above the water. The otter is a great thief, always on the lookout to rob the traps and nets of fishermen. I myself have occasionally seen one swimming along with his head above water and in his mouth a big fish, just stolen from a net.

No sooner had Will and I discovered the otter-slide, than we fell to laying plans for capturing the animal; and the result of our talk was that we brought up our little canoe and anchored it under the bluff right opposite to the slide, and then proceeded to build a screen of cedar-brush, behind which we could hide and watch for our game. However, we determined not to be idle while waiting; so we took with us our Greek and Latin books, and made up our minds to study the lessons our teachers had set; for, although we had plenty of time allowed us for hunting and fishing and wandering about the woods, we made it a habit to study during every moment we could spare from sport.

But the otter was an old, wise fellow who did not care to expose himself to arrows. We watched for him day after day, for hours at a time; all in vain. No doubt this seems to you very poor pastime. So it would have been had we not brought our books with us. But nothing could be jollier than lying there in our canoe with the fragrant cedar-boughs above and the water under us, rocking gently with the motion of the waves, reading good stories or studying the Latin and Greek lessons, while any moment we might chance to get a shot at the otter. Sometimes a swift-flying duck would dart past us making its wings fairly whistle through the air. A big spotted water-snake often swam back and forth across the stream near us, and a huge turtle would crawl out of the water and lie on a bowlder to sun himself. The stream was well stocked with bass and other game fish, the former occasionally leaping clear above the surface of the water. Beautiful gay-winged dragon-flies sailed past us with a peculiar wavering motion, as if trying to imitate the flowing of the lazy ripples on the river.

Once in a great while a mountaineer would paddle down the gentle current in his curiously carved pirogue, or, as he would call it, "dug-out," which is a canoe cut out of the bole of a large tree, usually, in that region, a tulip-tree. These mountaineers were mostly poor, honest fellows who lived partly by hunting and partly by tending small farms in the little dells, or mountain "pockets," as they are called; and I believe that every one of them, that ever I saw, carried a long rifle with old-fashioned flint lock.

We watched very diligently for the otter, and finally one evening we saw him come to the surface of the water and swim to the bank near his slide. The river, at this point, was about twenty-five yards wide. We each selected a keen-pointed arrow and prepared to shoot. You should have seen how strongly and steadily we drew our good bows! When we let go our arrows, our strings went so nearly at the same instant that they made but one sound. "Whack," went our arrows, but not into the otter. We shot on each side of him. He was terribly frightened. He popped up on his hind legs and glared first at one arrow and then at the other. We hurried and shot again. My arrow fell short and Will's flew straight over the otter's head. He now seemed to come suddenly to himself, for he plunged into the water with a great splash and disappeared. We consoled ourselves with talking about how close we came to hitting him, and how we would be sure to do better next time, when we would not feel quite so flurried. But we saw him no more that day nor the next, though we watched with the greatest care. And, at last, in spite of all our hope and determination, we began to fear that we were doomed to a grievous disappointment.

One day, while we were lying at full length in our boat, an old hump-shouldered man in a miserable, rotten-looking canoe, came down the river at a slow rate looking sharply about. He had a gun and a dozen or so of steel traps lying carelessly in his boat, also two dead minks and three or four musk-rats.

"Hello!" said he to us. "What ye doin' 'ere?"

"Watching for an otter," said Will.

"Where 's any otter?" he asked.

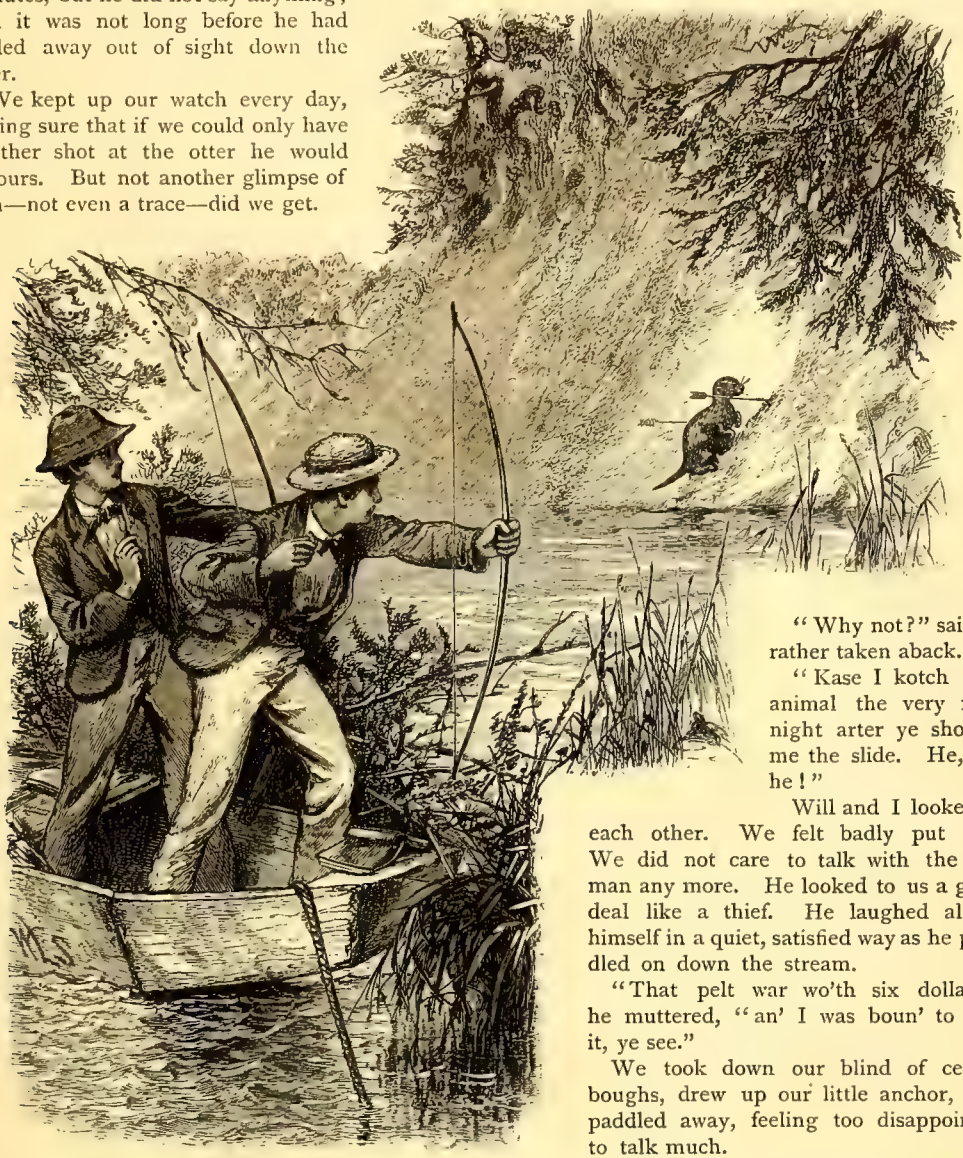
"Over there," replied Will, pointing to the slide.

The old fellow squinted his eyes and looked across the river.

"Ye-e-s," he drawled, "thar 's a slide, right 'sartin."

He paddled over and examined the slide for a few minutes, but he did not say anything; and it was not long before he had pulled away out of sight down the river.

We kept up our watch every day, feeling sure that if we could only have another shot at the otter he would be ours. But not another glimpse of him—not even a trace—did we get.



"WE SHOT ON EACH SIDE OF HIM."

One morning, the old trapper came along again. This time he had five minks. He stopped his skiff in the middle of the stream, and looked at us so queerly that we could not keep from smiling.

"What upon airth are ye doin' thar?" he inquired, his eyes twinkling under their bushy brows.

"We are watching for our otter," said Will.

"*Our* otter," muttered the old fellow, "*our* otter! He, he, he, he! Mebbe it is *your* otter; but you 'll never set them 'ere eyes onto *your* otter ag'in."

"Why not?" said I, rather taken aback.

"Kase I kotch that animal the very next night arter ye showed me the slide. He, he, he!"

Will and I looked at each other. We felt badly put out. We did not care to talk with the old man any more. He looked to us a good deal like a thief. He laughed all to himself in a quiet, satisfied way as he paddled on down the stream.

"That pelt war wo'th six dollars," he muttered, "an' I was boun' to hev it, ye see."

We took down our blind of cedar-boughs, drew up our little anchor, and paddled away, feeling too disappointed to talk much.

But, after all, the old trapper no doubt needed the otter's skin much more than we did, and so it all turned out right.

One thing was sure: we had made good progress with our Greek and Latin lessons, meanwhile.

CHRISTMAS AT NUMBER ONE, CRAWLIN PLACE.

By Sargent Flint.



OST certainly, Number One, Crawlin Place, was a dingy abode at any time, but as Carol came in sight of it, one bright afternoon a few days before Christmas, with his mind full of much pleasanter places, he gave a little sigh of disapproval, and muttered, not gloomily, but honestly, as if he had been called upon suddenly to compare it candidly with brighter places he had seen:

"It looks meaner than ever!"

A ray from the sun as he looked up at No. 1, seemed to contradict him, for it fell brightly upon a window in the fourth story and lighted it up wonderfully; or was it the bright, deep-set eyes of old Aunt Kizzy, as she looked down and nodded cheerfully? However that may be, little Carol forgot that Crawlin Place was dingy as he darted up the old stairs. The faded face of Aunt Kizzy, her bright eyes and worn wig, were a part of his home; and when Christmas is near, home is dearer than any other place in the world, if it *is* dingy. Besides, Carol—but let him tell his own secrets.

"Darn up the old stocking I saw dangling on the line, Aunt Kizzy," he cried, as he came breathlessly up to the window where the old lady sat.

"I 'll make it strong enough to hold up two cents' worth of snuff," she said, cheerily.

"I feel sure this will be a lucky Christmas," said Carol. "I saw three stars shoot last night—a star apiece for us, Aunt Kizzy. Now quick,—before mother comes,—count that, please!"

"Massy! massy! Where did you get it, child?" as the coppers and bits of silver fell into her lap. "You aint——"

"All right, Aunt Kizzy. Good, honest money. For mother's present. You go buy it, for I must get more or there can't be any snuff."

She caught him by his worn jacket as he was flying past the door, and sat him down in the old rocking-chair.

"Sit there, sir, and tell me where you got this money! A Christmas present ought to be bought with money that don't need washing."

"I wont tell."

Aunt Kizzy's back became very stiff and she handed him back the money.

"It 's all right," he said, impatiently, waving away her extended hand. "But if you must know," dropping his voice to a mysterious whisper, "*I sang for it!*"

"Where, child?"

"In the street."

"Like a beggar?"

"No, not quite. I did n't ask for money; they gave it to me."

"What did you sing, you scamp, you?" said Aunt Kizzy, forgetting her point in her curiosity.

"I sang every song I knew—even the one you sang to me the other night."

"Where? Anywhere about here?"

"No; away up-town where the big folks live."

"Don't you do it again."

"I have promised Santa Claus two cents' worth of snuff for an old lady who hangs up black stockings."

"She can't have it."

"She must."

Aunt Kizzy dropped the money slowly, piece by piece, into her lap.

"Seventy cents, Carol!"

"Get anything you feel sure she 'll like," he whispered in her ear, and darted away.

"Seventy cents! Well, well, well! may be you 're not ashamed of your want o' faith, old Kizzy Hopkins! No good comes o' twitting, so I 'll only say, faith 's a good thing always. Now step along, and see what you can buy. Seventy cents! And ten away down in your pocket for *him*, that he could n't see. No, you can't get much for ten cents, but start out and do your best. Straighten your wig, old Kizzy; count up your change and don't go out with envious feelings in your heart because other old women carry heavier purses! Seventy cents and ten is eighty; eighty cents aint to be sneezed at. Did n't you expect to have to start out with only ten? You know you did! Then why not look a little cheerful?"

This remark was evidently addressed to the faded, patient face that looked out at her from the small looking-glass. But Carol's mother heard.

"Don't dare find fault with that woman in the glass!" said she, coming in and smoothing the rusty black ribbon on the worn-out bonnet.

"She 's orful ungrateful, Car'line. Instead of bein' thankful for a bonnet to cover her old wig, she 's wishing for a veil to hide her old bonnet."

"The more people have, the more they want, Aunt Kizzy. But where are you going?"

"After Christmas presents," said Aunt Kizzy, proudly. "Good-bye!"

"There is a dear, strong heart under that old shawl," said Caroline, as Aunt Kizzy turned the dismal corner.

"Only ten cents for both of 'em," muttered the old woman, as she left the narrow street. "That boy is off trying to get something for me. Aint you ashamed of yourself, Kizzy H?" she continued, falling into her favorite mode of addressing herself, which she called giving a dose to her pride. "Think of the times you might have earned a little, if you had n't been so proud!"

"I would do anything now," she forced her pride to say.

"No doubt you would," she returned, severely. "Come in at the 'leventh hour and take what you could find."

"I would do anything in the world that I could that was honest," said her pride, humbled now to the very dust of self-reproach.

"Would you sing for money?"

Aunt Kizzy said this abruptly, almost triumphantly, as if she had proved her pride now, and found it nothing but a vain boaster. A little red spot was burning in each faded cheek.

She had left Crawlin Place far behind her. The houses she now saw were beginning to wear a very well-to-do look. On she walked until the streets grew wide and the houses very fine.

What a contrast to Crawlin Place!

"If you get envious, back you 'll go, Kizzy H., without a chance for present-money!"

This was probably addressed to another weak spot in poor Aunt Kizzy's make-up.

She went on without an idea where to stop. A house with the curtains up attracted her attention.

"Massy!" she exclaimed, as she looked in the window. "They must be made of gold and silver in there!"

She walked up the steps and rang the bell.

"If you please, miss," she began, as the door opened.

"Back gate for beggars," said the servant, shortly.

With a choking feeling in her throat, Aunt Kizzy stood staring at the closed door.

"You can't stare money enough out of a shut door to fill a stocking, unless a miracle takes place, Kizzy H," she said cheerfully, as she went down the grand steps.

House after house was passed before another struck her fancy.

"Don't look quite so grand as t' other," she said, as she looked in at a window. "There 's a picter o' Christ blessing little children. It makes me feel orful old. Dear little creeters! I don't believe the grand brass images and flumjacks have pushed everything good out of this place."

And she went up the high steps. As her hand touched the bell, a light step was heard behind her, and a pleasant voice said: "Whom did you wish to see?"

"I came,"—Aunt Kizzy's voice was a little unsteady,—"I—I came to ask if any of the ladies here would—would like to hear a little old-fashioned singing."

"I certainly should," said the young lady, pleasantly; "and I 'm sure grandmamma would."

"Open your eyes and take in all the style, old Kiz, to tell Car'line," said the old woman to herself, as they walked up the broad handsome stairs. But when she found herself actually standing before a sofa, where lay a proud-looking old lady, she forgot "Car'line," and almost her errand.

"She is going to sing us some old-fashioned music," explained the young lady, as her grandmother stared at them both.

Aunt Kizzy closed her old hands nervously together, but though she pressed them very hard, no song came to her mind. What would they think of her! Her breath came in little gasps, and the red spots brightened in her cheeks.

"Sit down and rest yourself a little while," said the young lady, kindly. "I brought you up too many stairs for you to sing right away."

"There was n't so many stairs, miss, as there 's been years since I sung afore folks," said Aunt Kizzy, then adding mentally, "Don't act like a fool if you 've got common sense, Kizzy H.!"

She stood respectfully before them, and in a voice, not by any means to be despised, sang a simple ballad of "ye olden time."

"Can you sing another?" asked the young lady, as the last note died away.

"I don't wish another yet," said her grandmother. "I want the same again."

Aunt Kizzy's heart beat joyfully. She had forgotten money; there was happiness in the thought of being able to give pleasure. She sang until her old voice sounded weary, and they declared she should sing no more. The young lady gave her a dollar.

"Too much," said Aunt Kizzy, firmly. "I sang ten songs, and two cents apiece is high enough to reckon 'em."

"A dollar for a good concert is cheap enough, and I have not enjoyed one so much for many a day, madam."

"If you insist on it, I can't help it," said Aunt Kizzy, with shining eyes, as she thought of Carol's stocking.

"I do not consider that I half pay for my pleasure," said the young lady's grandmother, as with

old-school dignity she placed five dollars in Aunt Kizzy's hand.

"I could n't sleep to-night if I took that!" she cried. "Don't make me think I 'm dreaming now, and 'll wake up without a cent for Carol's stockin'."

She held out the money to the young lady, who took it, saying:

"You shall not be overpaid, but let me give you a muff; your hands will be cold going home. This is an old one, but it is warm, and here are some pieces of silk for a new lining."

"Tell me all about it!" cried Carol, on Christmas morning as he stood with a full stocking by the fire-place in the little sitting-room on the fourth story of Number One, Crawlin Place.

"I wont."

"Sit right there, Aunt Kizzy, till you tell me where you got so much money. 'A Christmas present ought to be bought with money that don't need washing!'"

"Well," in a whisper, "if you must know, boy, *I sang for it.*"

"Sang for it!" Carol's surprise was as genuine as Aunt Kizzy's had been, but he recovered himself and said: "Like a beggar?"

"No," said Aunt Kizzy, demurely. "I did n't ask for money; they gave it to me without."

"Dear Aunt Kizzy, don't you call this a lucky Christmas?" said Carol, as he pulled on new boots, while Aunt Kizzy, with a new bonnet on, took snuff extravagantly, and his mother stood with her hands in the muff.

"Nothin' to do with luck," said Aunt Kizzy. "We worked for something and 't aint sense to expect when you work for something that you 'll get n-othin'." With a merry jerk she pulled out a pair of warm gloves from the long black stocking. "Cast your bread upon the waters, old Kizzy H. Give Car'line an old muff, and get new gloves from Santa Claus!"

"I shall not allow you to give me this muff," said Car'line. "It is just what you have wanted for so long; and a new lining will make it just as good as ever."

"Massy, Car'line! the silk for it is in my pocket. Plenty of it you see." As she unrolled it, she gasped: "Carol, hand me the campfire bottle!" for, carefully folded in the little bundle of pieces, lay the rejected five-dollar bill.

"It must be a mistake," said Carol's mother.

"Of course I shall take it back, Car'line."

"If it makes you feel so sick, Aunt Kizzy H., I will take it, and you shall never see it again," said Carol, kindly.

"It was n't a mistake, though, Car'line."

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, I tell you how it was; I did something for—for two ladies away up town, and they offered me that bill, and I would n't lay a finger to it, and that pretty creeter put it in the silk; but I 'll take it back, I 'll take it back!"

"Come now, Aunt Kizzy," said Carol, laughing, "bet you can't tell what street it was."

"Hey?" said the old woman with a blank expression on her pale face. "Massy, if I know any more than a old woman led by a dog!"

Carol's mother touched Aunt Kizzy's arm.

"Tell me, Aunt, how you earned the money."

"I did what Carol did."

"What did he do?"

"There 's your stockin' just burstin' to see you, Car'line. Why don't you go 'tend to it?"

"You care more for the stocking than for me, Aunt Kizzy, for I am in almost as sad a state."

"Would you tell, Carol?"

He grinned and said:

"Make her tell first how she got hers."

"I 'd just as soon tell," said his mother. "I wish I had the chance every day. *I sang for it.*"

For a full minute, Aunt Kizzy and Carol stared at each other, and then exclaimed as if they had but one mind between them: "Like a beggar?"

"Oh no," said Caroline, laughing. "I did n't ask for anything, but they gave me something. I sang last Sunday in church."

"Carol," whispered Aunt Kizzy, "is my head on?"

"Looks to be. Is mine?"

"You have something on that looks like a head. Is my wig straight?"

"Straight as usual, Miss Hopkins. How 's mine?"

"'Pears to have the right pitch, boy, so let 's tune up. Here 's faith for the future forever!" and three grateful voices rang out clearly with a song of praise to Him, who, in sending His Christmas blessings down, forgot not even so humble a spot as Number One, Crawlin Place.

THE FOUR SUNBEAMS.

By M. K. B.

Four little sunbeams came earthward one day,
Shining and dancing along on their way,
Resolved that their course should be blest.
"Let us try," they all whispered, "some kindness to do,
Not seek our own pleasuring all the day through,
Then meet in the eve at the west."



One sunbeam ran in at a low cottage door
And played "hide-and-seek" with a child on the floor,
Till baby laughed loud in his glee,
And chased with delight his strange playmate so bright,
The little hands grasping in vain for the light
That ever before them would flee.

One crept to the couch where an invalid lay,
And brought him a dream of the sweet summer day,
Its bird-song and beauty and bloom;
Till pain was forgotten and weary unrest,
And in fancy he roamed through the scenes he loved best,
Far away from the dim, darkened room.

One stole to the heart of a flower that was sad,
And loved and caressed her until she was glad
And lifted her white face again.
For love brings content to the lowliest lot,
And finds something sweet in the dreariest spot,
And lightens all labor and pain.

And one, where a little blind girl sat alone
Not sharing the mirth of her play-fellows, shone
On hands that were folded and pale,
And kissed the poor eyes that had never known sight,
That never would gaze on the beautiful light
Till angels had lifted the veil.



At last, when the shadows of evening were falling,
And the sun, their great father, his children was calling,
Four sunbeams sped into the west.
All said: "We have found that in seeking the pleasure
Of others, we fill to the full our own measure,"—
Then softly they sank to their rest.

PAUL AND THE GOBLIN.

By J. Esten Cooke.

I.

There was once upon a time a young man named Paul, who lived in an old city on the Rhine. Paul was the son of a laborer, and had learned the trade of a stone-mason; but at odd times he read all the books he could lay his hands on, until at last he knew all about working in wood and marble, and his neighbors would point after him and say with a laugh, "There goes Paul, the master workman!"

Paul saw that their laughter was good-natured; but, for all that, they were laughing at him, and he longed to show them that he really was a master of his business. He had another reason also for getting on in the world if he could. He was very much in love with a young girl named Phenie; but her parents were well to do, and would not hear of her marrying a poor laborer. So Paul resolved to take the first opportunity to show his skill; and one day, when he heard that a great church in the Lombardic style was to be built in his native town, he thought, "Oh! if I could only be employed, I would build the church, and that would make my fortune!" But he was too poor. People were beginning to have a high opinion of him by this time, and might be willing to intrust the work to him, perhaps; but how could he pay the workmen from week to week as the building went on? Paul was sitting in his poor garret one night, by the light of a single candle, thinking over these matters in a mournful way, when suddenly he heard a low voice, like the tinkling of a small bell, say:

"What's the matter, Paul?"

Paul started and looked up, for his eyes had been fixed sadly upon the floor.

"Here I am; don't you see me?" said the tinkling voice. And there, sitting cross-legged on the top of the old rusty extinguisher of the candlestick, was a small odd-looking figure of an old man, with long hair and a wide, laughing mouth, with a purple cloak falling from his shoulders, a tall, peaked hat on his head, and shoes with high red heels.

"Who—who are you?" Paul stammered in great surprise.

"I am the King of the Goblins," said the small figure, "and I have come to help you. Do you remember the Elm-tree Quarry, where the workmen were hewing out rocks one day, and how you showed them a better quarry, and they went away? Well, my royal palace was behind the Elm-tree Quarry in the mountain, and you prevented it from being discovered. So I'm your friend, Paul. You shall build the great Lombardic church."

Paul started with delight.

"And you shall marry Phenie."

"Oh! your Royal Highness!" exclaimed the young man.

"I mean what I say," continued the King of the Goblins, winking his eyes several times, which seemed to be a habit with him. "I know all about you, Paul; you have plenty of brains, but no money, like many other people I have known. Send to the burgomasters your application for building the church, and get together your workmen. It's all right; and be sure to engage old Marmorel the sculptor to do the fine carving in stone."

"Marmorel, your Highness! Why, Marmorel has stopped work; he has lost his right arm!"

"Don't be a fool, Paul," said the Goblin, "but do as I direct."

"Yes,—oh yes,—I will, your Highness!" exclaimed poor Paul, lost in wonder.

"And now for the gold to pay your workmen, Paul. Here is a purse which you need n't be afraid of emptying. As soon as you get to the bottom of it, it will be full again."

"Full again, your Highness?" Paul exclaimed.

"Don't be bandying words with me, young man!" said the King of the Goblins, with lofty dignity. "Obey my orders, and all will go well. Send in your paper to the burgomasters early to-morrow, and engage your workmen, particularly old Marmorel."

"Oh yes,—certainly,—at once,—immediately, your Highness!" Paul cried.

"That is well," said the Goblin. "And now, good-night; I have business to attend to before morning."

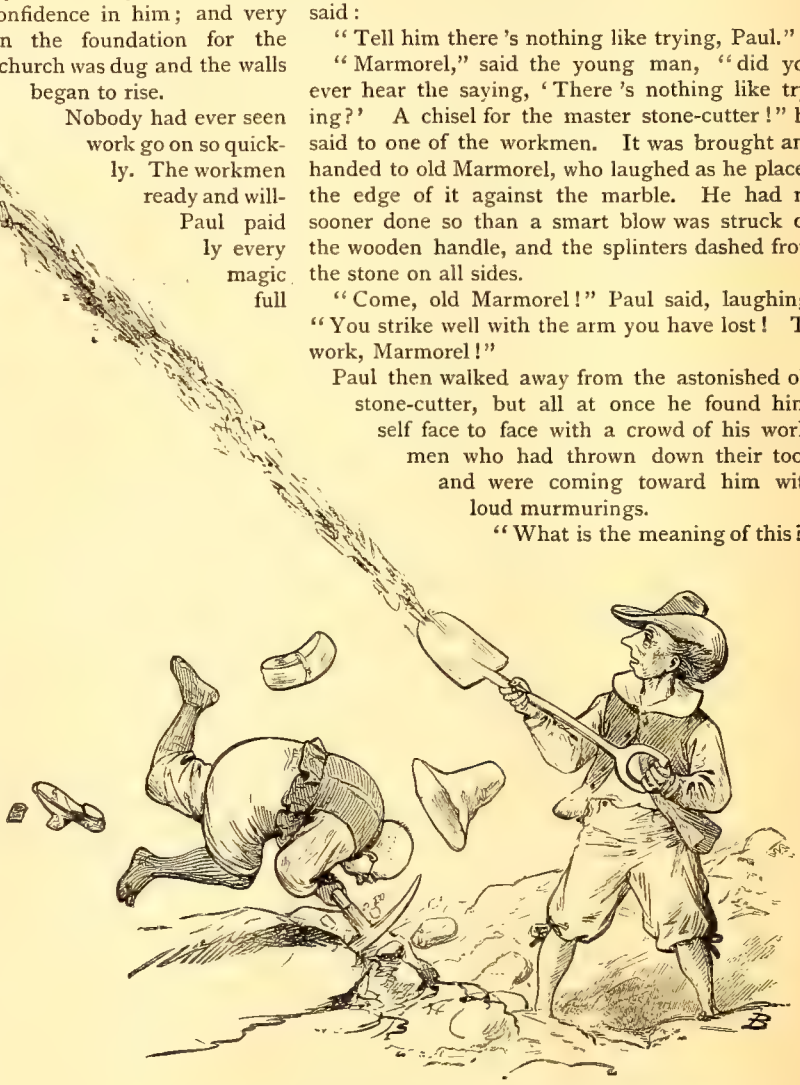
Having said this in his little tinkling voice, the goblin slid down from the extinguisher, and placing his heels together, made Paul a polite bow. He then bounded from the table, lit upon the floor, and walked on his high red heels out of the room.

II.

On the very next morning, Paul sent in his application to the burgomasters in fear and trembling; but, to his great astonishment, they at once sent for him, and after asking him a few questions, and looking over his plans again, they told him that they had made up their minds to close the bargain with him for building their great Lombardic church.

Paul knew very well that this was the work of the King of the Goblins. He rushed out of the burgomasters' room and hurried off to collect his workmen. They came at his call, for everybody liked the young man and had confidence in him; and very soon the foundation for the church was dug and the walls began to rise.

Nobody had ever seen work go on so quickly. The workmen were ready and willing, for Paul paid them promptly every week from his magic purse, which was full of gold again as soon as it was emptied; and no sooner was a pickax lifted, than a thousand arms seemed to hurl it into the earth. The shovelfuls of dirt were thrown hundreds of feet away, the large blocks of stone leaped to their places, and Phenie, the young girl Paul loved so dearly, would often come and visit him whilst he was overlooking his workmen. At these times, Paul would perhaps feel something pulling at the skirts of his coat. He knew it was the King of the Goblins, and he would hold his hand out, and then a pair of small feet would light in it, and a burst of goblin laughter would be heard.



"THE SHOVELFULS OF DIRT WERE THROWN HUNDREDS OF FEET."

"Oh! what is that, Paul?" Phenie would exclaim. "Oh, me! something is tangled in my hair!"

She did not know it was only the goblin smoothing her curls.

At last the church was ready for the ornamental work, and old Marmorel, the one-armed carver, came and said, stroking his long white beard:

"Master Paul, you have sent for me to do the fine stone-carving on the front of your church, but how can I? It 's many a long day since I handled a chisel. My good right arm is gone, master."

Paul heard a low tinkling voice at his ear, which said:

"Tell him there 's nothing like trying, Paul."

"Marmorel," said the young man, "did you ever hear the saying, 'There 's nothing like trying?' A chisel for the master stone-cutter!" he said to one of the workmen. It was brought and handed to old Marmorel, who laughed as he placed the edge of it against the marble. He had no sooner done so than a smart blow was struck on the wooden handle, and the splinters dashed from the stone on all sides.

"Come, old Marmorel!" Paul said, laughing, "You strike well with the arm you have lost! To work, Marmorel!"

Paul then walked away from the astonished old stone-cutter, but all at once he found himself face to face with a crowd of his workmen who had thrown down their tools and were coming toward him with loud murmurings.

"What is the meaning of this?" muttered Paul to himself, and feeling as if something was about to happen that would ruin him.

"The meaning is," said a low voice at his ear, "that the rascals are coming to complain of me!"

By this time, the workmen were close to him, and Paul said to the foremost of them:

"Well, Hans, what is the matter? Why do the men stop work before the hour?"

"They are frightened, master," said Hans, in a terrified voice; "something 's wrong here."

"Something wrong!"

"The stones are jumping about like mad, master," said Hans. "They are bewitched and turn somersaults before our very eyes!"

"Nonsense, Hans," said Paul.

"Tell him he is a fool, Paul," said the tinkling voice.

"And the men going up the ladders with the mortar," Hans went on, "say something pushes them and voices scream in their ears, 'Faster! faster!'"

"It was I!" whispered the small voice nearly smothered in laughter.

"It 's true, master," said Hans, "and the burgomasters have heard the report, and come to see about it. They sent me to summon you to their presence."

Paul's heart sank at these words, and he said:

"Where are they, Hans?"

"On top of the church, master, where the great scaffolding is."

"Fear nothing, Paul," the voice said; "go and face them. I will be there."

So Paul, in fear and trembling, went up the ladder and stood in presence of the fat old burgomasters. As soon as he appeared before them, the biggest and roundest pulled down his waistcoat, cleared his throat, stepped grandly forward, and thus addressed him:

"Sir, we have come to investigate the strange reports in regard to the manner in which,—that is, the method adopted in the—construction and erection of this large and intelligent building which—hem—I see before me!"

Here the speaker puffed out his cheeks and awaited Paul's reply.

"Shall I throw that puffy old fellow down the ladder, Paul?" said a voice at his ear.

"Oh, no! no! Your Highness! you would ruin me!" exclaimed the young man.

"I am glad to see you are aware, sir," said the fat burgomaster, "of the respect due to me, as you address me as 'Your Highness'—very proper, sir; very proper!"

Paul bowed and said:

"I hope, and feel sure, the gentlemen burgomasters will not believe all they hear. These gossiping reports are——"



THE FAT BURGOMASTER TAKES A CURIOUS RIDE.

"'Gossiping reports,' sir? Look at that trowel, sir!"

Paul turned round quickly and saw the silver trowel of the head mason quietly mortaring the stones without help from the workman.

"Your Highness!" murmured Paul to the invisible King of the Goblins, "if you desert me now, I am lost!"

"Never fear, Paul," said the voice.

"Do you see, sir?" cried the fat burgomaster, starting back as he spoke; "do you behold the extraordinary and highly improper and unbecoming conduct of that trowel, sir?"

Suddenly, the fat burgomaster jumped backward and nearly fell from the scaffolding. The silver trowel had leaped down, and, standing on its point, made him a low and respectful bow. It then rose erect again, and bowed in turn to all present, after which it began to spin round on its point in a waltz. Never did anybody see a merrier or quicker waltz. The trowel spun so rapidly that you could hardly see it, and inch by inch it drew near the spot where the burgomasters were standing.

"Oh, Your Highness, I'm ruined!" Paul groaned.

"Hush your nonsense, Paul!" said the laughing voice.

"But look, Your Highness!"

The fat burgomaster was rushing in terror toward the ladder, down which he hastened, followed by the rest.

"That's the end of me!" Paul exclaimed.

"You are a goose!" said the voice. "Make the men a speech and tell them to go back to work."

Paul obeyed, and made the workmen a short speech; and they were so fond of him that they once more went to work.

"If the old fellows come to trouble you again, Paul, I 'll fix 'em!" said the tinkling voice. "Courage, Paul; you shall marry Phenie yet!"

III.

PAUL took heart at this, and pushed the work on the church so ardently, that soon the whole was done excepting the top of the great spire. It was

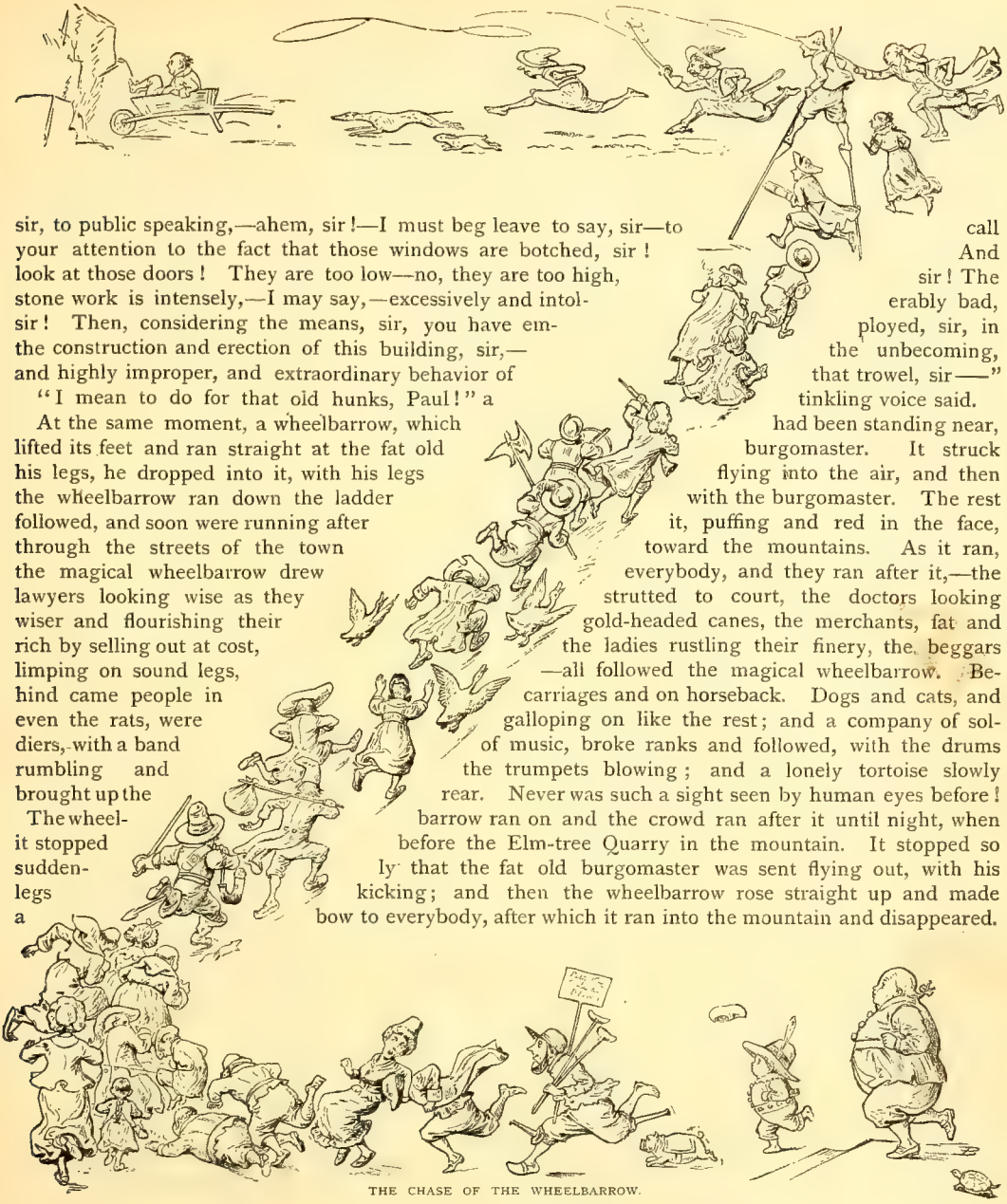


THE DANCING TROWEL.

the most beautiful building that men's eyes ever rested upon. Old Marmorel and the goblins had cut the hard marble into delicate vines and flowers, like fine lace, and Paul and Phenie were standing on the roof in the red sunset, looking with delight on the towering spire.

Suddenly, steps were heard, and Paul looked round and saw the burgomasters approaching. In front was the fat old fellow who did the speaking, and he said to Paul:

"Ahem, sir!—ahem, sir! Unaccustomed as I am,



sir, to public speaking,—ahem, sir!—I must beg leave to say, sir—to call your attention to the fact that those windows are botched, sir! And look at those doors! They are too low—no, they are too high, sir! The stone work is intensely,—I may say,—excessively and intolerably bad, sir! Then, considering the means, sir, you have employed, sir, in the construction and erection of this building, sir,—the unbecoming, and highly improper, and extraordinary behavior of that trowel, sir——"

"I mean to do for that old hunks, Paul!" a tinkling voice said.

At the same moment, a wheelbarrow, which had been standing near, lifted its feet and ran straight at the fat old burgomaster. It struck his legs, he dropped into it, with his legs flying into the air, and then the wheelbarrow ran down the ladder with the burgomaster. The rest followed, and soon were running after it, puffing and red in the face, through the streets of the town toward the mountains. As it ran, the magical wheelbarrow drew everybody, and they ran after it,—the lawyers looking wise as they strutted to court, the doctors looking wiser and flourishing their gold-headed canes, the merchants, fat and rich by selling out at cost, the ladies rustling their finery, the beggars limping on sound legs, —all followed the magical wheelbarrow. Behind came people in carriages and on horseback. Dogs and cats, and even the rats, were galloping on like the rest; and a company of soldiers, with a band of music, broke ranks and followed, with the drums rumbling and the trumpets blowing; and a lonely tortoise slowly brought up the rear. Never was such a sight seen by human eyes before!

The wheelbarrow ran on and the crowd ran after it until night, when it stopped before the Elm-tree Quarry in the mountain. It stopped so suddenly that the fat old burgomaster was sent flying out, with his legs kicking; and then the wheelbarrow rose straight up and made a bow to everybody, after which it ran into the mountain and disappeared.

THE CHASE OF THE WHEELBARROW.

The people stared, rubbed their eyes, and went home without a word. On the next morning, when they met their neighbors, they laughed and jested about the odd dream they had had,—all about a magical wheelbarrow, and running after it to the mountain. Even the fat old burgomaster laughed heartily at the idea that *he* could really have been carried off in that way in a wheelbarrow; and, being in a very good humor, he went to look at the church.

The vast building was finished! and Paul and Phenie were again standing together upon the great roof. Seeing them there, the old burgomaster went up to them and shook hands with Paul.

"Why, bless my soul! what a grand spire that is, my young friend!" he exclaimed; "and the windows and doors and stone work,—they are perfection! Sir, your work is a magnificent and lasting and enduring,—an unparalleled and extraordinary triumph of the loftiest genius, sir! In the name of the respectable and enlightened city fathers, I beg, sir, to present you the freedom of your native city!"

Having conferred this high honor upon the young architect, the burgomaster made Paul a low bow and went down the ladder.

As he did so, a voice said:

"Kiss your bride, Paul!"

Paul caught young Phenie to his heart and kissed her, when the tinkling voice said:

"You shall marry her in this very church, my good Paul. You are now rich and famous, and you see that the King of the Goblins has not broken his word to you."

"Oh, thanks! thanks! how can I ever show my gratitude, Your Highness?" exclaimed Paul.

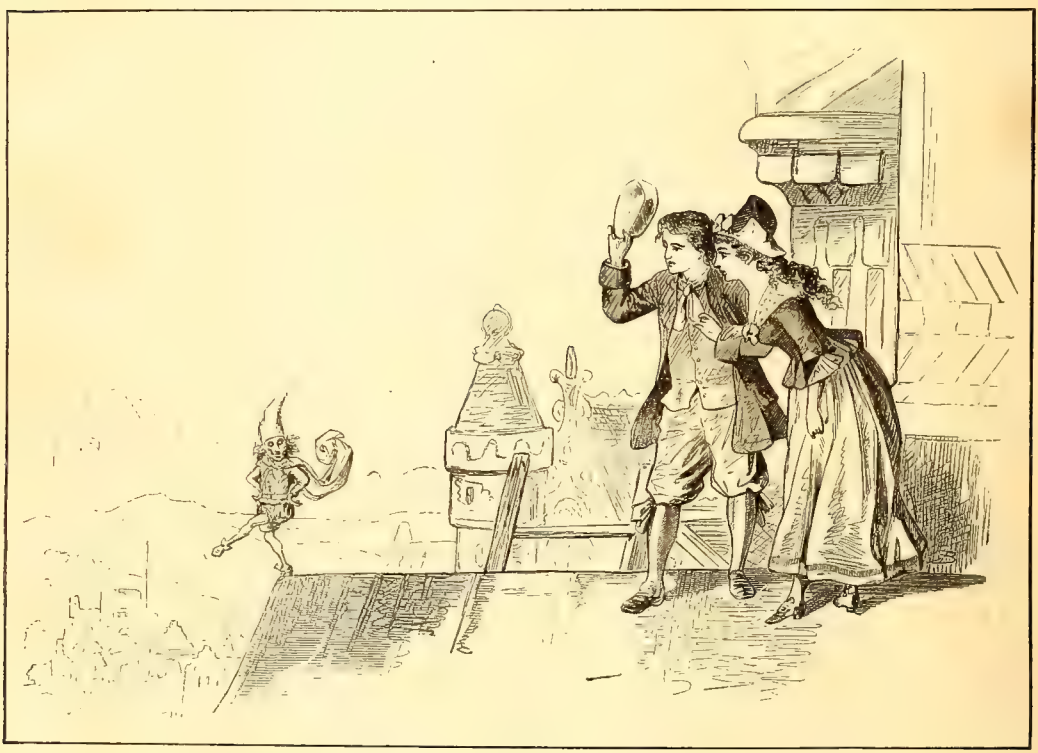
"By living honestly and uprightly and doing your duty, Paul. Shake hands!"

Suddenly Phenie screamed and started back. There before them, on the roof of the church, was the King of the Goblins, with his queer peaked hat, his purple robe, and his high-heeled shoes. He reached up his small hand, and Paul and Phenie shook it, though the young girl was trembling with fright.

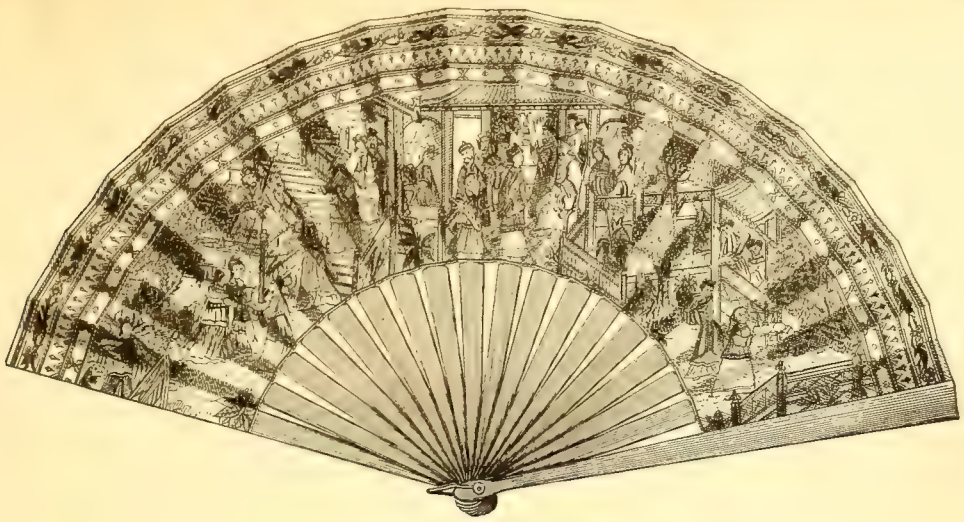
"Make Paul a good wife, Phenie," said the goblin, winking his eyes rapidly; "and if you ever get into trouble, Paul, remember I'm your friend."

He then placed his red heels together, made a low and polite bow, and, with his hands on his hips, walked quietly off the eaves of the church and vanished.

Paul took the blushing young Phenie on his arm, and then they went home. They were soon afterward married in the great Lombardic church, and all the great people of the city came to the wedding. The young couple lived a very happy life, and Paul was successful in all his undertakings, becoming very rich and prosperous. He never got into trouble, however, as he was honest and upright; and for that reason he never saw the King of the Goblins again.



THE KING OF THE GOBLINS SAYS FAREWELL TO PAUL AND PHENIE.



MY "SUNFLOWER'S" FAN.

By Emma Bryan.

DON'T imagine it was an actual sunflower. "Sunflower" is my pet name for a lovely little girl of my acquaintance who has a great many sisters but only one brother. Going one day to visit her mamma, I was greeted with outcries of "Such news for you! Aunt Maggie has come! Aunt Maggie has come from California, and oh! such lots of pretty things! Come and see!"

When I had been almost dragged upstairs to Mamma's room, I beheld my precious "Sunflower" standing alone in one corner waving a fan almost as large as herself. With the utmost dignity she waved me a salute, informing me that, when there was less noise, she would tell me "a *sto-wy* about it."

Alas for human plans! the "less noise" time seemed very far away. What wonder the children were wild with excitement while all those beautiful things lay scattered about! Such Chinese dolls, tiny shoes, delicate cups and saucers, carved frames, baskets and card-cases of ivory, such boxes, embroidered dresses, kites and fire-works, all brought by Aunt Maggie from San Francisco! The room looked like a Chinese museum, and every child seemed to think it her duty to explain the articles to me, as guest of the day.

Meantime, Netty, my Sunflower, stood in silent indignation, merely looking from one to another, when they all informed me in a breath that the wonderful fan had been given to Netty by Aunt Maggie on condition that she should never play with it, but keep it until she should be a grown-up young lady.

Fortunately, Aunt Maggie herself now appeared on the scene, and, finally, quiet was secured by that traveled lady consenting to tell once more the "whole, whole Story of the Fan,—every bit of it." The children settled themselves comfortably upon the trunks. Netty climbed to my lap, still holding the precious treasure outspread, so that I might look at it while the story went on, and Aunt Maggie began:

"Once upon a time there were no silk dresses or ribbons in the whole world. Now, if you look at this fan you will see that all the figures have delicate porcelain faces, and are dressed in *real* silk dresses embroidered with gold thread.

"More than three thousand years ago the Emperor of China, whose queer name was Ho-ang-ti, received a visit from an old woman, who laid at his feet a great many small bundles, begging him to receive them from her granddaughter, who also had a queer name,—Su-ling-shi.

"Ordering his Grand Chamberlain to open the bundles, there appeared to his astonished gaze the most beautiful fabrics ever seen. He sent for the ladies of his household, for there was a dress for each, and you can imagine their delight. Demanding of the old woman the secret of her prize, she

gave this reply (first reverently naming several of the Emperor's many titles, as was the custom):

"'Most Gracious Son of Heaven, Lord of the Earth, Light of the Empire, and King of the Golden Dragon, our Great Prophet Fo, says: "What is told in the ear is often heard a hundred miles off"; and also "Give not away that which is not thine own." The secret is not mine. The secret belongeth to my daughter and granddaughter.' And here the grandmother (who was not such a very old woman, as women marry very young in China) bowed her head nine times to the earth.

"The Emperor ordered a large sum of money to be presented to the woman, and with his own august hands gave her magnificent strings of pearls for her daughter and granddaughter. Also for the granddaughter he gave a golden badge of honor, bidding the grandmother bring the maiden before the next new moon, for he must know her secret, and should her words be straight words, he would honor her as never lowly maid was honored before.

"The heart of Su-ling-shi was filled with delight when she heard the words of her grandmother. Busily was her loom set to work that she might have a dress so magnificent for the occasion that the 'King of the Golden Dragon' might find pleasure in beholding her.

"The great day at length dawned, the heart of Su-ling-shi fluttered with fear and delight as—arrayed in dress of rose-pink silk and sky-blue tunic embroidered with gold, the pearls in her hair and golden badge upon her bosom—she approached with trembling footsteps his 'Fragrant Majesty,' whose subjects bend their foreheads to the ground, not daring to gaze upon him.

"Look on the fan," said Aunt Maggie: "you will see the Great King of the Dragon seated upon a chair which bears the sign of the dragon, the symbol of the Chinese Empire. His robe, sent him by Su-ling-shi, is of royal yellow silk, with a golden sun upon his breast and a royal peacock's feather in his cap.

"Next to him is the 'Grand Mandarin of the Household,' clothed in scarlet. The great Mandarin of War, General Hae-ling-ah, in scarlet robes and blue sash, stands with drawn sword to warn them that death is always the penalty of an untruth before the great Emperor.

"The grandmother, in dress of green silk with yellow collar, standing behind the general, advanced first, and bowing nine times to the ground, said: 'Know, Most Mighty King, that in my garden grows a mulberry tree, upon which I ofttimes noticed a worm that spun a ball for a house in which to live. These balls I often took within my dwelling, and I found that in a little time a moth crept out from each and flew away. I amused La-See, my daughter, with the silken balls. This is all that I have done. "Siao te kin." It is very little. Let my daughter La-See speak.'

"Then the mother, whom you see next with the royal pearls in her hair and pink silk dress, bowed nine times, saying: 'Most Gracious Ten Thousand Years, whilst amusing myself watching the caterpillar, I found that its house or cocoon would unwind, and I used it as thread with which to embroider the fine muslin, "Woven Wind." Afterward, I taught my daughter to do the same. This, my Gracious King, is all that I have done. Let my daughter speak.'

"Then came Su-ling-shi, and, after nine bows, she proudly raised her head and said: 'If His Most Gracious Majesty and Light of the Empire will deign to cast his eyes upon these insects, he will see they are but common moths, which I here let fly from my hand. I followed the example of my wise parents (may they live a thousand years!), and saw that it was this insect which laid the eggs upon the mulberry tree, and which afterward became the *Bombye mori*, or caterpillar. This fed upon the mulberry leaves thirty-two days, and, casting its skin four times, began to spin its cocoon, winding always the same way. My mother (may Fo bless her!) had learned to unwind the cocoon and had planted many trees. Thus it was, Most Mighty King, that I was enabled to gather many cocoons, and reeling the threads together, I hit upon the idea of weaving them. This, my Sovereign, is the cocoon, and in this roll you will find the result,—a piece of silk, which I hope may prove worthy of the acceptance of your Gracious Loftiness, to whom I surrender my knowledge.' And again she bowed her forehead to the ground.

"'Behold a maiden possessed of all the virtues,' said the Emperor. And then turning to her, he said: 'Rise, fair maid; such wisdom, such industry, and such beauty are worthy of an empire. Half my throne shall be thine.' And, taking the hand of the blushing Su-ling-shi, he seated her beside him.

"'My lords,' he continued, 'prepare for the bridal ceremony. Summon the ladies of the court, and henceforth know our mother as the Princess La-See, and our grandmother as the Princess Sang. Honor them as such, and let the whole land know our Dragon will!'

"You will see on the fan," continued Aunt Maggie, "that the court ladies were not far off, and that their curiosity was great, for they were peeping. Of course, grandma congratulated herself on her shrewdness in presenting the silk to the Emperor instead of selling it to a merchant.

"The ingenious empress not only taught the ladies of her court how to raise the silk-worm, but

brought vast sums of money into her husband's treasury by selling the secret to the weavers, and for many hundreds of years these Chinese weavers carefully guarded the secret which only they possessed. At last a sly old European monk went to China, obtained the secret, and, stealing some cocoons, hid them in his hollow reed cane, and walked away, rejoicing all Europe by showing people how silk was made."

Aunt Maggie ceased. The children drew a long breath, and slid down from the high trunks to resume their parts as little show-women of the other pretty things Aunt Maggie had brought from California. Netty, with glowing cheeks, looked on, still placidly waving the great fan and wondering how soon she would grow to be a real "young lady."

The picture which ST. NICHOLAS has made for you, and which is printed on page 125, is an exact copy, in pencil, of Netty's fan. The figures in this picture-copy had to be made very small, for the illustration to fit the magazine page, but, with a little careful study, you will be able to recognize the principal characters, especially as they are all to be found in the little central pavilion. Seated at the right side of it is the great Emperor, with a sun upon his breast, and before him, with a roll of silk in her hand, stands Su-ling-shi. The Mandarin of War, with drawn sword, stands beside her (in the very center of the fan), and at his left is the Grandmother, with her queer head-dress. Of course, the coloring could not be shown you, but if you will remember that the whole scene in the body of the fan is—in the fan itself—made up of many gorgeous and varied colors, and that the vanes of the fan are all gilded, you can easily imagine from this drawing what a beautiful present Aunt Maggie's was.



THERE was an old man of Cathay;
When a peddler called round, he would say:
"The price *is* quite low,
And I 'd like it, you know—
But I think I wont take it to-day."



"THE ELEPHANTS TURNED, AND, WITH TOSSING TRUNKS, PLUNGED OVER THE LOW PARAPET."

HOW THE ELEPHANTS TURNED BACK.

A LONG time ago, two hundred and seventeen years before Christ, there was a king of Egypt, Ptolemy the Fourth, who was returning, proud and victorious, from a war with his enemies. On his way home, he passed through Jerusalem; and there, feeling that such a mighty conqueror had a right to go where he pleased, he endeavored to enter the most sacred precinct of the Jewish Temple,—the "Holy of Holies." No one among his own people could prevail upon him to give up his rash plan; but in answer to a prayer by the High-Priest of the Temple, who stood undismayed before him, this great king fell senseless to the ground.

He did not try again to penetrate into this sacred place, but he became very much enraged against the Jewish people; and, when he returned to Alexandria, he ordered all the Jews in that city to give up their religion and to practice the heathenish rites of Egypt. Only a few Jews consented to do this; nearly all of them boldly refused. Then the angry king commanded that all the Jews in the country around about, as well as those in the city, should be arrested and confined in the Hippodrome, or great circus, just outside of the town.

When, after a good many failures and difficulties, this had at last been done, Ptolemy prepared to carry out his great and novel plan of vengeance. This was to have these poor people trampled to death by elephants. Such a performance in the circus would make a grand show for the heathen king and his heathen people.

But it was not to be expected that elephants, who are good-natured creatures, would be willing to trample upon human beings unless they were in some way excited or enraged. Therefore, a great many elephants were drugged and intoxicated; and, when they had thus been made wild and reckless, they were let loose in the great arena of the Hippodrome, where the trembling Jews were gathered together in groups, awaiting their fate.

In rushed and stumbled the great monsters, and the Egyptian king and vast crowds of the Egyptian people sat in their seats to see what would happen to the Jews.

But, suddenly, up rose Eleazer, an aged priest of the Jews; and, lifting his hands toward heaven, he prayed for deliverance.

Then, all at once, the elephants stopped. They snorted and threw their trunks into the air, they ran backward and sidewise in wild confusion, and then they turned, and with savage cries and tossing trunks, they plunged over the low parapet around the arena, and ran trampling madly among the people who had come to see the show!

The scene was a terrible one, and the punishment of the Egyptians was very great. The king sat high above all, and out of danger; but he was struck with fear, and determined no longer to endeavor to punish a people who were so miraculously defended. When at last the elephants were driven back and this awful performance at the circus had come to an end, the king let the Jews go free. And this day of their wonderful deliverance was made an annual festival among them.

ABRAM MORRISON.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

'MIDST the men and things which will
Haunt an old man's memory still,
Drollest, quaintest of them all,
With a boy's laugh I recall
Good old Abram Morrison.

When the Grist and Rolling Mill
Ground and rumbled by Po Hill,
And the old red school-house stood
Midway in the Powow's flood,
Here dwelt Abram Morrison.

From the Beach to far beyond
Bear-Hill, Lion's Mouth and Pond,
Marvelous to our tough old stock,
Chips o' the Anglo-Saxon block,
Seemed the Celtic Morrison.

Mudknock, Balmawhistle, all
Only knew the Yankee drawl,
Never brogue was heard till when,
Foremost of his countrymen,
Hither came Friend Morrison;

Irish of the Irishes,
Pope nor priest nor church were his;
Sober with his Quaker folks,
Merry with his quiet jokes
On week days was Morrison.

Half a genius, quick to plan
As to blunder; Irishman
Rich in schemes, and, in the end,
Spoiling what he could not mend,
Such was Abram Morrison.

Back and forth to daily meals,
Rode his cherished pig on wheels,
And to all who came to see:
"Aisier for the pig an' me,
Sure it is," said Morrison.

Careless-hearted, boy o'ergrown!
Jack of all trades, good at none,
Shaping out with saw and lathe
Ox-yoke, pudding-slice, or snath,
Whistled Abram Morrison.

Well we loved the tales he told
Of a country strange and old,
Where the fairies danced till dawn;
And the goblin Leprecaun
Looked, we thought, like Morrison.

First was he to sing the praise
Of the Powow's winding ways;
And our straggling village took
City grandeur to the look
Of its prophet Morrison.

All his words have perished. Shame
On the saddle-bags of Fame,
That they bring not to our time
One poor couplet of the rhyme
Made by Abram Morrison!

When, on calm and fair First Days,
Rattled down our one-horse chaise
Through the blossomed apple-boughs
To the Quaker meeting-house,
There was Abram Morrison.

Underneath his hat's broad brim
Peered the queer old face of him;
And with Irish jauntiness
Swung the coat-tails of the dress
Worn by Abram Morrison.

Still, in memory, on his feet,
Leaning o'er the old, high seat,
Mingling with a solemn drone,
Celtic accents all his own,
Rises Abram Morrison.

"Don't," he 's pleading,—"don't ye go,
Dear young friends, to sight and show;
Don't run after elephants,
Learned pigs and presidents
And the likes!" said Morrison.

On his well-worn theme intent,
Simple, child-like, innocent,
Heaven forgive the half-checked smile
Of our careless boyhood, while
Listening to Friend Morrison!

Once a soldier, blame him not
That the Quaker he forgot,
When, to think of battles won,
And the red-coats on the run,
Laughed aloud Friend Morrison.

Dead and gone! But while its track
Powow keeps to Merrimack,
While Po Hill is still on guard,
Looking land and ocean ward,
They shall tell of Morrison!

After half a century's lapse,
We are wiser now, perhaps,
But we miss our streets amid
Something which the past has hid,
Lost with Abram Morrison.

Gone forever with the queer
Characters of that old year!
Now the many are as one;
Broken is the mold that run
Men like Abram Morrison.

A BEGINNING.

By Sarah Winter Kellogg.



Kate was eleven; Johnny was six; Dora was "going on" five. It was nearly Christmas, and Kate had her mind set upon making Johnny a present. What should it be? Not slippers, for Aunt Mary had sent him a pretty pair on his birthday, blue with a knot of pansies. Neither could the present be mittens, lest grandma might be offended; for she could do little else but knit, and considered it her right to keep the family hands and feet clothed.

Johnny, being the only boy, slept in winter on a lounge in the sitting-room, and this suggested to Kate the thing to make for him,—a cover for the lounge cushion.

One afternoon, when the mother had gone to stay with grandma, who was sick, Kate attempted a beginning. She brought the scrap-bag from the attic, and settled little Dora by the window to report Johnny's approach. He had gone to the baker's for a loaf of bread. Then she emptied the bag in the middle of the floor, and began picking out the woolen pieces which would do to be put together for the cover. She had set aside a scrap of yellow flannel, and a piece of Johnny's new pepper-and-salt suit, and was thinking about taking a third bit,—a blue merino, bright but moth-eaten,—when there was a cry from the sentinel at the window:

"Johnny 's comin'!"

Kate, in a panic, snatched up the pieces by great handfuls, and crowded them back into the bag, asking if he was almost to the gate. She would n't have little Johnny see even the thread and needle she was to make his present with; it must be a complete surprise to him. When the scraps were all in the bag, and the bag under the lounge, Dora said:

"Why, no; it is n't Johnny, it 's Aaron Bridges."

"Well, I think it 's a pity," Kate said, "if you can't tell Johnny from Aaron Bridges, who is a head taller and has red hair."

She dragged out the bag, and again emptied the pieces on the floor.

"Anyhow, they both wear caps," said Dora defending herself.

"Yes, they do, and a hen and a gander both wear feathers," said Kate.

"Oh yes, but," and Dora bobbed her head in triumph, "they aint both of them hens, and they aint both of them ganders."

"Well, now," said Kate amused, "begin again; keep a good lookout, and tell me if you see Johnny coming; but please, don't mistake every boy in town for him."

"I 'd rather pick out the pieces; you watch for Johnny," said Dora.

"That 's always the way with little girls; they never want to do what they can do. You 'd better stand up in the chair, and then you can see farther down the street."

So Dora mounted a chair, and turned her face to the window, looking very tall, and Kate went on turning over the scraps and added to Dora:

"You must keep your eyes on the street. You must n't stop to watch me. Johnny might come while you 're watching me, and ruin everything."

Dora returned to her sentinel watch, and immediately cried out that Johnny was coming.

Kate seized the bag with one hand, and a heap of scraps with the other, and then ran to the window to see if Dora's report was true.

"Where?" she asked. "Where is he?"

"Right there," said Dora. "Don't you see his blue scarf?"

"What a goose you are!" cried Kate. "That 's crazy Polly Perkins. I *should* think you could tell that great tall crazy woman with a sun-bonnet from your own little boy brother."

"Anyhow," said Dora, "you talk as if little brothers was sometimes girls."

Kate laughed, and then said: "If you 'll keep a good watch, Dode, and tell me truly when Johnny 's coming, I 'll make your doll a princess dress."

"Well," Dora agreed, "I 'll look hard 's I can, and I 'll tell really-truly next time."

"Well, please, Dody, do."

Dora turned her face street-ward, and Kate went back to examining the scrap-bag. She soon had a good pile of gay bits selected, but in the midst of

her work, she heard on the walk the tramp, tramp of a boy's boots, coming around the house to the side door.

"There he is!" cried Kate, starting and grabbing the scraps, as she darted a swift glance at the faithless Dora, fast asleep, seated in her chair.

Kate had just time to get all the pieces thoroughly mixed and crowded back into the bag, when Johnny came stamping in.

"I 'm so glad he did n't see the pieces," Kate thought, not realizing that no beginning was yet made toward the cushion-cover. The sitting-room



"'JOHNNY'S COMIN'!' CRIED DORA FROM THE WINDOW."

being the only one warmed, Kate could not take her Christmas work to another.

"After Johnny goes to bed, I can work on it," she thought; "he always goes early."

But that night Johnny got interested in a story, and when his bed-time came, he teased Kate to let him read on a little farther.

"It 's so nice," he pleaded; "about a poor little boy named Philip. He hung up his stocking Christmas night, and I want to see if he got anything in it."

"Of course he did," said Kate. "In stories they always get their stockings filled. I should n't wonder if he found it full of gold pieces. I wish things happened in sure-enough as in story-books; and I wish boys were as good out of books as in, and would go to bed at their bed-time."

"I will go truly, as soon as I see if Philip found anything in his stocking," said Johnny, falling to on the story. "I 'll read as fast as I can."

"And skip all the long words," said Kate. "See here: I 'll read to you after you get to bed."

"All right," said Johnny, who 'd rather be read to than read, any day, or night either.

He went into the next room, and undressed, and soon came back and lay on the lounge under cover, while Kate read rapidly about Philip and what he found in his stocking Christmas morning.

"And that 's all," she said at length, closing the book; "and now go to sleep."

They were quiet for a moment, when Johnny said:

"Katie, don't you think it 's mean that Philip did n't get something in his stocking beside candy, —something to play with? A drum is splendid: rub–a–dub–dub! rub–a–dub–dub!"

"There, hush! try to go to sleep," said Kate.

She sat quiet as a statue, the book before her, staring at the picture of Philip on Christmas morn-

ing, jacketless, barefooted, inspecting his plump stocking by lamp-light. She dared not turn a leaf, or move a finger, and scarcely breathed. After what seemed a long, long waiting, she asked in a very low tone:

"Are you asleep, Johnny?"

"No," said Johnny. "I keep thinking 'bout Philip. What kind of candy do you s'pose it was he got in his stocking? I hope it was gum-drops and chocolate-creams."

"Never mind about that. Just go to sleep."

Again there was silence, while Kate looked at the shadows about the room; at the clock; at the picture of Philip, and read over, for the twentieth time,—or the hundredth, or the thousandth, it may be,—the contents of that Christmas stocking.

At length she thought Johnny must surely be asleep, he lay so quiet, and she felt so very anxious to make a beginning. She rose softly and tiptoed over to the lounge, where he lay with his face to the wall. She bent over and peeped. His wide-open eyes turned to hers.

"Are n't you asleep yet?" said Kate, with some impatience.

"No," said Johnny, sadly. "I keep worrying about Philip yet. Do you think his candy was those mean old peppermint things that taste like medicine and smart the tongue?"

"No," said Kate, with ready sympathy. "I think it was cream-candy. The stocking bulges out in one place just the shape of a stick of cream-candy."

"Let me see where it does," said Johnny, eagerly, sitting up.

Kate, remembering his trait of "holding on," decided that the quickest way to quiet him was to bring the book and show him the picture.

"Don't you see, the stocking sticks out right there, just like there was a piece of cream-candy."

Johnny did see, or imagined he did, a slight irregularity in the line of the stocking-picture, and lay down. Kate arranged the bedclothes about him, and said, soothingly:

"Now, go to sleep, darling."

"I will," said Johnny, obediently.

A period of silence ensued, while Kate waited, matching in her mind a blue square to a brown merino one, and a green to a red. "No," she thought, "I 'll put drab and red together."

"Katie," said a smothered voice from the bed.

"What is it, Johnny?" said Kate, hopelessly.

"Was n't it a very little bit of cream-candy? The stick-out in the picture is such a little stick-out."

"Why, no," said kind Kate, in a re-assuring tone. "I think the stick-out is a good-sized stick-out, and I 'm sure the candy was a good large piece."

"I 'm so glad," said Johnny, settling himself again on the pillow.

Kate waited. Tick! tock! tick! tock! For four minutes this was the only sound.

"If he stays quiet one minute longer," Kate thought, watching the clock, "it must be he 's asleep, and then I can work."

"Kate!"

"Oh, dear! dear!" said Kate, growing vexed. "What is the matter now, Johnny?"

"Guess you 'll have to give me some soothing sirup to make me sleep," said Johnny. Next to candy he liked soothing sirup.

"Oh, Johnny!" said Kate, in imploring tones, "wont you please go to sleep?"

"I can't, Katie; I keep thinking about Philip. I 'm 'fraid some big boy took a bite of his cream-candy, and took more 'n half. Big boys always do take more 'n half."

"I 'll tell you, Johnny. You say your letters backward. That will keep you from thinking about Philip, and will get you to sleep."

Johnny promised, and again Kate tucked him in, and for a moment everything was quiet. Then he again called:

"Katie!"

"Why don't you mind me, and say your letters backward, as I told you?" Kate demanded.

"I 'm going to," Johnny answered, "when you tell me which comes first backward, V or W. It 's hard to say them backward; it 's like dragging the sled up hill."

"Well," said Kate, relenting, "never mind; I 'll read to you."

She began to fear that there might be fifty other stoppages before the alphabet backward would be finished.

She read an essay on the "Art of Reading." In the midst of the first paragraph her reading was interrupted.

"It is n't a pretty piece," said Johnny.

"Wait; may be you 'll like the last part better," said sly Kate.

"Well," Johnny assented, turning over.

Kate went on reading about the "importance of a distinct enunciation," and about the "indispensable condition to good reading that the author's meaning should be clearly apprehended," etc., etc., reading in a voice purposely as monotonous as the slow grinding of a coffee-mill. Suddenly she stopped; a welcome sound came to her ear: Johnny was snoring!

Then Kate brought out the scrap-bag from the oven of the kitchen-stove, where she had hid it, and soon actually made a beginning.

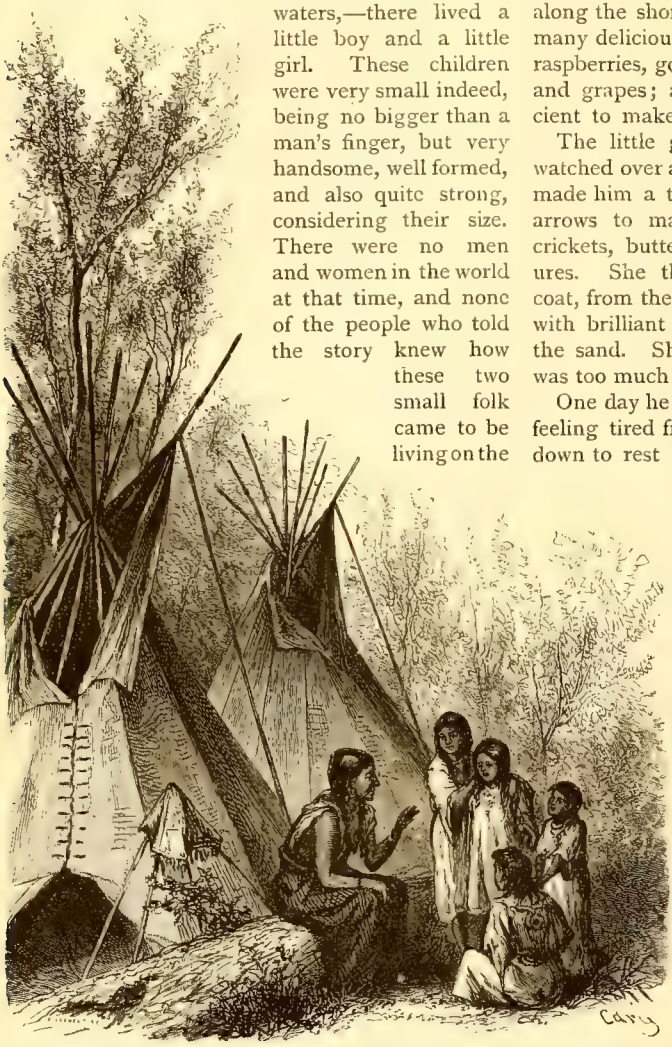
THE LITTLE FIRST MAN AND THE LITTLE FIRST WOMAN.

(An Indian Legend.)

BY WILLIAM M. CARY.

[This story has been told to the children of the Dacotah Indians for very many years, having been handed down from generation to generation; and it is now listened to by Indian children with as much interest as it excited in the red-skinned boys and girls of a thousand years ago.]

ON the bank of one of the many branches of the Missouri River,—or "Big Muddy," as it is called by the Indians on account of the color of its waters,—there lived a little boy and a little girl. These children were very small indeed, being no bigger than a man's finger, but very handsome, well formed, and also quite strong, considering their size. There were no men and women in the world at that time, and none of the people who told the story knew how these two small folk came to be living on the banks of the river. Some persons thought that they might have been little beavers, or little turtles, who were so smart that they turned into a boy and a girl; but nothing about this is known for certain. These small people lived in a tiny lodge near the river, feeding upon the berries that grew along the shore. These were of great variety and many delicious flavors. There were wild currants, raspberries, gooseberries, serviceberries, wild plums and grapes; and of most of these, one was sufficient to make a meal for both of the children.



TELLING THE STORY OF THE LITTLE FIRST MAN AND LITTLE FIRST WOMAN.

The little girl was very fond of the boy, and watched over and tended him with great care. She made him a tiny bow from a blade of grass, with arrows to match, and he hunted grasshoppers, crickets, butterflies, and many other small creatures. She then made him a hunting shirt, or coat, from the skin of a humming-bird, ornamented with brilliant little stones and tiny shells found in the sand. She loved him so dearly that no work was too much when done for him.

One day he was out hunting on the prairie; and, feeling tired from an unusually long tramp, he lay down to rest and soon fell fast asleep. The wind began to rise, after the heat of the day; but this made him sleep the sounder, and he knew nothing of the storm that was threatening. The clouds rolled over from the north-western horizon, like an army of blankets torn and ragged. With flashing lightning, the thunder-god let loose his powers, and peal after peal went echoing loudly through the cañons, up over hills, and down into prairies where the quaking asp shivered, the willows waved, and the tall blue grass rolled as the winds passed over, like a tempest-tossed sea. Only the stubborn aloes, the Spanish bayonet, and the prickly pears, kept their position. But the storm was as brief as it was violent; and, gradually subsiding, it passed to the south-east, leaving nothing but a bank of clouds behind the horizon. Everything was drenched by the heavy rain. The flowers hung their heads, or lay crushed from the weight of water on their tender petals, vainly struggling to

rise and rejoice that the storm had passed away. The sage-brush looked more silvery than ever,



"HE HUNTED GRASSHOPPERS."

clothed with myriads of rain-drops, which beaded its tiny leaves. Through all the storm, our little hero slept, the feathers of his hunting-coat wet and flattened by the rain. When the sun came out again and shone upon him, it dried and shriveled this little coat until it cracked and fell off him like the shell of an egg from a newly hatched chicken. He soon began to feel uncomfortable, and woke up. Evening was fast approaching; the blue-jay chattered, the prairie-chicken was calling its young brood to rest under its wings for the night, the cricket had at last sung himself to sleep, and all nature seemed to be getting ready for a long rest. Our boy, however, had no thought of further sleep. His active mind was thinking how he could revenge himself upon the sun for his treatment of him, in thus ruining his coat. The shadows on the plains deepened into gloom and darkness, but still he thought and planned out his revenge. Early in the morning, he started for home. The little girl had been anxiously watching for him all night, and came out to meet him, much rejoiced at his safe return; but when she saw the condition of his coat, on which she had labored with such care and love, she was very much grieved. Her tears only made him more angry with the sun, and he set himself to planning with greater determination by what means he could annoy his enemy, the sun. At last a bright idea struck him, and he at once told it to the girl. She was delighted, and admired him the more for his shrewdness. They soon put their plans into practice, and began plaiting a rope of grasses.

This was a great undertaking, as the rope had to be very long. Many moons came and went before this rope was finished, and, when the task was completed, the next thing to be considered was, how they should carry or transport it to the place where the sun rises in the morning. This question puzzled them greatly, for the rope was very large and heavy, and the distance was very great.

All the animals at that time were very small when compared to the field-mouse, which was then the largest quadruped in the whole world, twice the size of any buffalo. The horse, or, as the Indians call it, "shungatonga," meaning elk-dog, did not then exist. It was a long time before the children could find a field-mouse to whom they might appeal for aid. At last they found one at home, sitting comfortably under an immense fern.

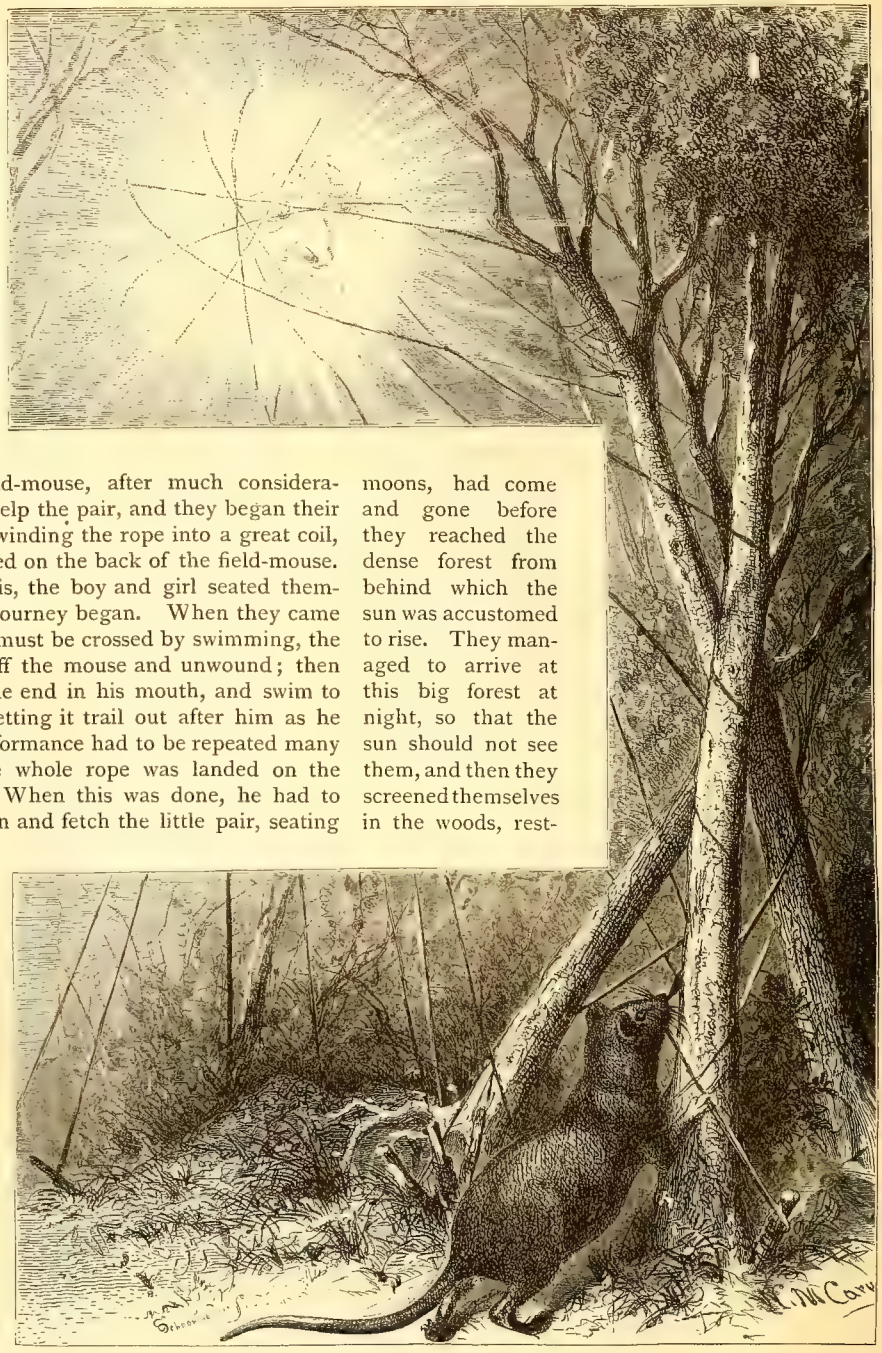


"AT HOME, UNDER AN IMMENSE FERN."

The little boy then went up to him, and, after relating his troubles, asked if he would assist in

carrying the rope. Mountains had to be crossed, rivers swum or forded, according to their depth, wide expanses of prairie to be passed over, forests skirted, swamps waded and lakes circled, before the rope and its makers could reach the place where the sun rises. The field-mouse, after much consideration, agreed to help the pair, and they began their preparations by winding the rope into a great coil, which they packed on the back of the field-mouse. On the top of this, the boy and girl seated themselves, and the journey began. When they came to a river which must be crossed by swimming, the rope was taken off the mouse and unwound; then he would take one end in his mouth, and swim to the other side, letting it trail out after him as he swam. This performance had to be repeated many times before the whole rope was landed on the opposite bank. When this was done, he had to swim across again and fetch the little pair, seating them on his forehead.

It was hard work for the mouse, but the little boy encouraged him to his work by promises of reward and compliments on his extraordinary strength. The high mountains were crossed with great toil, and while they were on the dry plains the travelers suffered for want of water. The sun had dried up everything, and it almost seemed as if he understood their object, for he poured down upon them his hottest rays. Several changes of the seasons, and many moons, had come and gone before they reached the dense forest from behind which the sun was accustomed to rise. They managed to arrive at this big forest at night, so that the sun should not see them, and then they screened themselves in the woods, resting there for several days. When, at last, they felt rested and refreshed, they began their work at night-fall, and the first thing they did was to uncoil the rope. The little boy then took one



THE FIELD-MOUSE FREES THE SUN. [SEE PAGE 138.]

end of it in his teeth, and climbed up one of the trees at the extreme edge of the woods, where he spread it out in the branches, making loops and slip-knots here and there all over, from one tree to another, until the rope looked like an immense net. Then the mouse, finding his services no longer needed, left them and wandered far away.



THE LITTLE PAIR ON THEIR JOURNEY.

As morning approached, the two children quitted the wood, everything being in readiness, and retired to a distance to watch the result of their work. Soon they espied a pale light gleaming behind the forest and gradually becoming brighter and brighter. On came the sun, rolling up in all his grandeur and fast approaching the ropes, while two little hearts were beating quickly down below. In a moment he had reached the net-work of rope, and then, before he knew it, he was entangled in its meshes, and found himself thoroughly entrapped! What a proud moment for our hero! He compared his own size with that of the sun, and his delight seemed beyond bounds as he and the little girl watched the sun struggling to free himself, getting red with fury and rage, and pouring out his burning heat on all surrounding things. The leaves shriveled and dropped from the trees, the branches could be seen to smoke, the grass curled up and withered, and at last the forest began to burn as the heat became more intense. It seemed as if all nature was on fire. The joy of the children now turned into fear. The elk, deer and buffalo, came rushing out of the woods. The birds circled shrieking and crying, and all living things seemed wild with fear.

At last, the field-mouse called the animals together for a consultation, as to what was best to be done. They held a brief council, for no time could be lost. The elk spoke up and said, that as the mouse had gone to so much trouble to carry the rope to entrap the sun, he was the one who ought to set him free from his entanglement. This was generally agreed to, and, besides, the field-mouse was the largest animal and had such



THE FIELD-MOUSE CARRYING THE LITTLE PAIR ACROSS A RIVER.

sharp and strong teeth that it would be easy for him to gnaw through any rope.

It was getting hotter and hotter: something must be done quickly. The sun was blazing with rage! The field-mouse finally yielded to the wishes of his fellow-animals; and, rushing into the wood, through the terrible heat and smoke, he gnawed the rope, but in doing so was melted down to his present size. The sun then rapidly arose, and everything soon became all right again.

The fact of the little man trapping the sun and causing so much mischief, proved his superiority over the other animals, and they have feared him ever since. And, according to the Indian belief, this little man and this little woman were the father and mother of all tribes of men.



THE CONSULTATION.

AMONG THE LAKES.

(A Farm-house Story.)

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD, AUTHOR OF "DAB KINZER," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

AUNT KEZIAH may have been a little vexed at finding how large a price Hawknose John had made her pay for Piney's new bow, but she was not the woman to say a great deal about a matter of that kind. She and his mother admired it with him, and, after careful search, Mrs. Hunter picked out from an old work-bag a very strong piece of twine for a bow-string.

"O," said Piney, "where did you get that?"

"I think it 's a piece of one of your uncle Liph's old fishing-lines. It 's been in my bag ever since he was here, last summer."

"I 'm glad you never tied up a bundle with it, and I 've got a splendid lot of arrows."

"The Woodchuck made them for you, did he not?"

"I can't say who made them, exactly. He never works if he can help it."

Kyle Wilbur had sauntered off toward the shore

of the lake, and, before long, Piney Hunter joined him with the new bow, ready strung for use, in his hand. In the other he carried several straight and well-made arrows. Two of these were very much admired by Kyle, for they had sharp points, instead of blunt, wooden heads.

"Looks as if you 'd set in a couple of shoemaker's pegging awls," he said, "and then whittled the rest of the head down around them."

"That 's just what I did," said Piney; "but you can't guess what I did it for."

"Why, to shoot with."

"Of course. But you get into the boat with me and I 'll show you. You sit away astern and paddle along. Don't make a bit of noise. Go across the flats. I 'll be in the forward end and I 'll show you."

"O," said Kyle, "I understand. You 're going for pickerel, Indian fashion. I 've done it, myself, only I never caught anything."

"I have, then. You did n't have such a bow as this."

"Nor such an arrow neither. Besides, I can't begin to shoot as well as you can. I 'm not strong enough in my arms."

He certainly did not look as if he were, but then that was probably no fault of his. He would have been very glad, no doubt, to be as fat and rosy and strong as his school-mate and near neighbor.

As for Piney himself, he had told his mother and Aunt Keziah that he must do something or other while he was waiting for Uncle Liph and the rest to come, or he should "go wild."

Aunt Keziah had answered: "Well, Piney, Roxy and Chub are about all we can attend to. The city folks 'll get here just as early if you go and row around on the lake for a while."

So he had taken her advice, and carried his bow and arrows with him.

His old bow, which he had now turned over to Roxy, promising to make her some arrows for it, some day, was only about half the size of the new one and not very strong. He had hardly used it for a long time, but it was, after all, a pretty big plaything for a little girl.

"I wish I had some arrows," she said; "I want to shoot."

"I 'm just as well pleased you have n't any, just now," said Aunt Keziah. "We must look out for the windows and the looking-glasses."

That was quite likely, but Roxy longed for some arrows all the same.

Meantime, Piney and Kyle floated slowly on over the "flats." That was a part of the lake where the water was quite shallow, so you could see the bottom anywhere. In some places it was hardly two feet deep, but the scow was a sort of boat just suited for that. She could have floated, with only those two boys in her, in water a good deal shallower than that was.

Piney Hunter sat in front, with his bow in his hand and his arrow on the string, looking earnestly over into the clear water, as the boat glided on, now and then making motions to Kyle to steer one way or another. Twice he let fly his arrow, but each time he pulled it back by a long string he had tied to the end of it, and said aloud:

"Did n't hit him."

"Don't you think you aim too high?" asked Kyle. "You 've got to shoot under 'em."

"I know that. The water makes 'em look higher up than they really are. But may be I don't aim low enough."

"Then the water makes the arrow glance up a little."

"I 'll try again. Hush, now. There 's a big one. Biggest kind. Slow, now,—slow."

Whether that pickerel was taking an afternoon nap, or whether he was only watching for flies, and was too lazy to move, there he lay, only a few inches below the surface, until the scow crept slyly on to within shooting distance.

Piney held his breath for a moment, and drew his arrow almost to the head. It seemed to him that it must go away down under the fish, but he was determined to try it, and he let fly.

"Twang," went the bow, and there was hardly a spatter on the water as the arrow darted in.

Then there was a great spatter, a regular splash, as the pickerel sprang to the surface.

"Hurrah!" shouted Kyle, "you 've hit him, sure."

"That 's the way the Indians used to do," said Piney. "Hawknose John told me."

"What made you let go of your string? Now, you can't pull him in."

"Well, there 's a shingle float on the end of the string. O, how I wish I had a net!"

"Or a gaff spear. He keeps coming out on top of the water."

"Paddle along, Kyle. O, is n't he a big one! He 's a perfect whopper."

And Piney dropped the oar he had been striking out with.

"Now I 've got him!"

He was reaching over after his fish when Kyle, who was as much excited as Piney, and perhaps a little more so, gave a dig with his paddle that made the boat swing round, and in another instant the pickerel shooter was floundering in the water.

"I 've got him," he spluttered again; "it is n't deep. Let me pitch him in. He 's only a little stunned, and he 's beginning to flop again."

Piney had grasped the arrow which had entered

the fish a little behind his shoulders, showing that it had been aimed exactly right, instead of too low. He pulled it out, however, as he dropped his prize into the boat.

The water was about up to his waist, just there, and he followed the fish into the scow with no worse harm than a thorough ducking.

"What a splendid pickerel! Why, he must weigh four pounds!"

"Biggest one anybody 's caught in this lake for ever so long," said Kyle. "Would n't I like to try my luck!"

"So you shall, some day; but just look at me,—and all that company coming! I say, Kyle, is n't that a carriage, coming up the south road?"

"Looks like one. Must be your uncle, I guess."

"Let 's pull for home, then. O, dear me, I shan't have time to change my clothes! Well, I don't care, I 've got the pickerel."

It was not that they had so very far to go, but the carriage on the road was traveling a good deal faster than the boat, and when they pulled in at the landing, it was almost at the front gate. There, too, were Piney Hunter's mother, and Aunt Keziah, and Roxy and Chub, and even Ann, the hired help, all out on the front piazza, ready to start for the gate, where one of the farm hands was waiting to take care of the baggage and the horses.

The carriage stopped in front of the gate, and a boy of about Piney's age, but a good deal more nicely dressed, and not half so rosy, sprang down from the front seat, by the driver.

Then the door opened, and a tall gentleman got out, just as Roxy rushed through the gate, shouting: "Uncle Liph! Aunt Sarah! Cousin Bi! Where are Mary and Susie?"

"They are here," calmly remarked Uncle Liph, as he helped out a portly, motherly-looking woman, who at once caught up Roxy in her arms.

Then came a young lady, who got out without any help, and turned around to lift out a little girl, half a head taller than Roxy.

That little girl was plainly the visitor Aunt Keziah had been looking for, and she did not speak to anybody else till she had said: "My little Susie!" half a dozen times, with nobody counted how many kisses.

There were kisses all around, and so many things being said that it was of no sort of use to answer anything just then, when a deep, strong voice from the carriage exclaimed: "Well, am I to be forgotten?"

"Grandpa! Grandpa!" shouted Roxy. "O, how nice! We did n't know you were coming. Where 's Grandma?"

"Gone to Boston. But I 've come to see Roxy and Chub."

And while he was speaking, a very nice-looking old gentleman, with silver-gray hair, came slowly down from the carriage. He was a little lame in one foot, but he looked well and hearty.

"How did you all pack into one carriage?" said Aunt Keziah.

"O, Susie carried me," said Grandpa, just as "Bi" was asking, "But where is Cousin Richard?"

"Piney?" said Aunt Keziah, "O, he got tired of waiting, and went out on the lake for a row. He 'll come ——"

"There he comes!" shouted Roxy.

"He 's comin'," added Chub, "and he 's dot a fish."

"Must have swum for it, I should say," remarked Uncle Liph. "What a looking boy!"

"Bayard," said Aunt Sarah, "there 's your cousin Richard."

There he was, indeed, half out of breath with haste, his loose clothes clinging to him with the wet, and he held his big pickerel by the gills with one hand, while he carried his bow and arrows in the other.

His face, though, had never looked redder, and his dark eyes were sparkling with fun and with the pleasure he felt at seeing his friends.

"Piney," said Uncle Liph, "you 're a trump. Where did you get that pickerel?"

"Shot him with an arrow, and then Kyle Wilbur tipped me into the lake after him. I got him."

"So you did. Bayard, my boy, I 'd like to see you do a thing like that, clothes or no clothes."

"Bi" looked as if he hardly knew whether to shake hands first with his cousin or with the fish, but Piney had to say just then:

"No, Susie, you must not hug me now. Not till I 'm dry again. Hug Chub for me. He 's dry."

But Chub had been hugged enough, and was walking all around his big brother, staring at the pickerel, the bow, the arrows and the dripping clothes. It was not the first time that suit had been in the water, and it had never been of exactly the cut and style of cousin "Bi's."

Piney's mother blushed with pleasure, however, as she heard Mary Hunter whisper to Aunt Sarah and Grandfather:

"What a splendid-looking boy he is growing to be!"

CHAPTER V.

WHEN Grandfather Hunter and Uncle Liph and the rest came to visit at the farm-house by the lake, they left a home of their own behind them.

It was a particularly nice home,—a large square house, with a front twice as wide as most city houses have. It was not really in the great city

itself, but out at one end of it, where the houses were not very close together, so that Uncle Liph's house had a good deal of ground around it.

The outside was handsome enough to please anybody, but, when once you got in at the front door, you could see that it was differently furnished from other people's homes; that is, the chairs and tables and carpets were a good deal like other people's, except that none of them seemed to be very new.



"AN' THEY WORE THIM?"

But there were other things. The hat-rack in the hall, near the front door, was made of great antlers of moose and elk and deer, put together on a mahogany frame, and it was just the thing to hang hats and coats on. There was a great head of a moose, natural as life, in the middle of it.

Over the door leading into the front parlor, on the left of the hall, was a stuffed eagle with wide-spread wings, and right opposite him, at the top of another door that led into a reading-room, was a white owl, beautifully stuffed, sitting as still as if he were not one bit afraid of that eagle.

The further you went around that house, the more you would see of queer and unusual things. A suit of ancient armor, that almost seemed to have a man in it, stood leaning on a spear at the back parlor entrance; but nobody had ever seen it stop people who were going in or out.

Uncle Liph was what is called an "antiquarian"; and so, after his own fashion, was Grandfather Hunter. That is, they were fond of knowing about the ways of people who lived in the old times, long ago,—how they lived and worked and talked and dressed, and particularly how they made war and what kind of weapons they used in their hunting and fighting.

So they liked old furniture, if it were good and serviceable, better than new furniture; and, when a man once asked Uncle Liph what there was "ancient" about a pair of deer-horns, he had said:

"Ancient? Why, the oldest deer in the world wore a pair. They wore them in Noah's Ark. There 's nothing modern about horns."

That summer afternoon, at the time Piney Hunter was shooting his big pickerel, the great square house on the edge of the city had an empty and deserted look. But it was not entirely deserted. Uncle Liph would never have left his treasures all alone; no, not for a single night. He had said to his hired man, Terence McGonigal:

"Now, Terry, my boy, you must keep a sharp lookout. I don't want to find that my big eagle there has flown away during my absence!"

And Terry had answered:

"Dade, yer honor, it 's a quiet sort of a bird he is. But I 'll not slape in the library, wid all thim owld conthraptions around me. Sure and they 'd make me dhrame of Brian Boru and the Danes."

"You need n't sleep at all, Terry. It is n't that I 'm afraid of. If you and Fanny will keep awake all the time I 'm gone, the house wont be run away with."

"I 'll answer for the house, yer honor, and I pity the man that thries to run away wid Fanny."

Fanny was the cook; and if any one had seen

her that afternoon standing with Terry in the library, while he talked to her about Uncle Liph's treasures, he, also, would have been ready to pity the man who should have to carry her far. Hawknose John's bag of potatoes was nothing at all to such a load as Fanny the cook would have been. But, if she was tall and stout, she was not at all lazy. It was really surprising to see how fast she did move about, especially when she was in the kitchen getting dinner. Just now she was standing still enough. She had seen it all before a great many times; but it was a sort of treat to be there with Terry, and have it all to themselves.

"An' they wore thim?" she asked, pointing to some pieces of old armor that hung high up on the wall.

"Wore thim? What else, thin? Sure it was all the clothes they had in thim days."

"I 'm glad I did n't live thin. How 'd you like it yersilf, Mr. Terence McGonigal, to have a blacksmith for a tailor? Did they nail 'em on?"

"Was they horses?" asked Terry, scornfully. "No, indade! Thim iron clothes was all put thegither wid rivits and bolts and screws, and thin the man that was to wear 'em crept into 'em and stood up."

Terence and Fanny had a great deal more to say, for Uncle Liph's "library" was a very large room, with a great many things in it. Piney Hunter had been dreaming of it during all the year past. He was almost ready to envy his cousin Bayard the privilege he had of going in, every day, to see all those books and curiosities.

CHAPTER VI.

AS soon as the new-comers at the farm could be led into the house, and their baggage had been carried up to their rooms, Piney set about the work of making himself "look nice" again. He and Bi were to room together, and all the while they were changing their clothes, for those of the city boy were dusty enough, in his opinion, to require changing, Piney was asking him questions about "the collection."

"Is it all there?"

"All of it. Father keeps all he gets, if he thinks it 's worth keeping. He 's found a great many new things since you were there."

"New things?"

"Well, old things, but I mean things he did n't have before. He had a good many sent over from Europe."

"From Europe? Armor? Shields and helmets and all that?"

"Weapons, too. Grandfather tried to make me believe one of the swords was the one David killed Goliath with. If I had n't known better——"

"How did you know? You were n't there."

"Were n't where?"

"There when David killed Goliath."

"No, and neither was that sword. I found out about it. It was an old German sword; very old and curious."

And so the boys went on for some ten minutes, when suddenly they heard Aunt Sarah, at the kitchen door, exclaiming:

"Keziah, where are the children?"

"Roxy took them out on the lawn."

"On the lawn? I do not see them. O, Keziah, they 're all in the boat, Roxy and Susie and Chub."

"Just like her!" exclaimed Aunt Keziah, as she ran to the foot of the stairs; and then she called:

"Piney! Piney! Hurry down to the lake. The children are in the boat!"

"What are you doing?" asked Bi Hunter of Piney.

"Doing? Going for my old clothes. I don't want to wet a fresh lot. These are my Sunday best."

The first thing Aunt Sarah had done, on getting to her room, had been to give Susie's very eager but somewhat dusty little face a good washing. It was hardly possible to do any more for her, with Roxy standing by, holding Chub by the hand, and both of them in such a fever to show their city cousin a little of everything.

Aunt Sarah laughed at this tumult, and hurried the children out of her room with another caution about not getting into mischief. Roxy thought her aunt must know very little about the country, or she never would have said that. Roxy was entirely sure Susie would be safe with her and Chub, and she led them both down-stairs and out on the lawn.

"That 's our lawn," she said, proudly. "That 's where we play croquet. We had two cows there, and a calf once, and the calf bunted me over on my back. Kyle Wilbur ran after him 'most down to the lake, but Aunt Keziah said it served me right."

"Why, it was dreadful!" exclaimed Susie; "he might have bit you."

"No, calves don't bite. I tickled his nose with a straw, to see if he could laugh. That 's what he bunted me down for. Is n't it beautiful grass?"

"Beautiful!"

"And there 's a whole tubful of pinies in front of the piazza, and there 's roses and s'ringa flowers and myrtle and violets and dahlias and tiger-lilies and,—and,—and—there 's the lake; Susie, let 's go and see the boat."

Roxy knew she should remember the names of the other flowers after a while, but they did not all come to her mind at once. It was easier to show the lake and the boat, and Susie had been looking that way while Roxy pointed at the tub of peonies.

Susie was in ecstasies over the boat when they got to the landing.

"It 's a beautiful boat," she said, "and it swims all of itself."

"That 's what boats are for," said Roxy. "Piney and Kyle Wilbur go a-fishing in it. It wont tip over."

"Wont it?"

"No; it 's a real strong, good boat."

"It 's Piney's boat," said Chub.

Roxy had been pulling on the chain, and now she had brought the scow close up to the edge of the wooden platform which Aunt Keziah had had built for a landing.

Chub clambered over into the boat at once, for he had sailed in it a great many times and was not a bit afraid; but Susie hesitated until Roxy shouted to her:

"Jump in, Susie. I 'll row you all over the lake."

Susie knew she was a city girl, and thought, of course, it was all right if Roxy said so. Besides, Roxy was a good deal younger,—more than two years,—and Susie did not exactly like to seem timid, so she stepped cautiously in and sat down on one of the middle seats.

"There 's some water in the bottom!" she exclaimed.

"Oh, that 's nothing. It wont do to let the boat get too dry. Piney told me so. He lets it leak a little all the while."

Roxy was busy with the chain, which was merely hooked to a staple in a stout post, and now she got it loose and gave the boat a shove that sent it away from the landing.

"O, Roxy, we 're all a-floating!"

"Of course we are," said Roxy, self-confidently. "Now I must take the oars and row you. I can row 'most as well as Piney."

"But where are the oars?" asked Susie. "I can't see any."

"The oars? Why, yes,—I 'd like to know. O, Cousin Susie! There they are, up there on the bank, beyond the landing."

"You can't row without oars."

"Somebody 's taken them out of the boat."

That was true. Kyle Wilbur had done it, when he and Piney came back with their big pickerel. And now they were quite a little distance from the shore, and Susie began to wish she had never seen either the lake or the beautiful old scow.

"O, Roxy, do you think we 'll be drowned?"

"No, indeed, as long as we stay in the boat. It 's only people that tumble into the water that ever get drowned. Piney has told me often and often that nobody 'll ever be drowned if they keep out of the water."

"I wish Piney was here."

"Oh, he 'll come. Don't you be afraid. I aint."

"I aint af'aid," said Chub. "It 's Piney's boat. He boated me 'way ac'oss de lake, once."

And Chub leaned over the gunwale of the scow in a way that made his sister catch hold of his frock and exclaim:

"Chub! Chub! you must sit still. If you ain't careful you 'll rock the boat and scare Susie."

It was just at that moment that Piney heard Aunt Keziah calling to him from the foot of the stairs. He understood the whole thing in an instant, and it was wonderful how quickly he was out on the grass with nothing on him but a dry shirt and a wet pair of trousers.

"Wont you hurt your feet?" asked Bi, as he followed him.

"Hurt my feet? Of course not. Not on this grass. You would n't have me put on shoes and stockings to swim in, would you?"

"No, I should say not. Do you think you 'll have to swim?"

"Guess I will. Come on, Bi."

By this time Aunt Keziah, with Piney's mother and Susie's, and Cousin Mary, and even Grandfather Hunter and Uncle Liph, were hurrying down toward the boat landing.

"Oh, those children!" exclaimed Aunt Sarah; "what will become of them?"

They were rapidly drifting out into the lake, at all events, for a light wind was blowing off shore.

"Is the water deep?" asked Uncle Liph, anxiously.

"Pretty deep, around here," said Aunt Keziah; and then she shouted to the children:

"Sit still! All of you! Sit still."

Susie was almost ready to cry when she saw her mother and the rest come running down to the shore, and she sat as still as a mouse; but Chub was playing over the side of the boat, with his new straw hat in the water, and Roxy had not lost an inch of her courage and confidence. She was a little pale, but she said:

"It 's all right, Susie. This is n't anything. Piney 's coming."

"I wish he 'd come," whimpered poor Susie, for she understood that the grown-up people were getting frightened about them, although she could not see clearly that they were in any danger.

Piney was coming, with Bi close behind him, and he chuckled with delight as he sprang from the landing into the warm, clear water.

(To be continued.)



BELLEROPHON ON THE FLYING HORSE.

THE STORY OF PEGASUS.

By M. C.

When Perseus struck off the head of the terrible Gorgon Medusa, as described in the story of his life already given in St. Nicholas,* it is said there sprang from her body a winged horse. This was the strange and beautiful animal, now known in mythology as Pegasus, and the ancient poets and fable-writers told many stories concerning him.

Hardly was the fiery creature born, when he flew up into the heavens, and there became the horse of Jupiter, for whom he carried thunder and lightning. In course of time, however, Pegasus had a less powerful rider.

A young man named Hipponous happened to slay Bellerus, a Corinthian, and on this account was named Bellerophon; to save his life, he took refuge at the court of a king named Prætus. But here, also, Bellerophon got into trouble, and Prætus sent him to Iobates, king of Lycia, with private orders to have the young man slain at the first opportunity. To accomplish this, Iobates sent Bellerophon to kill the dreadful, fire-breathing monster, Chimæra, firmly believing he would never return alive. There was a chance, too, that both might die, and thus Iobates would gain the love of his people, as well as the friendship of Prætus; for Chimæra had killed great numbers of the Lycians.

The fore part of Chimæra's body was like a lion, the hind part like a dragon, and the rest like a goat. But, although his foe was so horrid and terrible, Bellerophon seems to have taken the matter very comfortably, for we hear of his falling asleep in the temple of the goddess Minerva, where he had gone to talk the fight over with one of the priests. This nap proved a piece of good luck; for the goddess was kind enough to appear to him in a dream, and tell him that, in order to kill Chimæra, he must manage to tame and ride Pegasus, and that he would find the horse at the Pirene spring, for there Pegasus loved to drink.

This famous spring of pure water supplied a great part of the town of Corinth. It was not the same as the spring Hippocrene, which we shall come to presently, and which is sometimes called the "Pierian" spring, from Pieria, the country in which it is situated.

To aid Bellerophon in conquering the horse, Minerva gave him a golden bridle. When he awoke, Bellerophon found this bridle by his side; and, as it proved his dream to be true so far, he started for the Pirene spring, and lay in wait there.

After a long time, the young man heard a loud fluttering of wings, and, looking up, he saw the wonderful horse hovering in the air. As Bellerophon had hidden himself very carefully, Pegasus, not seeing him, flew gracefully down to the fountain, drank of it, quietly stretched himself out and fell asleep. Then Bellerophon crept up softly, and suddenly leaped upon the creature's back. The shock awoke the winged horse, who never till then had felt the human touch. He sprang up in wild alarm, and rose, with quick wings, high into the air, doing his utmost to shake off his rider. But Bellerophon kept his seat, swung the golden bridle skillfully over his steed's head, and slipped the bit into his mouth. After that, Pegasus submitted, and the young man could make him fly just as he wished.

Riding on his winged horse, Bellerophon boldly attacked and killed Chimæra, to the great joy of the Lycians, although Iobates and Prætus felt sorry Bellerophon escaped. The young man was so grateful to Pegasus that he would have set him free; but the noble creature had learned to love his brave master, and would not leave him. Even when Bellerophon wanted to go into the heavens, Pegasus tried to fly up there with him on his back; but the gods threw Bellerophon down to earth for trying to intrude upon them uninvited.

In later times, Pegasus was said to have been also the horse of the Muses, the nine goddesses who presided over the different kinds of poetry and over the arts and sciences. Once these nine had a singing-match with the nine daughters of Pierus, on Mount Helicon, in Pieria. When the daughters of Pierus sang, all nature became dark; but when the "Tuneful Nine" broke forth into song, the heavens, the sea and all the rivers stood still to listen; and Mount Helicon itself rose heavenward with delight, until Pegasus stopped it by a kick from his hoof. Out of the print of this timely kick bubbled up the fountain called Hippocrene, whose waters were said to bring inspiration to all who drank of them. The defeated nine were changed into birds.

Nobody has told us the final fate of the beautiful Pegasus; but some ancient writers hint that he returned into the heavens and became the horse of Aurora, the goddess of the morning. Certainly it is pleasant to think so; and perhaps it is in memory of this event that astronomers have given his name to a group of stars.†

* June, 1878. † See Professor Proctor's star maps, in St. Nicholas for August, September, and October, 1877.

MOTHER GOOSE AND HER FAMILY:
A CHRISTMAS RECREATION.

(For Sunday-school and other Festivals.)

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.



INTRODUCTORY NOTE.—One of the chief merits claimed for the following entertainment is that it is not at all instructive, for it teaches no moral (or immoral) whatever. It is simply an amusement for children,—a little sweetmeat with no medicine (or poison) concealed in it. It will occupy about half an hour in the performance, and is meant to go with other exercises. Mother Goose is the center of interest. This part should be taken by a young girl, fifteen to seventeen years of age; but the age does not much matter provided your Mother Goose is not a goose. Pick out the girl that acts a droll part with the most readiness, self-possession and fire. Let her be well trained. A large part of the interest will lie in the costumes, which must be gotten up with care. *Do not let the piece be hurried.* Give the children time to appreciate every part, else it may seem to them confused and indistinct.

THE HOUSE.—The screen, containing a picture of Mother Goose's House in something approaching to perspective, as shown in the cut, should be twelve feet long and ten feet high, with a slope at each end, a projection for eaves, and a little square at the top for the chimney,—common muslin on a light frame. Any fresco painter will paint the house for you, following our illustration. If your room is small, reduce the size of your screen a little. This screen should stand about six feet from the back of the stage, so as to give room behind it for the children taking part. There should be a practical door, —the windows may be of tissue paper with strips of white for sash, or they may be painted. The house will be slightly out of perspective to accommodate the door, etc., but this will not be perceptible. From the ends of the screen, stretch green paper-muslin obliquely to the wall, so that persons behind the screen may not be visible to the audience by any chance. In front of the muslin, put a row of evergreens. Let some competent person remain behind to send out the little players as they are wanted. (If for any reason you cannot get a screen painted, you will find a description of a house built of evergreens, in "The House of Santa Claus," in ST. NICHOLAS for December, 1876, page 131.)

On the platform in front let there be a small table, and leaning against the house a broom, with which Mother Goose can be sweeping in any pauses or delays of the performance, and which she can use as an instrument of discipline when occasion requires.

THE STOCKING—Should be made of any proper material. It should be about six feet long in the leg, and of proportionate length in the foot. It should be filled with paper, except at the very top, where there should be a few bags of candy, etc., such as you intend to distribute to the children. The remainder of the candy-bags should be behind the screen so that they can be brought out after the stocking is carried in. Let the top of the stocking be tied up.

The stocking is lifted to its place against the ceiling by cords run over two pulleys fixed immediately above the middle of the front of the platform. These cords should run to the nearest pillar, or down the nearest wall, where they should be fastened in easy reach. When the stocking has been drawn up so that its top touches the ceiling, while the foot hangs down, two fine cords, previously attached to the heel and the toe, and which also go over pulleys, or through rings, are drawn so as to bring the stocking flat against the ceiling, crosswise of the room. Flags are then draped in front of the stocking so as to conceal it from the view of the audience. If the stocking be striped like the flags, the concealment will be perfect. But the flags must be so arranged as not to impede the stocking in its descent. When the time comes for lowering it, the cords holding the foot are first released, and the stocking drops into plain view of the whole audience. Here let it hang for a minute. Then lower it to the stage, by means of the cords attached to the top.

COSTUMES.

Mother Goose. Short striped skirt, black bodice, white waist, wide ruffle, and fancy slippers with very high heels. A white cap under a high peaked hat. The hat has for its foundation a broad-brim straw hat such as farmers sometimes wear. Over the hat a long pointed crown of Bristol-board, two feet high, is sewed in the shape shown in the illustration. The crown of Bristol-board should be separately covered with blue muslin, and the brim of the straw hat covered with the same. Then the peaked crown is sewed on and the hat is complete. She should be provided with a cane, a pair of spectacles, a large red silk handkerchief, and a snuff-box. The front hair should be powdered with corn-starch, or flour.



Simple Simon should wear a slong-sleeved apron of bright calico hanging below the knees, a skull-cap set on the back of his head, and low loose slippers. He should have a fishing-rod and a pail.

Little Boy Blue should be rather small and wear short pantaloons of blue paper-muslin, with a loose blouse of the same, belted with a strip of red. Cap of blue paper-muslin also, made full like a housemaid's sweeping-cap, but without ruffle. He should have a loud-sounding tin horn.

Tom, the Piper's Son, may be dressed in his ordinary clothes, with the addition of a red blouse and cap, made like that described above. The pig may be made of unbleached muslin stuffed with rags or paper. It should, of course, look somewhat like a pig. A large, loosely filled pillow may be used as a foundation for the pig, who should be about two feet long when complete. Two corners of the pillow may be tied up for ears.

Mary should be a little girl, with ordinary clothes, a broad, flat hat hanging on her back, and a few school-books under her arm.

Mary's Little Lamb is made by covering a boy with unbleached muslin having cotton stitched on it in irregular tufts. The covering should inclose the boy's head, holes being left for the eyes and for breathing. He should walk on hands and knees. He will not look very lamb-like at best, but that is all the better. If you can buy a mask like a sheep's head, it will serve for the face.

The Bachelor is a rather short boy with a high "stove-pipe" hat, and a very long coat, or a short coat with very long tails. He has a toy wheelbarrow, large enough to hold

The Bride, who wears a long dress, a prim little bonnet and a light-colored shawl.

The Little Old Woman should wear a large scoop-shovel bonnet with a cape or shawl.

The Hen is made by putting a large night-dress upside down on a boy, his feet thrust through the sleeves. A pillow is adjusted behind and the garment is gathered about the neck, and then about the pillow to make a tail. Paper fringe completes the tail. The head is a pointed pasteboard cap marked for the mouth, and a mask

marked for the eyes. (The construction of the hen is borrowed from the shanghai in "Spooner's Great Human Menagerie." See ST. NICHOLAS for April, 1875, where there is a fuller description with cuts. But our description will be sufficient for an ingenious person.)

The Man in the Moon wears a mask made with two pasteboard crescents fastened securely, one on either side of his cap, and secured by strings about his neck.

The Man in the South wears a disk or wheel about two feet in diameter, with a hole for his face to project through. This disk is fastened by strings to his neck and head; the edges of the disk are cut into deep points to look like the sun in an almanac picture.*

DIALOGUE.

[The presiding chairman, when the time arrives, will say: "I will now introduce to you our old friend, Mother Goose, who lives in a cottage of her own." The curtain, or other covering, which has concealed the house, is removed, and Mother Goose opens the door and comes out. She stops on the front of the platform, lays her cane on the table, slowly removes her spectacles, takes out her red handkerchief and wipes them, and then replaces them. Then she takes out a snuff-box and pretends to take snuff and sneeze, using her red handkerchief. After dropping a courtesy, she speaks slowly in a sharp voice.]

MOTHER GOOSE. I——[*walks about the stage.*] I—— [*a pause during which she moves about, coughs, and uses her handkerchief.*] I am Mother Goose, a poor, simple old body, that makes verses to get children to sleep. I 'm pretty old. I aint afraid to tell my age. I would tell you how old I am if I only knew, but it 's been so long since I was a gosling that I 've forgotten how long it is. If my memory serves me right, I think I 'm a tough old goose, more than a thousand years old. I rocked Shem, Ham, and Japhet to sleep when Noah was alive. I don't mean Noah Webster, but Captain Noah that sailed in the ark. I would sing you some of my songs, but I am afraid to. My verses are just like soothing sirup, and if I should sing, you would all snore the accompaniment in five minutes. But I 'll repeat one verse:

Hey diddle diddle,
The cat played the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed
To see such craft,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

For my part I think that dish was a little spooney. But the little dog! Would you like to see the little dog that laughed. He 's a funny fellow [*laughing*]; shall I bring him out? [*Mother Goose returns to the door of her house and receives from within a covered basket of pretty large size. Carries it to the front and sets it on the table.*] The dog 's in that basket. I 'll let him out in a minute. He 's a funny fellow. [*Takes a pinch of snuff and wipes her nose and eyes with the red handkerchief.*] Now for our little dog. He wont bite you, my dear children. He only laughs. [*She removes the basket to the floor.*] Now, Fido, I 'm going to let you out. You can laugh a little for these children. Do you want to get out, Fido? [*Opens the basket very slowly and cautiously.*] Now you can come out, doggie. Here, Fido! Here! [*She moves away from the basket and addresses the audience.*] He 's afraid, poor fellow. Here, Fido! Come out, poor little doggie! I 'll have to take him out. [*She slowly stoops down and makes a show of petting a dog in the basket.*] Poor fellow, he should come out; yes he should. Don't you bite me now. [*Lifts out a toy dog and holds it up in plain view.*]



That 's the doggie. Poor little fellow! Laugh a little now, laugh! He 'll laugh in a minute. [*Squeezes the box beneath the dog so that it makes a barking sound.*] There! I told you he would laugh. [*Makes him bark again and again.*] Now he 's tired. He shall go back into the basket, and then he shall have his dinner, so he shall. [*Calls.*] Simon! Simon! Simple Simon!

[Enter Simple Simon with a fishing-rod in one hand and a pail in the other.]

SIMON. Ma'am?

MOTHER GOOSE. Here, take this dog into the house and feed him.

SIMON. I don't want to.

MOTHER GOOSE. You must, though.

SIMON. I want to go fishing. [*Sets down his pail in the farther part of the platform and baits his hook with a piece of paper. Then he lets his hook hang in the pail.*]

MOTHER GOOSE. [*Addressing the audience.*] That is Simple Simon. I made a verse about him:

Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale,
And all the water he had got
Was in his mother's pail.

Here, Simon, take this basket into the house.

SIMON. Can't. I 'm fishing. [*Jerks up his line eagerly.*]

MOTHER GOOSE. You must.

SIMON. I wont.

MOTHER GOOSE. [*Seizes him by the collar and shakes him.*] You wont, eh?

SIMON. [*Scratching his head.*] I was just going to catch a whale!

MOTHER GOOSE. I 'll whale you. Take that basket into the house and feed the dog, and send the Old Bachelor out.

MOTHER GOOSE. [*Wiping her spectacles.*] That boy is such a trial. There 's the Old Bachelor now, he 's 'cute. I made a few verses about him. [*Recites in a sentimental sing-song.*]

When I was a bachelor I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got I put upon the shelf.

* See "Letter-Box."

The rats and the mice, they made such a strife
That I had to go to London to buy me a wife.

[*Sotto voce.*] Wives were dear in those days. —cost twenty-five cents apiece.



The streets were so broad and the lanes were so narrow,
That I had to fetch the wife home on a wheelbarrow.

[Enter the Old Bachelor with empty wheelbarrow.]

The wheelbarrow broke and my wife got a fall,
And away went wheelbarrow, wife and all!

[The Bachelor wheels twice or three times across the stage. Then he stops in front of the door. The wife comes out. She sits on the wheelbarrow and he wheels her about the stage two or three times, while Mother Goose points at them with her cane, and nods in dumb show at the audience; then he lets the barrow fall, tipping the wife out. He seizes her and replaces her, but she leaps out and runs into the house, while he takes the wheelbarrow and goes after her.]

MOTHER GOOSE.

Little Boy Blue come blow your horn,
The sheep 's in the meadow, the cow 's in the corn.

[Enter Boy Blue, who blows his horn in Mother Goose's face, while she stops her ears and dances about the platform. At last she cuffs him until he sits down on a chair. As she turns away he gives one more toot, whereupon she seizes her cane and shakes it at him. He makes show of putting his horn to his mouth several times, but desists each time, when Mother Goose shakes her cane over him.]

MOTHER GOOSE.

Tom, Tom, the Piper's son,
Stole a pig and away he run,

The pig was eat and Tom was beat,
And Tom ran crying down the street.

[During this recitation, Tom enters by the door, steals the pig hidden in the evergreens, and, putting it on his shoulder, sneaks across the stage. Just as Mother Goose finishes the stanza, she turns about and discovers him behind her with the pig.]



MOTHER GOOSE. Oh, there you are, you sneaking little thief! I 'll give it to you. [*She seizes the broom, which stands against the house, and dashes after him. Tom runs three or four times round the stage, chased by Mother Goose, who is followed in turn by Boy Blue blowing his horn; at last Tom runs in at the door, and Mother Goose chases Boy Blue about with her broom and drives him within, his horn blowing until he disappears.*] I 'm agitated. [*Wipes her spectacles.*] Boys are so flustratious! They 've set me all in a tremble, I do declare. I 'll call Mary. Mary! Mary! [*Enter Mary.*] My dear, I am all upset and overturned and flustrated in my nerves by those rude boys.

MARY. I 'm sorry, Mother Goose. Can I help you?

MOTHER GOOSE. To be sure you can, my dear. Go and bring your precious little lamb out here. He 's so lovely and so pacifying. [*Exit Mary.*] Now, while Mary 's gone to find her lamb, I 'll show you the bone that old Mother Hubbard got for her dog. [*She takes up an empty box from the table and opens it, turns it upside down as though expecting something to fall out.*] That 's the bone. For you remember that



Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone.
When she got there,
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor dog got NONE!

[*Wipes her spectacles, and takes snuff.*] I wish Mary would come. P'r'aps I 'd better say that po'try about her, though I did n't make it myself. I don't think you 've ever heard it:

Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was very likely 'most always to go, you know.
It went with her to Sunday-school one day;
And that was against the rule.
It made the children laugh and play,
To hear a little lamb bleating right out loud in school.

And so the teacher turned him out;
But still he lingered near,
And nipped the grass and nosed about,
And stuck his head in the water-spout,
And wiggled and twisted to get it out,
And scratched his head with his toe, no doubt,
Till Mary did appear.

Here she comes now. Bring him out, Mary, bring him out, and let us see the dear little lamb.

[Enter Mary leading the lamb by a cord about his neck. They pass to the front where Mary pets the lamb. She afterward leads him off the stage.]

MOTHER GOOSE

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?"
The eager children cry.
"Why, the lamb 's a little goose, you know,"
The teacher did reply.

[*Knocking heard at the door within.*] Now, who 's that? Some of my people that want to come out here and show themselves off, I suppose, and can't wait for the right time. [*Proceeds to the door and opens it. Enter the Man in the Moon and the Man in the South. The latter carries a pan or dish from which he is eating something, making signs that it is too hot for him.*] Now what do you two moon-struck and sun-struck men want here? [*They proceed to the front of the platform and bow.*]

MAN IN THE MOON [*recites slowly.*]

The Man in the Moon came down too soon
To ask the way to Norwich. [Pronounce Norridge.]

MAN IN THE SOUTH [*recites.*]

The Man in the South, he burnt his mouth
By eating cold plum porridge.

MOTHER GOOSE. Oh! now! is that all? Well, you might as well have staid at home if that 's all.

[The Man in the Moon and the Man in the South walk slowly about the stage. The Man in the South offers the Man in the Moon some porridge, which the latter eats with every sign of burning his mouth.]

MOTHER GOOSE. Simpletons! Go back and eat your cold plum porridge at home, and send the Old Woman and her Hen out here to me. [*Exeunt the two men.*] I wish that Old Woman and her Hen would come. [*Calls.*] Chickee! Chickee! Chickee! Chick! Chick!

[Enter the Old Woman followed by the Hen. They walk about the stage, stopping every now and then, the Old Woman dropping courtesies to the Hen, and the Hen bowing solemnly to the Old Woman. They stop at length on the front of the platform, where the Old Woman says.]

I had a little Hen, the prettiest ever seen.
She washed me the dishes and kept the house clean.

Is n't that so, my little Hen? [*The Hen bows.*]

She went to the mill to fetch me some flour,
She brought it home in less than an hour.

Did n't you, old Hen? [*The Hen bows again.*]

She baked me my bread, she brewed me my ale,
She sat by the fire and told many a fine tale.

Did n't you, Hen?

HEN. Of course I did. [*The Old Woman drops a courtesy to the audience; the Hen bows, and follows her as she walks toward the door of the house.*]

MOTHER GOOSE. You 're a real good Hen. [*The Hen turns and bows to Mother Goose. Exeunt Old Woman and Hen.*]

MOTHER GOOSE. Now I think it is time you had some refreshments. I hung up a stocking, and I hope Santa Claus has put something good in it for you. [*She steps back from the front and, pointing with her cane to the ceiling, recites.*]

Stocking! Stocking! now appear
To the children waiting here!

[The cords attached to the foot of the stocking are now let go at the ends in reach, and so relaxed that the stocking hangs in full view of the audience. After a minute, Mother Goose recites.]

Stocking! Stocking! to the floor
Come down lower, lower, lower,
Open your mouth and show your store!

[*While she speaks, the stocking is lowered. Mother Goose opens it and finds a bag of candy, etc. This bag she opens and tastes.*] That 's very good. What a fellow Santa Claus is! Here are some bags of candy and good things. We must get this into the house and empty it. [*Goes to the door and calls.*] Come out, all of you. Here 's a lot of good things. [*All the characters in costume come out and stand round the stocking.*] Now let us carry this inside and empty it.

[The stocking is carried in, and the candy, etc., previously deposited in the house, is brought out and distributed.]



THE MYSTERY OF THE SEED.

By Lucy Larcom.



CHILDREN dear, can you read
The mystery of the seed,—
The little seed, that will not remain
In earth, but rises in fruit and grain?

A mystery, passing strange
Is the seed, in its wondrous change;
Forest and flower in its husk concealed,
And the golden wealth of the harvest-field.

Ever, around and above,
Works the Invisible Love:
It lives in the heavens and under the land,
In blossom and sheaf, and the reaper's hand.

—Sower, you surely know
That the harvest never will grow,
Except for the Angels of Sun and Rain,
Who water and ripen the springing grain!

Awake for us, heart and eye,
Are watchers behind the sky:
There are unseen reapers in every band,
Who lend their strength to the weary hand.

When the wonderful light breaks through
From above, on the work we do,
We can see how near us our helpers are,
Who carry the sickle, and wear the star.

Sower, you surely know
That good seed never will grow,
Except for the Angels of Joy and Pain,
Who scatter the sunbeams, and pour the rain!

—Child, with the sower sing!
Love is in everything!
The secret is deeper than we can read:—
But we gather the grain if we sow the seed.

TELEGRAPH-BOYS.

By W. A. Linn.



MESSENGERS' WAITING ROOM IN WESTERN UNION BUILDING.

Everybody has heard of the enterprise of New York's business *men*, their wonderful success in building up our foreign commerce, developing internal trade, and in many ways controlling the traffic of a continent. But it is very easy to overlook the fact that working side by side with these men, is an army of business *boys*, to whom all branches of trade are indebted for assistance, and without whose aid more than one industry would suffer at least serious inconvenience. Everybody living in a city sees the telegraph messenger hurrying along the street; hears the news-boy shouting out the names of his papers; is offered on every hand the services of the boot-black, or comes in contact with the cash-boy or office-boy. But one is apt to forget that all these boys, and many others not so well known, are really "in business," and that they are entitled to be so regarded. Their occupations, too, are divided much as those of their elders. Some, like the news-boys and boot-blacks, are capitalists, doing business on their own account. Others, like some of the telegraph-boys, act as agents, receiving a sort of commission or percentage on the business which they do. Others still, like office-boys and cash-boys, are simply clerks, paid to render a particular kind of service.

There are plenty of boys in the country, too, who are steady, hard workers, and some of these even poets have not forgotten to write about. Indeed, if the business boys all over the land were to have justice done to them in the way of description, it would require the writing of a whole book; and a very interesting book it might be made, too. I propose now, however, only to tell my readers some facts about telegraph-boys, who are not seen out of the large cities; and those of whom I shall speak are in New York, where, as that is the largest city in this country, a great many of these boys are employed.

Every one who lives in New York, and those who visit that city, see in the streets a great many boys wearing a very neat uniform, who hurry along as if they were intrusted with very important business, as indeed they are. These are the telegraph-boys or messengers. It will be found that they are not all dressed alike, and a little inquiry will show that this is because they are in the employ of different companies. Not many years ago, the use of the telegraph was very costly, and it was employed only for important business. Now, however, inventors have so applied it that it can, in a large city, be made to do a multitude of services at a very small cost. So in New York we find that there are two classes of telegraph companies, one principally

employed in sending messages between distant places, and one which works only in the city. In each of these branches, boys have a great deal to do.

Let us first make the acquaintance of the boys employed by that great corporation, the Western Union Telegraph Company, whose wires extend over every state and territory, and whose head-quarters are in the great building at the corner of Broadway and Dey street in New York. If at any hour of the day or night you enter a door on the Dey street side of this building, about fifty feet distant from Broadway, you will find yourself in a good-sized comfortable room, fitted up with some plain benches, on which are seated a number of the telegraph-boys whom you see so often in the street. The uniforms of the Western Union boys consist of suits of dark-blue cloth with red trimmings, and they wear caps to correspond. In rainy weather, each boy wears a complete covering of rubber cloth, and so, for them an umbrella is never necessary. So rapidly are they expected to do their work, that even the very short time lost in opening and shutting umbrellas is held to be worth considering.

The number of boys employed by this company varies with the season of the year; for with telegraph companies as with other kinds of business, there are busy times and dull times. The largest number is employed in the main office in the spring and autumn, when it sometimes reaches one hundred. In February, I found about eighty boys on the pay-roll, and this may be taken as a fair average. Beside the main office, this company has nineteen branch offices in the city, each with its messengers, and these offices add seventy boys to the list.



"THEY SEEM TO FORGET THAT MY TIME IS VALUABLE."

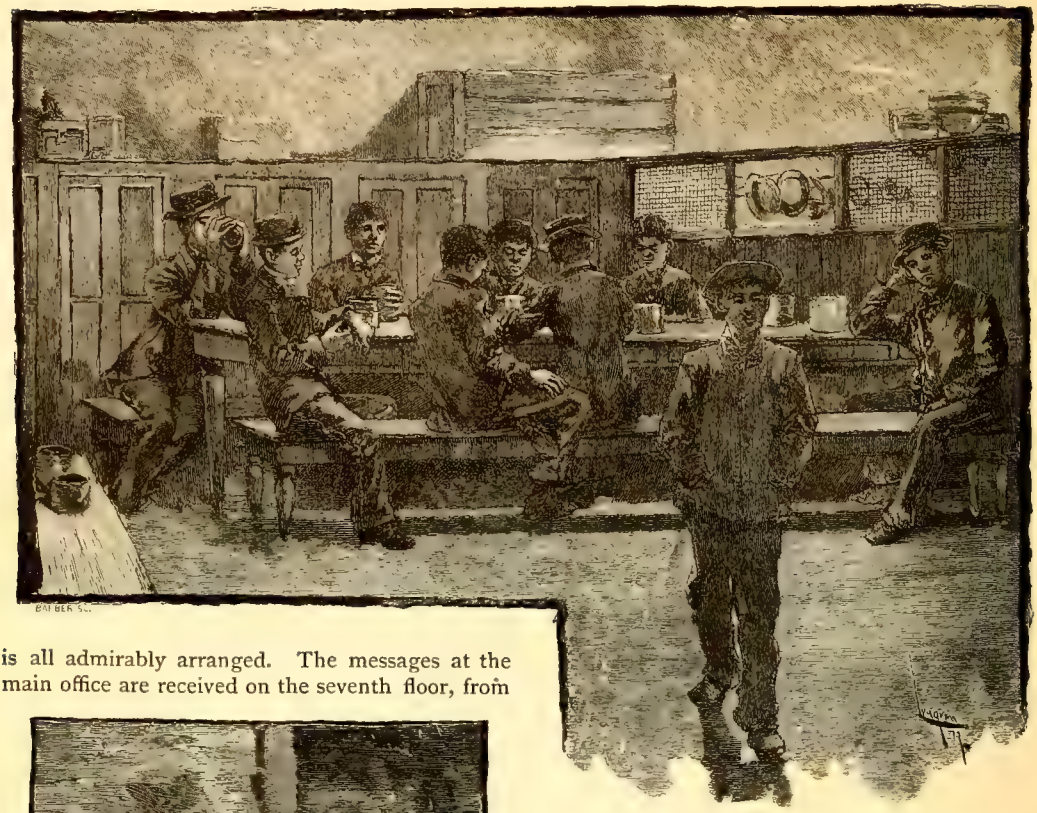


Now I will tell you something about the work of these boys. You can readily see that with so many boys in its employ, each entrusted many times a day with important messages, for the safe and prompt delivery of which the company is responsible, it is necessary to manage their work by a set of strict rules, so that if a boy is slow or careless he may be known at once among all his comrades. Long experience has shown how this can be done, and all the regulations of the office are made so as to get from each boy the best service possible.

In the first place, the boys are not paid by the day or week, but so much for each message delivered. This gives every boy an incentive to deliver every message as promptly as possible, and to hurry back for another one. For each message which a boy delivers, he receives two and a half cents, and for each answer that he brings back to be forwarded from the office, he receives three cents. This explains why a telegraph-boy is always ready to wait for an answer. The amount of money which a boy can earn in a day thus depends, it will be seen, on his own activity. It is found that the average number of messages delivered from the main office every day is three thousand, and the average number delivered by each boy is thirty-five. A boy who is a slow walker or inclined to be lazy will not deliver so many, while a very active boy will deliver more. Now, do you know how far a boy will have to walk in a day, delivering these messages and returning to the office? Not less than nineteen miles! And this does not include going up and down stairs, which is no small matter in the business streets, where offices are found all the way from the ground floor to sixth and seventh stories. You may be sure that, to telegraph-boys, elevators are welcome machines.

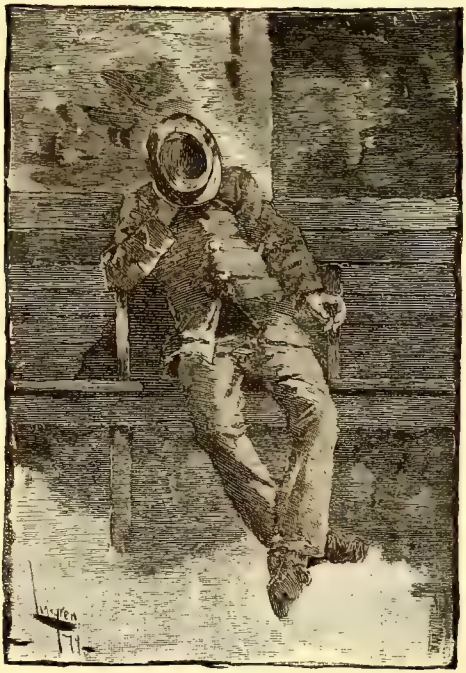
As it is necessary for the person in charge of the boys to know who are diligent and who are not, a very careful record of each boy's work is kept, showing just how long he is absent in delivering each message. This record shows that the average time required is, with a surprisingly small variation from week to week, eight minutes and fifteen seconds. If the average time becomes greater than this, the superintendent at once concludes that some of the boys are becoming dilatory, and he examines the whole record to find out who are the lazy ones, and calls them to account.

Of course, where so many boys are employed, it is necessary to have some plan by which each will have the same chance to show his activity. There are not messages enough to keep every boy employed all the time; and, without a proper arrangement, even active boys might not secure a fair share of the work. This



LUNCH-ROOM AT THE WESTERN UNION BUILDING.

is all admirably arranged. The messages at the main office are received on the seventh floor, from



TIRED OUT.

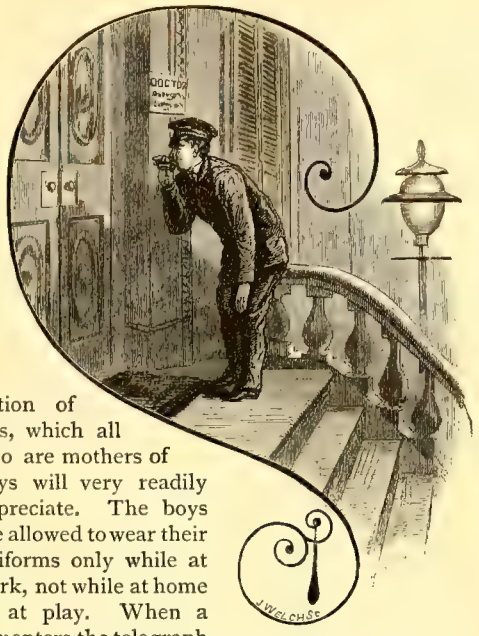
which run wires connecting with almost all parts of the world. As soon as an operator has written a message that has come in, it is sent down to the ground floor through a tube. On its arrival there, a clerk takes it and writes on it a number, beginning with No. 1, for the first message received each day. It is then put through a steam copying-press, and is next passed to a clerk, who puts it into an envelope, on which he writes the number and the address. This clerk passes it to still another clerk, who copies, on a sheet of paper properly prepared, the number of the message and the number of the boy who is to deliver it.

The distribution of the messages among the boys is made as follows: Each boy, as he comes into the office in the morning, receives what is called a "delivery sheet,"—that is, a sheet of paper with blanks in which to write the numbers of messages, the time of leaving the office, the name and address of the receiver, and the time of the messenger's return. Each messenger is known by his number, and each of them has a pasteboard cover for his "delivery sheet," on which his number is written. These sheets, in their covers, are put into a rack by the side of the clerk last mentioned above, and he always puts a message, when ready, into the

cover nearest to him, and calls out the number of the boy to whom it belongs. When a boy comes back from the delivery of a message, he puts his cover into the rack behind those already there, and sits down to wait until it reaches the clerk. Thus there is no chance for any partiality, and the sooner a boy gets back to the office, the sooner will another message be ready for him.

You can see, by what you have read, that a telegraph-boy does not lead a lazy life. His hours of duty, if he is a day boy, are from 7 A. M. until 6.30 P. M. Of course, only a few boys are required to deliver messages at night, as a rule. But there are times in the year when a great many messages come in for delivery between 1 and 7 A. M. At such times, ambitious boys are given an opportunity to do extra work. Sometimes, a boy can do a good day's work by 8 A. M., and he is then allowed by the superintendent to "lie off," or, as you will better understand it, take a holiday. If a boy in this business does have a holiday, he usually has the satisfaction of knowing that a good day's work and a day's pay have already been set down to his credit.

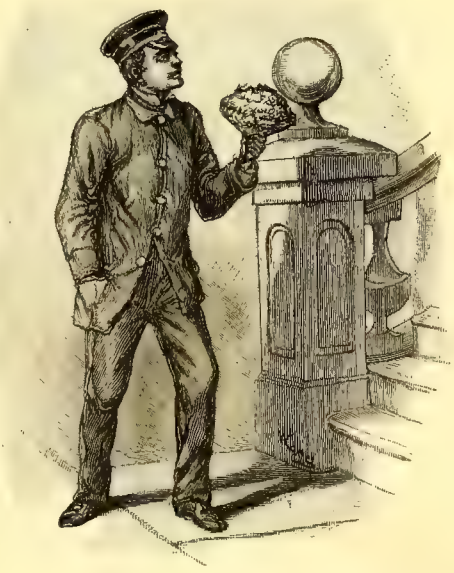
I have told you that all these boys wear uniforms. If you have ever noticed them, you have perhaps wondered how they could keep these uniforms looking so fresh and neat, tramping around as they do all day long. There is an easy explanation of this, which all who are mothers of boys will very readily appreciate. The boys are allowed to wear their uniforms only while at work, not while at home or at play. When a boy enters the telegraph company's employment he is provided with a complete uniform. This suit of clothes he must pay for, but he is not required to do so all at once. Every week, a certain sum is deducted from his wages, and thus the clothes are purchased without being a severe tax



CALLING A DOCTOR.



A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH.



CARRYING A GIFT OF A BOUQUET.

on him, as it would be if he was required to make full payment at the outset, since most of the boys have to give their wages to the support of their homes. If these boys were allowed to wear their uniforms when the day's work was over, playing in the streets and lounging about their houses would soon spoil them. Accordingly, a large room is provided with hooks, all of which are numbered, and before a boy leaves the office for his home he goes to this room, takes off his uniform and gives it to an attendant, who hangs it upon a hook corresponding with the boy's number, and returns to him his ordinary suit, which has been hanging on this hook during the day. Once a week, a tailor looks over all the uniforms, and does any mending that he finds necessary. Thus it is that a telegraph-boy always looks so neatly dressed.

There is another class of telegraph-boys, to whom I now wish to introduce you. I have told you that the telegraph is now made to do a great many services in the large cities. Instead of merely sending messages from one person to another, instruments are placed in private houses, and the occupants, by merely pressing a knob, can summon a policeman, or give an alarm in case of fire, or call a messenger to do any service that may be required. The principal company in New York which controls such a telegraph system, is the American District Telegraph Company. The boys in this company's employ have many duties to perform which are not required of the Western Union boys, and they therefore have a great many things to learn before they can be provided with work. When the hirer of a District instrument calls for a messenger, the boy can never know what he may be wanted for. He may be told to hurry for a physician, he may be given a package for delivery, or a bill to collect, or he may be sent by a broker to deliver stock or to have a check certified,—in fine, his duties are too varied for me to name them all. When it is remembered that about 4,500 District instruments are now in use in New York, and that 1,513,265 messages were delivered by the District boys in the year ended September 30, 1877, some notion of the manifold services required of them can be formed.



IN WET-WEATHER COSTUME.

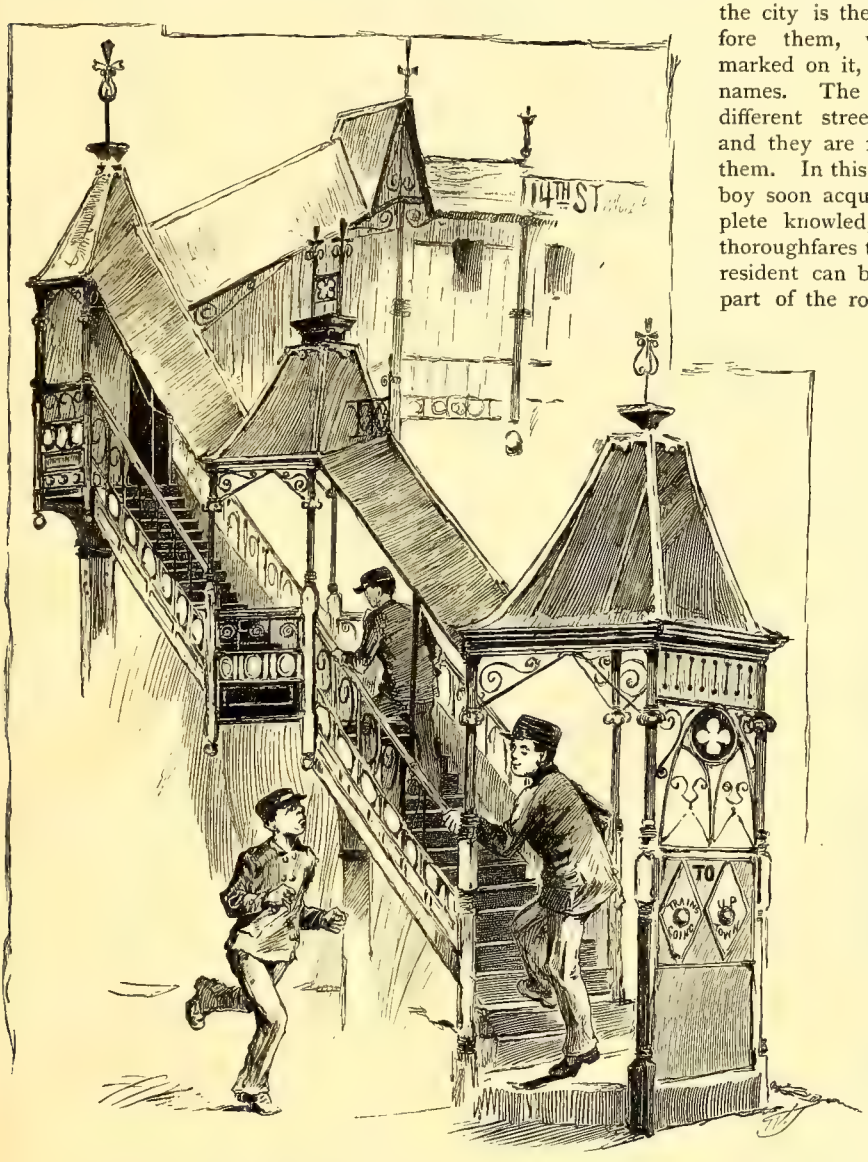


READY FOR DUTY.

It is easy to see that an inexperienced and unskillful messenger in such an employment would only prove himself a nuisance to the public and an injury to the company. Every boy, therefore,

who is employed by the American District Telegraph Company is put into a training-school, and this school is a very interesting one.

When I first made its acquaintance, in the winter of 1877, I found it in the second story of a very plain-looking building at No. 33 Bridge street,—and Bridge street, as even some New Yorkers may need to be told, runs toward Broadway from Broad street, down in the neighborhood of Bowling Green. The school has since been moved to the new head-quarters of the company at No. 699 Broadway. The school-room is provided with wooden benches, like those found in old-fashioned country district schools, but the instruction given is entirely in regard to the business of the company. Every candidate for a place must know how to read and write before he can be put into the school. It is of course necessary for the boys to know the situation of every street in the city. A large map of the city is therefore placed before them, with the streets marked on it, but without their names. The teacher points out different streets to his pupils, and they are required to name them. In this way a messenger-boy soon acquires a more complete knowledge of the city's thoroughfares than many an old resident can boast of. In one part of the room are telegraph instruments such as the company uses, and the boys are taught how to send and receive messages on them. Then there is a miniature bank, where they are taught about the use of checks, and there is a kind of make-believe broker's office, where they are taught how to deliver stock, etc. Much attention is given to the instruction in the bank and in the broker's office, as bankers and brokers use the messenger-boys constantly.



TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE ELEVATED RAILROAD.

There is, beside all this, a great deal for the boys to learn about the company's methods of business, which I need not explain in detail. They must make themselves familiar with the "tariff-book," which tells them how much a boy must charge for going from any one place in the

city to any other. They must learn the use of the different kinds of tickets, on which the temporary record of their service is kept. They must know when to charge for a car or stage fare and when it is proper for them to walk.

The boys, too, are drilled at the school in regard to a great many particulars of discipline and service. A few of their catechisms are as follows:

Q.—When a call is received, what is to be done?

A.—The boy whose turn it is to answer must run to the place whence the call comes.

Q.—On arriving at a house, what must he do?

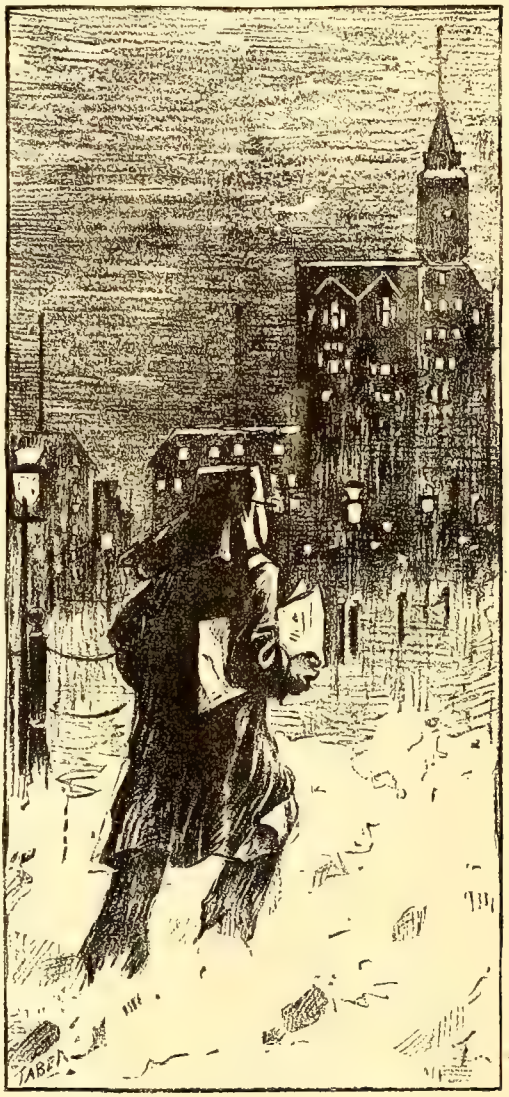
A.—He must wipe his feet carefully, and on entering must take off his cap and place it under his left arm. He must then ask for the person who called, and when he receives his message he must ask: "Is there any answer?" or "If the person is not in, shall I leave it?"

Q.—If a subscriber calls by mistake for a messenger when he wants a policeman or to send a fire alarm, what must the messenger do?

A.—He must at once ask to see the instrument, and must send the proper call, in order to avoid delay.

Q.—If a messenger receives a large bundle on a rainy day, what must he do?

A.—He must return to the office for a rubber covering.



CARRYING NEWSPAPER DISPATCHES ON A WINTER NIGHT.

Boys who are qualifying themselves to become messengers must attend this school from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. until their training is completed. The number of pupils varies with the season of the year. In the autumn it sometimes reaches sixty, while in summer the number of boys in this training-school may dwindle down to twelve or fifteen.

It will readily be surmised that boys employed by the District company cannot be paid as are the boys of the Western Union Company, because their services are so different. The District boys are paid by the week, and their wages begin even while they are pupils. When in the training-school, they get one dollar a week, and when they enter on their regular duties, this pay is raised to four dollars a week. But there are grades of promotion, and a boy who becomes a sergeant, and then has general charge of an office, giving out the uniforms, etc., is paid five dollars a week.

The uniforms of the District boys are made of blue cloth, manufactured expressly for the company, with red trimmings. Each uniform costs $12, and to pay for it $1.25 is deducted from each boy's weekly wages as long as is necessary. If a boy is discharged, he may keep his uniform, if it is paid for, or, if he so wishes, the company will purchase it of him, if it is in good condition. The same rule applies in this company about leaving the uniforms at the office after the day's work is over, as I mentioned in connection with the Western Union boys.

The American District Telegraph Company employs on an average 550 boys, who are distributed throughout the city among twenty-three offices. Each office has from five to eighty boys in attendance, according to its location, and every boy is expected to serve ten hours a day. In some of the offices, constant employment cannot be found for all the boys during this time, and one form of promotion is to send a boy to an "easy district."

When a boy arrives at his office in the morning,

he goes to the sergeant, who notes if he is on time or not. Then he puts on his uniform and reports to the manager, who ascertains whether or not his hands are clean and his hair is neatly brushed. If he passes this examination successfully, he takes a seat ready for duty. The boys respond to calls in the order of their numbers early in the morning; afterward they take their turns.

A faithful boy in the employ of this company is never discharged merely because business is dull, the resignations of boys who tire of their duties or leave for other causes, and the dismissal of boys who are unsatisfactory, rapidly decreasing the force when additions are not made. It has required no little skill so to arrange the service that inefficient messengers may be detected among so many; but this has been accomplished by an admirable system of records, and discipline is enforced by means of fines and extra hours, which soon lessen the wages, or prolong the period of daily service, of those boys who prove remiss.

Such is an outline of the duties of the telegraph-messengers. To boys who are compelled to support themselves, or to assist in the support of a family, this employment offers many advantages. The work is healthy, because of the constant exercise which the boys are required to take; and it is noticed that boys who, when hired, are puny and delicate, often become rugged and gain in flesh in a few months. The pay is larger than boys obtain in many other kinds of employment, and they are under a sort of discipline which makes them methodical and tends to correct many bad habits. They are not, it is true, learning any trade which they may follow through life; but those messengers who choose to study telegraphy are said to make especially good operators. The present manager of the messenger service in the Western Union building was formerly a messenger boy, as were once the superintendents of the Western Union offices in two of our large cities.

Useful as is the telegraph, we should not forget that it is the boys who connect its wires with our offices and our homes. Electricity will transmit our messages across a continent or beneath an ocean, but the aid of the boys must be called in to bridge the gap that remains between the instrument and the final destination. The telephone and the phonograph, which already have done what seems to be almost miraculous work, may in time be made the means of conveying a message directly from the telegraph instrument to the person to whom it is addressed. But, until this is accomplished, we must acknowledge our dependence on the messenger-boys and fairly recognize them as persons of business.

HOW CRUEL IS FATE!

By Margaret Vandegrift.

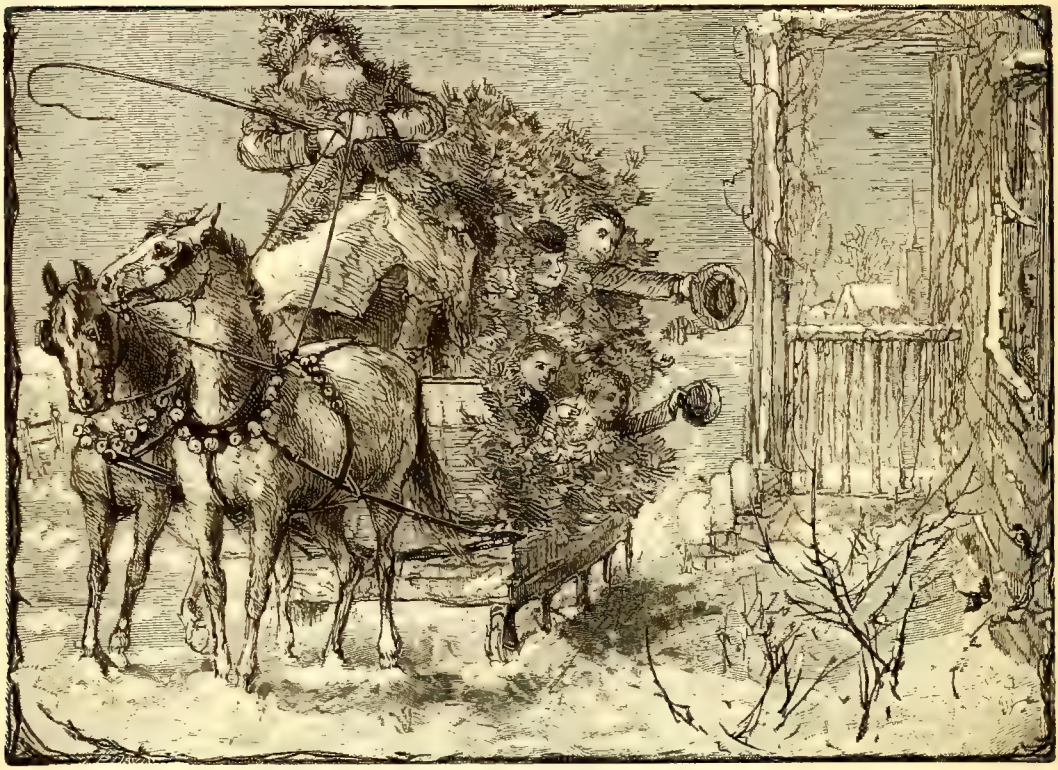
There was a young man with a shaddock,
Who met a young maid with a haddock.
He thought, "How I wish
She would give me that fish,
In legal exchange for my shaddock!"

The maiden, who did not like haddock,
Thought, "Oh, what a beautiful shaddock!
If I were not so shy,
I should certainly try
If he 'd give me that fruit for my haddock."

He went on his way with his shaddock;
She went on her way with her haddock;
And so cruel is fate
That, until 't was too late,
Neither one of them heard
That, by speaking the word,
He might just as well have had haddock,
And *she* might as well have had shaddock!

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A WOOD-SLED.

By Washington Gladden.



"FOUR VOICES SHOUTED, 'MERRY CHRISTMAS!'" [SEE PAGE 166.]

"KEEPS coming right down, don't it, Bill?"

Bill could not deny it, and did not wish to admit it; therefore, he said nothing.

What was coming down was the snow. It had been falling, thicker and faster, since a little after daylight, and now it was nearly dark. Stumps of trees and gate-posts were capped with great white masses of it; here and there a path, cleared up to the back door of a farm-house, showed on either hand a high bank of it fluted with broom or shovel.

The boy, whose observation about its coming down I have just recorded, was Master Winfield Scott Burnham. He was a slender boy, with a pale face, dark eyes, and brown hair, and he sat pressing his face against the pane of a car window, looking with rather a rueful countenance upon the fast-falling snow. The young gentleman sitting opposite him, whom he had made bold to address as Bill, was his big brother, a junior in college, who had long been Win's hero; and he was worthy to be the hero of any small boy, for he was not only strong and swift and expert in all kinds of muscular sports, but he was too much of a man ever to treat small boys, even though they might be his own brothers, roughly or contemptuously.

Just across the aisle, on the other side of the car, sat Win's eldest sister, Grace, who was a sophomore at "Smith" College; and fronting her on the reversed seat was Win's younger brother, Philip Sheridan.

The reason why these Burnhams happened to be traveling together was this: The Christmas vacation had come, and William and Grace were on their way to their home in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. The two small boys, whose school at home had closed a week earlier than the colleges, had been visiting their cousins in Hartford for a few days; and it was arranged that William should

come over from Amherst and join Grace at Northampton, and that the two should wait at Springfield for the little boys, who were to be put on the northern train at Hartford by their uncle. But the trains on all the roads had been greatly delayed by the snow, and it was four o'clock before the noon express, with the Burnhams on board, left Springfield for the West. The darkness was closing in, and the wind was rising, and William had already expressed some fear of a snow-blockade upon the mountain. This remark had made Win rather sober, and he had been watching the snow and listening to the wind with an anxious face.

"How long shall we be going to Pittsfield?" he asked his brother.

"There 's no telling," answered Will. "We ought to get there in two hours, but at this rate it will be four at the shortest."

"That will make it eight o'clock," sighed Win. "I 'm afraid the Christmas tree will all be unloaded before that time."

"Yes, my boy; I 'm sorry, but you might as well make up your mind to that."

Win started across the car. This disappointment was too big for one. He must share it with Phil.

"Hold on, General!" said William, in a low tone. "What 's the good of telling him? Let him be easy in his mind as long as he can."

Win sat down in silence. Phil was telling his sister great stories of the Hartford visit, and his gleeful tones resounded through the car. Grace was laughing at his big talk, and they seemed to be making a merry time of it. But the train had just stopped at Westfield, and there was difficulty in starting. The wind howled ominously, and great gusts of snow came flying down from the roof of the passenger house against the windows of the car. Presently, the two engines that were drawing the train backed up a little to get a good start, and then plunged into the snow.

"Ch——h! Ch—h! ch—ch! Ch–h–h–h–h!"

The wheels were slipping upon the track, and the train suddenly came to a halt.

Back again they went, a little further, for another start; and this time the two engines, like "two hearts that beat as one," cleared the course, and the train went slowly on up the grade. Grace and Phil had stopped talking, and they now came across and joined their brothers.

"Are n't you afraid there may be trouble on the mountain, Will?" asked Grace.

"Should n't wonder," said that gentleman, shortly.

"But, Will, what in the world should we do if we should happen to be blockaded?"

"Sit still and wait till we were shoveled out, I suppose. You see, we could n't go on afoot very well."

"Going to be snowed up! That 's tip-top!" cried Phil. The boy's love of adventure had crowded out all thoughts of the festival to which they were hastening. "I read in the paper about a train that was snowed up three or four days on the Pacific road, and the passengers had jolly times; the station was n't very far off, and they got enough to eat and drink, and they had all sorts of shows on the train."

"But I 'd rather see the show at the Christmas tree to-night," said Win, "than any show we 'll see on this old train. Would n't you, Bill?"

"Perhaps so," answered Bill. It was evident that he had reasons of his own for not wishing to be absent from the festival.

Meantime, the train was ploughing along. Now and then it came to a halt in a cut which the snow had filled, but a small party of shovelers that had come on board at Westfield usually succeeded, after a short delay, in clearing the track. Still, the progress was very slow. A full hour and a half was consumed between Springfield and Russell, and it was almost seven o'clock when the train stopped at Chester.

The boys were pretty hungry by this time, and the prospect of spending the night in a snow-bank was much less attractive, even to Phil, than it had been two hours before. At Chester, where there was a long halt, the passengers—of whom there were not many—nearly all got out and refreshed themselves. A couple of sandwiches, a piece of custard pie, a big, round doughnut and a glass of good milk, considerably increased Phil's courage and greatly comforted Win, so that they returned to the car ready to encounter with equal mind the perils of the night.

The snow had ceased to fall, but the wind was still blowing. Two or three more shovelers came on board, and, thus reinforced, the train pushed on. But it was slow work; the grade was getting heavier and the drifts were deeper every mile. But Middlefield was passed and Becket was left behind, and at nine o'clock the train was slowly toiling up toward the summit at Washington, when, suddenly, it came to a halt, and a long blast was blown by the whistles of both engines. Shortly, a brakeman came through the train, and, taking one of the red lanterns from the rear of the last car, hurried down the track with it.

"Where is he going with that lantern?" asked Phil.

"He is going back a little way," said Will. "The lantern is a signal to keep other trains from running into us. That means that we are to stay

here for some time. I 'll go out and see what 's up."

Presently, he returned with a sober face, and looking very cold.

"Well, what is it?" they all asked.

"O, nothing; there 's a freight-train in the cut just ahead of us with two of its cars off the track, and the cut 's about half full of snow. If our Christmas goose is n't cooked already, there 'll be plenty of time to have it cooked before we get out of this."

"Is it that deep cut just below the Washington station?" asked Grace.

"The same," answered Will; "and it 's as likely a place to spend Christmas in as you could find anywhere in Western Massachusetts."

"Can't they dig out the snow?" cried Win.

"Oh yes," said the big brother, "but it 's not an easy thing to do; it 's got to be done with shovels, and it will take a long time."

"How long?" asked Grace, ruefully.

"Nobody knows. But we shall be obliged to wait for more shovelers and wreckers to come up from Springfield, and I should n't wonder at all if we staid here twenty-four hours."

"Can't you telegraph to father?"

"I 'm sorry to say I can not. I asked about that, but the station man says the lines are down. No; there 's nothing to do but bunk down for the night as well as we can, and wait till deliverance comes. We 're in a regular fix and no mistake, and we 've just got to make the best of it," replied Will.

Just then the rear door of the car opened and a figure appeared that had not been seen hitherto upon the train. It was that of a stalwart man, perhaps fifty-five years old, with long white hair and beard, ruddy cheeks and bright gray eyes. He wore a gray fur cap and a long gray overcoat, and looked enough like —— Somebody that we are all thinking of about Christmas time, to have been that Somebody's twin brother.

"Good evenin', friends!" he said, in a very jolly tone, as he shut the car-door behind him. "Pleased to receive a call from so many on ye. Merry Christmas to ye all! 'Taint often that I kin welcome such a big Christmas party as this to my place!"

The good-nature of the old farmer was irresistible. The passengers all laughed.

"I believe you," said a traveling salesman in a seal-skin cap; "and the sooner you bid us good riddance the better we shall like it."

"And you need n't mind about wishing us many happy returns either," said a black-whiskered man in a plaid ulster; "if we ever get away from here, you won't see us again soon!"

"What place is this?" inquired a gray-haired lady, who sat just in front of the Burnhams.

"Washin'ton 's what they call it," said the jolly farmer. "Pop'lar name enough; but the place don't seem to be over pop'lar jest now, with some on ye." And he laughed a big jolly laugh.

"Is it, like our capital,—a 'city of magnificent distances'?" inquired the man in the ulster.

"I reckon it is. It 's consid'able of a distance from everywhere else on airth. But it 's nigher to heaven 'n any other place hereabouts."

"What is raised on this hill?" inquired the traveling salesman.

"Wind, mostly. Is that article in your line?"

The laugh was on the salesman, but he enjoyed it as well as any of them. A bit of a girl about three years old, tugging a flaxen-haired doll under one arm, here came sidling down the aisle of the car.

"Ith oo Thanty Kauth?" she said, lifting her great, solemn black eyes to the farmer's face. The laugh was on him now; and he joined in it uproariously.

"Not jest exackly, my little gal," he said, as he lifted her up in his arms; "but you 've come purty nigh it. Sandy Ross is what they call me."

"Has oo dot a thleigh and a waindeer?" persisted the little maiden.

"No; but I 've got a first-rate wood-sled,—pair o' bobs, with a wood rack on't,—'n' ez slick a span o' Canadian ponies ez ever ye see!"

The farmer stroked the dark hair of the little girl with his great hard hand, and she snuggled down on his shoulder as if he had been her grandfather.

The Burnhams had been joining in the merriment, though they had taken no part in the conversation. But when the little girl climbed down from the arms of Sandy Ross, Will arose and beckoned him to a vacant seat.

"How far from here do you live, Mr. Ross?"

"Right up the bank thar. That 's my house, with a light 'n the winder."

It was a comfortable-looking white farm-house, with a sloping roof in the rear and a big chimney in the middle.

"Now, Mr. Ross, I live in Pittsfield, and I want mightily to get there before noon to-morrow. I don't believe this train will get there before to-morrow night. Could you take my sister, and those two little chaps and me, and carry us all home early to-morrow morning on your wood-sled, providing it is n't too cold to undertake the journey?"

"Le's see. Wall, yes; I calc'late I could. I was a-thinkin' 'bout goin' over to Pittsfield t'morrer with a little jag o' wood, 'n' I reckon live crit-

ters like you won't be no more trouble, ho! ho! The snow aint no gret depth; 'taint nigh 's deep on 'tother side o' the mountain ez 't is on this side. There 'll be drifts now 'n' then, but the fences is down, so that we kin turn inter the fields 'n' go round 'em."

"How long will it take you to drive over?"

"Le's see. 'Taint over fifteen or sixteen mile. I reckon I kin make it in three to four hours."

"Well, sir, if you 'll get us over there safely before noon I 'll give you five dollars."

"All right; that 's enough; tew much, I guess. But see here, my friend; jest bring the young lady 'n' the little chaps up to my house 'n' spend the night there, all on ye. Then we kin hev an airly breakfast, 'n' start fair when we get good 'n' ready."

In less than five minutes the Burnhams, with bags and bundles, were following Sandy Ross to the door of the car.

This was the last that our travelers saw of their fellow-passengers on the Western Express. Late the next afternoon the train rolled into Pittsfield station, but the Burnhams were busy elsewhere about that time.

It was but a few steps from the train to Sandy Ross's house. William carried his sister through the deepest snow, and the boys trudged along with the bundles, highly pleased with the prospect of an adventure in a farm-house. Good Mrs. Ross was as blithe and hearty as her husband, and she soon made the young folks feel quite at home.

To Miss Grace "the spar' room," as Mrs. Ross called it, was assigned, while Will and the two boys found a sleeping-place in the attic. The dim tallow-candle that lighted them to bed disclosed all sorts of curious things. In one corner, facing each other, were two old, tall clocks that had long ceased ticking, and now stood with folded hands and silent pendulums, resting from their labors. An old chest of drawers, that would have been a prize for hunters of the antique, was near the clocks; braids of yellow seed-corn hung from the rafters, and at one end of the great room stood the hand-loom on which the mother of Mrs. Ross had been wont to weave cloth for the garments of her household. It was an heir-loom, in the literal sense. The boys thought that this garret would have been a grand place to ransack; but they were too well-bred to go prying about, and contented themselves with admiring what was before their eyes. It was not long before they were sound asleep in their snug nest of feathers; and, when they waked the next morning, breakfast was ready, and farmer Ross and brother Will had made all the preparations for the journey. To the excellent farmer's breakfast of juicy ham and eggs, genuine country sausages, and delicious buckwheat cakes with maple syrup, they all did full justice.

"It does me good to see boys eat," said the kind farmer's wife; "they do enjoy it so;" and tears were in her eyes as she thought of the hungry boys that used to sit around this table. Farmer Ross and his wife were alone in the world. Two of their boys were sleeping in unmarked graves at Chancellorsville; the other had died when he was a baby. But they were not selfish people; they had learned to bear sorrow, and therefore their sorrow had not made them morose and miserable; it had only made them more kind and tender-hearted.

Breakfast over, the wood-sled came round to the door, and Mr. Ross looked in a moment to say a last word to his wife.

"You 'd better make two or three pailfuls o' strong coffee, mother, 'n' bile three or four dozen aigs, 'n' heat up a big batch o' them air mince pies. The folks down here on the train 'll be mighty hungry this mornin', 'n' I 've been down 'n' told 'em to come up here in 'bout half an hour, 'n' git what they want. Don't charge 'em nothin'; let 'em pay what they 've a min' ter. P'raps some on 'em haint nothin' to pay with, 'n' they 'll need it jest as much as the rest. We must n't let folks starve that git storm-staid right at our front-door. And now all aboard for Pittsfield!"

The hearty thanks and farewells to good Mrs. Ross were soon said, and the Burnhams bundled out of the kitchen into the wood-sled. It was a long rack with upright stakes rising from a frame and held together by side rails, through which the ends of the stakes projected a few inches. A side-board, about a foot in width, had been placed within the stakes on either side, and the space so inclosed had been filled with clean oat-straw. Miss Grace wrapped Mrs. Ross's heavy blanket shawl round her seal-skin sacque, each of the two little boys did himself up in a blanket, William robed himself in his traveling-rug, and they all sat down in the straw, two fronting forward and two backward, and placed their feet against four hot flat-irons, wound in thick woolen cloth, and laid together in a nest between them. Over their laps a big buffalo-robe was thrown, and Farmer Ross heaped the straw against their backs.

Away they went, shouting a merry good-by to the farmer's wife, secure against discomfort, and happy in the hope of reaching home in time for their Christmas dinner. Down in the railroad cut they saw the shovelers and the wreckers toiling at the disabled freight cars, but not much stir was visible about the express train that lay a little further down the track. The snow did not appear to be very deep, and the ponies skipped briskly along with their light load. Here and there was a

bare spot from which the snow had been blown, but not many drifts were found, and these were easily avoided, as Mr. Ross had said, by turning into the open fields.

Farmer Ross was as blithe as the morning. From his perch on a cross-board of the wood-rack he kept up a brisk talk with the group in the straw behind him.

"Fire 'nough in the stove?" he asked. "'Taint often that ye hev a stove like that to set 'round when ye go a sleigh-ridin'."

"All right, sir; it 's warm as toast," said Win. "Genuine base-burner, is n't it."

"I should think your feet would be cold sitting up there," said Grace.

"O, no; not in this weather. 'Sides, if they do git cold I knock 'em together a little, or else git off 'n' run afoot a spell, 'n' they 're soon warm agin."

"Do you often go to Pittsfield?" asked William.

"Yes, every month or so. Gin'rally du my tradin' thar. Tek along a little suthin' to sell commonly,—a little jag o' wood, or a little butter, or a quarter o' beef, or suthin'. I meant to hev gone down last week, 'n' I had a big pile o' Christmas greens 't I meant to tek along to sell, but I was hendered, 'n' could n't go. There 's the greens now—all piled up in the aidge o' the wood; I 'd got 'em all ready. 'Fraid they wont be worth much next Christmas."

"O, Mr. Ross!" cried Grace; "would it be very much trouble for you to put that nearest pile of them on the back part of the sled? I can find use for them at home, I know, and I should like to take them with me ever so much!"

"Sartinly; no trouble at all;" and in two or three great armfuls the pile of beautiful coral pine was heaped upon the sleigh.

The morning wore on toward nine o'clock, and as the sun rose higher the air grew warmer. The roads were steadily improving, and the ponies trotted along at a nimble pace. The boys began to be tired of sitting still.

"I 'm not going to burrow up in this straw any longer," said Win; "I 'm going to get up and stir about a little."

"So am I," said Phil.

It was easy enough to stand on the sled while it was in motion. In rough places the boys could take hold of the rail of the wood-rack; and even if they fell it did not hurt them. Pretty soon Win, who had an artist's eye, began to pull out long vines of the evergreen and wind them round the stakes of the wood-rack.

"I say, Phil," he cried, "if we only had some string, we could fix this old frame so that it would look nobby!"

"Well, here 's your string," said Will, producing a ball of twine from his overcoat-pocket and tossing it to his brother. "I put that in my pocket by mistake when I tied up my last package yesterday morning, and have been wishing it in Amherst ever since."

"Jolly!" shouted Win. "Now, Mr. Ross, you 'll see what we 'll make of your wood-sled."

"Goin' t' make a kind o' Cindereller coach on 't, hey? Well, go ahead! I sha' n't be ashamed on 't, no matter how fine ye fix it."

The boys' fingers flew. This was fun! Before long all the stakes were trimmed, and a spiral wreath of the evergreen had been run all round the side-rail of the rack. It really began to look quite fairy-like. William and Grace first laughed at the fancy of the boys, and then began to aid them with suggestions; and presently William was up himself, helping them in their work. Twine wound with the evergreen was run diagonally across from the top of each stake to the bottom of the nearest one; and the wood-rack began to look very much like what the poets call a "wild-wood bower." All it needed was a roof, and this was soon supplied. William borrowed Mr. Ross's big jack-knife, leaped from the sleigh, and cut eight willow rods, and they were speedily wound with the evergreen. Then the ends were made fast with twine to the railing of the rack on either side, and, arching overhead, they completed the transformation of the wood-sled into a moving arbor of evergreens.

The boys danced with merriment.

"Is n't it just gay?" cried Phil. "I never dreamed that we could make it look so pretty!"

"We could n't have done it, either," said Win, "if Bill and Grace had n't helped us. But what will the fellows say when they see us ridin' down the street?"

"What I am most curious to see," said Will, "is the faces of Mr. and Mrs. Burnham and Baby Burnham, when this gay chariot drives up to their door! They 're worrying about us powerfully by this time, and I reckon we 've a jolly surprise in store for them."

"I hope they will not be as badly frightened," said Grace, "as Macbeth was when *he* saw 'Birnam wood' coming."

"Pretty good for sis," laughed William.

"What 's the joke?" inquired Win.

"Too classic for small boys; you 'll have to get up your Shakespear before you can appreciate it," answered the big brother.

"'Pears to me," now put in the charioteer from his perch, "that a rig ez fine ez this oughter have a leetle finer coachman. I aint 'shamed o' the sled, ez I said; but I dew think I oughter be fixed up a leetle mite to match!"

"You shall be," cried Grace. "Here, boys, help me to wind a couple of wreaths."

Very soon, two light, twisted wreaths of evergreen were ready, and Mr. Ross, with great laughter, threw them over each shoulder and under the opposite arm, so that they crossed before and behind, like the straps that support a soldier's belt. Then his fur cap was quickly trimmed with sprays of the evergreen, that rose in a bell-crown all round his head.

Their journey was almost done. How quickly the time had passed! Every few rods they met sleigh-loads of people, happy because Christmas could get near hitched their hand-sleds to his triumphal car.

Miss Grace was hidden from sight by the evergreens, and she enjoyed the sport of the boys almost as much as they did.

Meantime, the hours were passing slowly at Mr. Burnham's. The father and mother had been too anxious about their children to sleep much during the night. They could get no word from the train after it left Chester, and the delay and uncertainty greatly distressed them. Mr. Burnham had just returned from the station with the news that the wires were up, and that the train had been heard



"'MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YE ALL!'" [SEE PAGE 162.]

and the sleighing had come together, and bent on making the most of both. These merry-makers all looked with wonder upon our travelers as they drew near, and answered their loud shouts of "Merry Christmas!" with laughter and cheers.

They had not gone far through the streets of the village before their kite had considerable tail. Just what it meant the small boys did not know; but if this driver was not Santa Claus, he was somebody equally good-natured, for he bowed and laughed right and left, in the jolliest fashion, to the salutations of the boys, and as many of them as from in the cut just beyond the summit, where it was likely to be kept the greater part of the day.

"Oh dear!" cried the mother. "I cannot have it so! Can't we get at them in some way? I 'm afraid they will suffer with hunger. Then we had counted so much on this Christmas, and the children's fun is all spoiled. Think of them sitting all this blessed holiday, cooped up in those dreadful cars, waiting to be shoveled out of a snow-drift. It seems as if I should fly. I wish I could!"

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Burnham, soberly, "I am sorry that the holiday is spoiled, but I see

nothing that we can do. We can trust William to take good care of them and bring them all home safely; and we 've got to be patient and wait."

Just then the heads of the ponies were turning in at the gate of the wide lawn in front of the house. The small boys who were following unhitched their hand-sleds, and the escort remained outside the gate.

"Drive slowly!" said William. "Give them a good chance to see us coming!"

Baby Burnham was at the window. "Thanty Kauth!" she cried. "Look! papa; look!"

"What does the child see!" said Mr. Burnham, going to the window. "Sure enough, baby. Do come here, my dear. What fantastical establishment is this coming up our drive-way? It 's a bower of evergreens on runners, and an old man with a white beard and a white coat all trimmed up with greens sits up there driving. He seems to be shaking with laughter, too. What can it mean?"

Just then the wood-sled came alongside the porch, and, suddenly, out from between the garlanded sled-stakes four heads were quickly thrust and four voices shouted:

"Merry Christmas!".

"The children! Bless their hearts!"

In a minute more, father and mother and baby and the jolly travelers were all very much mixed up on the porch, and there was a deal of hugging and kissing and laughing and crying, while Farmer Ross on his own hook, or rather on his own wood-sled, was laughing softly, and crying a little, too. What made *him* cry I wonder? Presently, Mr. Burnham said:

"But, Will, you have n't made us acquainted yet with your charioteer."

"It is Mr. Ross, father. He took us into his house on Washington Mountain last night and treated us like princes, and this morning he has brought us home, and helped us in the heartiest way to carry out our fun."

"Mr. Ross, we are greatly your debtors," said Mr. Burnham. "You have relieved us of a sore anxiety, and brought us a great pleasure."

"Wall, I dunno," said the farmer; "I did n't like to think o' these 'ere children bein' kep' away from hum on Christmas day; 'n' ef I 've helped 'em any way to hev a good time, why,—God bless 'em!—I don't think there 's any better thing an old man like me could be doin' on sech a day as this!"

Just here Mr. Burnham's coachman came round the corner in great haste.

"Well, Patrick, what is it?" said his master.

"The shafts uv that sleigh—bad look till 'em!—is bruk, yer honor; 'n' I don't see how I 'll iver git thim bashkits carried round at all!"

"O, those baskets!" cried Mr. Burnham in distress. "Our Christmas baskets have n't been delivered yet, and it 's almost eleven o'clock. The storm and our worry about you kept us from delivering them last night, and we have hardly thought of them this morning. I 'm afraid those poor people will have a late Christmas dinner."

"Baskets o' stuff for poor folks's dinners?" said farmer Ross; "let me take 'em round."

"O yes, father!" shouted Win; "let Phil and me go with him! The baskets are marked, are n't they? It 'll be jolly fun to deliver them out of this sled."

In a minute the baskets—half a dozen of them—were loaded in, and within half an hour they were all set down at the homes to which they were addressed. Poor old Uncle Ned and Aunt Dinah hobbled to the door and took in their basket with eyes full of wonder at the strange vehicle that was just driving from their doors; the Widow Blanchard's children, playing outside, ran into the house when they saw the ponies coming, but speedily came out after their basket and carried it in, firm in the faith that they had had a sight of the veritable Santa Claus. To all the rest of the needy families the gifts, though late, were welcome; and the bright vision of the evergreen bower on runners brought gladness with it into all those lowly homes.

Farmer Ross went back with the boys to their home; his ponies were taken from the sled and given a good Christmas dinner in Mr. Burnham's stable; he himself was constrained to remain and partake of the feast that would not have been eaten but for him, and that lost none of its merriment because of him; and at length, about three o'clock in the afternoon, the Christmas car, stripped of its bravery, but carrying some goodly gifts to Mrs. Ross, started on its return to Washington Mountain.

My little friends who read this story will be glad to know that the Christmas festival at the church had been deferred on account of the storm from Christmas eve to Christmas evening; so that the Burnhams had a chance to assist at the unloading of the Christmas tree.

They will also guess that Farmer Ross's house and his barn and his orchard and his pasture and his woods and his trout-brook and his blackberry bushes and his dog and his ponies and his cows and his oxen and his hens and pretty nearly every thing that was his had a chance to get very well acquainted with Win and Phil during the next summer vacation. It will be a long time, I am sure, before the Rosses and the Burnhams cease to be friends, and before any of them will forget The Strange Adventures of a Wood-Sled.

DRESSING MARY ANN.



1. SHE came to me one Christmas day,
In paper, with a card to say:

2. "*From Santa Claus and Uncle John,*"—
And not a stitch the child had on!



3. "I 'll dress you; never mind!" said I,
"And brush your hair; now, don't you cry."

4. First, I made her little hose,
And shaped them nicely at the toes.



5. Then I bought a pair of shoes,—
A lovely "dolly's number twos."



6. Next I made a petticoat;
And put a chain around her throat.



7. Then, when she shivered, I made haste,
And cut her out an underwaist.



8. Next I made a pretty dress,
It took me 'most a week, I guess.



9. And then I named her Mary Ann,
And gave the dear a paper fan.



10. Next I made a velvet sacque
That fitted nicely in the back,



11. Then I trimmed a lovely hat,—
Oh, how sweet she looked in *that!*



12. And dear, my sakes, that was n't all,
I bought her next a parasol!



She looked so grand when she was dressed
You really never would have guessed
How very plain she seemed to be
The day when first she came to me.

HOW JOE BROUGHT DOWN THE HOUSE.

By Marion Conant.

"WELL, girls, there is one way we can help both father and ourselves in these hard times," said Bessie Foot, while her elder sisters looked up from their occupations with kind, interested faces. "We can give up our birthdays or Christmas," began Bessie, slowly.

"That is a good idea," broke in Emily, the older sister. "These numerous gift-days and pleasure-makings draw too heavily upon all our pockets."

"But what will Joe say?" This time they nearly all spoke in concert.

After a little pause, Bessie said, with hopeful decision:

"Oh, perhaps he wont care."

Now Joe was the last, but by no means the least, member in Mr. Foot's family. He had arrived late, after this goodly row of girls, and after his parents had given up an earlier and often expressed desire that a boy might be among the number. And if helpful hands and warm hearts make the reception, Joe came

> —"to the world as a gentleman comes,
> To a lodging ready furnished."

He was now twelve years old, but had not "worn out his welcome." Of a pliant, pleasant nature, he fully answered, so far, all the demands made upon him. No one had ever heard him speak a rough or unkind word, and in all the little affairs of every day he was easily helpful enough to satisfy his loving family. It is true Mr. Foot, who had struggled up through a hard and self-denying youth to an honorable position in the law, began to have some uneasiness about his son's character, and to suffer the first disturbing and perplexing doubt as to the future of a boy to whom life was such a holiday affair, and who would never be able, he feared, to take any other view of it.

But these fatherly thoughts and fears Mr. Foot carefully kept to himself. His family was very loving and confiding, and Mr. Foot was not without courage; but I doubt if he would have been willing to contemplate, even in the retirement of his own thoughts, the shock that would have come to all if this beloved son had been closely criticised. So Joe spent his thoughtless, pleasant days undisturbed by criticism, and when Bessie broached the question of the morning for her brother's decision—Christmas being nearly a year away and birthdays close at hand,—he chose in his easy way to keep the near pleasure, and so it came about that there was to be no Christmas celebration that year in Mr. Foot's house.

Bessie's plan worked admirably. The birthdays, scattered through the year, had been made much of, and Joe's, coming late in September, had really been a great affair. Joe himself had enjoyed it wonderfully—even beyond his usual happy way. It was very gratifying to have so many new things in advance of all his playmates; even the latest fashioned sled had been procured by extra trouble and expense, and the balls and the books and the knives and the marbles were of the best, for "Joe is to have no presents at Christmas," was the often expressed reason for extra indulgence on this particular birthday. It was all very delightful, and it made Joe quite the hero of the autumn, creating any amount of envy in the minds of other boys who must wait until Christmas.

But Christmas was drawing on, and Joe soon found himself face to face with an anticipation which was not pleasurable—an entirely new position in his experience. In fact, the numerous preparations in the world outside began to produce a slightly depressing sensation in other members of Mr. Foot's family; even Bessie, usually firm in her decisions, could not help wishing they had chosen Christmas and given up the birthdays. But it was too late now, so they all carefully avoided any allusion to the coming festival, each hoping by silence to create the impression in the others that the whole plan was eminently satisfactory.

Mr. Foot, quietly reading, in his easy chair, was really the only one quite at ease, all the minds of the family being more or less ruffled, on Christmas eve, by some thoughts as to what might be going on in Joe's mind; for, contrary to his custom, he had betaken himself to bed at an unusually early hour. Mrs. Foot and her older daughters were busy with their sewing near the table where Mr. Foot was enjoying the cheerful fire and his evening paper, when Bessie suddenly broke into the room with the exclamation: "Joe has hung up his stockings!" Mr. Foot laid his paper on his knees and the busy needles made slight pauses, but no one spoke.

"He has hung up both; he never hung up but one before!" added Bessie, dropping helplessly into the nearest chair.

"That was naughty in Joe," said Mrs. Foot, in a tone in which despair and apology were oddly mingled.

Mr. Foot meditated, apparently unheeding, while the girls went on with their sewing.

Some time elapsed, during which no one ventured a remark, and Mr. Foot still looked into the fire. Strangely vivid remembrances came to him of a country boy, long-forgotten Christmases, an empty stocking and a disappointed heart. He slowly took down his eye-glasses from their perch and put them in his pocket; he folded up his paper softly, and carefully laid it on the table, and with the air of a man who would rather the fact should not be observed, rose quietly from his chair and in a very indifferent voice said:

"Bessie, will you hand me my coat?"

"Why, are you going out?" exclaimed Mrs. Foot, looking up excitedly.

"Yes, I think I will take a short walk," replied Mr. Foot, still indifferently, though knowing perfectly well a walk was a most unusual performance for him in the evening after a busy day.

"I believe I will go with you," said his wife, cheerily, and going at once for her hat and shawl.

"Let us go, too," said all the girls, with that liveliness which indicates relief from a dilemma.

All were soon ready, and, Mr. and Mrs. Foot leading the way, they were soon on the pavement of a well-lighted street, and moving with the crowd or pausing at the shop-windows to see the unusual and final attractions of the season.

If people would dream facts instead of dreaming dreams, Joe Foot might have smiled to himself as he lay asleep in his little bedroom in sole possession of the house, while the whole family had gone off, moved by one impulse, on an errand which not one of them would have told to another. Joe awake and on his feet might have been resisted; but Joe asleep, with those two expectant stockings yawning in the basement, was an impersonation of that faith which moves mountains. It all came about very naturally and easily, Mr. Foot himself, first expressing some regret that the knife he gave Joe on his birthday had not been of a better quality, and, now that the boy had lost it, it seemed only fair to get him another. This accomplished at the first cutlery store, his mother followed in the purchase of a new boy's-book, which she very much regretted she had not heard of in time to get for his birthday. His sisters, too, remembered various little things that Joe liked, or had their memories quickened by the sight of new devices for good boys, as they walked along, and so they were each well laden with Christmas things when they finally reached their own door.

I cannot doubt that Joe smiled then in his sleep, and if the faithful stockings ran over with their numerous gifts, the family wisely concluded not to make any remarks that might bring into light the inconsistency of the givers' purposes and actions.

The next morning, all but Joe awoke with a slight feeling of uncertainty whether it was Sunday or some other day. Joe knew before he was awake that it was n't Sunday, still, he did feel a little doubtful if it was Christmas.

But stowed away in a seldom-used nook of his closet were some very good reminders of Christmas, until he should descend to the basement. Joe's father would have been pleased enough if he could have looked into his boy's closet just then, as Joe was taking out from their hiding-place six small packages, all neatly wrapped and tied with long loops, so that they could be hung on door-knobs. These presents he had purchased with some money given him to spend for himself.

With the little bundles arranged on his arm for distribution, he stole softly in his stocking-feet through the hall, hanging each article on its respective knob, without disturbing the occupants of the rooms, who were still cozily abed.

This done, Joe went on to the basement in easy hopefulness. And he was not doomed to disappointment, the contents of the crowded stockings yielding more than a usual amount of joy and admiration.

And when the family came down to breakfast, how delightful it all was! Every one was so pleased with the pretty present Joe had purchased for them, that it was a long time before the happy family could subside to the formality of the morning meal. Joe himself became conscious of a higher pleasure than Christmas had heretofore brought, when his father expressed his hearty satisfaction in the gift his son had, unassisted, given him; and, turning to his youngest daughter, he said: "Bessie, let us have Christmas next year," which caused a general smile all around.



THE FUNNY MANDARIN.

By Palmer Cox.

There was a funny mandarin
Who had a funny way,
Of sliding down the balustrade
A dozen times a day.

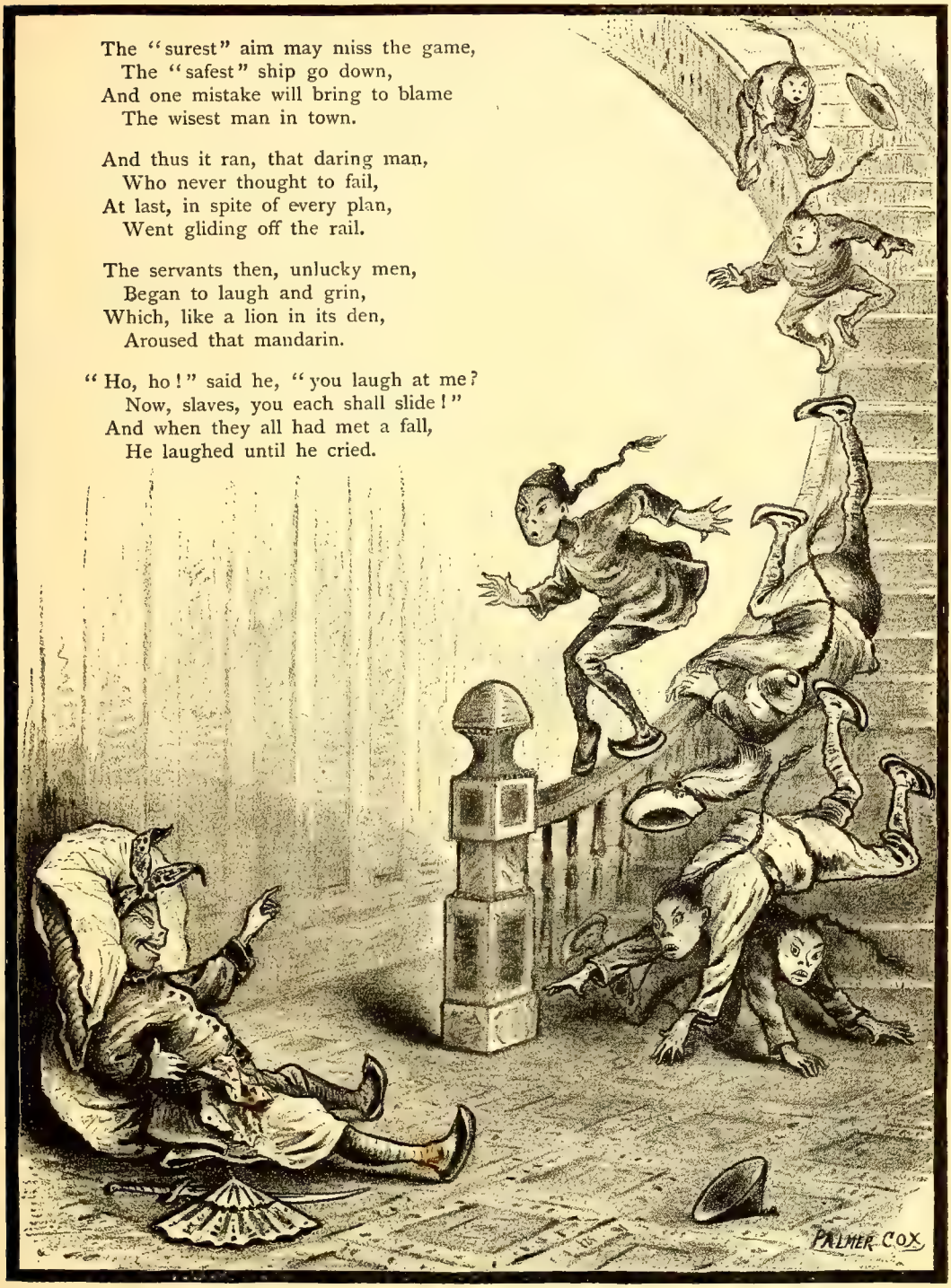
With arms in air and streaming hair,
At risk of bone and brain,
Around and round the winding stair
He slid the rail amain.

The "surest" aim may miss the game,
The "safest" ship go down,
And one mistake will bring to blame
The wisest man in town.

And thus it ran, that daring man,
Who never thought to fail,
At last, in spite of every plan,
Went gliding off the rail.

The servants then, unlucky men,
Began to laugh and grin,
Which, like a lion in its den,
Aroused that mandarin.

"Ho, ho!" said he, "you laugh at me?
Now, slaves, you each shall slide!"
And when they all had met a fall,
He laughed until he cried.



THORVALDSEN.

BY A. P. C.

HAVE you ever heard the name of the great sculptor, Thorvaldsen? Have you not frequently seen photographs, engravings, or plaster casts, representing his medallions of "Morning" and "Night,"—pictures of which we give,—the first a swiftly-flying angel, strewing flowers through the air, while a cherub clinging to her shoulder holds aloft a glowing torch; the second, a somber spirit, floating dreamily onward, her head bowed forward, two slumbering babes in her arms, and an owl following in her wake. Thorvaldsen sculptured those at Rome, half a century ago, when rising to the height of his fame.

He was born at Copenhagen, Denmark, November 19, 1770. His father's name was Gottskalk Thorvaldsen; his mother's, Karen Grönlund. She was the daughter of a peasant, but his father was a carver of wood. Little Albert—that was Thorvaldsen's name—used frequently to play in his father's work-shop, watching whatever was going on, and, not many years ago, there were old carpenters in Copenhagen who could well remember him as a pretty child, with blue eyes and golden hair, following his father. He was a gentle, pleasant-tempered little fellow, and this sometimes led his comrades to play tricks upon him.

Monsieur Plon, one of Thorvaldsen's biographers, from whose work many of the facts in this paper have been gleaned, and from which several of our engravings were copied, relates many anecdotes which give us good pictures of the sculptor in his infancy.

When Albert, or Bertel as his family used to call him, grew older, he went to his father's workshop, not merely to watch, but to help with the work. Gottskalk Thorvaldsen's chief occupation was carving roughly made wooden statues, to be placed as figure-heads in the bows of vessels, just under their bowsprits. After a little practice, Bertel did as well as his father, and at length it began to be seen that in some points he did even better. Gottskalk himself was no artist, but he soon saw that his son might become one, if properly educated. He therefore took him away from the workshop and sent him to the free school of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts. Bertel was only eleven years old then, but he worked enthusiastically and made rapid progress. At the same time, he went on helping his father, and, after that, it was said that Gottskalk's figure-heads grew handsomer and more natural-looking every year.

Young Thorvaldsen was not a perfect character, and was by no means as fond of all his studies as he was of drawing and modeling. He loved art, but reading and writing and recitations were troublesome to him. Indeed, his school-master, Herr Chaplain Höyer, had come to the conclusion that Bertel was a dunce, and would always be in the lowest class. But something happened to change his opinion.

There was a distribution of prizes at the Fine Arts Academy, and a certain young Thorvaldsen received the silver medal. Next morning, Herr Höyer read about it in the newspaper. Of course, it could not be the dunce, he thought, but it might be some relative, whom he could hold up to the lad as an example of industry. So, when Bertel came in, the chaplain said:

"Thorvaldsen, is it a brother of yours who has just taken a prize at the Academy?"

"It is myself, Herr Chaplain," was the reply, and the modest lad was covered with confusion.

Herr Höyer gazed at him in astonishment. Then he said in a very changed voice:

"Herr Thorvaldsen, please to pass up to the first class."

This was felt to be a great honor to Bertel,—not only the sending him to the first class, but the calling him "Herr." "Herr" means "Master," and though the boys always applied it to their teachers, the teachers rarely, if ever, applied it to one of the scholars. Thorvaldsen said afterward, that none of the distinctions he enjoyed in later years gave him quite as much pleasure as this first one.

Thorvaldsen was seventeen years old when he took this silver medal and received the title of "Herr." His success inspired him to work harder than ever; and gave him bright hope for the future. He was a quiet, reserved youth; seldom laughed and talked; and when he began his day's task, no jesting of his companions could divert his attention.

He worked with tremendous earnestness.

When Bertel was nineteen, Gottskalk began to think that he had studied enough; he wanted him in his workshop. When he had thought of making Bertel an artist, it was only an artist in wood-carving he had had in mind; the idea that his boy could become an illustrious sculptor, had never occurred to him.

But Abildgaard, Bertel's art-teacher, saw the future more clearly; and, at last, after urgent

appeals, he succeeded in persuading Gottskalk to allow his son to divide his time equally between work in the shop and study at the Academy. There is now in the Thorvaldsen museum at Copenhagen a large wooden clock, which Thorvaldsen and his father carved at this period.

Bertel's first work that attracted notice was a medallion of the Princess of Denmark, made when he was twenty years of age. It was taken from a poor picture of her; but was a good likeness, and was much admired.

When he was twenty-one, he took another prize, —the gold medal; and at twenty-three he took a still higher prize, which after two years was to give him a pension, enabling him to study at Rome for three years, without expense to himself. Meanwhile, he gave lessons in drawing and modeling, took portraits, and made drawings for publishers. Abildgaard continued to encourage him, and the Academy gave him some assistance.

On the 20th of May, 1796, Thorvaldsen embarked for Naples, and he soon became a favorite with the captain and all on board. But, much as they liked him, all agreed that he was very, very lazy. It was a weak point in Thorvaldsen's character, that he cared little for anything not immediately connected with his art. Here, for example, were persons on board who were willing to teach him to speak Italian; but, although going to live in Italy, he preferred perfect idleness to the effort of acquiring that country's language. He had ample leisure to read or study; but he liked better to play with his dog, Hector.

On the 8th of March, 1797, the sculptor reached Rome. He used to say afterward that on that day he was born.

Thorvaldsen's life at Rome was very interesting, but not, at first, very easy. His pension from the Danish Academy was small, he suffered at times from a return of an illness which had attacked him at Naples, and he often was glad to paint small figures in the pictures of a landscape artist in order to gain a little money. Perhaps he suffered somewhat, too, on account of his own ignorance. A friend of his at this time wrote concerning him: "He is an excellent artist, with a great deal of taste and sentiment, but ignorant of everything outside of art. * * * * Without knowing a word of Italian or French, without the slightest acquaintance with history and mythology, how is it possible for an artist properly to pursue his studies here? I do not expect him to be learned,—that I should not even desire; but he should have some faint idea of the names and meanings of the things he sees."

For six years the Danish Academy supported Thorvaldsen in Rome, but that was the utmost it could do. During that time, he had rooms with another young artist, a German landscape painter, and he worked diligently, but not on things likely to bring him fame or money. He made copies of the statues about him, producing very little that was original. At last, however, he made a model for an original statue of "Jason." But no one seemed to admire it very much, and he destroyed it. A year later he made another. This was more successful; but it might have met with the same fate, had not a friend advanced the money to have it cast in plaster. The statue was exhibited, and created a great sensation in Rome. People crowded to see it, and the best artists praised it highly. Canova, the greatest sculptor of his day, said: "Here is a work in a new and lofty style!" Thorvaldsen was delighted; and yet what was he to do? No one ordered this great statue in marble. There were war troubles in Europe, and people were not in the mood to pay large sums of money for works of art, however admirable.

The Danish Academy could no longer keep Thorvaldsen in Rome, and slowly and sadly he prepared for his return home. It was hard to give up his opportunities just when success seemed near. However, he packed his trunks, sold his furniture and plaster casts, and was all ready to start, when the friend with whom he was going told him that there was some trouble about getting passports, and that they would have to wait. A few hours later, Thomas Hope, a wealthy English banker, came into Thorvaldsen's studio, and, seeing the "Jason," was lost in admiration of its beauty. He did not know that Thorvaldsen was going away, and so he asked him what he would charge to produce the work in marble.

Thorvaldsen was so excited that he named a very low price.

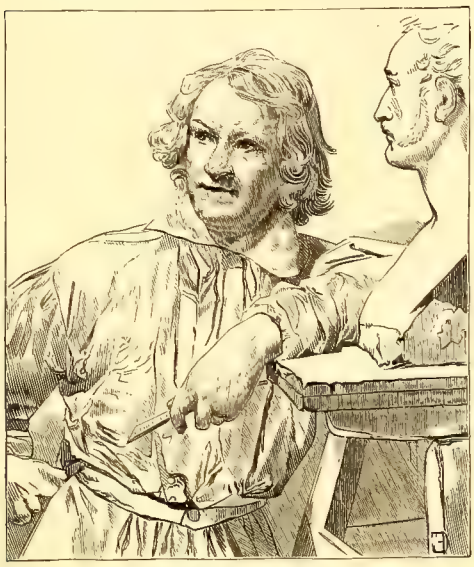
"That is not enough," said the liberal banker, and he offered more.

An agreement was quickly made, and Thorvaldsen remained in Rome.

Thenceforward, Thorvaldsen's career was prosperous, and he received a great many orders. He visited much at the house of Baron William von Humboldt, the great naturalist-traveler, where he met many persons who became his warm and trusted friends. The King of Denmark made him a knight; Prince Louis of Bavaria corresponded with him; Prince Christian Frederick of Denmark wrote to him. But Thorvaldsen moved in all ranks: his shoemaker was one of his intimate friends, the King of Bavaria another. He respected every person who did his work well, was kind to all, and the "Cavaliere Alberto," as the Italians called him, was a general favorite.

When the Prince of Denmark wrote, it was to tell him about a white marble quarry just discovered

in Norway, and to invite him to return to Copenhagen, where he should be received with royal favor. But Thorvaldsen could not go. Napoleon had just ordered him to make in marble a grand frieze of "Alexander the Great entering Babylon," and the sculptor was very busy with other works besides. When this great frieze was finished, however, Napoleon was in exile at Elba! Nearly at the same time, the sculptor received an order from



THORVALDSEN AT HIS WORK.

the Polish government for two statues; but illness delayed work on them, and, when they were completed—there was no Poland! This was bad luck certainly, but after a while he found purchasers for all these productions. The frieze was considered a masterpiece, and the Danish government ordered a copy of it in plaster.

All this time, what do you suppose was the fate of Mr. Hope's "Jason"? It was not even begun! Thorvaldsen had got out of the humor of making it, and on one pretext or another delayed and delayed, till in the end it was more than twenty years before Mr. Hope received it. Probably, Thorvaldsen felt that he had done more wrong than could be easily repaired, for he sent with the "Jason" several smaller pieces of statuary, to make amends.

From time to time, Thorvaldsen suffered from slight attacks of the fever he had had in Naples, and some of his dearest friends died; but he always found comfort in his work. He had a great many pupils and workmen under him. His custom was to make the model of some work in clay; his workmen would hew the great blocks of marble into shape; then his pupils, under his directions, would begin the statues, and when they had gone far enough, he would take the chisel and add the finishing touches himself. He had more orders than he could execute, and was often forced to refuse distinguished people, or else keep them waiting till they were quite out of patience.

Besides his works made to order, his fertile imagination was always prompting him to execute some new and beautiful idea. In 1815 he produced his beautiful "Night" and "Morning." Later, he produced the "Lion of Lucerne,"—cut in rock at Lucerne, Switzerland,—in honor of those members of the Swiss Guard who died in defending the Tuileries, during the French revolution, August 10, 1792. This great piece of sculpture shows a lion, wounded by a lance, which has been broken off in its side. It shelters, with one of its paws, a shield on which are the arms of the French king, in whose defense the Swiss Guards, symbolized by the lion, laid down their lives. The statue stands on a most beautiful spot by the Lake of Lucerne. About the same time, Thorvaldsen restored the Ægina marbles. These were ancient statues very much broken, found in the island of Ægina in 1811. The Prince of Bavaria bought them and sent them to Thorvaldsen for restoration. No one without a thorough knowledge of Greek art could have done this work; but Thorvaldsen did it so well and accurately that, when all was completed, it was almost impossible to discover where additions had been made.

In 1819, Thorvaldsen returned to Copenhagen for a year's visit. The students turned out to welcome him, cannons were fired, the poet Oehlenschlaeger made an address, and a grand banquet was given. The royal family were very kind to him; and, as it was not customary for a common citizen to visit the king, His Majesty made him Councillor of State so as to enjoy the pleasure of Thorvaldsen's society without violating etiquette.



THE STATUE OF MERCURY.

Rooms were prepared for the sculptor at the Academy of Fine Arts. When he arrived, the old janitor, who had been a model for the students during Thorvaldsen's boyhood, opened the door for him. They recognized each other at once, and had an affecting meeting.

But Thorvaldsen had little peace in this studio. Visitors crowded to see him all day long; every one interested in art wanted to see him, or ask his advice about something. At this time, he was commissioned to ornament with sculpture the beautiful new church, called the Frue Kirke, or Church of Our Lady, and his "Christ and the Twelve Apostles," "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," and several other religious pieces, are the results.

On his way back to Rome, Thorvaldsen traveled through Germany, and at Warsaw the Emperor Alexander of Russia allowed him to take his bust, which was a great honor, for he had refused to let even Canova do so only a short time before. It was profitable, also, for a great many copies of the bust were ordered. The emperor gave Thorvaldsen a diamond ring; when he was ill sent his own



NIGHT.

doctor to attend to him, and showed him many marks of favor.

In 1829, Louis, formerly Prince, but now King, of Bavaria, came again to Rome, and was as intimate as ever with Thorvaldsen. Horace Vernet, the great French painter; Mendelssohn, the composer, who used to play on the piano for him in his studio while he worked; Ricci, a learned Italian poet; Lord Byron, and Sir Walter Scott, were among Thorvaldsen's best friends.

In 1837, Thorvaldsen decided to return to Denmark. But just as he was about to depart, the cholera broke out in Rome and raged so fearfully that the people in the surrounding country, fearing contagion, would not allow any one to leave the city. When at last the cholera passed away, the King of Denmark sent the frigate "Rota" to bring him and all his works home.

The voyage was very pleasant, and on September 15th, 1838, the ship entered the harbor of Copenhagen. From this time, the record of the homeward journey is like a romantic fairy-tale. A steamer, called the "Queen Maria," was sent to meet the frigate, crowded with people who



MORNING.

longed to welcome Thorvaldsen. Salutes were fired. The "Queen Maria" steamed around the "Rota," the band playing, and the people shouting and singing choruses. At night, there was a splendid aurora borealis, and it seemed as though his native sky, as well as his countrymen, were rejoicing at his return. In Copenhagen, the people were wild with excitement. There was shouting all through the city, and crowds rushed to the landing; the docks, and the roofs of the houses near by were covered with spectators, and, notwithstanding the rain, splendid preparations were made. Barges, beautifully decorated, belonging to different societies, started to meet the



THE NEST OF LOVES.

"Rota." Students, poets, artists, mechanics,—all classes were there. Flags of every color were flying, many ornamented with Thorvaldsen's own designs. When the boats had proceeded a certain

distance, the crews all singing a beautiful chorus composed in Thorvaldsen's honor, they divided into two lines, and, as the "Rota" passed between them, a magnificent rainbow appeared in the heavens; and, when it faded away, the clouds vanished, and the sun shone forth in all its glory.

Then the boats crowded around the frigate, and all who could do so clambered on board to catch a glimpse of the great sculptor. Indeed, the throng was so dense that Thorvaldsen's friends were alarmed and hurried him off in one of the small boats.

When Thorvaldsen landed, the crowd was so thick he could hardly get to the carriage which was waiting for him, and it was not until he reached the palace of Charlottenborg that he discovered that the horses had been taken away, and that the people had drawn him along. The palace was decorated with flowers. The square on which it faced was a solid mass of human beings, even the trees and lamp-posts being covered with eager boys. As the palace gates closed, the crowd became almost fierce, and refused to disperse until they had seen their honored and beloved countryman. So Thorvaldsen came out on the balcony and bowed to the multitude, who received him with long and loud hurrahs.

At night there was a grand torch-light procession, and for days and weeks one entertainment after another followed in the sculptor's honor, till there seemed a danger that he would be almost killed with kindness.

About this time Thorvaldsen became intimate with Baron von Stampe and his family. They had a beautiful country seat at Nysöe, near the city, where they made him quite at home, giving him a room to work in; and, after a while, he got into the habit of spending half of his time there, and half at Copenhagen. Whenever he wanted quiet, he went to Nysöe. Once, when he had been there some days, he went to the city, promising to be back in a week. When he returned, he found a beautiful new studio built in the garden for him. It was a surprise that the Baroness had planned, and there was a fine celebration when he took possession of the building.

One day, the Baroness persuaded him to make a statue of himself. While he was at work upon it, soon after, the Baroness looking on, he received a letter from the Danish poet, Oehlenschaeger, who inquired anxiously when his bust could be made. They had been laughing together a little, that the poet should seem so desirous of being immortalized in this way, when Thorvaldsen suddenly said:

"It is very well for me to jest at the vanity of others, when I, myself, at this very moment, am engaged in making a monument to my own vanity!"

With that, he threw away his tools and would have broken the statue, had not the Baroness pulled him quickly out of the studio, locked the door, and told him she would not give him the key again, until he had promised to finish the work for her.

At Nysöe, Thorvaldsen used to meet Hans Christian Andersen, who would often make the evenings pass delightfully, telling wonderful fairy stories, which pleased the grown people as much as the children.

Thorvaldsen still worked industriously, and went about cheerfully among his fellow-men. He was very generous to others, but parsimonious to himself. He would pay a high price for a picture to encourage some young artist, or would give a handful of money to some poor woman in distress, but he cared little for luxuries on his own account.

In 1841, Thorvaldsen made one more trip to Rome. He went through Germany, as before, but his fame had grown still greater in the interval, and he was enthusiastically greeted at Berlin, Dresden, Leipsic, Munich,—indeed, wherever he went, both by the people and their sovereigns. In September, he arrived in Rome, and he remained about a year, revisiting all the old haunts and enjoying the companionship of former friends.

In 1842, he returned to Copenhagen, and there found completed the museum for his works, built by the architect Bindesböll, at the order of the city of Copenhagen. The mayor received him in the new edifice and took him all through it, showing where his various treasures were to be placed, and even leading him to the inner court, where he was one day to be buried. Thorvaldsen looked at it seriously,—he felt he soon must leave this life,—he was an old man.

Thorvaldsen was now not so strong as he had been. Once in a while came a day when he did not feel well. One morning he complained to his servant that he did not feel right, but he went on working as usual. The Baroness von Stampe came in and invited him to dinner, but he said he did not feel well enough to go. She still urged him to come, and then, thinking that perhaps he would feel better for going out, he agreed to accompany her. He had been working on a bust of Luther, but threw down his bust and clay and went out. They paid a few visits, and then went to the Baron's and dined. Thorvaldsen was in good spirits, and when the museum was spoken of, said, cheerfully:

"Now I can die at any time,—Bindesböll has finished my tomb."

After dinner he went to the theater. A lady

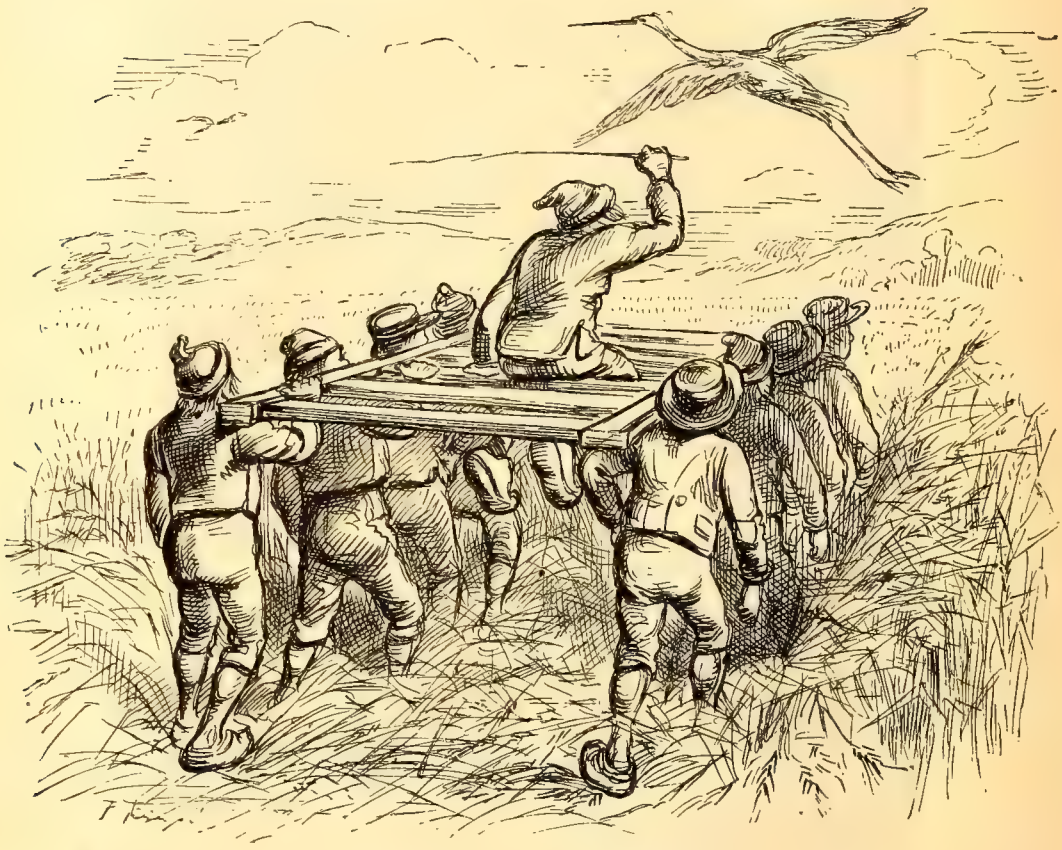
noticed him leaning over and asked if he had lost anything. He did not answer. He was dead. This mournful event occurred March 24th, 1844.



THE LION OF LUCERNE.

The news soon spread all over the city and caused great grief. On the 30th of March, 1844, his funeral took place, and it was as if a king had died. The houses were draped in mourning, and a long procession followed the coffin, which was carried by forty artists. The King and Prince were present; a wreath of flowers, woven by the Queen's own hands, was on the coffin,—the sculptor's chisel lying by its side. He now lies in the tomb prepared for him in the Museum, which building contains his works from the time he carved the old wooden clock with his father, until the day when he left his half-finished bust of

Martin Luther, and the handful of clay with the tool sticking in it,—which also are in the Museum under glass. And there, also, are copies in plaster of many of his statues, owned in other countries, besides his own collection of art treasures. On the preceding pages are pictures of his "Mercury," a very famous statue, and of a beautiful sculpture, in bass-relief, called the "Nest of Loves."



THE HERDER IS CARRIED ON A GATE.

CHRONICLES OF THE MOLBOS.

THERE is a peculiar class of people, living in Jutland, called the Molbos, of whom a great number of tales are told. From the earliest days, these people have been known for their ingenuity and simplicity, and hence many remarkable things are told about them. Two of the stories about their curious actions are given below.

THE STORK AND THE HERDER.

ONCE, in the summer, when the corn stood high, a stork was often seen in the fields belonging to the Molbos, stalking up and down in the grain-patches to catch frogs. This annoyed the Molbos greatly, for they thought the long-legged bird trod down a vast deal of grain. They therefore consulted how to drive the animal away, and the conclusion was, that the herder of their village should go into the fields and chase the bird out. But as he went in for the stork, they noticed that his feet were very large and broad, and it occurred to them that the herder would trample down more grain than the stork. Then they again puzzled their brains what to do and how to get rid of the stork. But one of the

party spoke up at last with the sensible advice that they might carry the herder through the grain, so that he should not tread it down. This idea was approved by all. They therefore went forth and took one of the fence-gates off its hinges, made the herder sit down on it, and eight men lifted the gate to their shoulders and carried the herder through the corn where the stork was, so that he might drive it away. Thus the herder was kept from trampling down the grain with his big feet.

THE SALT HERRING AND THE EEL.

ONE year, when salt herring were more expensive than usual, the Molbos thought they could not afford to buy them, although forming their principal winter food. They therefore deliberated what could be done to escape the high prices for the future.

One of the deepest thinkers among them suggested at last that, as fresh herring would multiply in the water, there was no reason why salt herring should not do the same. He therefore advised them once for all to buy a barrel of salt herring in the city, and empty the herring in their pond, and they could then every year catch as many as they wanted when the herring had hatched. They approved of this advice; the salt herring were bought and thrown into the pond, so as to multiply for the next season. Next year, the Molbos came with their nets to catch the herring; but, do what they would, they could not catch a single one. At length, they caught a large fat eel in one of their nets.

As soon as the Molbos saw the eel, they at once concluded that this was the wicked thief that had devoured their salt herring, and they therefore agreed that he should be put to death. But how to do this was not so easily decided. At last an old Molbo came forward who once had been near drowning, and hence had conceived a great dread for salt water. He advised them to take it out on the ocean and drown it. The advice was considered good, and they took the eel with them in their boat and rowed out for some distance, so that the eel should not swim back. When they had reached what they thought a safe distance, they threw the creature overboard. The eel enjoyed the return to its own element, and wriggled its tail as soon as it felt itself in the water. The old Molbo, seeing this, exclaimed to his companions: "Do you notice how frightened he is? See how he squirms and twists with terror!"



THE EEL IS DELIGHTED.



EACH little bird within its nest,
Thinks its parents love it best;
But the old birds cannot tell
Why they love them all so well.



Sometimes, great wasps come buzzing near,
And fill the birdies' hearts with fear.
"You cruel things," the young birds say,
"You know that mother is away!"



And when these birdies wish to try
If they are strong enough to fly,
The whole nest-full will gather round
To see one flutter to the ground.



In summer, when they 're larger grown,
They 'll sit upon a window stone,
And sing a morning song of joy
To some kind little girl or boy.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

CHRISTMAS is coming! Be ready for it, my hearties!—ready for it in heart, soul, and body—yes, and now you mention it, in stockings and Christmas trees! Winter snow, winter sunshine, winter cheer, winter goodiness, winter badiness, fun for many, work for many, and a real good time all around! That seems to be the rule, and, of course, it is n't for Jack-in-the-Pulpit to go against it. He does n't go against it. He is for it, through and through; and, wishing you, one and all, a happy, beautiful time, he hereby presents to you this lovely number of ST. NICHOLAS.

(*Confidential.*—He has n't seen it yet, but he supposes it is lovely.)

Now, here is something to set your young hearts aglow!

THE COLDEST COLD.

THE very coldest cold that the wisest among the wise folk can make! It is two hundred and twelve degrees below freezing point. A good friend, who himself saw its effects, has explained to me all about it.

This cold was made by mixing ether with frozen carbonic acid,—ahem! How learned it makes one feel to use such words!

If you don't quite call to mind what the words mean, my dears, why—there 's the dictionary; no doubt that will help you.

At a touch of this cold mixture, flowing quicksilver was turned into a solid, which the maker hammered, and cut, and worked, just as if it had been an ordinary metal. But if he had touched it with his uncovered hand, it would have acted like red-hot iron, so suddenly would it have taken away the heat from him, excepting that in the case of the hot iron he would have taken the heat of the iron.

He filled some molds with quicksilver, and dipped them into the freezing mixture. The molds were emptied on a marble mantel in a cold room, and out of them came a beautiful castle, brighter than polished silver! The quicksilver was actually frozen so hard that the castle did not melt for some hours.

CATCHING LARKS WITH SUNLIGHT.

SOME of my friends the birds sing so sweetly that men are glad to keep them in cages, just to enjoy their songs; and I am always hearing of their new ways of catching the poor things. Here, now, is a method followed in France:

Some clear morning of early winter, when the fields are bare, and the frost already sparkles on bush and hedge-row, a man sets up, on the top of a hill, a reflector made of thousands of little mirrors arranged together. Up in the blue sky the lark is pouring forth a morning psalm, when, all at once, a bright sunbeam is reflected full upon him. The dazzling ray seems to him to come from a new sun, and it acts as a magic charm, bewildering him, and drawing him toward the reflector. After fluttering in and out of the beam in a puzzled way, the bird yields to the fascination. Lower and lower he flies, following the course of the ray as it is made gradually to descend, until, at last, the sweet-voiced creature alights in a net spread to receive him, and he becomes a prisoner.

May be, his owner will take good care of him, if only on account of his song. At any rate, perhaps it is a comfort to him that no hawks can reach him in his cage. But what will his poor wife and little ones say, when they find that he does not come back?

LETTER FROM A SCHOOLMA'AM.

Buckingham, Pa.

DEAR JACK: I know that you and your dear little schoolma'am are interested in schools and school-children everywhere, so I will tell you what my little scholars have been doing.

I furnish all the pupils with papers about as large as a fourth of a sheet of note-paper; on these they write any facts that they learn outside of school-books and school-hours, by making good use of their eyes and ears. When the papers are full they are placed on file on my desk, and the best items, to the great satisfaction of their authors, are neatly copied in a blank-book kept for the purpose.

The pupils range from ten to sixteen years of age; here are some of their gleanings:

"Icebergs are as large as our school-house, and they upset ships."

"Cows have no upper teeth."

"Bats have little, sharp teeth; when you touch them they open their mouths and make a noise; they have large wings; they cannot see to fly in the day-time."

"Madame Roland could read when she was four years old."

"Hawks catch hens and kill them."

"I saw a little ant carry a little piece of bread into a little round hole."

"An ant-lion is an insect that crawls backward; it makes round holes in the sand; the ants fall into the holes and then the ant-lion eats them."

"George Stephenson, the inventor of the steam-engine, at the age of thirty was struggling through the Rule of Three."

Respectfully yours, E. L

A LAKE ROOFED WITH SALT.

NO, it is n't frozen salt; and it is n't under the ground. It is in summer time, and open to the sky. And this is the explanation as it came to your Jack:

In Siberia, where this wonder is to be found, the summer heat is intense, and turns the upper part of the waters of the lake into a light mist, which floats away into the air. The change from water

to mist takes place so quickly, that large masses of salt are left in solid crystals, which cake together, arching slightly over the water, and forming a roof eight or nine inches thick, so strong that beasts of burden pass over it in safety, drawing their loads behind them.

Now, is this salt roof good to skate on? That is the question; but, unfortunately, your Jack cannot answer it.

THE CHRISTMAS SHEAF.

YOUR Jack knows of a dear old bachelor who built a gay little bird-house, and set it high on a pole where cats could n't reach it. This pretty house had all sorts of cozy little rooms, and in them some sparrows made their nests. It was not long before numbers of little sparrows were hatched, and, in course of time, the birds became so many that, when the snow lay thick upon the ground, some of them could 't get enough to eat.



THE CHRISTMAS SHEAF.

One Christmas eve, when the birds were cuddled all close together in their homes, fast asleep, their friend called to mind a kindly custom of the people in Northern Europe, and resolved to make a joyful Christmas surprise for his little lodgers. So he hunted through all the town until he found a sheaf of wheat,—a rare thing in winter. Then he silently set up a step-ladder, in the darkness, and hung the sheaf close under the bird-house.

At daylight, on Christmas morning, he tiptoed to the window in the nipping cold. The sheaf was crowded! Every ear was bending and swaying beneath a happy little bird. And such a cheery chirp and chatter as there was!—Not very musical, you say? But it made a delightful Christmas carol for the good-hearted old bachelor.

LIGHTING A FIRE WITH ICE.

DID you ever hear, my young philosophers, that a fire can be lighted with ice?

Well, it can be, they tell me.

This is the way: Put a little heap of gunpowder close to one end of a fuse, which is a kind of wick soaked in saltpeter and dried; get a round lump of ice ten feet across, and shaped like a magnifying glass that swells out at both sides; and then set up the ice so that it will gather the sun's rays, "focus" them, that is, on the gunpowder. The heap will blaze up; the fuse will catch; and there is your fire!

I know it would be quite impossible for you to get this great lens of ice; but you can rely upon the correctness of the directions, at any rate.

This experiment succeeded, not long ago, in England; and your Jack has heard of a similar thing being done by smart voyagers in the Arctic regions.

A QUEER IMPORTATION.

SOMEBODY sends me word that once the people of Jutland, a part of Denmark, had forgotten how to make a beautiful kind of lace called "Tondee," and so a number of them went to another country to find some one who could teach them. They brought back twelve old men, who knew the art well. These old men had long white beards, and, while they were making lace, they kept their beards in bags, so that the hair might not get tangled up with the threads of their bobbins. Now, what a funny picture ST. NICHOLAS might make of these twelve Tondee makers!

A LIVE ELEVATOR.

DEAR JACK: As you no doubt are well acquainted with the Bats, perhaps you will not mind asking them if their histories mention the following occurrence:

An Englishman, named Vernon, claimed that once, while shooting hyenas near Carthage, in Africa, he stumbled, and fell many fathoms down into an old well. Instead of being killed by the fall, as he expected, he alighted unhurt on a feather-bed, as it were. He soon felt that he was moving gently upward; and, by degrees, without any effort of his own, he reached the opening of the well. Then he found that he had fallen on an immense mass of bats, who, awakened from their slumbers, had flown up, and brought him with them!

That is Mr Vernon's account, and now I think we ought to hear, if possible, what those bats said about it.—Truly yours, S.

Bats never stop near Jack's Pulpit long enough for him to exchange words with them; so, of course, he can't put to them S.'s question about those forefathers of theirs who lived near Carthage.

Bats are social enough among themselves, I 'm told, but they don't like to be intruded upon; and Mr. Vernon must have paid his sudden visit when they were in a very good humor, or he would not have been shown to the door so obligingly.

Deacon Green suggests that this well may have been the very one mentioned in the proverb, and that Mr. Vernon might have found Truth at the bottom, if he had gone deep enough.

SOME NEW BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

ALL our boys and girls who like to ask questions will be glad to hear of "The Young Folks' Cyclopædia of Common Things," a new book, by John D. Champlin, Jr., and published by Henry Holt & Co., New-York. How many questions you young folks ask of older ones every day! Some of these the old folks answer; but sometimes they are too busy, and sometimes they don't know. And how many questions you would like to ask that you never do ask, for fear of being troublesome! Now, if you have one of these cyclopædias, instead of asking questions, you look in your book, and there is your answer. A cyclopædia, you know, does not merely give definitions, like a dictionary. It tells a good deal about everything that it mentions at all. For instance, if a boy wants to know about bees, he can turn to the word "bee," in the cyclopædia, and find out all about their habits and food, etc. A girl hears a good deal said about the telephone, but does not quite understand what it is. She will find it described in this cyclopædia in language that she can comprehend. There are cyclopædias for grown folks, but these are full of terms that some children cannot understand, and they are generally in many volumes. But this is in one volume, and is of a convenient size to keep on your book-shelves at home, or to take to school with you. It treats of common things. It does not include matters of history and biography, but is full of interesting facts, and contains numerous pictures, that help to make the meaning plain. It is printed in clear, distinct type, on good paper.

Of all the pretty and dainty books you ever saw, one of the very prettiest and daintiest is called "Under the Window," and is published by Routledge of New York and London. It is full of charming little songs and verses, and has hundreds of pictures,—still more charming,—drawn by Miss Kate Greenaway, the English lady who drew the quaint little lads and maidens for "Children's Day at St. Paul's" and "Beating the Bounds," published in ST. NICHOLAS for January, 1879, and April, 1879.

The pictures in "Under the Window" are all printed in colors, and are as full of life and beauty and jollity as pictures can be made. Every child will like this book, and every grown person of taste will want to look over it himself, and then give it to some child who deserves to be made happy.

E. P. Dutton & Co., of NewYork, have just published two books, written by Olive Thorne Miller. One of these books, called "Little Folks in Feathers and Fur, and Others in Neither," is made up of a great many stories about birds, beasts, insects, and fishes, with lots of pictures. The other book is "Nimpo's Troubles." Many of our readers who have been acquainted with ST. NICHOLAS from the beginning, will remember this as a serial in the first volume of the magazine, but those who saw it as it came out in numbers will be glad to see it again, and read about the little girl who was tired of home and thought it a grand thing to board, and of all the funny and provoking things that happened to her; and they will remember Mrs. Primkins, and Black Sarah, and the wonderful and startling stories she told. Those who have not read her story of Sam and the cellar key have missed a treat.

The "Chatterbox" has made its annual appearance. It is sent to to us by Estes & Lauriat, of Boston, and is as full, as ever, of big pictures and short stories. This well-known book is such a favorite with the little people, that dishonest persons have given its name to books that are not the real Chatterboxes. But, if you have a "Chatterbox" with Estes & Lauriat on the title-page, you are all right. This firm also publishes a book of dainty little poems, named "Little Folks' Songs," by Alexina B. White, with beautiful illustrations, some by Addie Ledyard; and also a book by Hezekiah Butterworth, which he calls "Zig-zag Journeys in Europe," in which he tells how an American teacher took some of his boys on a vacation tour through England and France, and related to them delightfully true stories of the places they visited.

Those interested in insects will find full accounts of the butterfly and moth in a book by Julia P. Ballard, called "Insect Lives; or, Born in Prison," published in Cincinnati, by Robert Clarke & Co.

"The Boys' and Girls' Treasury,—A Picture and Story-Book for Young People," by Uncle Herbert, is published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia. It contains over three hundred large-size pages, brimful of good pictures, and with stories that little children can understand. This firm publishes for *very* little ones a beautiful book,—large and square,—with full-page pictures, and a verse in large type for every letter of the alphabet. It is called "The Picture Alphabet," by Cousin Daisy.

From the American Tract Society, New-York, we have lately received some very pretty books, which we have only room to mention briefly. There is a story, by Elmer Lynde, of a little girl named Daphne, and it is in six volumes! These are not very large, however, and are all in a pretty paper box, and each volume has two pictures. Another fancy box has ten tiny beauties of books, each book with two or more stories or poems. These are for quite little people, and are named "Books for Our Birdies." For those a little older there are two small books,—one called "Sunny Hours," and the other "Happy Home Stories," with a good many pictures; and a larger book, "Pictures and Stories of Long Ago," containing thirty-six stories from the Bible. Each story has a full-page illustration. And, for still older children, there is an interesting narrative of "Fifine," a little French girl, who did not live in a house, but in a show-wagon that traveled about. This is written by Louise Seymour Houghton. "The Signal Flag" is a collection of short stories by the author of "Ruthie's Venture"; and "Nellie's New Year," by Rev. Edward A. Rand, is a book that girls will like. And there are two graver and more instructive books for the children who like sometimes to think seriously. These books are "A Crown of Glory," by Catharine M. Trowbridge, and "Women Worth Emulating," by Clara L. Balfour.

THE LETTER-BOX.

DR. EGGLESTON'S NEW PLAY, printed in this number, and entitled "Mother Goose and Her Family; a Christmas Recreation for Sunday-School and other Festivals," brings in, of course, only the chief of the Mother Goose characters. If more had been let in, the play would have run beyond half an hour, and would have been too long for use as merely a part of an evening's entertainment. However, should anybody need to fill up more time, other Mother Goose characters can be brought into the play; and, with Dr. Eggleston's original to imitate, a very ingenious person may be able to dress the added characters appropriately, and make them act and speak in a brisk, compressed style. But, to make the piece longer, is to risk making it drag, which would lessen the enjoyment of the audience.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The article upon "Playthings" in the November number reminds me that, a short time ago, I saw an Indian doll-baby such as the pappooses play with. A friend brought it from the Plains. It looked very funny, for it was a good representation of an Indian. It was made of buckskin, sewed with fine sinews, and stuffed with hair, having beads for eyes, nose, and mouth.

On the head was sewed a small piece of scalp, and this was braided and arranged just like the hair of an Indian. And the doll had the Indian wardrobe,—breech-cloth, robe, leggins, and moccasins. Our friend had a little tomahawk made for it, "to scalp white doll-babies with," he said; and he added that he meant to have machinery put in the doll so that it could whoop.

As it was, our neighbor's baby was afraid of it —Yours truly, S.

In answer to requests from a few of our boys and girls, to tell them of some quiet games which will help them to amuse themselves during the winter evenings, we call attention to the advertisement of the "Protean Cards" and "Stratford Game" in the publishers' department of the present number of ST. NICHOLAS. These games were originally prepared expressly for our own home circle of young folks, —and old folks, too, for that matter.

West Hampton, L. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We boys around here were delighted with the story you told us in the June number, about a fish that catches fish for its master; but I guess that queer fellow would have to do his level best for a good while before he could catch as many as our Long Island men caught near here, not long ago, in a few hours. They actually scooped in nine thousand blue-fish at one haul! Talk about fishing,—what do you think of that? I told a Pennsylvania cousin about it, the other day, and he would n't believe it at all, till he went and talked to some of the men, and they told him how they did it. But then he gave in,—and, after that, he would n't give me

a moment's peace till I promised him I 'd write and tell ST. NICHOLAS about it.

The way they do it is this: They have a tremendous big, long net, or seine, and they fasten one end of it at a certain spot on the shore, and then take the body of the net out over the water in row-boats, and then bring the other end slowly back to shore. The net is so long that sometimes the end brought back is a half mile away from the first end.

That makes a pretty big circle of water, you see, to be hemmed in by one net, but a good part of the fish in that water are apt to get caught, and, of course, as the net is drawn in, the fish are crowded together more and more, in the center of the net. But just there, is a queer bag or "cod," which is arranged something like a mouse-trap, so that when the fish once get in they can't get out. That is not the kind of fishing most boys are used to, but I tell you it 's a big business. Why, they use horses to pull in the ends of the net, and, even then, it is often a heavy pull for the teams.

But this last haul beats anything that has yet been done around here. Think of it! nine thousand blue-fish at one haul! And what do you think the whole lot weighed? *Sixteen tons!* There 's enough for a good many breakfast-tables, or my name 's not

J. F. M.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Uncle says you are not the real Santa Claus; but I am pretty sure you must be. If not, please send Santa Claus word that I wish to have a microscope for Christmas. I want to see snow-crystals, and flies' wings, and lots of things that you and Jack-in-the-Pulpit tell about. Really truly I want to very much, so now, please don't forget, dear ST. NICHOLAS, and I shall look out sharp on Christmas morning.—Your little friend, HARRY BAIN.

We hope Santa Claus will see this letter, for, if he does, the microscope will surely come. There is nothing the pleasant old fellow loves so well as to give his little ones just what they wish for,—especially if it is going to make delight for them all the year round, and at the same time open the door into the true fairy world of nature.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you an account of a phenomenon new to me, and, it may be, to many of your readers.

I skated, with two companions, for three miles against a strong wind, at a very rapid rate, and, before going home, we skated out upon a piéce of flooded meadow, where the ice rested on the ground. Several times we heard sharp reports, till, at last, I came to the conclusion that what seemed so strange to us was merely electricity. We then all skated in a circle, and stopped together, and we were fairly astonished by the rapidity and loudness of the reports.

In many cases, pieces of ice the size of a silver half dollar were sent up, all with a circular mark on the bottom. A number of little boys gathered on the ice to witness the affair, and one was hit quite severely in the face by a sharp piece. The reports only occurred when we skated in a circle.

We supposed that the rapid skating had generated large quantities of electricity in our bodies, and the earth beneath the ice became filled with it by our moving about, so that, when we stopped, our steel skates attracted it back through the ice. In some places, we could see the ice pop up as far off as forty feet.—Yours respectfully,

W. L. RODMAN.

H.—We have described often in ST. NICHOLAS various articles that can be made at home for fairs and for holiday presents. In the numbers for December, 1875, November, 1877, and November, 1879, many suitable articles are fully described and illustrated.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have a fernery which we made by ourselves, and we enjoy it very much. Perhaps you would like to know how it was made?

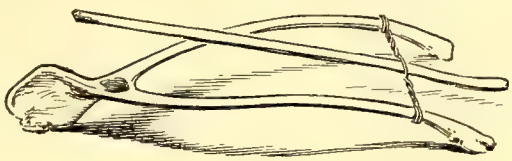
First we got a zinc pan about two inches deep, and then four pieces of sheet glass to form the sides, and one for the top. The corner edges of the pieces we made fast with cloth strips and glue, and then we set the glass wall in the pan. The glass top we bound with paper and fastened to the walls of the fernery. In the bottom of the pan we put a layer of pebbles, and this we covered with rich earth, which we planted with different kinds of ferns, and grasses, interspersed with rocks, a little pool and some pretty shells.

The zinc pan stands on four little wood blocks,—spools would do,—and these are fastened to a thick board which is only just a little wider and longer than the pan. We concealed the open space underneath, and the metal sides, with bits of bark.

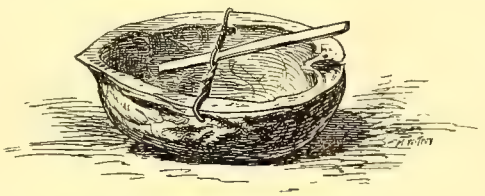
We have ferns from all our favorite spots in this neighborhood, and also from some of the places we have visited this summer, and they all are growing, as fresh and green and beautiful as you can think.—Truly yours,

FANNY AND ALICE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you the pictures of two "jump-frogs," as we call them. One is made of the wish-bone of a chicken, by tying a stout string double across between the ends of those parts of the bone that stand up like the tops of a Y. A piece of stick is then put between the two lines of twine and twisted round and round, away from the flat side of the shaft of the Y, on which a



little bit of cobbler's wax is stuck to hold the end of the stick, while you lay the "frog," wax down, on the table for a moment. The twisted cord pulls so on the stick that the stuck end soon comes off the wax, the stick springs against the table, and up goes Mr. Frog with a jump. My baby brother thinks this is great fun.



The other jump-frog is made from a half-shell of a large English walnut, the double twine being strung through holes carefully bored near the edge of the shell, one at each side where it is broadest across. He is made to jump by the same method used for the other frog. I hope you will have the pictures drawn very plain, so that other boys can make jump-frogs as we do at home.—Yours truly, H. T.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We all have read your article in the October number, on the New York Elevated Railroads, but cannot find out how the cars were put on the track, as the article said nothing about it. Will you please tell us in the "Letter-Box" how it is done?—I remain, yours truly, BERTHA S. PERINE.

A short track is laid from the street slanting up to and joining the elevated track; the cars are rolled upon the lower end of the short track, and then hauled up by a steam winch or windlass.

SUSAN S. sends word of a quiet way to put coals on a fire, so as not to disturb an invalid or wake the baby: wrap small quantities in bits of old newspapers and lay the parcels on the hot coals; the paper will burn away, and the coal slip quietly into place.

Bremen, Prussia.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps your "Letter-Box" readers may like to hear what the little boys and girls in Bremen do at Christmas time.

On Christmas eve, every child puts a shoe under the bed, and inside the shoe a wishing paper, asking the Christkindchen to bring some special toy or treasure. For a week beforehand, the little folk carry their wishing papers in their pockets, puzzling their heads as to just how generous ST. NICHOLAS will be. Many papers are filled, written and crossed, and ST. NICHOLAS sometimes frowns over blots and mis-spelled words. After all in the house are asleep, according to the old story, the kind old gentleman comes down the chimney, slips the wishing-papers into his great, deep pocket, and fills the shoes with candies and cakes; but sometimes, to show that though gray and old he dearly loves a joke, he places a piece of turf or coal in the toe of the shoe or slipper, and chuckles over the blackened little fingers which are quite sure to find under the coal a shining mark piece—about twenty-five cents in American money. To naughty children, of course, only switches are left.

A day or two before New-Year's comes "Baum-plundem," or "Tree-robbing"; so-called because the children are invited from house to house among their friends to help rob the Christmas tree. They gather around a tree, and at a given signal it is shaken. Immediately the children scramble to pick up all they can that may have fallen. Then they take turns at pulling from the tree, what is within their reach,—the top ornaments being left for the older boys and girls who can reach higher.

This is one of the things most looked forward to in the holiday

week, and the children go home with arms full of golden and silver nuts, candy figures of every description, chocolate rings, and many pretty ornaments.—Yours truly, J. F. D.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wonder if your readers know that the Trailing Arbutus will bloom in the house, late in winter or early in spring, if taken up before cold weather—in November, even, but December is best. The buds form early, being snugly protected from storm and frost; so, if you look closely, you can find plants with clusters, good, though still quite small; and if you do not stir the roots much the plants will not be harmed.

I had some Trailing Arbutus in my "Dish Garden" (see "Letter-Box," March, 1879), and it bloomed beautifully. Being under glass, the blossoms lasted fresh for a long while.

If the roots are taken up in a sort of ball, with the earth around them, and set in a common flower-pot or hanging basket, the plant will bloom early in spring. After placing the plant in the pot, keep it in a cold room for a few days, and then in a moderately warm one for a week or two; this will accustom it to the change from out-door weather, and then it can safely be brought where your other flowers are, and will need little further care. The pure, delicate, Arbutus blossom showing long before wild flowers are expected, will repay you for the very slight trouble of getting and caring for the plant. If not under glass, the flowers will scent a room delightfully, though the blooming takes place earlier and lasts longer under cover. Wishing success to all who may make the trial, I remain very truly, your friend, H. S.

Boston, Mass.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The other day I asked my mother to read my ST. NICHOLAS to me, and she selected "The Educational Breakfast at the Peterkins'."

When the rest of our family discovered what mother was reading, they, one and all, prepared to listen.

We were so much impressed by Elizabeth Eliza's sad fate, that we set our wits to work to find means of escape for her.

One thing and another was suggested, but to all we exclaimed, triumphantly: "Oh, you can't get ahead of Miss Hale, she has covered the whole ground"—when Paterfamilias remarked:

"Could n't she unbutton her dress and slip out of it?"

This completely silenced us, and we thought we must ask Miss Hale why Elizabeth Eliza could n't do that. A. G. M.

THE answers to J. D. L's rhymed story riddles in the November "Letter-Box," are: Robinson Crusoe and Man Friday; Rip Van Winkle; Ferdinand and Isabella; Christopher Columbus, the port of Palos; Sir Walter Raleigh, beheaded; Diogenes.

Wyoming, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about a pet hen of ours; she is of the Polish breed, and some call her Polly. She is very tame and in Winter time she flies up to a window, and taps on it with her bill until some of us open it; she then flies in and walks upstairs till she comes to a little storeroom in which she lays an egg; after which she flies out of the window.

I am ten years old.—Your constant reader. L. B. M.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I write you this about a cure for wakefulness, because some of the parents of your young readers may be suffering from sleeplessness, and I know that parents who do not sleep are apt to be cross to children.

The Little Schoolma'am will tell you that, about the beginning of this century, London was guarded at night by watchmen called "Charleys," many of whom were old men, weak, and unfit for the work, while others were cowards, and, from very fear, stayed in their wooden sentry-boxes when they ought to have answered cries for help or quelled street-fights. But, in general, when these watchmen were wanted, they would be found asleep in their boxes.

Well, a friend of Lord Erskine, the great English lawyer, suffered from almost constant wakefulness. Every method was tried to get him to sleep, but in vain. At last, one night, the man's physicians had him dressed like a watchman, with a long, heavy coat, many shoulder-capes, hat, lantern, rattle and all, and left him in a watchman's box near by. The cure was complete and swift, for in ten minutes he was fast asleep!—Yours truly, K.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

TWO EASY DIAMONDS.

I. 1. In eel. 2. Sward. 3. Faithful. 4. To restrain. 5. In all.
II. 1. In aim. 2. To loiter. 3. Necromancy. 4. A snare; or a machine. 5. In ace. LUNA.

PI.

Ni a prayrim lochos, ton glon goa, het cheater denturkoo ot vonecy ot rhe slipup na eadi fo het sues fo het henphy. Hes tower no het hackoblard, "Drs'ib—stens," dan gintopin ot het henphy adesk het lochos: "thaw 's hatt rof?" Frate a thors asupe a letlit pach dippe otu: "Palsee am'ma, hatt 's rof het drib ot sotor no."

AUNT SUE.

DIFFICULT TRANSPOSITIONS.

IN each of the following examples, a word is to be chosen to fill the single blank, and then the letters of this word are to be re-arranged so as to fill the remaining blanks, and complete the sense. Each dash represents a word.

1. By brighter deeds were this man's honors gained
   Than —— —— his —— obtained.
2. The wrong is ————; with your ball,
   You struck the ——-——, but meant the wall.
3. You think it ———— to be severe
   With scholars of that age; but — — ——;
   For harshness surely will but make them fear.
4. —— ——, indeed, believe the statement true,
   When it is —— out so well by you. B.

BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD an English river, and leave metallic portions of the harness of a horse. 2. Behead closely, and leave in good season. 3. Behead by word of mouth, and leave to pluck up courage. 4. Behead an actor, and leave one of several thicknesses of material. 5. Behead to subdue, and leave to bring forth. 6. Behead to fall back, and leave to pass away. F. S. F.

RIDDLE.

My first within my whole now stands,
And may be reckoned,
If not removed by careless hands,
To be my second. C. E. C.

FOUR EASY SQUARE-WORDS.

I. 1. A DOMESTIC animal. 2. Plenty of it in winter. 3. A precious stone. II. 1. To be indebted. 2. Asks wherefore. 3. Part of the face. III. 1. Rock containing metals. 2. To steal. 3. The return of tide-water toward the sea. IV. 1. A solid or hollow body of round form. 2. Part of a fish. 3. To ask for piteously. G. S.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in sailor, but not in tar;
My second in mast, but not in spar.
My third is in spoil, but not in mar.
My fourth is in Venus, not in star.
My fifth is in shake, but not in jar.
My whole is the cosiest thing, by far,
That 's seen in winter in house or car.

EASY CHARADE.

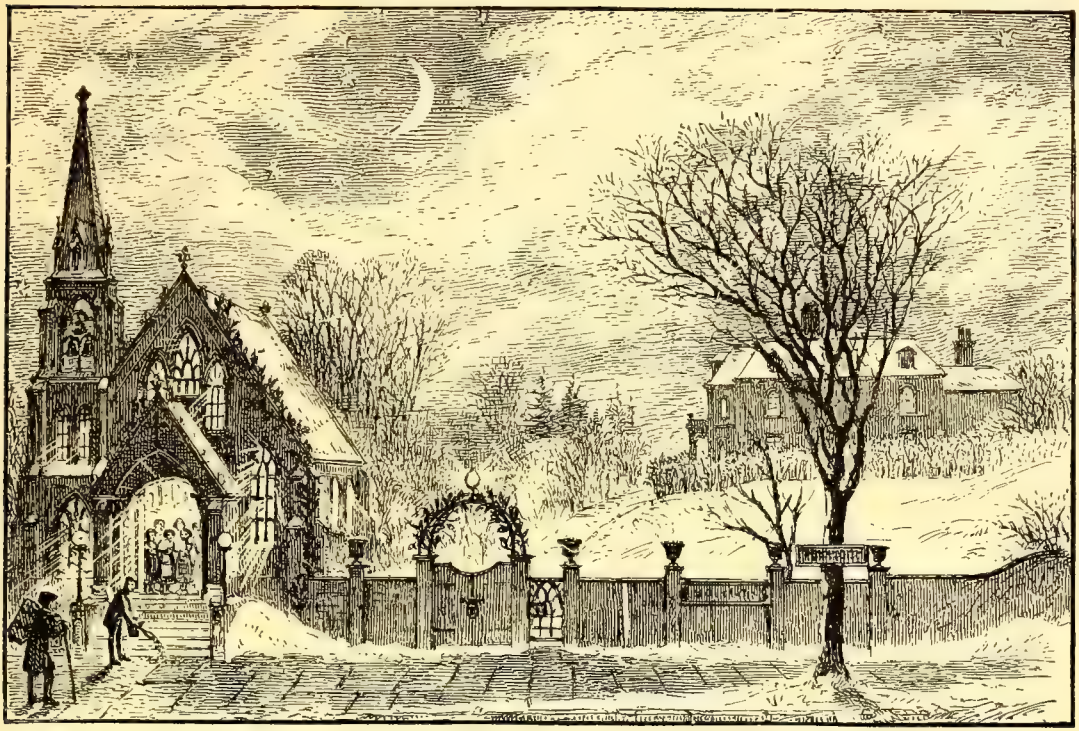
MEN hunt, then *second*, my *first*, in order to obtain my *whole*.

D. W.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

HORIZONTALS: 1. A seasoning. 2. A call for a duel. 3. Laughter. 4. Sarcastic. 5. Gratified. 6. A deception. 7. A shopkeeper. 8. Pertaining to the morning. 9. Clearness. DIAGONAL, from left to right, downward: An annual festival. A. G. C.

CHRISTMAS CENTRAL ACROSTIC.



In the picture are represented thirty special objects, each of which may be described by a word of five letters. When the thirty words have been found, their central letters, properly arranged, will spell four other words, that describe what the children shown in the picture are doing. Thus: the usher is sprinkling ASHES on the steps, and the H of the word "ashes" is one of the thirty central letters which spell the four words of the answer. CYRIL DEANE.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

First Word: Oh! I am just half of a jolly old man,
Whose love at this time you must win if you can.

Second Word: And I am the rest of the jovial old fellow,
Whose locks are so white, and whose cheeks are so mellow.

Cross-Words: 1. A New-York lake, whose crystal wave
Once mirrored many a painted brave;
But now, when summer breezes blow,
Pale students to my waters go.

2. A gentle youth, whose farewell sigh
First showed man what it is to die.

3. A lake-fed torrent, falling, grand,
My thunders shake the rock-ribbed land.

4. A Latin word to Brutus used,
I 'm very much like you;
And, were your home in sunny France,
They 'd call you by me, too.

5. I welcomed not proud Perseus,
Who near my roof-tree ranged,
So, when he bared his Gorgon shield,
I to a mountain changed. M. S. S.

WORD SYNCOPATIONS.

In each of the following examples, remove one word from another and leave a complete word:

1. Take the person speaking from rude in looks and leave sacred.
2. Take a mineral from friendly, and leave capable, skillful.
3. Take a vessel from relating to daytime, and leave a face.
4. Take a cave from zealous, and leave the practical using of skill.
5. Take every one from a dance, and leave a wager.
6. Take a tree from a blazing beacon, and leave a part of the human frame.

EASY METAGRAM.

Whole, I am a personage in one of Shakespeare's plays. Curtail me, and I become an ancient city of Europe; transpose, and I become greater, but then take from me one thousand, and if you had all the remainder, you would be worth countless millions. Curtail me, and a conjunction remains; curtail me again, and there is nothing left. E. D. AND L. H.

SCATTERED SQUARE WORDS.

From the verse which chronicles the calamity that befell Jack and Jill may be made sixteen or more square words.

"Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water,
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after."

Take four scattered letters from the first line of the verse to form the first word of the square,—ACHE for example; then four scattered letters from the second line for the next word,—COIL; four from the third line for the third word,—HILL; and four from the fourth line of the verse for the fourth word,—ELLA; and we have the square word

A C H E
C O I L
H I L L
E L L A

Of course, the first word cannot end in S, because there is no S in the fourth line of the verse; nor in H, K, O, P, W, X, Y or Z, for the same reason. *You must have at least two new words in every new square word.* Make fifteen more square words from this verse under the conditions given. AUNT SUE.

PICTURE-ANAGRAMS FOR YOUNG PUZZLERS.



AN anagram is a word (or set of words) spelled with the letters of another word (or set of words), the letters being, of course, arranged a different way. Thus:—"mar a nag" is an anagram on the word "anagram."

In the present puzzle, there are four anagrams and four pairs of pictures. The letters of the word or set of words, which describes one picture of each pair, are to be re-arranged into a word or set of words, that will describe the mate-picture. Each pair of pictures is separated by a single line the one from the other, and by two lines from the rest. B.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.

ACROSTIC ENIGMA.—Harvest Home

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Rhododendron.

REVERSIBLE-WORD STAR PUZZLE.—1. Time—emit. 2. Tang—gnat. 3. Tram—mart. 4. Teem—meet. 5. Tool—loot. 6. Trap—part. 7. Tops—spot. 8. Tide—edit.

DOUBLE CENTRAL ACROSTIC.—Holidays. Pastimes. 1. AsHPan. 2. GrOAns. 3. PuLSes. 4. WhITer. 5. HiDIng. 6. ShAMed. 7. LaYErs. 8. PaSSed.

TRIPLE HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.—
F A R E D
N O N
M
M E T
F R O W N

COMBINATION PUZZLE.—Power. 1. HoPes. 2. ShOut. 3. DoWry. 4. BrEad. 5. CuRes.

REBUS.—Birds of a feather flock together.

EASY GERMAN BEHEADINGS.—1. W-Arm. 2. B-Rauch. 3. D-Rücken. 4. B-Lase. 5. R-Ohr. 6. B-Rennen. 7. W-Eisen. 8. Z-Immer.

OCTAGONAL PUZZLE.—1 Low. 2. Excel. 3. Content. 4. Octagon. 5. Bungled. 6. Plows. 7. Ant. Perpendicular, Octagon.

SIMPLE WORD-SQUARE.—
L A C E
A W A Y
C A G E
E Y E S

AMPUTATIONS.—1. H-oar-d. 2. F-awn-s. 3. C-ham-p. 4. C-handle-r.

CLASSICAL ENIGMA.—Incidit in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charybdis. (Iris, Hebe (Goddess of Youth, not of Health), Urania, Vulcan, Didyme, Satyrs, Quirinal, Livia, Cacus, Titus.)

COMPARISONS.—1. Gay: morgay. 2. Sea; sere; ceased. 3. I; ire; iced. 4. Rain; moraine. 5. Spy; spire; spiced. 6. Kate; cater. 7. Cape; caper. 8. Bay; bare; baste. 9. Poe; pour; post. 10. Bee; beer; beast. 11. Bow; boar; boast. 12. Ewe; ewer; used.

THANKSGIVING DINNER.—1. Turkey. 2. Ham. 3. Parsley. 4. Potato. 5. Sweet potato. 6. Sauce. 7. Bread. 8. Game. 9. Pears. 10. Salad-in. 11. Pie, pumpkin, mince. 12. Cheese. 13. Tarts, 14. Apples. 15. Kernels of nuts. 16. Grape in the form of raisins. 17. Coffee (coughy).

PICTORIAL PROVERB.—Too many cooks spoil the broth.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received before October 20 from G. L. C., 22 all—O. C. Turner, 21—Charlie S. Hill, 3—Mary E. Pinkham, 9—Jno. V. L Pierson, 3—"Winnie," 13—Florence Wilcox, 11—Louie Giraud, 8—Lillie Burling, 5—Robert A. Gally, 5—"J. W., 2—Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain, 10—Antonia A. Alwood, 4—Helen and Kittie, 9—Nellie S. Tappan, 6—R. E. B., 2—M. J. S., 1—Violet, 1—T. S. V. P., 12—Mabel R. Thompson, 3—Miss Lillie Haldeman, 11—Anita Newcomb, 7—Bessie C. Barney, 13—G. D. Mitchell, 3—Mattie Olmsted, 16—Lizzie Thurber, 5—R. Townsend McKeon, 6—Samuel Willard, 1—Rufus E. Eldridge, 3—Emma Maxwell and Blanche Harris, 7—Lucile Watling, 1—Nellie C. Emerson, 13—Bettie and Grant Weidman, 2—Mary Weidman, 3—Pauline Israel and Clara Potsdamer, 6—"Hard and Tough," 3—Charles N. Cogswell, 6—Mabel Richmond, 1—Kenneth B. Emerson, 6—Lillie and Annie, 8—B. C. and H. E. Melvin, 3—Blank Family, 17—Mary C. M., 2—Ida Cohn, 2—Carroll L. Maxcy, 8—Cornie and Nellie, 4—Emma Valentine, 8—Carrie Adler, 3—Alfred H. Hunt, 4—Bettie L. Hillegeist, 2—"Hazel," 5—Cousin Eben Ebenezer, 7—Max West, 2. The numerals denote the number of puzzles solved.



"HARK! HARK! THE DOGS DO BARK, THE BEGGARS ARE COMING TO TOWN,
SOME IN RAGS, AND SOME IN JAGS AND SOME IN VELVET GOWNS!"

Mother Goose.

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. VII. JANUARY, 1880. NO. 3.

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THE PROUD LITTLE GRAIN OF WHEAT.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

THERE once was a little grain of wheat which was very proud indeed. The first thing it remembered was being very much crowded and jostled by a great many other grains of wheat, all living in the same sack in the granary. It was quite dark in the sack, and no one could move about, and so there was nothing to be done but to sit still and talk and think. The proud little grain of wheat talked a great deal, but did not think quite so much, while its next neighbor thought a great deal and only talked when it was asked questions it could answer. It used to say that when it thought a great deal it could remember things which it seemed to have heard a long time ago.

"What is the use of our staying here so long doing nothing, and never being seen by anybody?" the proud little grain once asked.

"I don't know," the learned grain replied. "I don't know the answer to that. Ask me another."

"Why can't I sing like the birds that build their nests in the roof? I should like to sing, instead of sitting here in the dark."

"Because you have no voice," said the learned grain.

This was a very good answer indeed.

"Why did n't some one give me a voice, then—why did n't they?" said the proud little grain, getting very cross.

The learned grain thought for several minutes.

"There might be two answers to that," she said, at last. "One might be that nobody had a voice to spare, and the other might be that you have nowhere to put one if it were given to you."

"Everybody is better off than I am," said the proud little grain. "The birds can fly and sing, the children can play and shout. I am sure I can get no rest for their shouting and playing. There are two little boys who make enough noise to deafen the whole sackful of us."

"Ah! I know them," said the learned grain. "And it 's true they are noisy. Their names are Lionel and Vivian. There is a thin place in the side of the sack through which I can see them. I would rather stay where I am than have to do all they do. They have long yellow hair, and when they stand on their heads the straw sticks in it and they look very curious. I heard a strange thing through listening to them the other day."

"What was it?" asked the proud grain.

"They were playing in the straw, and some one came in to them—it was a lady who had brought them something on a plate. They began to dance and shout: 'It 's cake! It 's cake! Nice little mamma for bringing us cake.' And then they each sat down with a piece and began to take great bites out of it. I shuddered to think of it afterward."

"Why?"

"Well, you know they are always asking questions, and they began to ask questions of their mamma, who lay down in the straw near them. She seemed to be used to it. These are the questions Vivian asked:

"'Who made the cake?'

"'The cook.'

"'Who made the cook?'

"'God.'

"'What did he make her for?'

"'Why did n't he make her white?'

"'Why did n't he make you black?'

"'Did he cut a hole in heaven and drop me through when he made me?'

"'Why did n't it hurt me when I tumbled such a long way?'

"She said she 'did n't know' to all but the two first, and then he asked two more.

"'What is the cake made of?'

"'Flour, sugar, eggs, and butter.'

"'What is flour made of?'

"It was the answer to that which made me shudder."

"What was it?" asked the proud grain.

"She said it was made of—wheat! I don't see the advantage of being rich ——."

"Was the cake rich?" asked the proud grain.

"Their mother said it was. She said, 'Don't eat it so fast—it is very rich.'"

"Ah!" said the proud grain. "I should like to be rich. It must be very fine to be rich. If I am ever made into cake, I mean to be so rich that no one will dare to eat me at all."

"Ah!" said the learned grain. "I don't think those boys would be afraid to eat you, however rich you were. They are not afraid of richness."

"They 'd be afraid of me before they had done with me," said the proud grain. "I am not a common grain of wheat. Wait until I am made into cake. But gracious me! there does n't seem much prospect of it while we are shut up here. How dark and stuffy it is, and how we are crowded, and what a stupid lot the other grains are! I 'm tired of it, I must say."

"We are all in the same sack," said the learned grain, very quietly.

It was a good many days after that, that something happened. Quite early in the morning, a man and a boy came into the granary, and moved the sack of wheat from its place, wakening all the grains from their last nap.

"What is the matter?" said the proud grain. "Who is daring to disturb us?"

"Hush!" whispered the learned grain, in the most solemn manner. "Something is going to happen. Something like this happened to somebody belonging to me long ago. I seem to remember it when I think very hard. I seem to remember something about one of my family being sown."

"What is sown?" demanded the other grain.

"It is being thrown into the earth," began the learned grain.

Oh, what a passion the proud grain got into! "Into the earth?" she shrieked out. "Into the common earth? The earth is nothing but dirt, and I am *not* a common grain of wheat. I wont be sown! I will *not* be sown! How dare any one sow me against my will! I would rather stay in the sack."

But just as she was saying it, she was thrown out with the learned grain and some others into another dark place, and carried off by the farmer, in spite of her temper; for the farmer could not hear her voice at all, and would n't have minded it if he had, because he knew she was only a grain of wheat, and ought to be sown, so that some good might come of her.

Well, she was carried out to a large field in the pouch which the farmer wore at his belt. The field had been ploughed, and there was a sweet smell of fresh earth in the air; the sky was a deep, deep blue, but the air was cool and the few leaves on the trees were brown and dry, and looked as if they had been left over from last year.

"Ah!" said the learned grain. "It was just such a day as this when my grandfather, or my father, or somebody else related to me, was sown. I think I remember that it was called Early Spring."

"As for me," said the proud grain, fiercely, "I should like to see the man who would dare to sow me!"

At that very moment, the farmer put his big, brown hand into the bag and threw her, as she thought, at least half a mile from him.

He had not thrown her so far as that, however, and she landed safely in the shadow of a clod of rich earth, which the sun had warmed through and through. She was quite out of breath and very dizzy at first, but in a few seconds she began to feel better and could not help looking around, in spite of her anger, to see if there was any one near to talk to. But she saw no one, and so began to scold as usual.

"They not only sow me," she called out, "but they throw me all by myself, where I can have no company at all. It is disgraceful."

Then she heard a voice from the other side of the clod. It was the learned grain, who had fallen there when the farmer threw her out of his pouch.

"Don't be angry," it said, "I am here. We are all right so far. Perhaps, when they cover us with the earth, we shall be even nearer to each other than we are now."

"Do you mean to say they will cover us with the earth?" asked the proud grain.

"Yes," was the answer. "And there we shall lie in the dark, and the rain will moisten us, and the sun will warm us, until we grow larger and larger, and at last burst open!"

"Speak for yourself," said the proud grain; "I shall do no such thing!"

But it all happened just as the learned grain had said, which showed what a wise grain it was, and how much it had found out just by thinking hard and remembering all it could.

Before the day was over, they were covered snugly up with the soft, fragrant, brown earth, and there they lay day after day.

One morning, when the proud grain wakened, it found itself wet through and through with rain which had fallen in the night, and the next day the sun shone down and warmed it so that it really began to be afraid that it would be obliged to grow too large for its skin, which felt a little tight for it already.

It said nothing of this to the learned grain, at first, because it was determined not to burst if it could help it; but after the same thing had happened a great many times, it found, one morning, that it really was swelling, and it felt obliged to tell the learned grain about it.

"Well," it said, pettishly, "I suppose you will be glad to hear that you were right. I *am* going to burst. My skin is so tight now that it does n't fit me at all, and I know I can't stand another warm shower like the last."

"Oh!" said the learned grain, in a quiet way (really learned people always have a quiet way), "I knew I was right, or I should n't have said so. I hope you don't find it very uncomfortable. I think I myself shall burst by to-morrow."

"Of course I find it uncomfortable," said the proud grain. "Who would n't find it uncomfortable to be two or three sizes too small for oneself! Pouf! Crack! There I go! I have split all up my right side, and I must say it 's a relief."

"Crack! Pouf! so have I," said the learned grain. "Now we must begin to push up through the earth. I am sure my relation did that."

"Well, I should n't mind getting out into the air. It would be a change at least."

So each of them began to push her way through the earth as strongly as she could, and, sure enough, it was not long before the proud grain actually found herself out in the world again breathing the sweet air, under the blue sky, across which fleecy white clouds were drifting, and swift-winged, happy birds darting.

"It really is a lovely day," were the first words the proud grain said. It could n't help it. The sunshine was so delightful, and the birds chirped and twittered so merrily in the bare branches, and, more wonderful than all, the great field was brown no longer, but was covered with millions of little, fresh green blades, which trembled and bent their frail bodies before the light wind.

"This *is* an improvement," said the proud grain.

Then there was a little stir in the earth beside it, and up through the brown mould came the learned grain, fresh, bright, green, like the rest.

"I told you I was not a common grain of wheat," said the proud one.

"You are not a grain of wheat at all now," said the learned one, modestly. "You are a blade of wheat, and there are a great many others like you."

"See how green I am!" said the proud blade.

"Yes, you are very green," said its companion. "You will not be so green when you are older."

The proud grain, which must be called a blade now, had plenty of change and company after this. It grew taller and taller every day, and made a great many new acquaintances as the weather grew warmer. These were little gold and green beetles living near it, who often passed it, and now and then stopped to talk a little about their children and their journeys under the soil. Birds dropped down from the sky sometimes to gossip and twitter of the nests they were building in the apple-trees, and the new songs they were learning to sing.

Once, on a very warm day, a great golden butterfly floating by on his large lovely wings, fluttered down softly and lit on the proud blade, who felt so much prouder when he did it that she trembled for joy.

"He admires me more than all the rest in the field, you see," it said, haughtily. "That is because I am so green."

"If I were you," said the learned blade, in its modest way, "I believe I would not talk so much about being green. People will make such ill-natured remarks when one speaks often of oneself."

"I am above such people," said the proud blade, "I can find nothing more interesting to talk of than myself."

As time went on, it was delighted to find that it grew taller than any other blade in the field, and threw out other blades; and at last there grew out of the top of its stalk ever so many plump, new little grains, all fitting closely together, and wearing tight little green covers.

"Look at me!" it said then. "I am the queen of all the wheat. I have a crown."

"No," said its learned companion. "You are now an ear of wheat."

And in a short time all the other stalks wore the same kind of crown, and it found out that the learned blade was right, and that it was only an ear, after all.

And now the weather had grown still warmer and the trees were covered with leaves, and the birds sang and built their nests in them and laid their little blue eggs, and in time, wonder-

ful to relate, there came baby birds, that were always opening their mouths for food, and crying "peep, peep," to their fathers and mothers. There were more butterflies floating about on their amber and purple wings, and the gold and green beetles were so busy they had no time to talk.

"Well!" said the proud ear of wheat (you remember it was an ear by this time) to its companion one day. "You see, you were right again. I am not so green as I was. I am turning yellow—but yellow is the color of gold, and I don't object to looking like gold."

"You will soon be ripe," said its friend.

"And what will happen then?"

"The reaping-machine will come and cut you down, and other strange things will happen."

"There I make a stand," said the proud ear, "I will *not* be cut down."

But it was just as the wise ear said it would be. Not long after, a reaping-machine was brought and driven back and forth in the field, and down went all the wheat ears before the great knives. But it did not hurt the wheat, of course, and only the proud ear felt angry.

"I am the color of gold," it said, "and yet they have dared to cut me down. What will they do next, I wonder?"

What they did next was to bunch it up with other wheat and tie it and stack it together, and then it was carried in a wagon and laid in the barn.

Then there was a great bustle after a while. The farmer's wife and daughters and her two servants began to work as hard as they could.

"The thrashers are coming," they said, "and we must make plenty of things for them to eat."

So they made pies and cakes and bread until their cupboards were full; and surely enough the thrashers did come with the thrashing-machine, which was painted red, and went "Puff! puff! puff! rattle! rattle!" all the time. And the proud wheat was thrashed out by it, and found itself in grains again and very much out of breath.

"I look almost as I was at first," it said; "only there are so many of me. I am grander than ever now. I was only one grain of wheat at first, and now I am at least fifty."

When it was put into a sack, it managed to get all its grains together in one place, so that it might feel as grand as possible. It was so proud that it felt grand, however much it was knocked about.

It did not lie in the sack very long this time before something else happened. One morning it heard the farmer's wife saying to the colored boy:

"Take this yere sack of wheat to the mill, Jerry. I want to try it when I make that thar cake for the boarders. Them two children from Washington city are powerful hands for cake."

So Jerry lifted the sack up and threw it over his shoulder, and carried it out into the spring-wagon.

"Now we are going to travel," said the proud wheat. "Don't let us be separated."

At that minute, there were heard two young voices, shouting:

"Jerry, take us in the wagon! Let us go to mill, Jerry! We want to go to mill."

And these were the very two boys who had played in the granary and made so much noise the summer before. They had grown a little bigger, and their yellow hair was longer, but they looked just as they used to, with their strong little legs and big brown eyes, and their sailor hats set so far back on their heads that it was a wonder they stayed on. And gracious! how they shouted and ran.

"What does yer mar say?" asked Jerry.

"Says we can go!" shouted both at once, as if Jerry had been deaf, which he was n't at all—quite the contrary.

So Jerry, who was very good-natured, lifted them in, and cracked his whip, and the horses started off. It was a long ride to the mill, but Lionel and Vivian were not too tired to shout again when they reached it. They shouted at sight of the creek and the big wheel turning round and round slowly, with the water dashing and pouring and foaming over it.

"What turns the wheel?" asked Vivian.

"The water, honey," said Jerry.

"What turns the water?"

"Well now, honey," said Jerry, "you hev me thar. I don't know nuffin 'bout it. Lors-a-massy, what a boy you is fur axin' dif'cult questions."

Then he carried the sack in to the miller, and said he would wait until the wheat was ground.

"Ground!" said the proud wheat. "We are going to be ground. I hope it is agreeable. Let us keep close together."

They did keep close together, but it was n't very agreeable to be poured into a hopper and then crushed into fine powder between two big stones.

"Makes nice flour," said the miller, rubbing it between his fingers.

"Flour!" said the wheat—which was wheat no longer. "Now I am flour, and I am finer than ever. How white I am! I really would rather be white than green or gold color. I wonder where the learned grain is, and if it is as fine and white as I am?"

But the learned grain and her family had been laid away in the granary for seed wheat.

Before the wagon reached the house again, the two boys were fast asleep in the bottom of it, and had to be helped out just as the sack was, and carried in.

The sack was taken into the kitchen at once and opened, and even in its wheat days the flour had never been so proud as it was when it heard the farmer's wife say:

"I 'm going to make this into cake."

"Ah!" it said; "I thought so. Now I shall be rich, and admired by everybody."

The farmer's wife then took some of it out in a large white bowl, and after that she busied herself beating eggs and sugar and butter all together in another bowl: and after a while she took the flour and beat it in also.

"Now I am in grand company," said the flour. "The eggs and butter are the color of gold, the sugar is like silver or diamonds. This is the very society for me."

"The cake looks rich," said one of the daughters.

"It 's rather too rich for them children," said her mother. "But Lawsey, I dunno, neither. Nothin' don't hurt 'em. I reckon they could eat a panel of rail fence and come to no harm."

"I 'm rich," said the flour to itself. "That is just what I intended from the first. I am rich and I am cake."

Just then, a pair of big brown eyes came and peeped into it. They belonged to a round little head with a mass of tangled curls all over it—they belonged to Vivian.

"What 's that?" he asked.

"Cake."

"Who made it?"

"I did."

"I like you," said Vivian. "You 're such a nice woman. Who 's going to eat any of it? Is Lionel?"

"I 'm afraid it 's too rich for boys," said the woman, but she laughed and kissed him.

"No," said Vivian. "I 'm afraid it is n't."

"I shall be much too rich," said the cake, angrily. "Boys, indeed. I was made for something better than boys."

After that, it was poured into a cake-mold, and put into the oven, where it had rather an unpleasant time of it. It was so hot in there that if the farmer's wife had not watched it carefully, it would have been burned.

"But I am cake," it said. "And of the richest kind, so I can bear it, even if it is uncomfortable."

When it was taken out, it really was cake, and it felt as if it was quite satisfied. Every one who came into the kitchen and saw it, said:

"Oh, what nice cake! How well your new flour has done!"

But just once, while it was cooling, it had a curious, disagreeable feeling. It found, all at once, that the two boys, Lionel and Vivian, had come quietly into the kitchen and stood near the table looking at the cake with their great eyes wide open and their little red mouths open, too.

"Dear me," it said. "How nervous I feel—actually nervous. What great eyes they have, and how they shine! And what are those sharp white things in their mouths? I really don't like them to look at me in that way. It seems like something personal. I wish the farmer's wife would come."

Such a chill ran over it, that it was quite cool when the woman came in, and she put it away in the cupboard on a plate.

But, that very afternoon, she took it out again and set it on the table on a glass cake-stand. She put some leaves around it to make it look nice, and it noticed that there were a great many other things on the table, and they all looked fresh and bright.

"This is all in my honor," it said. "They know I am rich."

Then several people came in and took chairs around the table.

"They all come in to sit and look at me," said the vain cake. "I wish the learned grain could see me now."

There was a little high-chair on each side of the table, and at first these were empty, but in a few minutes the door opened and in came the two little boys. They had pretty, clean dresses on, and their "bangs" and curls were bright with being brushed.

"Even they have been dressed up to do me honor," thought the cake.

But, the next minute, it began to feel quite nervous again. Vivian's chair was near the glass stand, and when he had climbed up and seated himself, he put one elbow on the table and rested his fat chin on his fat hand, and, fixing his eyes on the cake, sat and stared at it in such an unnaturally quiet manner for some seconds, that any cake might well have felt nervous.

"There's the cake," he said, at last, in such a deeply thoughtful voice that the cake felt faint with anger.

Then a remarkable thing happened. Some one drew the stand toward them and took a knife and cut out a large slice of the cake.

"Go away!" said the cake, though no one heard it. "I am cake! I am rich! I am not for boys! How dare you!"

Vivian stretched out his hand; he took the slice; he lifted it up, and then the cake saw his red mouth open—yes, open wider than it could have believed possible—wide enough to show two dreadful rows of little sharp white things.

"Good gra——" it began.

But it never said "cious." Never at all. For in two minutes Vivian had eaten it!!

And there was an end of its airs and graces.

JAPANESE TOP-SPINNING.

BY J. REED SEVER.



THE TOP SPINNING ON THE EDGE OF THE SWORD.

AT certain seasons of the year, top-spinning engages a great part of the leisure time of American and English boys, and some of them become very skillful. But Japanese jugglers are the people to spin tops, and I will try to describe some of their more difficult feats, as I saw them.

I was at a Japanese juggling entertainment, and when the first part of the performance was over, the men who had been acting cleared the stage, set on it a small table, a number of swords, and a little house, like the doll houses sold in toy shops, bowed low, and left. Immediately afterward, a richly-dressed Japanese made his appearance, carrying in his arms about a dozen tops, somewhat resembling common humming-tops, each with a long thin stem run through the bulb-shaped part, and protruding at the top and bottom,—the top stem being cased in a loose sheath. Bowing to the spectators, the Japanese took one of the tops and twirled it briskly between his palms for a second or two; he then dropped it upon the table, where it spun around in that swiftly revolving, but apparently motionless state, that boy top-spinners call "sleeping." The Japanese indicated by signs that it would stop when he told it to, and turning toward the table, he lifted his hand as a command. No sooner had he done this than the top stopped as if it really had seen and understood the signal.

The Japanese picked up the top again, and, twirling it as before, placed it upon the table, where it spun itself to sleep. He then selected from the swords on the floor one with a long, keen blade, and lifting the top from the table by the sheath of the upper stem, placed the point of the lower stem carefully upon the edge of the blade, near the hilt. The top spun for some moments in this position, and then began to run slowly toward the point of the sword. When it had reached the point, it leaned over at an angle of forty-five degrees, and continued to revolve for several moments in that difficult position, until it was caught in the juggler's hand just as it was about to stop spinning.

Throwing the sword to one side, the performer again made the top spin upon the table, and picking up five others started them also. He then stretched a thin wire across the stage, and taking the tops from the table, placed them one after another upon the wire, as he had previously placed the first one upon the edge of the sword. They spun around for a few seconds without moving; but suddenly, as if by one impulse, they all started on an excursion along the wire, balancing themselves as they went, with all the nicety of expert tight-rope walkers. Reaching the end of their trip, they dropped one by one into the hands of an assistant, who stood ready to catch them.

This trick was succeeded by a much more mysterious one. The Japanese walked to the side of the stage and untied a string, which as soon as it was loosed swung quickly to the middle of the stage, and then hung perpendicularly. After untying this string, the Japanese took a top from his assistant, and twirling it in his hand until it revolved quickly enough, he took hold of the end of the string, and, placing the stem of the top at right angles to it, left things to take care of themselves.

The top spun a short time at the end of the string, but soon it began to move slowly upward, still spinning at right angles with the string. It continued in this way to move steadily upward until at length, it had traversed the entire distance, and was lost to view behind the "flies" over the stage.

When the applause that greeted this trick had subsided, the Japanese moved the doll-house to the center of the stage and placed it beside the table. He then set six tops, exactly alike in size and appearance, spinning upon the table, and taking a seventh in his hand, indicated to the spectators, by signs, that he would send it on a journey through the doll-house. He then sat down on the floor, and curling up his legs, Turk fashion, started the seventh top spinning. It ran along the floor until it reached a sort of inclined drawbridge leading to the entrance of the little house, and then went up slowly to, and through, the open door. The juggler waited a moment, as if expecting some signal from the now invisible top. His suspense was relieved an instant later by the tinkling of a silver bell, which indicated that the top had entered one of the tiny rooms. The Japanese held up one finger and waited, in a listening attitude, for a second signal. It came, as before, in the tinkle of a bell, upon hearing which the man held up two fingers. Finally, when ten rooms had been visited, and ten bells, rung in this way, had been counted on the performer's fingers, he arose and pointed toward the house, and toward the table, upon which the six tops were yet spinning. After a few moments, during which we silently watched the door of the house, the top that had been ringing the bells came quickly out of the entrance, ran down the drawbridge and dropped motionless at the feet of the Japanese. That same moment the tops on the table stopped, and dropped over on their sides.

You may fancy how we applauded, and what a puzzle this wonderful top-spinning was to me. I only hope that you may be more successful than I was in trying to unravel the mystery of it.

THE DOLLS' BABY-SHOW,

By B. M. B.

It all began at a missionary-meeting.

"Do you want to make fifty children perfectly happy?" asked Sister Eliza, as we sat there together, we two girls and the sweet, self-denying woman with the peace in her face.

"Of course we do—but how?" was our exclamation, "what do you mean?" And what she meant, by making fifty children perfectly happy, and how she thought that we could do this good thing, and how, when we heard about it, we determined to do it, and how we did it, and how the dolls' baby-show came about, and what it really was, and what followed this novel baby-show,—is just what we propose to tell to those who care about making children happy and who choose to read our story.

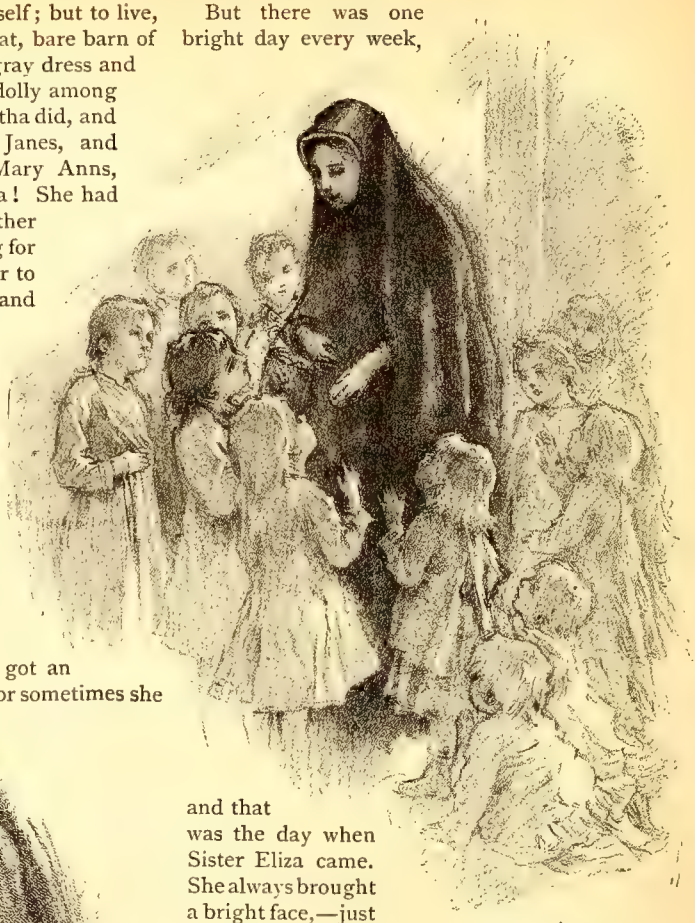
It is n't a pleasant thing to have no father and

no mother and no home by one's self; but to live, fifty children, all together, in a great, bare barn of a house, every one with the same gray dress and the same white apron, and not a dolly among them all! Yet this was what Tabitha did, and forty-nine other Tabithas, and Janes, and Elizas, and Carries, Nellys, and Mary Anns, along with her. Poor little Tabitha! She had nobody to love her. When her father and mother died, there was nothing for the neighbors to do but to send her to the orphan-asylum of the county, and this was where she was, not many miles from New York itself. There was a great long room, with columns down the middle; no carpet on the floor; nothing pretty on the walls; twenty-six cold-looking beds straight along the sides,—and this was all the home poor little Tabitha had. Some of the other children were sick and dreadful, and she had n't very good times playing with them. How she would have liked to have a doll! Sometimes she got an old newspaper and twisted it up, or sometimes she made believe with a pillow-case; but if she could only have a real, live doll! A real, live doll!



TAKING CARE OF NUMBER FIFTY-ONE.

But there was one bright day every week, and that was the day when Sister Eliza came. She always brought a bright face,—just like sunshine, after they had n't been out for a week, Tabitha thougnt, —and pleasant words, and goodies. Candy? Bless you, no! These poor, little gray ducklings never saw a peppermint stick. But she brought always a little paper of sweet crackers, just enough for two bites all around, and that was pudding, and pie, and candy, and marmalade to them for a whole week. And one day, the very day before Christmas, she came with her brightness and her crackers, and—something else! Something, she said, that a kind lady had given her, and that they should know all about on Christmas-day. The children wondered what it could be,—more crackers? a Christmas-cake? perhaps only shoes and stockings,—everybody sent them shoes and stockings, shoes with the toes out, and stockings with the heels darned, so that they hurt. They talked about nothing else. Tabitha stayed awake almost all the night thinking it over, and then dreamed about it till she woke up Christmas morning.



SISTER ELIZA'S VISIT.

"'Liza," said she, to her little bed-neighbor,

before she had said "Merry Christmas!" even, "'Liza, what do you think I dweamed about last night? Oh, I dweamed—oh, it wath such a nice dweam! I dweamed that Sister Sunshine's bundle (that 's what the children called her) that she would n't let us know anythin' about, wath a funny little square box, an' she left it in the closet, an' then I woke up in the middle of the night an' Santa Clauth he came down the register and he opened the closet door, an' the little box it grew and it grew, an' by and by it wath a big, *big*, BIG baby house, an' out came a big doll, an' then a littler doll, and then heaps of littler dolls, and their heads were all made of sweet crackers, and they kept dancing about all 'round in the air with a funny kind o' light about their heads, and one of them came bobbing up to me and says, 'Eat me up!' an' I bit off its head, an' I was so sorry, an' I bit my tongue, too; and I woke up an'—oh-h-h, my goodness! There is a dolly!"

Sure enough there was a dolly! Not fifty dolls, indeed, but one! A big, funny, rag dolly, tied to the post in the middle of the room, and "Merry Christmas!" written over it. Tabitha's cry had roused up all the other forty-nine children from the twenty-six white beds, and in an instant they had all jumped out—all but the two little sick ones in beds by themselves who could n't get up at all—and were dancing round the post in their night-gowns, trying to get a hug at the 'most suffocated doll. Such a noise they made, and such a quarrel they began to get into,—yes, a quarrel even on Christmas morning,—that the matron came running in, and actually took the dolly away. The poor disappointed faces! But after breakfast they were to have the doll again, and each child, the matron said, should have it five minutes for her very own. The children who came next actually stood in line waiting their turns, and by the time each of them had given the poor doll fifty hugs



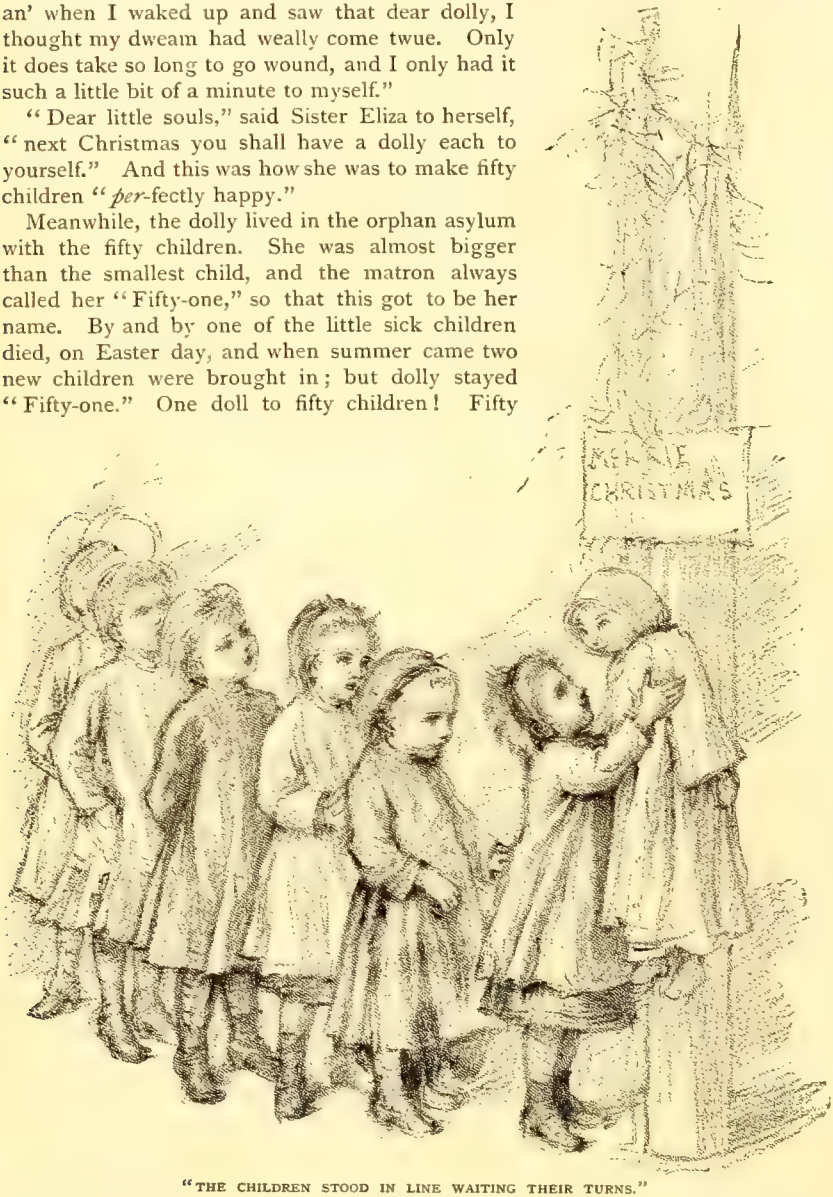
AT THE DOLL BABY-SHOW.

and thirty kisses apiece, it was so worn to pieces that it did not seem as though it could live through the night, the matron said. In the midst of it, in came Sister Sunshine herself, and such a welcome as she had. Presently little Tabitha crept up to her and told her her dream.

"I fink it 's weal nice to dweam," said Tabitha, "when you can't have things weally an' twuly; an' when I waked up and saw that dear dolly, I thought my dweam had weally come twue. Only it does take so long to go wound, and I only had it such a little bit of a minute to myself."

"Dear little souls," said Sister Eliza to herself, "next Christmas you shall have a dolly each to yourself." And this was how she was to make fifty children "*per*-fectly happy."

Meanwhile, the dolly lived in the orphan asylum with the fifty children. She was almost bigger than the smallest child, and the matron always called her "Fifty-one," so that this got to be her name. By and by one of the little sick children died, on Easter day, and when summer came two new children were brought in; but dolly stayed "Fifty-one." One doll to fifty children! Fifty dolls to one child would not be so very remarkable, —the every-day doll, and grandmother's doll, and the doll Aunt Lottie brought from Paris, and the boy doll she was married to, and the rag-baby, and all the paper dolls that are its lineal descendants! This one dolly had a hard time of it. She had so much hugging that it gave her the chromatics, which is a curious doll disease, when they get very black and blue and dirty-like, particularly in the face, and the feet begin to drop off, and the stuffing (if it 's a stuffed doll) comes out. Her best friend would n't have recognized her; but she lived a whole year, and to these poor little children, who had no "folks" of their own, she was papa, mamma, and brother and sister, all together. They actually remembered her in their prayers, and one queer little girl made a rhyme, which they said after "Now I lay me:"



"THE CHILDREN STOOD IN LINE WAITING THEIR TURNS."

"And till the birds wake up the sun,
Dear Lord, take care of Fifty-one!"

Every time that Sister Eliza saw the doll, it put her in mind of her promise. That was how we came into the story. She asked us if we could n't get our friends to give us fifty dolls,—old ones the girls did not want; and we thought we could, and said we would. But we had forgotten a very important matter, — that nobody ever saw, or heard of, or dreamt of a single, solitary doll, brainless or headless, banged or stuffingless, without arms or without feet, that its little mother did not cling to as "her own dear child." So we began to take up contributions for new dollies, when a generous friend sent us—as a Christmas gift for the poor—

the dollies themselves, fifty and to spare, packed like sardines in boxes of six, and all of them twins. So alike, indeed, that you could only tell them apart by their boots, which were pink, and green, and blue, and black, and almost any color you can think of.

And now the dolls began to start on their travels, for we had engaged all our friends as doll-dressmakers, and the dressmakers lived pretty much all over the country. The dolls went by cars, they went by boat, they went by pocket. One found her way to Staten Island, where was a little girl who wanted to dress at least one, and she came back as though she had been to Paris and had her dress made by the man dressmaker, Worth,—a real Miss Flora McFlimsey. Presently the door-bell began to ring at all sorts of hours, and they all came trooping, one after another, "back to mamma's, home again!" Now you could tell them apart easily: here was a French *bonne*, with her white cap and white apron; here a black-hooded nun; here a little boy in a Scottish suit; here two sailor laddies; another dressed just like Sister Eliza herself; and still another in the gray gown of the asylum children they were all to visit. If those dolls could only have told the stories of their travels, what a book they would make!

So the dolls were all home again, waiting for Christmas morning. You could n't go anywhere in the house but a new doll would seem to pop out. And then everybody said we must have a baby-show. We wanted to give the fifty children some candy, too, and make their cold, bare room pretty, for once, with Christmas-greens, and now the dolls themselves should earn the money to buy their mammas candy. Then came the show!

"Walk in, ladies and gentlemen, only ten cents admission, to see the prize baby, and the biggest baby in the world, and the smallest baby in the world, and everyone the best baby in the world,—ten cents admission, fifty babies, five for a cent,—walk in, ladies and gentlemen," said the manageress, a Mrs. Jarley with doll-babies instead of wax-works, to those who gave their tickets at our parlor door. And such a show of babies! Shawls and sashes, hung around the walls, served as screens and decorations, and ranged around were not only the fifty dollies themselves, but lots of other dollies who had been sent in as prize babies. As they could n't tell their own names, placards did it for them. Here were "other people's children," mischievous as "Budge and Toddie," but quiet as mice. Over them was the little girl who was "born with a silver spoon in her mouth," dressed as fine as a fiddle, and next to her the one "born with no spoon at all," in sober homespun. "The convalescent" sat up in her tiny bed, looking as pretty as a pink. Opposite to her was "a child of the dark ages," a dreadful rag-baby thing, made of a pillow and a black mask, with curls of carpenters' shavings. And in the back-room were the talking midgets,—"no extra charge,"—for the two boys had covered a table with a sheet, and dressed up their hands as



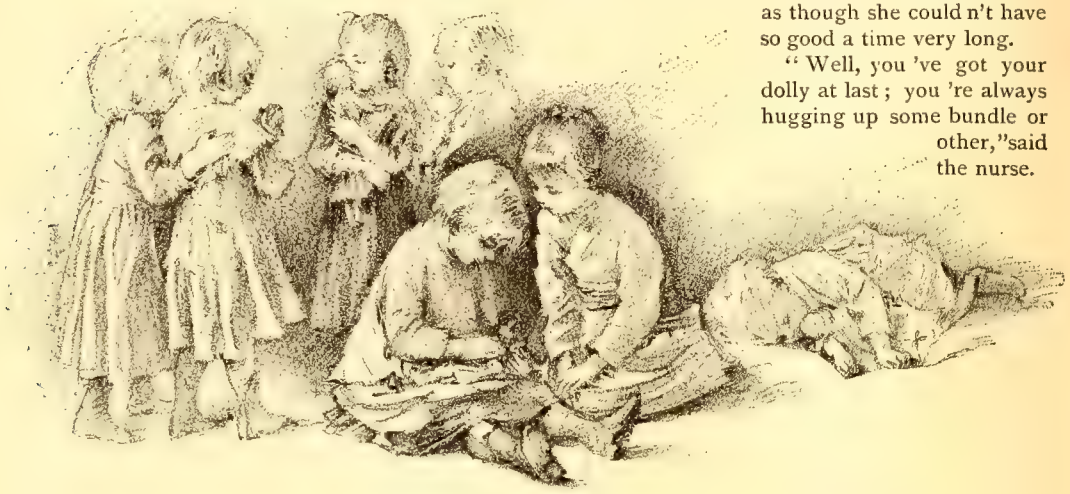
"SILVER SPOON" AND "NO SPOON AT ALL."

doll-babies, which stood on the table, while they hid themselves underneath, and asked conundrums, and answered questions from the audience.

The baby-show was a success; we counted the money after each new-comer bought a ticket, and the last time of counting we had eight dollars and forty cents. This bought us fifty fine large cornucopias, and candy to fill them all, and a great bundle of Christmas-greens. What fun we had buying the candy, and filling the horns! And when Christmas-eve at last came, the fifty dolls said good-by, marched out of the house into an expressman's carriage, and so rode off to the asylum.

Fifty dolls had never been seen there before, and their arrival created a grand excitement. But they were kept quiet from the children till Christmas morning, and on Christmas morning they woke up to find the great room dressed with greens, the Star in the East at one end and at the other the Cross, and festoons of greenery all between, and a dolly and candy for each one. Tabitha's dream had come true. Her bed-neighbor, 'Liza, was no longer there; they had found for her a home in the great, far West, where kind people would take care of her until she grew up to be a little serving-maid,—to milk the cows and help about the house. But little Tabitha told her dream to 'Lisbeth, who had taken 'Liza's place, and hugged and squeezed her dolly, "her very own all the whole time." And

so each of the fifty dolls found a new mamma and each of fifty children was made "*per*-fectly happy." Only most of them ate their candy so all at once, that the doctor had to come next day, and give them each a dreadful dose of medicine.



"PERFECTLY HAPPY."

Sister Eliza and we two girls came later in the day,—and did we laugh or did we cry? Both, I think. The children were most of them not pretty and not bright,—not very merry, even,—and we could not but think of the prettier, and brighter, and happier children we knew. One little, sick child with red, weak eyes hugged her dolly tight, as though she could n't have so good a time very long.

"Well, you 've got your dolly at last; you 're always hugging up some bundle or other," said the nurse.

The days are dull for these poor things, they have not much to brighten them; we were very glad we had made the Star in the East shine once into their lives with Christmas brightness.

BIDDING THE SUN "GOOD-NIGHT" IN LAPLAND.

BY JOY ALLISON.

WHEN the short, bright summer of Lapland is ended, and the sun is about to set, to rise no more for seven or eight months, the people of the hamlets and villages ascend the neighboring hills to see the last of the Day God, and chant a requiem, or farewell psalm, for the parting day.

"COME, little daughters, hasten,
Ye should be bravely dight!
Make ready, boys! for we go forth
To bid the sun good-night.

"Four months with steady shining
He 's made the whole earth fair,
And myriad blossoms greeted him,
And bird-songs filled the air.

"But now October waneth;
His setting draweth near;
We shall not see his face again
For more than half a year."

So forth they go, together,
Parents and children, all,
The aged, and the little ones,
Young men, and maidens tall.

From many a neighboring village,
From many a humble home,
To climb the rocky summit
The thronging people come.

The sun hangs low in heaven;
He throws his slanting rays
Across their loving faces, turned
To meet his parting gaze.

And now he 's gone! The darkness
Is settling like a pall,
A long low dirge of sad farewell
Breaks from the lips of all;

In mournful cadence chanting
The requiem of the sun,
The dear bright day departed now,
The long, long night begun.

And yet with cheerful patience
They take their homeward way,
The elders talking how the time
May best be whiled away.

And many a youthful face is bright
With glad expectance still,
And many a merry little child
Goes dancing down the hill.



JACK AND JILL.

By Louisa M. Alcott.

Chapter III.

ward no. 1.

For some days, nothing was seen and little was heard of the "dear sufferers," as the old ladies called them. But they were not forgotten; the first words uttered when any of the young people met were: "How is Jack?" "Seen Jill yet?" and all waited with impatience for the moment when they could be admitted to their favorite mates, more than ever objects of interest now.

Meantime, the captives spent the first few days in sleep, pain, and trying to accept the hard fact that school and play were done with for months perhaps. But young spirits are wonderfully elastic and soon cheer up, and healthy young bodies heal fast, or easily adapt themselves to new conditions. So our invalids began to mend on the fourth day, and to drive their nurses distracted with efforts to amuse them, before the first week was over.

The most successful attempt originated in Ward No. 1, as Mrs. Minot called Jack's apartment, and we will give our sympathizing readers some idea of this place, which became the stage whereon were enacted many varied and remarkable scenes.

Each of the Minot boys had his own room, and there collected his own treasures and trophies, arranged to suit his convenience and taste. Frank's was full of books, maps, machinery, chemical messes, and geometrical drawings, which adorned the walls like intricate cobwebs. A big chair, where he read and studied with his heels higher than his head, a basket of apples for refreshment at all hours of the day or night, and an immense inkstand, in which several pens were always apparently bathing their feet, were the principal ornaments of his scholastic retreat.

Jack's hobby was athletic sports, for he was bent on having a strong and active body for his happy little soul to live and enjoy itself in. So, a severe simplicity reigned in his apartment; in summer, especially, for then his floor was bare, his windows were uncurtained, and the chairs uncushioned, the

bed being as narrow and hard as Napoleon's. The only ornaments were dumb-bells, whips, bats, rods, skates, boxing-gloves, a big bath-pan and a small library, consisting chiefly of books on games, horses, health, hunting, and travels. In winter, his mother made things more comfortable by introducing rugs, curtains, and a fire. Jack, also, relented slightly in the severity of his training, occasionally indulging in the national buckwheat cake, instead of the prescribed oatmeal porridge, for breakfast, omitting his cold bath when the thermometer was below zero, and dancing at night, instead of running a given distance by day.

Now, however, he was a helpless captive, given over to all sorts of coddling, laziness, and luxury, and there was a droll mixture of mirth and melancholy in his face, as he lay trussed up in bed, watching the comforts which had suddenly robbed his bower of its Spartan simplicity. A delicious couch was there, with Frank reposing in its depths, half hidden under several folios which he was consulting for a history of the steam-engine, the subject of his next composition.

A white-covered table stood near, with all manner of dainties set forth in a way to tempt the sternest principles. Vases of flowers bloomed on the chimney-piece,—gifts from anxious young ladies, left with their love. Frivolous story-books and picture-papers strewed the bed, now shrouded in effeminate chintz-curtains, beneath which Jack lay like a wounded warrior in his tent. But the saddest sight for our crippled athlete was a glimpse, through a half-opened door, at the beloved dumb-bells, bats, balls, boxing-gloves, and snow-shoes, all piled ignominiously away in the bath-pan, mournfully recalling the fact that their day was over, now, at least for some time.

He was about to groan dismally, when his eye fell on a sight which made him swallow the groan, and cough instead, as if it choked him a little. The sight was his mother's face, as she sat in a low chair rolling bandages, with a basket beside her in which were piles of old linen, lint, plaster, and other matters, needed for the dressing of wounds. As he looked, Jack remembered how steadily and tenderly she had stood by him all through the hard times just past, and how carefully she had bathed and dressed his wound each day in spite of the effort it cost her to give him pain or even see him suffer.

"That 's a better sort of strength than swinging twenty-pound dumb-bells or running races; I guess I 'll try for that kind, too, and not howl or let her see me squirm when the doctor hurts," thought the boy, as he saw that gentle face so pale and tired with much watching and anxiety, yet so patient, serene, and cheerful, that it was like sunshine.

"Lie down and take a good nap, mother dear, I feel first-rate, and Frank can see to me if I want anything. Do, now," he added, with a persuasive nod toward the couch, and a boyish relish in stirring up his lazy brother.

After some urging, mamma consented to go to her room for forty winks, leaving Jack in the care of Frank, begging him to be as quiet as possible if the dear boy wished to sleep, and to amuse him if he did not.

Being worn out, Mrs. Minot lengthened her forty winks into a three hours' nap, and as the "dear boy" scorned repose, Mr. Frank had his hands full while on guard.

"I 'll read to you. Here 's Watt, Arkwright, Fulton, and a lot of capital fellows, with pictures that will do your heart good. Have a bit, will you?" asked the new nurse, flapping the leaves invitingly,—for Frank had a passion for such things, and drew steam-engines all over his slate, as Tommy Traddles drew hosts of skeletons when low in his spirits.

"I don't want any of your old boilers and stokers and whirligigs. I 'm tired of reading, and want something regularly jolly," answered Jack, who had been chasing white buffaloes with "The Hunters of the West," till he was a trifle tired and fractious.

"Play cribbage, euchre, anything you like," and Frank obligingly disinterred himself from under the folios, feeling that it *was* hard for a fellow to lie flat a whole week.

"No fun; just two of us. Wish school was over, so the boys would come in; doctor said I might see them now."

"They 'll be along by and by, and I 'll hail them. Till then, what shall we do? I 'm your man for anything, only put a name to it."

"Just wish I had a telegraph or a telephone, so I could talk to Jill. Would n't it be fun to pipe across and get an answer!"

"I 'll make either you say," and Frank looked as if trifles of that sort were to be had for the asking.

"Could you, really?"

"We 'll start the telegraph first, then you can send things over if you like," said Frank, prudently proposing the surest experiment.

"Go ahead, then. I 'd like that, and so would Jill, for I know she wants to hear from me."

"There 's one trouble, though; I shall have to leave you alone for a few minutes while I rig up the ropes," and Frank looked sober, for he was a faithful boy, and did not want to desert his post.

"Oh, never mind; I wont want anything. If I do, I can pound for Ann."

"And wake mother. I 'll fix you a better way than that," and, full of inventive genius, our young Edison spliced the poker to part of a fishing-rod in a jiffy, making a long-handled hook which reached across the room.

"There 's an arm for you; now hook away, and let 's see how it works," he said, handing over the instrument to Jack, who proceeded to show its unexpected capabilities by hooking the cloth off the table in attempting to get his handkerchief, catching Frank by the hair when fishing for a book, and breaking a pane of glass in trying to draw down the curtain.

"It 's so everlasting long, I can't manage it," laughed Jack, as it finally caught in his bed-hangings, and nearly pulled them, ring and all, down upon his head.

"Let it alone, unless you need something very much, and don't bother about the glass. It 's just what we want for the telegraph wire or rope to go through. Keep still, and I 'll have the thing running in ten minutes," and, delighted with the job, Frank hurried away, leaving Jack to compose a message to send as soon as it was possible.

"What in the world is that flying across Minot's yard—a brown hen or a boy's kite?" exclaimed old Miss Hopkins, peering out of her window at the singular performances going on in her opposite neighbor's garden.

First, Frank appeared with a hatchet and chopped a clear space in the hedge between his own house and the cottage; next, a clothes line was passed through this aperture and fastened somewhere on the other side; lastly, a small covered basket, slung on this rope, was seen hitching along, drawn either way by a set of strings; then, as if satisfied with his job, Frank retired, whistling "Hail Columbia."

"It 's those children at their pranks again. I thought broken bones would n't keep them out of mischief long," said the old lady, watching with great interest the mysterious basket traveling up and down the rope from the big house to the cottage.

If she had seen what came and went over the wires of the "Great International Telegraph," she would have laughed till her spectacles flew off her Roman nose. A letter from Jack, with a large orange, went first, explaining the new enterprise:

"DEAR JILL: It 's too bad you can 't come over to see me. I am pretty well, but awful tired of keeping still. I want to see you ever so much. Frank has fixed us a telegraph, so we can write and send things. Wont it be jolly! I can't look out to see him do it; but, when you pull your string, my little bell rings, and I know a message is coming. I send you an orange. Do you like *gorver* jelly? People send in lots of goodies, and we will go halves. Good-by.

"JACK."

Away went the basket, and in fifteen minutes it came back from the cottage with nothing in it but the orange.

"Hullo! is she mad?" asked Jack, as Frank brought the dispatch for him to examine.

But, at the first touch, the hollow peel opened, and out fell a letter, two gum-drops, and an owl made of a pea-nut, with round eyes drawn at the end where the stem formed a funny beak. Two bits of straw were the legs, and the face looked so like Dr. Whiting that both boys laughed at the sight.

"That 's so like Jill; she 'd make fun if she was half dead. Let 's see what she says," and Jack read the little note, which showed a sad neglect of the spelling-book.

"DEAR JACKY: I can't stir and its horrid. The telly graf is very nice and we will have fun with it. I never ate any *gorver* jelly. The orange was first rate. Send me a book to read. All about bears and ships and crockydiles. The doctor was coming to see you, so I sent him the quickest way. Molly Loo says it is dreadful lonesome at school without us.—Yours truly,

JILL."

Jack immediately dispatched the book and a sample of guava jelly, which unfortunately upset on the way, to the great detriment of "The Wild Beasts of Asia and Africa." Jill promptly responded with the loan of a tiny black kitten, who emerged spitting and scratching, to Jack's great delight; and he was cudgeling his brains as to how a fat white rabbit could be transported, when a shrill whistle from without saved Jill from that inconvenient offering.

"It 's the fellows; do you want to see them?" asked Frank, gazing down with calm superiority upon the three eager faces which looked up at him.

"Guess I do!" and Jack promptly threw the kitten overboard, scorning to be seen by any manly eye amusing himself with such girlish toys.

Bang! went the front door; tramp, tramp, tramp, came six booted feet up the stairs; and, as Frank threw wide the door, three large beings paused on the threshold to deliver the courteous "Hullo!" which is the established greeting among boys on all social occasions.

"Come along, old fellows; I 'm ever so glad to see you!" cried the invalid, with such energetic demonstrations of the arms that he looked as if about to fly or crow, like an excited young cockerel.

"How are you, Major?"

"Does the leg ache much, Jack?"

"Mr. Phipps says you 'll have to pay for the new rails."

With these characteristic greetings, the gentlemen cast away their hats and sat down, all grinning cheerfully, and all with eyes irresistibly fixed upon the dainties, which proved too much for the politeness of ever-hungry boys.

"Help yourselves," said Jack, with a hospitable wave. "All the dear old ladies in town have been sending in nice things, and I can't begin to eat them up. Lend a hand and clear away this lot, or we shall have to pitch them out of the window. Bring on the doughnuts and the tarts and the shaky stuff in the entry closet, Frank, and let 's have a lark."

No sooner said than done. Gus took the tarts, Joe the doughnuts, Ed the jelly, and Frank suggested "spoons all round" for the Italian cream. A few trifles in the way of custard, fruit, and wafer biscuits were not worth mentioning; but every dish was soon emptied, and Jack said, as he surveyed the scene of devastation with great satisfaction:

"Call again to-morrow, gentlemen, and we will have another bout. Free lunches at 5 P. M. till further notice. Now tell me all the news."

For half an hour, five tongues went like mill clappers, and there is no knowing when they would have stopped if the little bell had not suddenly rung with a violence that made them jump.

"That 's Jill; see what she wants, Frank;" and while his brother sent off the basket, Jack told about the new invention, and invited his mates to examine and admire.

They did so, and shouted with merriment when the next dispatch from Jill arrived. A pasteboard jumping-jack, with one leg done up in cotton-wool to preserve the likeness, and a great lump of molasses candy in a brown paper, with accompanying note:

"DEAR SIR: I saw the boys go in, and know you are having a nice time, so I send over the candy Molly Loo and Merry brought me. Mammy says I can't eat it, and it will all melt away if I keep it. Also a picture of Jack Minot, who will dance on one leg and waggle the other, and make you laugh. I wish I could come, too. Don't you hate grewel? I do.—In haste, J. P."

"Let 's all send her a letter," proposed Jack, and out came pens, ink, paper, and the lamp, and every one fell to scribbling. A droll collection was the result, for Fred drew a picture of the fatal fall, with broken rails flying in every direction, Jack with his head swollen to the size of a balloon, and Jill in two pieces, while the various boys and girls were hit off with a sly skill that gave Gus legs like a stork, Molly Loo hair several yards long, and Boo a series of visible howls coming out of an immense mouth in the shape of o's. The oxen were particularly good, for their horns branched like those of the moose, and Mr. Grant had a patriarchal beard which waved in the breeze as he bore the wounded girl to a sled very like a funeral pyre, the stakes being crowned with big mittens like torches.

"You ought to be an artist. I never saw such a dabster as you are. That 's the very moral of Joe, all in a bunch on the fence, with a blot to show how purple his nose was," said Gus, holding up the sketch for general criticism and admiration.

"I 'd rather have a red nose than legs like a grasshopper; so you need n't twit, Daddy," growled Joe, quite unconscious that a blot actually did adorn his nose, as he labored over a brief dispatch.

The boys enjoyed the joke, and one after the other read out his message to the captive lady:

"DEAR JILL: Sorry you aint here. Great fun. Jack pretty lively. Laura and Lot would send love if they knew of the chance. Fly round and get well. GUS."

"DEAR GILLIFLOWER: Hope you are pretty comfortable in your 'dungeon cell.' Would you like a serenade when the moon comes? Hope you will soon be up again, for we miss you very much. Shall be very happy to help in any way I can. Love to your mother. Your true friend, E. D."

"MISS PECQ.

"*Dear Madam:* I am happy to tell you that we are all well, and hope you are the same. I gave Jem Cox a licking because he went to your desk. You had better send for your books. You wont have to pay for the sled or the fence. Jack says he will see to it. We have been having a spread over here. First rate things, I would n't mind breaking a leg if I had such good grub and no chores to do. No more now, from yours with esteem, JOSEPH P. FLINT."

Joe thought that an elegant epistle, having copied portions of it from the "Letter Writer," and proudly read it off to the boys, who assured him that Jill would be much impressed.

"Now Jack, hurry up and let us send the lot off, for we must go," said Gus, as Frank put the letters in the basket, and the clatter of tea-things was heard below.

"I 'm not going to show mine. It 's private and you must n't look," answered Jack, putting down an envelope with such care that no one had a chance to peep.

But Joe had seen the little note copied, and, while the others were at the window working the telegraph he caught up the original, carelessly thrust by Jack under the pillow, and read it aloud before any one knew what he was about.

"MY DEAR: I wish I could send you some of my good times. As I can't, I send you much love, and I hope you will try and be patient as I am going to, for it was our fault, and we must not make a fuss now. Aint mothers sweet? Mine is coming over to-morrow to see you and tell me how you are. This round thing is a kiss for good-night. YOUR JACK."

"Is n't that spoony? You 'd better hide your face, I think. He 's getting to be a regular molly-coddle, is n't he?" jeered Joe, as the boys laughed, and then grew sober, seeing Jack's head buried in the bedclothes, after sending a pillow at his tormentor.

It nearly hit Mrs. Minot, coming in with her

patient's tea on a tray, and, at sight of her, the guests hurriedly took leave, Joe nearly tumbling down-stairs to escape from Frank, who would have followed, if his mother had not said, quickly:

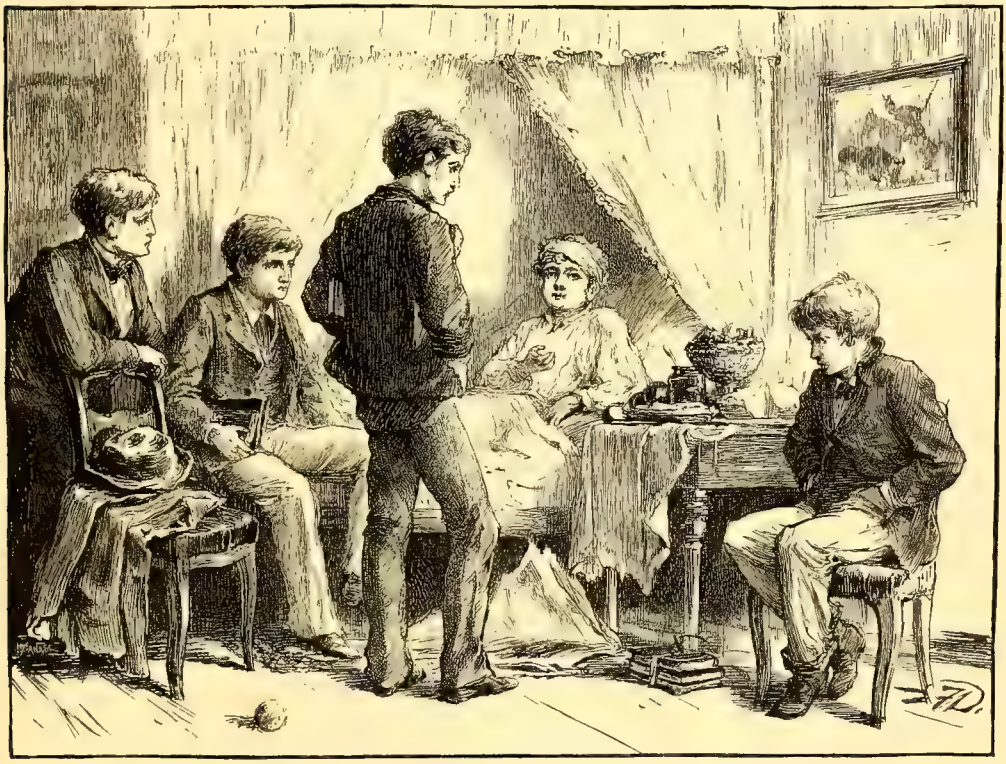
"Stay, and tell me what is the matter."

"Only teasing Jack a bit. Don't be mad, old boy, Joe did n't mean any harm, and it *was* rather soft, now was n't it?" asked Frank, trying to appease the wounded feelings of his brother.

"I charged you not to worry him. Those boys were too much for the poor dear, and I ought not to have left him," said mamma, as she vainly

"Serves him right," muttered Jack with a frown. Then, as a wail arose suggestive of an unpleasant mixture of snow in the mouth and thumps on the back, he burst out laughing, and said good-naturedly, "Go and stop them, Frank, I wont mind, only tell him it was a mean trick. Hurry, Gus is so strong, and he does n't know how his pounding hurts."

Off ran Frank, and Jack told his wrongs to his mother. She sympathized heartily, and saw no harm in the affectionate little note, which would please Jill, and help her to bear her trials patiently.



"'HELP YOURSELVES!' SAID JACK."

endeavored to find and caress the yellow head, burrowed so far out of sight that nothing but one red ear was visible.

"He liked it, and we got on capitally till Joe roughed him about Jill. Ah, Joe 's getting it now! I thought Gus and Ed would do that little job for me," added Frank, running to the window as the sound of stifled cries and laughter reached him.

The red ear heard also, and Jack popped up his head to ask with interest:

"What are they doing to him?"

"Rolling him in the snow, and he 's howling like fun."

"It is n't silly to be fond of her, is it? She is so nice and funny, and tries to be good, and likes me, and I wont be ashamed of my friends, if folks do laugh," protested Jack, with a rap of his tea-spoon.

"No, dear, it is quite kind and proper, and I 'd rather have you play with a merry little girl, than with rough boys, till you are big enough to hold your own," answered mamma, putting the cup to his lips that the reclining lad might take his broma without spilling.

"Pooh! I do n't mean that, I 'm strong enough now to take care of myself," cried Jack, stoutly. "I can thrash Joe any day, if I like. Just look at my

arm; there 's muscle for you!" and up went a sleeve, to the great danger of overturning the tray, as the boy proudly displayed his biceps and expanded his chest, both of which were very fine for a lad of his years. "If I 'd been on my legs, he would n't have dared to insult me, and it was cowardly to hit a fellow when he was down."

Mrs. Minot wanted to laugh at Jack's indignation, but the bell rang, and she had to go and pull in the basket, much amused at the new game.

Burning to distinguish herself in the eyes of the big boys, Jill had sent over a tall, red-flannel night-cap, which she had been making for some proposed Christmas plays, and added the following verse, for she was considered a gifted rhymester at the game parties:

"When it comes night,
We put out the light.
Some blow with a puff,
Some turn down and snuff,
But neat folks prefer
A nice extinguish*er*.
So here I send you back
One to put on Mr. Jack."

"Now, I call that regularly smart; not one of us could do it, and I just wish Joe was here to see it. I want to send once more, something good for tea; she hates gruel so," and the last dispatch which the Great International Telegraph carried that day was a baked apple and a warm muffin, with "J. M's best regards."

CHAPTER IV.

WARD NO. 2.

THINGS were not so gay in Ward No. 2, for Mrs. Pecq was very busy, and Jill had nothing to amuse her but flying visits from the girls, and such little plays as she could invent for herself in bed. Fortunately, she had a lively fancy, and so got on pretty well, till keeping still grew unbearable, and the active child ached in every limb to be up and out. That, however, was impossible, for the least attempt to sit or stand brought on the pain that took her breath away and made her glad to lie flat again. The doctor spoke cheerfully, but looked sober, and Mrs. Pecq began to fear that Janey was to be a cripple for life. She said nothing, but Jill's quick eyes saw an added trouble in the always anxious face, and it depressed her spirits, though she never guessed half the mischief the fall had done.

The telegraph was a great comfort, and the two invalids kept up a lively correspondence, not to say traffic in light articles, for the Great International was the only aërial express in existence. But even this amusement flagged after a time; neither had much to tell, and when the daily health bulletins had been exchanged, messages gave out, and the basket's travels grew more and more infrequent. Neither could read all the time, games were soon used up, their mates were at school most of the day, and after a week or two the poor children began to get pale and fractious with the confinement, always so irksome to young people.

"I do believe the child will fret herself into a fever, mem, and I 'm clean distraught to know what to do for her. She never used to mind trifles, but now she frets about the oddest things, and I can't change them. This wall-paper is well enough, but she has taken a fancy that the spots on it look like spiders, and it makes her nervous. I 've no other warm place to put her, and no money for a new paper. Poor lass! there are hard times before her, I 'm fearing."

Mrs. Pecq said this in a low voice to Mrs. Minot, who came in as often as she could, to see what her neighbor needed; for both mothers were anxious, and sympathy drew them to one another. While one woman talked, the other looked about the little room, not wondering in the least that Jill found it hard to be contented there. It was very neat, but so plain that there was not even a picture on the walls, nor an ornament upon the mantel, except the necessary clock, lamp and match-box. The paper *was* ugly, being a deep buff with a brown figure that did look very like spiders sprawling over it, and might well make one nervous to look at day after day.

Jill was asleep in the folding chair Dr. Whiting had sent, with a mattress to make it soft. The back could be raised or lowered at will; but only a few inches had been gained as yet, and the thin hair pillow was all she could bear. She looked very pretty as she lay, with dark lashes against the feverish cheeks, lips apart, and a cloud of curly black locks all about the face pillowed on one arm. She seemed like a brilliant little flower in that dull place,—for the French blood in her veins gave her a color, warmth, and grace which were very charming. Her natural love of beauty showed itself in many ways: a red ribbon had tied up her hair, a gay but faded shawl was thrown over the bed, and the gifts sent her were arranged with care upon the table by her side among her own few toys and treasures. There was something pathetic in this childish attempt to beautify the poor place, and Mrs. Minot's eyes were full as she looked at the tired woman, whose one joy and comfort lay there in such sad plight.

"My dear soul, cheer up, and we will help one another through the hard times," she said, with a soft hand on the rough one and a look that promised much.

"Please God, we will, mem! With such good friends, I never should complain. I try not to do it, but it breaks my heart to see my little lass

spoiled for life, most like," and Mrs. Pecq pressed the kind hand with a despondent sigh.

"We wont say, or even think, that, yet. Everything is possible to youth and health like Janey's. We must keep her happy, and time will do the rest, I 'm sure. Let us begin at once, and have a surprise for her when she wakes."

As she spoke, Mrs. Minot moved quietly about the room, pinning the pages of several illustrated papers against the wall at the foot of the bed, and placing to the best advantage the other comforts she had brought.

"Keep up your heart, neighbor. I have an idea in my head which I think will help us all, if I can carry it out," she said, cheerily, as she went, leaving Mrs. Pecq to sew on Jack's new nightgowns, with swift fingers, and the grateful wish that she might work for these good friends forever.

As if the whispering and rustling had disturbed her, Jill soon began to stir, and slowly opened the eyes which had closed so wearily on the dull December afternoon. The bare wall with its brown spiders no longer confronted her, but the colored print of a little girl dancing to the tune her father was playing on a guitar, while a stately lady, with satin dress, ruff, and powder, stood looking on, well pleased. The quaint figure, in its belaced frock, quilted petticoat, and red-heeled shoes, seemed to come tripping toward her in such a life-like way, that she almost saw the curls blow back, heard the rustle of the rich brocade, and caught the sparkle of the little maid's bright eyes.

"Oh, how pretty! Who sent them?" asked Jill, eagerly, as her eye glanced along the wall, seeing other new and interesting things beyond: an elephant-hunt, a ship in full sail, a horse race, and a ball-room.

"The good fairy who never comes empty-handed. Look round a bit and you will see more pretties,—all for you, my dearie," and her mother pointed to a bunch of purple grapes in a green leaf plate, a knot of bright flowers pinned on the white curtain, and a gay little double gown across the foot of the bed.

Jill clapped her hands, and was enjoying her new pleasures, when in came Merry and Molly Loo, with Boo, of course, trotting after her like a fat and amiable puppy. Then the good times began; the gown was put on, the fruit tasted, and the pictures were studied like famous works of art.

"It 's a splendid plan to cover up that hateful wall. I 'd stick pictures all round and have a gallery. That reminds me! Up in the garret at our house is a box full of old fashion-books my aunt left. I often look at them on rainy days, and they are very funny. I 'll go this minute and get every one. We can pin them up, or make paper dolls," and away rushed Molly Loo, with the small brother waddling behind, for, when he lost sight of her, he was desolate indeed.

The girls had fits of laughter over the queer costumes of years gone by, and put up a splendid procession of ladies in full skirts, towering hats, pointed slippers, powdered hair, simpering faces, and impossible waists.

"I do think this bride is perfectly splendid, the long train and vail are *so* sweet," said Jill, reveling in fine clothes as she turned from one plate to another.

"I like the elephants best, and I 'd give anything to go on a hunt like that!" cried Molly Loo, who rode cows, drove any horse she could get, had nine cats, and was not afraid of the biggest dog that ever barked.

"I fancy 'The Dancing Lesson'; it is so sort of splendid, with the great windows, gold chairs, and fine folks. Oh, I would like to live in a castle with a father and mother like that," said Merry, who was romantic, and found the old farm-house on the hill a sad trial to her high-flown ideas of elegance.

"Now, that ship, setting out for some far-away place, is more to my mind. I weary for home now and then, and mean to see it again some day," and Mrs. Pecq looked longingly at the English ship, though it was evidently outward bound. Then, as if reproaching herself for discontent, she added: "It looks like those I used to see going off to India with a load of missionaries. I came near going myself once, with a lady bound for Siam; but I went to Canada with her sister, and here I am."

"I 'd like to be a missionary and go where folks throw their babies to the crocodiles. I 'd watch and fish them out, and have a school, and bring them up, and convert all the people till they knew better," said warm-hearted Molly Loo, who befriended every abused animal and forlorn child she met.

"We need n't go to Africa to be missionaries; they have 'em nearer home and need 'em, too. In all the big cities there are a many, and they have their hands full with the poor, the wicked and the helpless. One can find that sort of work anywhere, if one has a mind," said Mrs. Pecq.

"I wish we had some to do here. I 'd so like to go round with baskets of tea and rice, and give out tracts and talk to people. Would n't you, girls?" asked Molly, much taken with the new idea.

"It would be rather nice to have a society all to ourselves, and have meetings and resolutions and things," answered Merry, who was fond of little ceremonies, and always went to the sewing circle with her mother.

"We would n't let the boys come in. We 'd have it a secret society, as they do their temperance lodge, and we 'd have badges and pass-words and grips. It would be fun if we can only get some heathen to work at!" cried Jill, ready for fresh enterprises of every sort.

"I can tell you some one to begin on right away," said her mother, nodding at her. "As wild a little savage as I 'd wish to see. Take her in hand, and make a pretty-mannered lady of her. Begin at home, my lass, and you 'll find missionary work enough for a while."

long for castles before she knows how to do her own tasks well," was the first unexpected reply.

Merry colored, but took the reproof sweetly, resolving to do what she could, and surprised to find how many ways seemed open to her after a few minutes' thought.

"Where shall I begin? I 'm not afraid of a dozen crocodiles after Miss Bat," and Molly Loo looked about her with a fierce air, having had practice in battles with the old lady who kept her father's house.

"Well, dear, you have n't far to look for as nice



WARD NUMBER 2.

"Now, mammy, you mean me! Well, I will begin; and I 'll be so good, folks wont know me. Being sick makes naughty children behave in story-books, I 'll see if live ones can't;" and Jill put on such a sanctified face that the girls laughed and asked for their missions also, thinking they would be the same.

"You, Merry, might do a deal at home helping mother, and setting the big brothers a good example. One little girl in a house can do pretty much as she will, especially if she has a mind to make plain things nice and comfortable, and not

a little heathen as you 'd wish," and Mrs. Pecq glanced at Boo, who sat on the floor staring hard at them, attracted by the dread word "crocodile." He had a cold and no handkerchief, his little hands were red with chilblains, his clothes shabby, he had untidy darns in the knees of his stockings, and a head of tight curls that evidently had not been combed for some time.

"Yes, I know he is, and I try to keep him decent, but I forget, and he hates to be fixed, and Miss Bat does n't care, and father laughs when I talk about it."

Poor Molly Loo looked much ashamed as she made excuses, trying at the same time to mend matters by seizing Boo and dusting him all over with her handkerchief, giving a pull at his hair as if ringing bells, and then dumping him down again with the despairing exclamation: "Yes, we 're a pair of heathens, and there 's no one to save us if I don't."

That was true enough; for Molly's father was a busy man, careless of everything but his mills. Miss Bat was old and lazy, and felt as if she might take life easy after serving the motherless children for many years as well as she knew how. Molly was beginning to see how much amiss things were at home, and old enough to feel mortified, though, as yet, she had done nothing to mend the matter except be kind to the little boy.

"You will, my dear," answered Mrs. Pecq, encouragingly, for she knew all about it. "Now you 've each got a mission, let us see how well you will get on. Keep it secret, if you like, and report once a week. I 'll be a member, and we 'll do great things yet."

"We wont begin till after Christmas; there is so much to do, we never shall have time for any more. Don't tell, and we 'll start fair at New Year's, if not before," said Jill, taking the lead as usual. Then they went on with the gay ladies, who certainly were heathen enough in dress to be in sad need of conversion,—to common sense at least.

"I feel as if I was at a party," said Jill, after a pause occupied in surveying her gallery with great satisfaction, for dress was her delight, and here she had every conceivable style and color.

"Talking of parties, is n't it too bad that we must give up our Christmas fun? Can't get on without you and Jack, so we are not going to do a thing, but just have our presents," said Merry, sadly, as they began to fit different heads and bodies together, to try droll effects.

"I shall be all well in a fortnight, I know; but Jack wont, for it will take more than a month to mend his poor leg. May be, they will have a dance in the boys' big room, and he can look on," suggested Jill, with a glance at the dancing damsel on the wall, for she dearly loved it, and never guessed how long it would be before her light feet should keep time to music again.

"You 'd better give Jack a hint about the party. Send over some smart ladies, and say they have come to his Christmas ball," proposed audacious Molly Loo, always ready for fun.

So they put a preposterous green bonnet, top-heavy with plumes, on a little lady in yellow, who sat in a carriage; the lady beside her, in winter costume of velvet pelisse and ermine boa, was fitted to a bride's head with its orange flowers and vail, and these works of art were sent over to Jack, labeled "Miss Laura and Lotty Burton going to the Minots' Christmas ball,"—a piece of naughtiness on Jill's part, for she knew Jack liked the pretty sisters, whose gentle manners made her own wild ways seem all the more blamable.

No answer came for a long time, and the girls had almost forgotten their joke in a game of Letters, when "Tingle, tangle!" went the bell, and the basket came in laden heavily. A roll of colored papers was tied outside, and within was a box that rattled, a green and silver horn, a roll of narrow ribbons, a spool of strong thread, some large needles, and a note from Mrs. Minot:

"DEAR JILL: I think of having a Christmas tree so that our invalids can enjoy it, and all your elegant friends are cordially invited. Knowing that you would like to help, I send some paper for sugar-plum horns and some beads for necklaces. They will brighten the tree and please the girls for themselves or their dolls. Jack sends you a horn for a pattern, and will you make a ladder-necklace to show him how? Let me know if you need anything.—Yours in haste,

"ANNA MINOT."

"She knew what the child would like, bless her kind heart," said Mrs. Pecq to herself, and something brighter than the most silvery bead shone on Jack's shirt-sleeve, as she saw the rapture of Jill over the new work and the promised pleasure.

Joyful cries greeted the opening of the box, for bunches of splendid large bugles appeared in all colors, and a lively discussion went on as to the best contrasts. Jill could not refuse to let her friends share the pretty work, and soon three necklaces glittered on three necks, as each admired her own choice.

"I 'd be willing to hurt my back dreadfully, if I could lie and do such lovely things all day," said Merry, as she reluctantly put down her needle at last, for home duties waited to be done, and looked more than ever distasteful after this new pleasure.

"So would I! Oh, do you think Mrs. Minot will let you fill the horns when they are done? I 'd love to help you then. Be sure you send for me!" cried Molly Loo, arching her neck like a proud pigeon to watch the glitter of her purple and silver necklace on her brown gown.

"I 'm afraid you could n't be trusted, you love sweeties so, and I 'm sure Boo could n't. But I 'll see about it," replied Jill, with a responsible air.

The mention of the boy recalled him to their minds, and looking round they found him peacefully absorbed in polishing up the floor with Molly's pocket-handkerchief and oil from the little machine-can. Being torn from this congenial labor, he was carried off shining with oil and roaring lustily.

But Jill did not mind her loneliness now, and

sang like a happy canary while she threaded her sparkling beads, or hung the gay horns to dry, ready for their cargoes of sweets. So Mrs. Minot's recipe for sunshine proved successful, and mother-wit made the wintry day a bright and happy one for both the little prisoners.

(To be continued.)

THE THREE COPECKS.*

By Paul H. Hayne.



Crouched low in a sordid chamber,
With a cupboard of empty shelves,—
Half starved, and, alas! unable
To comfort or help themselves,—

Two children were left forsaken,
All orphaned of mortal care;
But with spirits too close to Heaven
To be tainted by Earth's despair,—

Alone in that crowded city,
Which shines like an Arctic star,
By the banks of the frozen Neva,
In the realm of the mighty Czar.

Now, Max was an urchin of seven;
But his delicate sister, Leeze,
With the crown of her rippling ringlets,
Could scarcely have reached your knees!

As he looked on his sister weeping,
And tortured by hunger's smart,
A Thought like an Angel entered
At the door of his opened heart.

* The "copeck" is a Russian coin of about a cent's value in our currency.

He wrote on a fragment of paper,—
With quivering hand and soul,—
"*Please send to me, Christ! three copecks,*
To purchase for Leeze a roll!"

Then, rushed to a church, his missive
To drop,—ere the vesper psalms,—
As the surest mail bound Christward,—
In the unlocked Box for Alms!

"But not without Leeze?" "No, surely,
We 'll have a rare party of three;
Go, tell her that somebody 's waiting
To welcome her home to tea." . . .

That night, in the coziest cottage,
The orphans were safe at rest,
Each snug as a callow birdling
In the depths of its downy nest.



While he stood upon tiptoe to reach it,
One passed from the priestly band,
And with smile like a benediction
Took the note from his eager hand.

Having read it, the good man's bosom
Grew warm with a holy joy:
"Ah! Christ may have heard you already,—
Will you come to my house, my boy?"

And the next Lord's Day, in his pulpit,
The preacher so spake of these
Stray lambs from the fold, which Jesus
Had blessed by the sacred seas;—

So recounted their guileless story,
As he held each child by the hand,
That the hardest there could feel it,
And the dullest could understand.



O'er the eyes of the listening fathers
There floated a gracious mist;
And oh, how the tender mothers
Those desolate darlings kissed!

"You have given your tears," said the preacher,—
"Heart-alms we should none despise;—
But the open palm, my children,
Is more than the weeping eyes!"

Then followed a swift collection,
From the altar steps to the door,
Till the sum of two thousand rubles
The vergers had counted o'er.

So you see that the unmailed letter
Had somehow gone to its goal,
And more than three copecks gathered
To purchase for Leeze a roll!

THE LAND OF SHORT MEMORIES.

By S. S. Colt.

Georgie meant to be a good boy, but he very seldom did anything that he was told to do. He nearly always forgot it. Once, when his sister May was very sick, he was sent after some medicine for her. So he started in a great hurry; but he met Fred Smith with his dog, and Fred coaxed him to go and coast "just once" down the long Red Hill. Then he forgot all about May and the medicine until it was quite dark, and he felt so sorry and ashamed that he ran home, and crept up the back stair-way to bed, hungry and lonely and cold.

By and by, he fell asleep, and when he awoke he was in a new and strange place. He found himself in a house which was only partially covered by a roof, and the rain came in through the uncovered part and dropped upon his bed. Georgie sat up and looked around him. There was a fire-place in the room, besides some wood and kindlings, which the poor, shivering little fellow eyed very wistfully, thinking that some one might perhaps light a fire. It was very chilly, and his teeth chattered. There was a wee old woman sitting in the chimney-corner, and Georgie spoke to her.

"What is it you want, Jimmie?" she said.

"Will you please tell me what your name is, and where I am?" he asked.

"My name—well, really, I forget it just now," she replied, "but you are in the Land of Short Memories—that, I am aware of!"

"But what shall I call you?" asked Georgie.

"Oh, call me Mite! That will do as well as any other name till you forget it, Henry."

"My name is Georgie."

"Is it? Well, I will try and recollect it. 'Tom,' you said it was, did n't you?"

"No, I did n't!" retorted Georgie, getting cross with the old lady, for he thought she meant to tease him.

"There, there!" cried Mite; "the doctors said you must not get excited, or else that you must, I forget which. Do you want anything to eat?"

"Yes, I should like to have some gruel."

"I will make you some," said she. "I have a nice fire here, or I should have, only that I seem to have forgotten to light the kindlings."

While she was bustling around, busy with the gruel, Georgie lay quite still, looking out where there was no roof, at the blue sky, which he could now see, for it had ceased raining.

"Why don't you have the roof cover the whole of your house?" asked Georgie of the old lady.

"The rest of the roof is somewhere around," said she. "I guess the workmen forgot to put it on. Now, here is your nice gruel all ready for you."

"Why, it is cold!" exclaimed the disappointed Georgie, who was quite hungry.

"Sure enough; I forgot to boil it!" said the old lady.

"And I don't see anything in the bowl but water!"

"Dear me! Dear me!" said Mite. "I must have forgotten to put any meal in it!"

Georgie now began to cry.

"Don't cry, don't cry, Johnnie," said Mite, "I will boil a chicken for you by and by, if I don't forget it. Here are the doctors coming to see you now, and you must sit up and talk with them."

Pretty soon two doctors came in, and one of them asked Mite if she felt better to-day.

"Yes, I think I do," said she.

"Did you take the medicine I ordered for you?" asked the other doctor.

"I suppose I did, but I don't remember," answered Mite. Then the doctors felt her pulse, looked at her tongue, and said she must take some salts, and went away. When they had left the house, Georgie began to cry more loudly than before.

"What is the matter, Fred?" demanded Mite.

"My name is not Fred, I tell you!" screamed Georgie.

"Never mind; I always forget your name, so I call you by anything I can think of. But tell me what makes you cry."

"Why, I am sick, and I thought the doctors were coming to see me!"

"Bless my stars!" exclaimed the old lady, "sure enough, I was not the one that was sick! I meant to have remembered and told the doctors that they came to see you; but I forgot it when they looked at my tongue. I 'll run after them and call them back!"

So, away went Mite, and was gone ever so long. When she came back, she said she could not find the doctors anywhere, and everybody had forgotten where they lived, so that no one could go after them. "I 'm sorry," said Mite, "but it can't be helped, for you know we live in the Land of Short Memories."

Then Georgie cried still more bitterly. "I wish I could go home," he said. "I am sure I shall die

here! I wish I could go home! I would never forget to mind mother again!"

As soon as he had said this, he heard a familiar voice pleading, "Ma, may n't I go for Georgie's medicine? I wont forget to bring it!"

Georgie turned slowly in his little bed and saw his sister May. Next, his eyes rested on his mother, who looked very pale and thin, but sweet and smiling.

"Oh, Ma, have I come back to you?" he cried, with a sigh.

"We hope so, Georgie," replied his mother. "You have had a bad fever, just like May's, and been very sick, but you soon will get well now."

"Did May die, because I forgot her medicine?"

"No. Father came home and got it for her, and she is well now, and has helped me take care of you; but you have not seemed to know her, and have called her Mite ever since you were taken sick."

"Mother," said Georgie, very earnestly, "I am going to try not to forget things any more!"

And Georgie did try. When he became well, and was sent upon errands, he always thought of Mite, and the gruel, and the doctors, and the Land of Short Memories, where he went in his fever-dreams, and he was cured of the very bad habit of forgetting his duty.



THE CATCHER



CAUGHT.

THE PRACTICAL FAIRY.

By Charles Barnard.

It was ten o'clock Christmas morning, and the sun looked in at Jane Brown's window and found her fast asleep. The morning half gone, and still asleep! Jane Brown! you are odd. Though it was so late, she slept right on, as if it was quite the proper thing. At half-past ten she woke, dressed, and went down-stairs, and at eleven she sat down to breakfast. Her father and mother had their breakfast at eight o'clock, and this second breakfast was for Jane alone. Jane Brown! you live in a style quite uncommon for a ten-year-old girl.

Jacob Brown was a porter in a down-town store. His wife was a clear-starcher, and their only child was a fairy. The wages earned by a porter are not very much; clear-starching pays very little; and so it came that Jane was obliged to be a fairy. Then, father had been sick and lost his wages for months, and mother had to let the clear-starching go and attend to him. So it happened that the Browns were in debt for the rent of the rooms in East Thirteenth street. The landlord had been kind, and let them stay in the place while Jane helped to make up the arrears of rent by being a fairy.

Of course, the moment you talk about fairies you expect something uncommon. This particular fairy got up late, had breakfast near noon, had dinner at four, and became a fairy at eight o'clock in the evening. No! Stop! This is a mistake. She was a fairy all the time. All fairies are good. Jane was very good, and as soon as breakfast was over she took up a white skirt and began to mend a place that had been torn the night before, when she was flying. The material, we are informed, was called "illusion," which was quite proper for a fairy.

At half-past seven o'clock, Jane laid the illusion skirt and a white body, a pair of white shoes and pink socks, in a little hand-bag. Then she drew a warm brown cloak over her every-day dress, put on a felt hat and a pair of stout boots, and prepared for the regular fairy business. She had blue eyes and reddish-yellow hair and a pretty little nose, and, altogether, she was quite a nice-looking child. No, that 's another mistake; not a child, but really a fairy. She kissed her mother good-night, and said to her father:

"You need n't come for me till a quarter before twelve. Columbine has a new piece, and Mr. Smitens is going to try his double-basket act."

"Christmas is always a late night," said her father. "Oh, by the way, Jane, the landlord is coming early in the morning. I have saved a little something, and you might ask the manager if he can pay you to-night instead of to-morrow night."

"There 'll be plenty of money in the house to-night. I 'll ask for some. Besides, my belt is tight for me and I mean to ask for a new one."

Then she kissed her father, for she was a good fairy, and started out alone into the snowy streets. The stores were all open and brightly lighted. Every window was filled with Christmas gifts. In the street, sleighs were passing, filled with happy children, all intent on enjoying the holiday. Some of them saw a little girl in a brown cloak looking in at a toy-shop window, but not one of them knew it was a fairy. Then she walked on, and in a few moments overtook two more fairies, Sarah Levine and Catherine Stranmers. She joined them, and, gaily chatting, they walked on together till they came to a narrow back street. They turned down this street, and presently came to a tall brick building having a curious narrow door, two stories high.

Such a remarkable place! On one side, a lofty brick wall; on the other, tall wooden screens covered with canvas; beyond these, a vast space, black and strange. Everywhere, people, both men and women, workmen in their shirt-sleeves, gas-men, and carpenters. The three fairies passed between the canvas screens and entered the dim space beyond. At the left, was a large green cloth swelling out in the wind like the mainsail of a ship, and from behind it came a confused murmur of voices and the sound of musical instruments being tuned. Opposite, were more tall screens, and, to the right, a monster picture, as big as a house and representing an ancient castle. Overhead, was a wild tangle of ropes, machinery, and gas-lamps.

"Please take my bag to the dressing-room, Kate; I want to see the manager," said Jane.

Kate took the bag, for she was a good-natured fairy, and Jane turned to the left, passed between the canvas screens, and came to a small door in the brick wall. There was a man there, on guard, but he let her pass, and, in a moment, she stepped from the cool, dim place into the warmth and light of a large theater. What a great company of children and ladies! Jane looked out on the multitude of happy faces, and wondered how it would seem to be rich and comfortable and to go to the theater and see fairy pieces, instead of working in them.

No time to think about that now. The conductor was already in his place. She must hurry

in order to get back before the play would begin. She walked up the side aisle till she came to a little door near the entrance. She knocked, and somebody inside said "Come in." She opened the door and stood in the manager's office. An elderly gentleman sat at a desk counting a big pile of bills, and behind him was a little clerk perched on a high stool. Jane waited a moment, and then the gentleman looked up and said:

"Well, my child, what can I do for you?"

"If you please, sir, the landlord is coming to-morrow, and I should like my money to-night."

"Bless us! Landlords are terrible animals. We must give you something to scare him away."

"Yes, sir; but our landlord is real good, and I'm paying up the arrears, and, if I can have it, I 'd like my pay now."

"Oh, certainly! Here, Lawson, give Miss Brown her wages and the little surprise. Don't forget the surprise, Lawson."

The little clerk opened a drawer and counted out sixteen silver half-dollars, and gave them to Jane. Then he whispered to her:

"Here's five dollars more. The piece has drawn first-rate, and the manager has given every one, from me to the gas-man, a Christmas present."

Jane paused before the old gentleman.

"I 'm much obliged, sir, for the surprise."

"Child!" said he, with a grand flourish, (he used to act tragic parts when he was young), "You have my blessing. Be good, and you will rise in the profession."

"So I do, sir,—every night—up to the flies."

The manager tried to frown, but he smiled, instead, and said:

"We shall have to give you a speaking part soon. Go!"

Jane stepped out into the theater just as the orchestra began a merry strain. Her heart was light, for she knew that a "speaking part" meant acting with the real people on the stage. She tripped down the aisle, a little girl in a big cloak, and nobody knew she was their good fairy. She passed the narrow door, crossed the wide stage, now crowded with knights and fine ladies, dragons and mermaids, passed the great curtain, and flew down the stairs into her own room. Waving the five-dollar bill over her head, she cried:

"Girls, see what the manager gave me!"

Girls? There were no girls there. Only five fairies in white dresses.

"We all are to have the same," said Kate. "Now, hurry, for the orchestra is on."

In exactly two minutes another fairy was ready, and then the whole six, laughing and talking together, ran up the stairs to the stage. All the people were crowded between the various scenes, and the great space in the center was bare. The fairies slipped between the people till they came to a clear space between the screens at the back or top of the stage. Here they found an empty box, and, taking care not to tumble their skirts, they all sat down and began to talk in a half-whisper.

Now, to understand what happened to our fairies, we must notice that the tall canvas screens are called wings or side-scenes, the back scene is called a flat, and the hanging scenes overhead, painted to represent sky, or clouds, or trees, are called flies. Above the flies are galleries on each side, filled with ropes and machinery. These galleries the fairies could see from where they sat, though the audience in the theater never see them. These galleries are called the fly galleries. High above all, seventy feet from the stage, was a loft or floor over the stage and full of holes, and through these holes hung the ropes that supported the flies, and the gas lamps, called the "border lights." This loft is called the rigging loft. The fairies sat between the two upper wings on the right of the stage and under one of the fly galleries.

Suddenly a bell rang. The orchestra struck up louder than before, and the great curtain rolled up. The play had begun. The fairies were busy talking in whispers and paid no heed to what was going on. Our fairy once or twice looked out on the stage and observed the actors. The manager had promised her a speaking part, and she watched to see how the others did, that she might learn from them. Of course, her salary would be raised, and then, how fast the debt would disappear!

In a short time, the first act was over, the curtain went down, and, at once, the stage grew dark. Instantly, there was the greatest confusion everywhere. Men dragged the scenes this way and that. The flat parted in the middle and a beautiful palace came down from above and took the place of the castle. Some men brought out painted rocks and set them up by means of iron pins screwed to the floor. The fairies knew exactly what to do, and stood in a row across the stage, behind the rocks. Strong iron wires were let down from the rigging-loft, and to the end of each the men fastened leather straps and white stirrups. Jane stood near the middle, and put her feet in the stirrups, and while a man buckled the belt round her, a boy gave her a wooden wand with a tin star at the end. Each of the other fairies was strapped to a wire in the same way. Then the orchestra began again. The bell rang, the gas lamps overhead flared up, and the stage was as light as day. The curtain rose, but, as the fairies were behind the rocks, they could not be seen, nor could the fairies see the theater. They stood there, a row of plain, simple girls, ready to do their duty as

best they knew, because they were poor. Still they were fairies,—"practical fairies" they were called in the theater, because they were alive and could work.

The palace behind them was the home of Prince Catchoc. Presently, the Prince came on and spoke to the Witch Blackcattia. Then he waved his wand and cried out: "Come forth, oh fairies! and hie you to your cloudy home."

"Cloudy home" was the "cue" for the men in the fly-galleries, so, as soon as they heard the words, they began to turn great cranks. The wires tightened, and each fairy felt herself lifted into the air as she stood in the stirrups.

"Steady, girls!" said a man standing in the wing. "Wave your wands now, and keep them waving till you reach the flies."

"My belt hurts," said Jane.

"Can't help it now. You should have spoken of it before."

"I forgot——"

"Hush! Don't talk. Here you go!"

Our fairy rose with the others above the rocks and looked out over the stage to the house beyond. What a vast throng of people rising tier above tier to the roof! How many children there were! She waved her wand slowly and tried to ease her belt, and cared no more for the thousands looking at her than if they were wooden images. She was helping father pay that debt. This was her business, and that 's all she thought about it. As the fairies moved slowly upward, as if flying, a loud shout of applause came from the people. They always did that every night, and our fairy really hardly heard it. It seemed to be a part of the regular thing, just like the creaking wheels over her head. Up and up and up the fairies went, and the people only cheered the more, and our fairy glanced up to the flies to see how much farther she must go. Now her head reached the level of the edge of the flies, and they began to hide the theater as if a curtain had been let down before her. The air grew hot and stifling, and the flaring gas-lamps shone directly in her face. Now they were nearly up, and in a moment would disappear from the people.

Suddenly she felt the wire stop. She had nearly passed the flies, but her feet were still below. The other fairies moved on past her and were soon over her head. Somehow, her wire had caught.

"Take me up! Move me up higher!" cried Jane to the man in the fly-galleries.

"Yes, miss, in a moment."

"Go on! Go on!" cried the stage-manager from below. There was a hush and sudden pause, as if no one knew what was the matter. She could see the people on the stage looking up and the conductor waiting with upraised baton. Then some boys in the gallery laughed. She could not see the people in the house, but she heard the boys laugh.

The idea of a fairy going up to the sky and stopping there, with her feet hanging out of the clouds! The audience broke into a loud laugh. They were laughing at the fairy. Her face flushed with mortification and misery, and she burst into tears.

"Oh, sir, call the manager! Call the manager, and let me down!"

There he was, now, tearing up the winding stairs to the fly-gallery on her right, where the man was working over the machinery.

"For heaven's sake, man, stop that! The wire may break. Ring the curtain down."

The tears ran down her cheeks and fell in shining drops forty feet through the air to the stage below, while all the people laughed in ill-mannered merriment. Then she heard the bell, and knew that the curtain was going down to hide her misery.

"Don't cry, Miss Brown," said the manager, leaning over the gallery,—for he was only just above her. "The people were very rude; but we must n't mind 'em. Send the other girls down, Mr. Smith."

This was the stage manager, who had also come up on the fly-gallery. The other girls were above Jane, and they now moved down, passed by her, and safely reached the stage far below.

"They were real mean," said Kate as she passed. "I hate 'em for laughing."

"We can't get you down just now, miss," said the manager. "You must wait a little while. We will pull you up between the flies till after the next act. Are you quite comfortable?"

"Yes, sir. The belt hurts me, but——" Then she saw Mr. Smith on the gallery, and she added, "I don't mind it much. And, if you please, I 'd like a drink of water."

"Mr. Smith, these girls must never be sent up unless they are quite comfortable. Tell the gas-man to put a bottle of water on a pole and hand it to Miss Brown."

"Thank you, sir," said Jane; "and, sir, you see, I 'm not high enough in the profession yet."

"Good for you, little one! That 's the right kind of talk for a rising fairy."

She saw a man putting together a jointed fishing-pole. A boy brought a bottle of water, and they lashed it to the pole, and, leaning over the edge of the fly-gallery, they pushed out the pole till she could reach the bottle. She took it off and put it to her mouth and drank, and then the gas-man took it away.

"Go on with the next act," said the manager, "and send some men up to the rigging-loft to pull the girl up a foot or two."

The flies before and behind her moved up and down. She saw the men below moving the scenes, and, presently, the bell rang for the curtain, and the play went on. There she hung in mid-air, between two sheets of painted canvas, with one of the rows of border-lights enclosed in iron cages right in front of her. It was terribly hot, and the perspiration dripped from her chin and ran down her bare arms, as she swung slowly backward and forward in the hot draft of air that swept through the place. The leading lady in the play was on the stage below, directly under her feet. She listened to every word and noted every gesture, and wondered if she ever should be a leading lady, and have a good salary and a carriage and all that.

Ah! What is that? A tiny puff of smoke floating in the air! She looked about in alarm to see where it came from. What if the theater should take fire, and she up there among the flies and unable to get down? Her eye caught a slender stream of smoke curling from the ragged edge of the canvas fly in front of her. It had been torn, and the piece had been blown or pushed through the wire cage that covered the border-lights. The cloth was already smouldering in the heat. She made a movement of her body, and found she could swing herself backward and forward in the air. Perhaps, by swinging she could reach the smoking cloth and tear it off before it took fire. She swung farther and farther each time. The smoke was increasing, and she could see the cloth curling up in the heat. She was tempted to call out for help, but was so terrified she could think of nothing save the bit of smouldering cloth. Ah! The next swing would bring her in reach. She dropped her wand, and it fell. She stretched out both hands and grasped the canvas and held it tight, and, as she swung back, a yard or more of the rotten stuff tore off and instantly blazed up, fanned into flame by the motion through the air. She swung back against the fly behind her and dropped the cloth, for it had burned her wrist. The wand fell straight down, struck the stage, and bounded off to the right, and the blazing cloth floated down, swirling round and round, like a burning meteor out of the sky. She looked along the border, as she swung forward again, and saw she had torn the burning portion completely off. The fire was out.

The crash of the falling wand startled everybody, and when the burning rag fell down in sight of the whole audience, the people looked from one to another in alarm. The play stopped, and there was a terrible hush, as if a panic was about to begin. Some person, silly and wicked with fear, cried out "Fire!" and everybody stood up.

"It' s all out! It 's all out!" screamed Jane.

The child's shrill, clear voice from the flies went through the whole vast building, and everybody heard it and was still.

She looked down on the stage, and saw the manager, with a white face, wildly looking up at her.

"It 's out, sir. I tore it off. There 's no fire."

She saw him run to the wall and take down a canvas sign on which was marked in big letters, "NO FIRE. SIT DOWN!" She knew he was going to the edge of the stage to hold it up before the people. Suddenly, the border lights all went out and she was left hanging in darkness, though the stage below was still lighted by the foot-lights. She supposed it must be for safety this had been done, and she was glad of it, for the heat was terrible.

Then she heard the people sit down. The panic had been prevented. Then the bell rang, and the curtain went down. Suddenly, a man in the gallery of the theater cried out:

"Hurrah for the little girl!"

The next moment, the most tremendous roar came from behind the curtain. It frightened the fairy, for she did not know what it meant.

"There 's no fire! Tell 'em not to run out," she cried, as loud as she could.

She heard the manager calling the people on the stage to their places, and, looking down, she called to him.

"Let me down! I 've burned my wrist."

"Be quick, men! Let the girl down. The house is calling her."

The wire started, moved faster and faster, and in a moment she stood on the stage. Such a hubbub and uproar! Everybody wanted to shake her hand, and the leading lady ran up to her and kissed her.

"My child, the house is wild for you. I 'll take you before the curtain."

"No. no. Let me change my dress first."

"Hear the girl! Come! I 'll escort you on."

They were making a fearful din outside the curtain, and, before she knew it, she was standing in front of the curtain, with the manager holding one hand, and the leading lady the other. All the people stood up and gave three loud cheers, but she only felt that dreadful burning pain in her left wrist. Then the manager held up his hand, and the house was as still as a mouse.

"Ladies and gentlemen. Miss Brown, by her courage and ready coolness, conquered the devouring element and heroically ——"

"Oh, cut that!" cried a loud-voiced man in the gallery. "Pass the hat for her. It 's Christmas, anyway!"

With that, he threw a silver half-dollar down on

the stage, and it struck at her feet and bounced into the orchestra. The conductor picked it up and gave it to her. And then—and then—Well! There are some things you can never tell straight. But, that night, Jacob Brown and his wife and daughter spent a whole hour counting bills and silver! The next day, the landlord was paid in full, and Jane—no—it was the fairy—opened an account at the savings bank with a deposit of two hundred and forty dollars and seventeen cents.

Jane no longer takes fairy parts. With care and study she has steadily improved, and though, like all actresses, she has very hard work to do, she enables her parents to live in comfort. But she always wears a wide bracelet on her arm. Some say it is to hide a scar that will never come out.

POPPING CORN.

By Jennie E. T. Dowe.



Pippety-pop! Pippety-pop!
The redder the fire
The faster they hop!
Now here, now there,
Now everywhere;
Now up, now down,
Now spinning around,
Now madly turning to left, to right,
Now whirling away with wild delight;
No mortal dance did you ever see
So full of mad ecstatic glee;
Bright wee fairies in yellow and brown,
The steadiest fairies ever were found;
Till, pippety-pop! pippety-pop!
Like crazy creatures they skip and hop,
And change to fancies more wild and bold
Than ever poem or story told.

Pippety-pop! pippety-pop!
The redder the fire

The faster they hop!
  Silent a moment,
Then off in a flurry,
Pippety-pop, and hurry skurry,
Helter skelter, flying, frisking,
Swelling, springing, whirling, whisking,
Skipping and striking, they bound and rebound,
And with pippety, pippety-pop, resound.

Pippety-pop! pippety-pop!
  The redder the fire
The faster they hop!
  Silent a moment,
Then hopping and popping,
Jerking and dropping,
Forever a-dancing
  With hippety-hop!
Forever a-dinning
  With pippety-pop!

Pippety-pop! pippety-pop!
  The redder the fire
The faster they hop!
  Silent a moment,
Then brightly they quiver,
  Turning to whiteness
With tremor and shiver.

Now gracefully falling,
And awkwardly sprawling;
Now up they go sounding,
And down they come bounding;
Now up they go grumbling,
And down they come tumbling;
Anon they 're delaying,
Then weary with staying,
Together a-jumping,
They all go a-bumping,
Now up and now down,
And around and around,
Forever a-spinning,
  With hippety-hop!
Forever a-dinning,
  With pippety-pop!

THE SHEPHERD-BOY OF VESPIGNANO.

BY AGNES ELIZABETH THOMSON.

LONG, long ago, when the world was some six hundred years younger than it is now, a certain little boy was born on the sunny slopes of Vespignano.

I dare say you never so much as heard of Vespignano before, and that is not to be wondered at, because it is only a wee bit of a hamlet, away off in the heart of Tuscany, of no importance to anybody, except to the few peasants whose uneventful lives are spent there.

Yet, because of this little boy who first opened his eyes within its ragged, rugged borders, the little hamlet, no doubt, takes a certain pride in itself, and when it has time to think about it at all, thinks it may surely hold up its head with the best.

This little boy's name was Giotto Bondone,—or Bondone Giotto, very likely, he was called by his comrades, for the Italians have a queer fashion of twisting round their names until one cannot tell which is the Christian and which the surname!

Giotto was a happy-go-lucky little fellow from the very first. His father was but a simple farmer, who worked from early morning till long after the sun had gone to bed,—worked with a pair of patient, white oxen in his master's corn-fields, and vineyards, and sheep-pastures, to be paid in the harvest-time with just enough corn and wine and wool to keep himself, his wife and his boy, happy and hearty.

It was not much that Father Bondone could give his little child besides a name, a sheep-skin with the wool still on for a coat, and plenty of sunshine and pure air.

But the child had something of his own better than any gift. He had a bright and happy nature, and an intelligence so remarkable that even when he could just walk and talk, it attracted all who saw him, and made him his father's pet.

When he was ten years old, Father Bondone thought it time he should begin to be useful,—time to be earning at least the salt to his porridge,—so he was sent out to watch a few sheep in the fields.

I think he did more than keep the young lambs from straying.

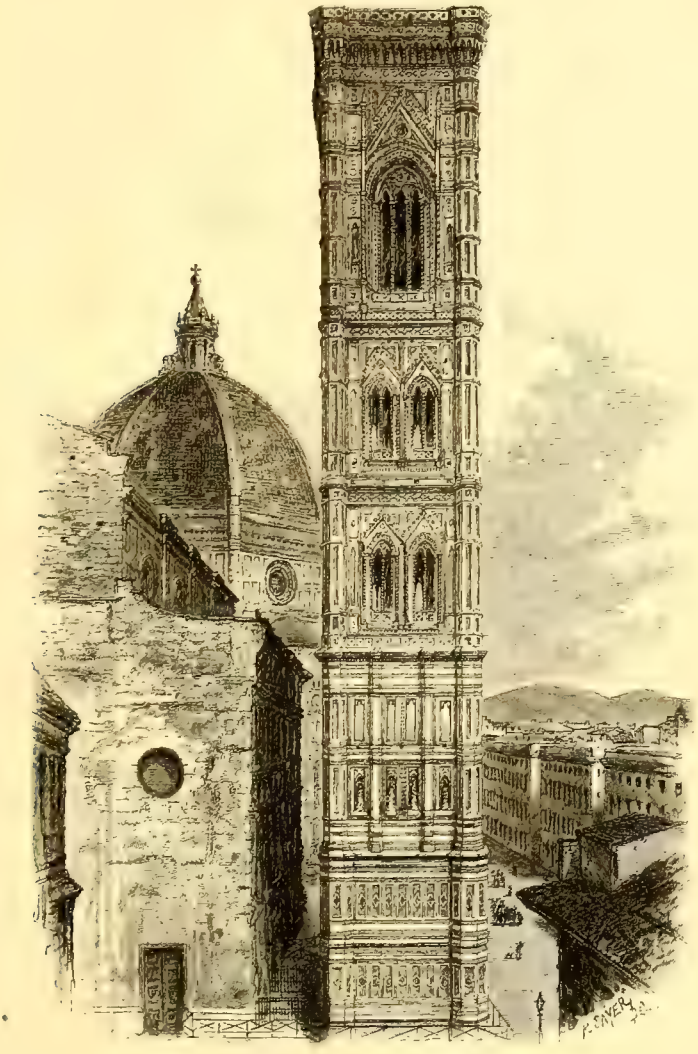
I think he laid himself down on the ground, and forgot all about the sheep, sometimes, while from the blue skies, and green valleys, and brilliant flowers, and warmly-tinted rocks of old Tuscany, he learned how to mix colors on his palette by

and by, or from the spreading branches of the oak-trees he learned the secret of forming graceful arches and checkered patterns.

A wise man once assured the world that there are "Sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in everything;" the untaught little Giotto must have been able to find out the "good in everything" for himself, and not only were his sharp eyes quick to perceive, but his nimble fingers were quick to imitate.

He was always trying to draw some picture on any smooth bit of rock or slate that came to hand, although he had nothing better for a pencil than another bit of stone sharpened down to a point.

It happened, one day, that some trifling matter sent a celebrated Florentine artist up to the region of Vespignano, and, as he was riding along, having lost his way, perhaps, he perceived not far from the road-side Father Bondone's quiet flocks comfortably grazing, while their youthful shepherd seemed very much engaged about something near by. The great artist was somehow drawn by the lad's intent attitude. He rode up to the boy, looked over his shoulder, and saw that he had been drawing one of the sheep on a piece of stone which he held upon his knee.



GIOTTO'S CAMPANILE, OR BELL-TOWER.

Cimabue—that was the name of the artist—was greatly astonished when he beheld the picture on

the stone. He began to talk to this strange shepherd-lad, and, among other things, asked him how he would like to leave his hills and sheep-tending, his father and mother, and go away with him to Florence, and study drawing and art in earnest.

From the portrait of Master Cimabue that has come down to us, one would not think that any little boy would be willing to exchange father and mother for such a queer, bonneted gentleman; but Giotto loved drawing better than anything else on the face of the earth, so he answered joyously that he would like very much to go to Florence, inwardly thinking himself, I 'm sure, the luckiest young shepherd-lad that ever drew breath.

Father Bondone gave his consent to the scheme as gladly as Giotto had given his, and so our hero went forth into the world to seek his fortune with the stranger from Florence.

And the teaching went on so wisely and so well, day after day, that in a few years the tables were turned, and lo! Master Cimabue had need to go to school to pupil Giotto! Think of that!

Yes, Giotto won great fame for himself in a short time. He painted picture after picture and church after church, in Florence and Pisa, in Arezzo and Assisi, in Siena, and a great many places besides, doing such good service for art—which for two hundred years had been going wrong in Italy—that, to this day he is considered a great benefactor to the world. He was one of the first to give life to modern art, in making his works truly reflect Nature. Painting in imitation of Nature was a new thing in that day, and everybody was surprised and delighted with it. One writer of the time says of Giotto's pictures, as if it were a thing to be wondered at: "The personages who are in grief look melancholy, and those who are joyous look gay."

The fame of Giotto's genius and skill soon penetrated to Rome, the greatest city of the civilized world in those times. In all haste, the Pope sent off a courier to Florence to see what kind of a man this Giotto might be, and pass judgment upon his works, reasoning that if all were true that people said, it would be well to bring him to the Eternal City, to paint the walls of St. Peter's.

One bright morning, Giotto was busily engaged in his workshop, when the Pope's messenger entered, stated the reason of his visit, and finally requested a drawing which he might send to his master.

Giotto, who was very courteous, took a sheet of paper, and a brush dipped in red color; then, with one turn of the hand, he drew a circle so perfect and exact that it was a marvel to behold.

This done, he turned, smiling to the courtier, saying: "Here, sir, is the drawing you wished for."

"Am I to have nothing more than this?" inquired the messenger, surprised.

"That is enough and to spare," returned Giotto. "Send it with the rest, and you will see if it will be recognized."

The messenger, unable to obtain anything more, went away very ill-satisfied, and fearing that he had been trifled with.

Nevertheless, having dispatched other drawings to the Pope, with the names of those who had made them, he sent that of Giotto also, relating the mode in which he had made his circle; from which the Pope and such of his courtiers as were well versed in the subject, conceived the idea that if Giotto could surpass all the other painters of his time in this way, he could do so in other ways.

And out of this incident grew a proverb, which the Tuscans make use of to the present day.

"*Tu sei più tondo che l'O di Giotto.*" "You are rounder than Giotto's O," they say, when they mean you are very dull and stupid, because the word that means "round" in Italian means also "dull."

Of course, Giotto was summoned to Rome, and of course he was glad enough to obey the summons, and to win new laurels. And it is a comfort to know that his wonderful talents were fully appreciated by the Pope and the people of Rome.



STATUE OF GIOTTO, AT FLORENCE.

Numberless stories are told of Giotto's wit, as well as of his marvelous paintings.

When he was studying under Cimabue, it is said



PORTRAIT OF CIMABUE.

that he painted a fly on the nose of one of the figures his master was then working at,—a fly so like the real thing, that when Master Cimabue came in, he tried to brush it away with his hand!

If we may believe their biographers, a great many artists have painted remarkably life-like flies. I saw one of them myself in Antwerp. It was resting on the foot of a fallen angel, and was as large as a mouse! I must mention, however, that the angel itself was of colossal size.

But that work which endears our Giotto to the hearts of his countrymen, to the hearts of all those who love beauty, in fact, is his exquisite bell-tower in Florence—Giotto's Campanile.

Our own poet, Longfellow, has sung its praise, and indeed, of itself it seems a poem in stone.

It is a tall slender shaft of variegated marbles, detached from the church, as all bell-towers are in Italy, but it is so graceful, so beautiful, so rich in detail, and so perfect in proportion, that you cannot wonder men gaze on it with astonishment and admiration.

And, exquisite as it seems at first, it grows more exquisite as one becomes familiar with it. Every portion is worthy of careful examination and study, and yet, considered as a whole, it is grand and perfect.

It is many and many a long year since Giotto folded his hands to rest forever beneath the shadow of the tower which is such a joy to us. He did not live to finish this, his last and best work, but from his designs his pupils were able to complete the building and his fame. And I can wish nothing pleasanter for you when you grow up, my little friends, than a month in Florence and a sight of Giotto's Campanile.

INO AND UNO.

By Josephine Pollard.

Ino and Uno are two little boys
Who always are ready to fight,
  Because each will boast
  That he knows the most,
And the other one cannot be right.

Ino and Uno went into the woods,
Quite certain of knowing the way:
  "I am right! You are wrong!"
  They said, going along.
And they did n't get out till next day!

Ino and Uno rose up with the lark,
To angle awhile in the brook,
  But by contrary signs
  They entangled their lines,
And brought nothing home to the cook!

Ino and Uno went out on the lake,
And oh, they got dreadfully wet!
  While discussion prevailed
  They carelessly sailed,
And the boat they were in was upset!

Though each is entitled opinions to have,
They need not be foolishly strong;
  And to quarrel and fight
  Over what we think right,
Is, *You know*, and *I know*, quite wrong!

HOW HAL WENT HOME.

By Louise Stockton.

THE street-car was a long time coming. Much longer than usual, Hal Turner thought, as he stood at the corner and waited. But at last it came in sight, drew nearer and nearer, reached the corner, and stopped, and Hal, books in hand, jumped in. To his dismay, however, the car was full of people, and he had expected it would be quite empty. He would not have been so anxious for it to come if he had known how things really would be. But Hal was no coward. He had something to do, he had said he would do it, and he meant to be as good as his word, people or no people. So he marched up to the front of the car, taking no notice of two ladies who moved to make a place for him. He stood for a moment looking at the horses, and then, with a coming of color into his face, turned and walked back to the other end. One of the ladies smiled, and half motioned with her hand to the seat.

"No, I thank you," said Hal, and, turning, he walked back to the front again and then once more to the rear.

"Why don't you sit down, young man?" said an old gentleman, who had drawn his foot up every time Hal had passed him.

"Oh, I don't care to; I am very comfortable," answered Hal.

At this, the old gentleman smiled.

"Well, I am not," he said, "for I have had the rheumatism in my foot, and I expect you will tumble over it."

"I will be very careful," Hal replied, still on the march, but pressing close to the opposite side of the car.

Just then, the conductor came in and collected his fare.

"There is a seat," said he to Hal, pointing to the vacant place by the ladies; but the boy made no reply, and, as soon as the conductor returned to the platform, he began his walk again.

"See here, my boy," said a gentleman in the corner, looking up from his newspaper, "how far are you going?"

"Above Girard Avenue," answered Hal.

"And are you going to keep this up all the way?"

"I should like to," Hal replied, but feeling very certain that he really did not like to find himself such a conspicuous personage.

"Do you always rage up and down in this manner?"

"No, sir," said Hal; "I generally sit down."

"Why don't you take that seat?"

"Because," said Hal, as boldly as he could, "because I told my sister I would walk home."

"H'm!" said the gentleman, "and why don't you?—on the street, where walking is in order?"

"Because my mother won't let me. She thinks it is too far from school to our house, and she says that I must ride."

At this, everybody in the car laughed, and Hal felt his face grow scarlet. He turned from his questioner and walked down the car, resolving that, as soon as he got home, he would tell Nan she was a goose.

But his troubles were not yet over, for the conductor said sharply:

"See here, sir! there is a seat. If you want it, take it; if you don't, stand still or get out!"

Hal glanced into the car, where he met two rows of laughing eyes, and, without a word or a moment's hesitation, jumped off the car.

He had not meant to give up, but he could not stand it. He ran up the street a little way; but, when the car had passed him and was out of sight, he slackened his speed and walked. He was not in a very good humor. "I might have known just how it would be," he said to himself, "but when Nan persisted that I could n't walk home, and at the same time mind mamma, who says I must always ride, I never thought of a car full of people! I do think Nan is the most obstinate girl in the whole world! Now, here I am, everybody laughs at me, and I have to break my word to mamma, after all, for I can't get into another car and ride; I 've no more money. Bother it all!" and with this he kicked a little stone out of his way and felt better. He had quite a long walk before him; but he was not sorry for that, as he felt he needed a little time for thinking the matter over before he met his mother's reproof and Nan's laughter. It was all very well to blame Nan now, but he knew in his heart who it was who was obstinate, and who planned the whole affair, and that person was not Nan! So he trudged on, both hands in his pockets, and his books slung by the strap over his shoulder, trying to look as if this walking was a matter of course, and he did it every day.

After a while, he came to the Ridge Road. This street, as all Philadelphia boys and girls know, runs across the city from south-east to north-west,

and cuts the corners of the other streets which go from north to south and from east to west. It begins at Ninth and Vine streets, and runs on through the city,—making it easy for people to lose their way by the cross-roads it creates,—up by the Park, and on past factories, and mills, until it gets into the country, and then on and on through farms, past iron mines, villages, woods, and furnaces, until it finds itself among the hills, miles and miles away from the noisy corner where it started.



"WHY DON'T YOU SIT DOWN?"

When Hal reached this point, he stopped to consider. He was now on Eleventh street, but if he took the Ridge Road he could make a short cut up to Fifteenth street and so home. It was a more lively street than Eleventh, and that was another reason for using it. The Philadelphia stores present very attractive windows, and on the Ridge Road almost every house has a store on the first floor. Some of them seemed so full that the contents, Hal thought, had spilled out on to the pavements, which were crowded with all sorts of merchandise, and as Hal glanced in at the doors, he wondered where all these things could be put, if they were taken in at night.

But he did not long consider this question, for he spied a carpenter's shop, and that reminded him of some inquiries he wished to make. The door of the shop was open, and when he had gone up the two little steps, he could hear some

one hammering. He looked in; there was the bench and there were the tools, but he could not see the workman. Then he went in, and over in the corner, where she could not be seen from the door, was a little girl, standing at a little bench, hammering lath nails into a piece of wood with a little hammer. She had on a large apron, tied around her waist, and her brown hair hung around her neck. She looked up and saw Hal, and laying down the piece of wood, but keeping the hammer in her hand, she waited for him to speak.

"Where is the carpenter?" he asked.

"I am the carpenter," she gravely replied.

At this, Hal laughed.

"Is this your shop?" he said. "Do you make dog-houses?"

"I never have made a dog-house," replied the carpenter. "I never thought of it. Of course, my papa could. I can make tables and chairs; I am making a table now."

And she drove a nail in so promptly and firmly, that Hal came up in admiration to look at her.

"Why, you are a real good carpenter!" he exclaimed; "our Nan could n't do that, and she is older than you are. I sometimes miss the head of a nail myself."

"I never do," replied the girl, "my papa would be ashamed of me if I did."

"Does he go away and leave you here? Do you really mean to be a carpenter?"

"I suppose so," she answered. "Papa said he always thought one of his boys would take the business, and he has n't any, and no girls either, except me."

"I never heard of a woman carpenter," said Hal, "and I don't believe there ever was such a thing."

"May be not," she answered coolly, taking a nail out of her mouth and driving it into the leg of her table, "but there will be one after I grow up. But do you want a dog-house? My papa will be home after five o'clock."

"I can't wait that long. Can't you really make one?"

"I never did," repeated the carpenter, "but there is the slate. You 'd better write what you want on it, and when papa comes home he can tell me how to make a dog-house. I should like to make one."

The slate hung by the door. Hal took it down and sat on a broken chair to write. He thought, as he did so, that if he was a carpenter he would mend all the broken chairs in his shop.

"I don't know what to write," he said.

"Say you want a dog-house," the carpenter promptly replied.

So Hal wrote: "*I want a dog House.*"

"Is that enough?" he asked.

"Of course not," the carpenter said; "people always say how big they want things."

"I don't know how big it ought to be," and Hal looked doubtfully at her.



"'I AM THE CARPENTER,' SHE REPLIED."

"Two feet by twenty," and she held up her table, which now had three legs, and, with her head on one side, she looked at it critically.

"Do you mean twenty feet high and two feet broad?"

"I suppose so."

"Nonsense," said Hal, after thinking a moment. "You don't know how high twenty feet would be!"

"The other way would do just as well, then," said the carpenter. "Two feet high and twenty broad."

"Why, this room is n't twenty feet long, I am

sure," said Hal. "I don't think you can know the sizes of things very well."

"I told you I never made a dog-house," returned the girl; "and if you can't wait until papa comes, I don't know what you will do."

Hal held the slate in his hand and reflected.

Then the carpenter made a suggestion. She said:

"You might measure your dog, and then the house would be sure to fit."

"So I might," said Hal. "Perhaps that would be the best way. I should n't like to have a house made, and then find the dog could n't get into it."

"Is he a very large dog?" asked the girl.

"I don't know," replied Hal. "I have n't got him yet."

At this, the girl laughed.

"Of course, I expect to have him," said Hal, a little warmly, "and he will be big, I suppose. I thought I had better get the house made first, and then it would be all ready."

"But you could n't know what size it ought to be," the carpenter remarked.

"There must be a usual size," said Hal, "and your father would know what that is."

"Of course he would," replied the carpenter, confidently. "Suppose you stop here to-morrow."

"Oh, I can't do that. To-morrow I must ride home from school. But I 'll come on Saturday."

And so it was settled. Hal hung the slate up again, but he left his message on it, and then he bid the girl good-bye, and started for home.

Hal never knew how it happened, but the shop must have stood at the corner of some of the streets that come together, three at a time, on the Ridge Road, for, instead of going on the same street toward Fifteenth, he soon found that he was walking past private houses, and that the stores, the wagons, and the liveliness of the Ridge Road were gone. The next surprise he had was to see the name of "Le Conte & Haffelfinger" on a grocery store. There certainly were not two firms of this name, and yet one was very near his grandfather's house. Then he looked into the grocery store, and sure enough, there was a man with a red beard weighing coffee, and he looked enough like Mr. Haffelfinger to be his twin brother. So then Hal went around the corner, and there, really and truly, was his grandfather's house! He was certainly not near his home, but when a boy chooses, or happens, to get lost, there are worse places than the neighborhood of his grandfather's house, and when he goes in tired and warm, a grandmother who gets out the cake-box and a milk pitcher is not a bad person to meet with.

Hal told his story as he ate. He did not expect his grandfather to scold him much, for the old gentleman had no such unpleasant habits, but he really thought that if a boy could n't walk home and ride also, at the same moment, without everybody laughing at him, the boy was ill-used. But he felt better when his grandfather had old "Largo" harnessed up, and drove Hal home. His arrival in this good company may have had something to do with the facts that the boy was not scolded much, and that the next Saturday he and Nan were allowed to go to the carpenter's and finish the arrangements for the dog-house. One reason—Hal felt sure of this—was because his grandfather offered to pay for it.

The strangest thing of all, however, was that Hal never could find that carpenter's shop again. He thought he knew just where it was, but neither he nor Nan could find it. After this, he often walked along the Ridge Road. The stores and the goods on the pavements were all there, but the carpenter's shop and the carpenter's girl had disappeared. He used to talk it over with Nan, his father, and the school-boys; and although some of the boys went to look for it, sure that they could find it, they never did, though Hal described it often, and never omitted the girl, the two little steps, one broken chair, and the slate with "*I want a dog House*" written on it. The carpenter had probably moved away, or else the shop was not on the street where Hal thought it was. Nan and the boys always said he ought to have put his own name and address on the slate, and then one of the carpenters might have sent him word; but it is very easy for some one else to say what you ought to have done, if you only did n't do it.

THE RELAY IN THE DESERT.



"THE RELAY IN THE DESERT."

(By permission of Messrs. Goupil & Co.)

THIS picture of a scene in the great desert of Africa is taken from a picture by the French artist, Gérôme, who is celebrated for his wonderful paintings of Eastern scenes, as well as for his pictures of life in Pompeii, in the old days when that was a great city, and its people were noted for their love of luxury and art. Of course, as Gérôme is an artist of the present day, he can only get his ideas of Pompeiian life and scenery from careful study of the pictures and sculptures which have been discovered in the ruins of that city; but he has studied so well, and with such a love for the art of by-gone days, that he has painted pictures which are probably better representations of the people and houses and streets of Pompeii than any of the artists of that city ever painted themselves. He has done so much of this peculiar kind of painting, that he is considered a leader in what is called the Pompeiian, or New Greek school of art.

Gérôme has also painted pictures of life in ancient Greece and Rome. Some of you may have seen engravings of these, representing fights between gladiators, races, and other such scenes.

It is, however, in his pictures of Eastern scenery and people, such as the one from which our engraving was taken, that we think Gérôme must be at his best, for he has lived under the burning sun of Africa, and among the Moors and the Arabs, and has drawn and painted his pictures of the East from what he saw with his own eyes. Few artists have been able to show as well as he has shown, the strange effect of the glaring sunlight of those regions, and the desolate and solemn appearance of the wide-spreading and lonely desert sands.

The picture above given shows one of the peculiar methods of hunting in the desert. The dogs you see are Syrian greyhounds, which are used in Africa in hunting the gazelle. In some of these hunts, the game runs for such a long distance that the dogs become tired, and, as the gazelles generally take a particular course, according to the wind perhaps, the hunters station "relays" of dogs somewhere on that part of the desert which they expect to pass, so that the fresh hounds can take up the chase when the others begin to flag; just as

relays of horses used to be placed on the old stage-routes, in order that the great coaches could always roll along at high speed, with fresh horses every ten miles or so.

This "relay" business is all very well for the hunters and the dogs, but it seems pretty hard on the gazelles, who have to run just as fast as they can until the hunt is over, without any chance of getting rested, or of having any fresh gazelles to take their places.

The dogs in the picture are strong and vigorous fellows, and they are listening and watching, as well as the man who is holding them, for some sign of the approaching hunters. We pity the poor gazelles when they come sweeping around that sandy hill, and these swift hounds are let loose to dash after them.

The beautifully engraved picture on the opposite page was not copied directly from Gérôme's, but from an etching made from the painting.

PLUMS.

A Fable.

By Paul Fort.

THERE were once two young bears, who were very kind to each other. They were brother and sister. The brother was named Sigismund, and the sister was Brunetta. They used often to go out and take walks. It was good for their health to go about in the open air, and they frequently found something nice to eat, which they would always divide as nearly equally as possible. One day, as they were wandering through the country, they saw a plum-tree, loaded with fruit.

"Ho, ho!" cried Sigismund. "Here is something! Look at those plums! Let us bounce up this tree. I never saw such plums."

"No, no!" cried Brunetta; "don't try to climb that tree. The branches are too slender, and would break under the weight of either of us. Let us get the plums some other way."

"You are too timid," said Sigismund. "We have often climbed trees that were smaller and weaker than that."

"That is true," said Brunetta, "but we were younger and lighter, then. You forget that we are growing every day."

"That may be," replied her brother, who could not help feeling that she was right; "but we must have the plums."

"Very true," said Brunetta. "Let us think of some good way. We might throw stones and sticks at them. I have seen people doing that."

"So have I," said Sigismund. "But it is a poor way. You get very few plums by throwing at them. And, besides, girls can't throw."

Brunetta did not much like this remark; but she said nothing, for she knew she could not throw so as to hit anything.

"I 'll tell you," cried Sigismund, "I have a good plan! One of us will climb up the tree a little way, and bend down a branch and then the other one can pick off the plums. When the one on the ground has eaten enough plums, she can climb the tree, and bend down a branch and let the other one eat."

"Then you intend to climb the tree first," said Brunetta.

"Certainly I do," replied her brother, and up he went.

The lower branch of the plum-tree was a slender one, as Brunetta had said, and Sigismund found it easy to bend. It came down so low, as the young bear threw his weight upon it, that his sister, by standing on her hind legs, could easily reach and pick the delicious fruit, which was so ripe that much of it dropped to the ground as the branch was bent.

It was a pretty picture to see this affectionate young couple thus enjoying themselves. Brunetta was in ecstasies of delight. She had never tasted such plums, and she crammed them into her mouth as fast as she could pick them from the branches.

As for Sigismund, he clung with his fore paws to the branch, while with one of his hind legs planted against the trunk, he waved the other pleasantly in the air, and looked around at his sister with a jovial smile.

"Eat on," he cried, "eat just as many as you want. I can hang on here ever so long. The branch does seem to be cracking a little, but that does not matter. If it breaks off, we 'll get the plums all the easier. It wont hurt me to drop. Is n't this a good plan? And don't they taste sweet and juicy?"

"Indeed they do," said Brunetta.

She would have said more than this in praise of the plums, but she could not stop eating long enough. She was in a hurry to get through, so

that she could pull down the branch and let her brother eat.

But just as she began to feel that she would soon be nearly satisfied, Sigismund gave a cry, and the smile fled from his face.

"Look there!" he cried; and he pointed to a field, not far off.

Brunetta raised herself up, as high as she could, and looked. And there she saw a man and two dogs running toward them! The man had a great club and the two dogs looked very fierce.

There was no time to be lost. Sigismund dropped from the tree, and he and his sister scampered off as fast as they could go. They soon reached the forest; but they got there none too soon, for the dogs were close behind them. The man did not care to venture in among the thick shadows of the woods, where there might be large bears, and so he called off his dogs and went back to see what damage had been done to his plum-tree.

As for Brunetta and her brother, they did not stop running until they reached the cave of their parents, where they felt perfectly safe.

As soon as they recovered their breath, they told their story.

"I think you went too far away from home," said their father; "considering that it was in the day-time when you could be seen from quite a distance. If there had been several men and more dogs, they might have followed you into the woods and killed you."

"That is true," said Brunetta; "but the plums were perfectly delicious, and Sigismund was so kind. He held the branches down for me, for ever and ever so long, so that I could get the plums quite easily. We had a glorious time."



"DON'T THEY TASTE SWEET AND JUICY?"

"Yes," said Sigismund; "it was very pleasant, and I am glad you liked the fruit. But I did all the work, and did not get a plum. This does not seem quite right. And I am dreadfully hungry."

"But it is not my fault," said Brunetta. "If the man and the dogs had not come, you would have had some plums."

"I know that," said Sigismund; "but I did not get any, and there is something very wrong about it, somewhere."

"My son," said his father, "did it not give you pleasure to see your sister enjoying those plums? Was not your heart filled with generous emotions as you held down the branches for her?"

"Oh yes!" said Sigismund.

"And did you not feel," continued his father, "that you were doing a very good action in climbing the tree first, and allowing Brunetta to eat all the fruit she wanted, before you had any?"

"Yes, I did," said Sigismund.

"And did you not have an idea that she would not have been so ready to do all this for you, and that you were, in fact, a little kinder and a little more generous than your sister, and did not this idea make you feel well satisfied with yourself and happy?"

Sigismund was obliged to admit that it did.

"Then," said his father, "you ought to be content to go without plums. You can't have everything."

Sigismund and Brunetta sat still for a long time, and thought and thought and thought.

THE BOYS' OWN PHONOGRAPH.

By John Lewees.

In winter-time, when a great part of a boy's fun must be found in-doors, it is a good thing to know how to get up amateur exhibitions of various kinds. In this way, boys, and girls, too, in many cases, can have a good time while preparing the shows, and may also afford a great deal of pleasure to their companions and friends, who make up the audiences.

One of the most entertaining parlor exhibitions which can be given at a moderate expense by a party of bright boys, accustomed to the use of carpenters' tools, is "The Boys' Own Phonograph" invented by Mr. D. C. Beard, who has made the drawings which accompany this article.

The first thing necessary in the construction of this very peculiar machine is a dry-goods box, large enough for a boy to sit inside of it, without discomfort. The top must be firmly nailed on, and the two sides taken off, thus leaving nothing but the top, bottom and two ends of the box. The sides, each of which probably consists of two or three pieces of board, are to serve as doors, and therefore must be firmly fastened together by means of cleats or narrow strips of board nailed across them. One side of the box, which we shall call side A, must be very strong, and will probably require three cleats. The other side, B, which is in front when the apparatus is in use, must now be fastened to the box by a pair of hinges, strong enough to sustain its weight. There should be a hook on it, to keep it shut, when necessary.

A shelf, wide enough for a small-sized boy, with a strong voice, to sit upon, must be attached to side A, and should be supported by iron braces. Strong leather straps will do, if a blacksmith is not handy; but they must be very firmly fastened to the shelf and to the back door of the box, as we shall now call side A. As the small boy with a strong voice is to sit on this shelf, it would ruin the exhibition if the shelf were to break down, not to speak of the damage which might be done to the boy. Then, this back door must be fastened to the box by heavy gate or barn-door hinges.

Two strong wooden bars or handles must now be secured to the bottom of the box, and should project far enough at the ends of the box, to allow a boy to stand between them, at each end, when the box is to be lifted or carried.

The rest of the necessary work is very easy. A crank, or turning handle (which will turn nothing), is to be fastened to one end of the box; and two holes—about two inches in diameter—are to be made, one in the front door, and one in the top of the box. In each of these, a tin or pasteboard horn is to be fastened—the one on top to be smaller than the other.

Then, on the inside of the box, a round stick—a broom-stick will answer—is to be placed on two notched blocks fastened to the ends of the box, so that it can easily be taken out of its place by the small boy, and put back again, when occasion requires. A tomato-can is to be stuck on the broom-handle, so that it will look like a tin cylinder containing something or other of importance. This round stick, with its cylinder, is only for show; but it must not be omitted.

Nothing more is now necessary but a pair of wooden trestles, or horses, such as carpenters use, on which the box is to stand during the exhibition.

Having explained how to make this novel phonograph, I have only to tell you how it is to be used. It is evident, from what I have said, that there is to be a small boy in that box; and the fact is that he is the most important part of the whole machine; for this is only a piece of fun, intended to excite curiosity and amusement in the audience, who may, perhaps, imagine that there is a small boy somewhere about the apparatus, but who cannot see where he is.

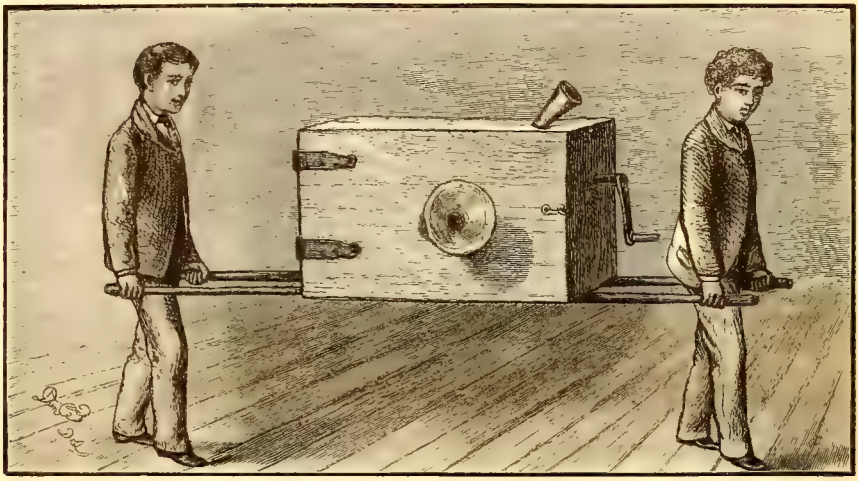
The phonograph, which should stand in a room opening into that in which the audience is to assemble, or it may be behind a curtain, must be arranged in working order some minutes before the time fixed for the exhibition to commence.

The way to arrange it is as follows: The back door of the box must be opened, and the small boy seated on the shelf. The door is then closed, the boy going into the box as it shuts. The front door is also shut. If the broom-handle and tomato-can are in the boy's way, he can take them down and put them on one side.

The professor—who is to exhibit the workings of the machine, and who should be a boy able to speak fluently and freely before an audience—must now come out and announce that the exhibition is about to begin. He should see that the wooden horses are so placed that the box will rest properly upon them, and should make all the little preparations which may be necessary. Then, after a few words of introduction, he may call for his phono-

graph, and the box will be borne in by two boys, as you see in the first picture.

After the bearers have walked around the stage, him from the audience, as it stands open. As soon as the Professor announces that he is about to open the box, the small boy must put the

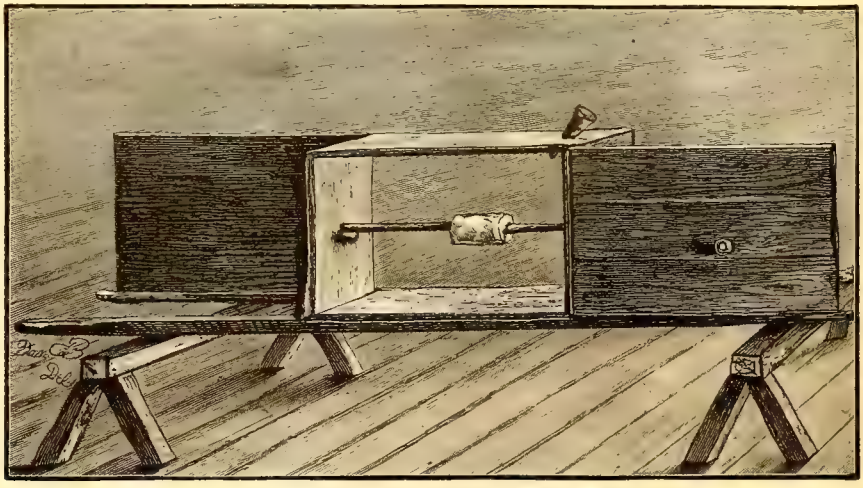


BRINGING IN THE PHONOGRAPH.

so that both sides of the box may be seen by the audience, it is to be placed on its trestles, or stands, with the front door toward the company.

The Professor will now call attention to the fact that the persons present have seen each side of the box, and can see under and all around it, thus assuring themselves that it has no connection with anything outside of it, except the stands on broom-stick in its place, if he has taken it down. Then the Professor throws open the front door and shows that there is nothing in the box but the rod and cylinder which seem to be attached to the crank. What machinery may be concealed in that little tin cylinder, he does not feel called upon to say.

After a few minutes for a general observation of



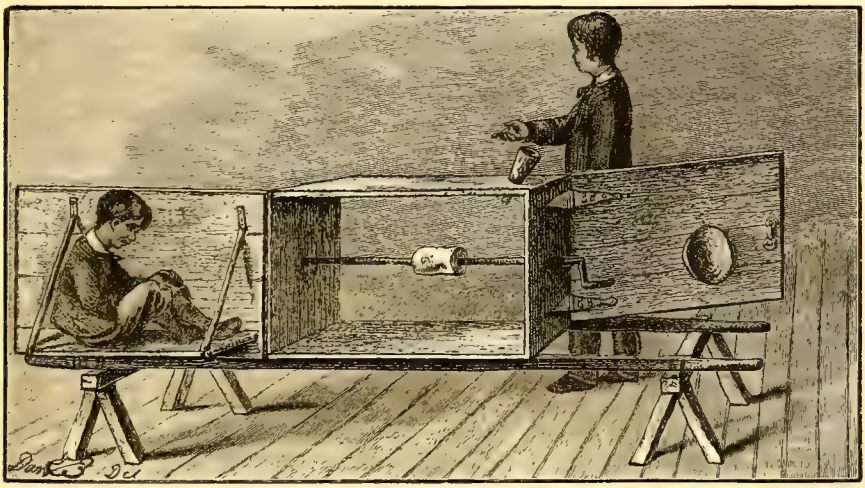
FRONT VIEW OF PHONOGRAPH WHEN OPEN.

which it rests. He will then proceed to open it, taking care to open the back door first. The small boy then swings back with the door, which conceals the inside of the box, he closes it, being very careful to shut the front door first. Then the small boy takes down the broom-stick, puts it out of his

way, and proceeds to make himself comfortable and ready for business.

The Professor now begins to exhibit the phonograph, by speaking into the horn at the top of the box. He generally commences with a short sentence, pronouncing each word loudly and clearly, so that every one can hear them. He gives the crank a few turns, and calls upon the audience to be very quiet and listen, and then, in a very few moments, the same words that he used are repeated from the horn in the front of the box, the small boy within imitating, as nearly as possible, the voice and tone of the Professor

The exhibition may go on as long as the audience continues to be interested and amused.



BACK VIEW OF PHONOGRAPH WHEN OPEN.

All sorts of things may be spoken into the box, which, after a few turns of the crank, will be repeated from the mouth-piece or horn in the front door. Various sounds may be reproduced by means of this machine, and an ingenious Professor and a smart small boy can make a deal of fun.

A startling final effect may be produced, if, after the Professor has crowed into the upper horn, the boy inside can manage, unperceived,—say by means of a small sliding panel,—to throw out a live, strong-voiced rooster, especially if the rooster can be persuaded to crow as he comes forth; still if the rooster does n't crow, the boy may.

But it must not be supposed that an exhibition of this kind will be successful without a good deal of careful preparation and several rehearsals. Every one should be perfectly familiar with his duty before a performance in front of an audience is attempted. The box-doors should work perfectly, the small boy should be able to sit on his shelf in such a way that his head will never stick up when the back door is open, and he should practice putting up the broom-stick when the Professor announces that the box is to be opened. By the way, if the box is opened several times during the performance to oil the rod, or to do some little thing to the cylinder, it will help to excite the curiosity of some of the audience, but the Professor must not forget that the front door must never be open when the back door is shut. The boys who carry the box should also carefully practice their business, so as to set the box down properly on its supports, and to see that it is firmly placed. It may be necessary for one or both of them to sit on the front handles when the back door, with the boy on it, is swung back, so as to balance his weight and prevent an upset. But experiment will show whether this is necessary or not.

As to the business of the Professor and the small boy, that, of course, must be carefully studied. It will not do to rely on inspiration for the funny things which must be said by the Professor, and imitated by the boy in the box. The Professor may bark like a dog, crow like a cock, or make any curious sound he pleases, provided he knows, from practice at rehearsal, that the small boy can imitate him.

The cost of the box, hinges, braces, etc., will probably be between two and three dollars, and if the box is painted, or covered with cheap muslin, it will look much more mysterious and scientific.



THERE was a young lady of Brooking,
Who had a great fondness for cooking;
She made sixty pies
That were all of a size,
And could tell which was which without looking.

THE CHILDREN'S "CLAIM."

BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

FROM the waters of the Arkansas, a little stream, like a miniature canal, with a narrow path along its bank, winds through the pine woods, past the lonely prospectors' cabins, the charcoal pits and camps of the wood-choppers, out into the noise and dust and glare of a great mining camp in the gulch below.

The miners call this little stream a "ditch," as they call the noble valley a "gulch"; but swift, bright, clear water, pure as the snows which gave it birth, cannot be fouled by an ugly name. It is like a ray of sunlight through the somber pine wood; swiftly it glances past the blackened wastes where the forest fires have left their foot-prints, as if glad to leave such desolation behind it. In the shades of the deep woods it steals along, and seems to still its ripples as if to listen to the grand music of the pine-trees' breath.

It gives a friendly sparkle as it passes the outlying cabins, where children gather at its brink.

"*With* the current, my little man," it whispers, with its merry ripple, to a lad who stoops to fill his water-pail. "With the current, if you would not lose your pail and your balance, and perhaps your temper, too."

"Carefully, carefully! over those loose, rough logs," it murmurs, as it slides under a bridge, and glances upward at a pretty young mother who trips across with her baby in her arms. "My bed is smooth enough for me, but it might be too rough for the wee girlie in your arms! And so her papa is living alone on the mountain, digging a hole with nothing but disappointment at the bottom. If it is gold he must have, I could tell him—but, would it make you any happier, little mother?"

The stream, you see, was both merry and wise.

It could prattle, and it could keep its own counsel, too.

But its play days ended, as all our play days end, sooner or later, in the work that is waiting for us. Sometimes, it is work we would never choose for ourselves. I can hardly believe the little stream very much enjoyed the work which awaited it down in California gulch, where the hungry gold-seekers forced it to help them sift the precious grains from those of common earth.

It did not enjoy it, still it did it without grumbling, knowing that other work, and better, would come to it soon enough. How it may have laughed to itself, thinking of the treasures of the mountains whose secrets were its own by birthright,—secrets these anxious gold hunters would give, if not their own lives, the lives of a good many other people, perhaps, to know! For our little stream, although the miners called it a "ditch,"—though it was no respecter of persons, and gave water to a worn-out stage-horse turned out to die, quite as readily as to the capitalist who had just put his millions in a mine; though it lent itself to very common uses,—even washing the clothes of the camp and the faces of dirty children,—was of royal birth! Its mother, the Arkansas, was a daughter of the great snow-covered range, whose calm, white brows are lifted, overlooking the continent, and telling the rivers which way to run.

Is it likely they do not know all about the gold and silver locked in the treasure-chambers of the mountains? Our little stream may have heard the secret whispered over the tops of the pine-trees, when the great winds wandered from peak to peak at twilight, and the cloudy curtains sank over the heads of the giant dreamers. But now I must tell you what the stream helped two little children to do. Their own good hearts told them to do it, but when the good thought came, the little stream was ready to help them turn it into deeds.

These children, like the stream, had known a good deal of play and a little of work in their lives, but they were not of royal birth. I do not believe there are any disguised or stolen princes or princesses in the woods about that mining camp in the gulch; but Nanny Peerie's eyes could not have been bluer, nor her dark locks more curly, nor her cheeks redder under the sun-tan, if she had been the daughter of a hundred earls, instead of the child of one not very prosperous teamster called Ben Peerie. Nanny's brother, Alec, was sandy-haired and freckled, with light hazel eyes, and a broad, merry smile.

They were both stout and tall for ten and twelve years, and this was fortunate, just because life was not all play-time to them. Ben Peerie, the teamster, had laid down his "jack-rein" and "snake-whip," and taken up the miner's pick and shovel. He had built a rude hut on the edge of the timber line, where the sparse and stunted firs show how hunger and cold can cripple the life of a tree, as well as of a man. Here he spent his time and strength sinking a "prospect hole," where he daily expected to uncover a fortune.

Sometimes, he felt tired and discouraged, and two or three days would pass while he lay around his cabin and smoked, and the hole grew no deeper. Sometimes, he tried to "sell out," and hoped for better luck in another spot; but no one seemed anxious to buy his prospect. So he continued to dig, and smoke, and dream of future wealth. Meantime, Jane, his wife,—a slender woman with Alec's hazel eyes and smile (both less bright than they had been a few years before), took in washing, by which she supported herself and the children, and supplied Ben with the food, tobacco, and clean clothes on which his hopes were fed.

The children "packed" water for their mother, and carried the bundles of clothes to and fro through the town, besides being generally helpful, and cheery to look at. When they were not to be seen, the mother was seldom troubled about them. The pine woods were near, and they spent many happy hours there. They had their own "prospect holes," and their own visions of hidden treasure awaiting the lucky touch; but they faithfully performed all the humdrum tasks at home, before entering the dream-world of the forest.

Now, for days of the dry and windy summer, the forest-fires had been roaming around the hills, showing like a cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night. They were watched by the town in the gulch, by the mines on the hills, by the outlying cabins and camps, and as the wind veered to the south, or west, or north, anxiety sharpened the watch. Now it was the timber men in Frying-pan gulch who were threatened, or the charcoal-burners in the Arkansas valley; now the little camp of Oro in the hills, or the big camp in the gulch, or cabins west of it, which stood against a redder sunset than had lit the pine woods for many a year.

Men were sent out to "back-fire"; and along the course of the stream, as it entered the forest, a picket guard of fires sent up their red light by night and their smoke cloud by day. All the well-known camps and cabins were watched and guarded, but there were many wandering sheep from that great fold in the gulch. Many solitary cabins lent their glow to the night fires that lit the silent stream on its way, and no one but the stream, perhaps, could have told of the grim watch kept by some shelterless outcast over the ashes of his "last chance."

Nanny and Alec had their own "claim," as they called it, about half a mile distant in the woods. It was a patch of young pines, growing thickly together, where, twenty years before, the larger trees had been cut. Here and there a fallen log served for a seat, where they often sat and listened to the wind surging up from the valley, like the surf on a distant shore. They called the young pines their Christmas trees, and amused themselves for hours, gathering such treasures as the woods afforded, and hanging them on the branches of their pet trees, with bits of string, treasured in Alec's pocket for that purpose.

Every day, when work was done, they hurried into the forest to see if their "claim" was still safe from the fires.

One morning, a miner, driving his donkey loaded with "grub" along the ditch, saw two children sitting on a fallen and blackened log, gazing at the burnt waste around them. He wondered what they were doing so far in the woods alone, and, seeing their faces were troubled, asked if they had lost their way.

"No, sir," the girl replied. "But this was our 'claim,' and the fires have burnt it all up!"

He smiled to himself as he passed on, for he had children of his own in a little prairie town of Illinois.

"Never mind," said Alec, "I know where there are lots more Christmas trees just as nice as these. We can locate somewhere else."

"I sha' n't ever like any other place so well as this one," Nanny replied, kicking to pieces with her foot the charred likeness of a slender pine twig. "There will be people there, asking questions—or something! Alec, did you ever see that cabin before?"

It stood just across the log road, which separated it from the burnt waste, with the heavy woods behind it.

"I knew 't was there, but there did n't seem to be anybody livin' in it. You could n't see it 'less you was close to it."

"I wonder if it 's empty! We might live in it ourselves, if it is!" cried Nanny, springing up with a brightening face.

"Here 's his prospect-hole—guess he did n't find anything, and quit."

"Who?" said Nanny.

"Why, the feller that built the cabin. This was his hole, don't you see, and he 's cleared out and left 'em both."

"May be he was afraid of the fires. Oh, Alec! Suppose we had a real house of our own, and had to see it burnt up! That would be worse than losing our claim."

"A heap worse. But we 're not likely to have a house of our own very soon, 'less we jump this feller."

They were at the edge of the prospect-hole, gazing down into it, and Alec was listening for the thud of a stone he had dropped.

"It 's awful deep! He must 'a' worked here 'most all summer, if he worked alone. Think how many times he must 'a' filled that bucket, and climbed out, and hauled it up after him, and every time, I s'pose, he hoped he 'd find somethin'. Pop says it wears a man out, this waitin' and waitin'."

"What does he do it for, then?" said Nanny. "I don't believe mother wants him to. Did n't you hear a noise then?"

"Heard it before, but I thought you 'd be frightened, so I did n't say anything. Sounds like some one groanin'."

"There is some one in the cabin, Alec! May be he 's sick, or hurt, or something! Do you s'pose he could hear what we said about taking his cabin?" whispered Nanny, as they neared the door.

"What if he did? If he gets well, he wont be 'fraid of us; and if he does n't, he wont care."

"Oh, hush—do! He 's there, and he *is* sick!"

Nanny was peering through the door, which stood open. A broad beam of sunlight crossed the gloom of the low, square cell,—for it could hardly be called a room,—and fell with a ruthless glare upon the face and head of a man lying on a bed of logs, placed side by side on the floor, with a few withered pine boughs and old blankets tossed over them. He had writhed himself about until his head rested on the dirt floor, but still the sunbeams pursued him. They showed with startling distinctness the swollen, discolored face, and the matted beard and hair which straggled over it. Both children held back a moment, for the man was a hideous picture of misery. Then Nanny whispered:

"Shut the door! He don't like the sun."

Should they shut themselves in, with dirt and gloom and squalid sickness, or outside, in the clear, pure sunlight, and leave him?

The little stream turned its bright eye upon the children, as they hesitated a moment at the door. Who can tell what secret understanding there may have been between it and the night winds which blew up the fires and laid bare the children's claim? For many days and nights it had been telling the story of the sick man, alone in his cabin in the woods, but few listened and no one understood. The "claim" was a waste, and the pretty Christmas trees were dead; but Christmas means something better than hanging playthings on a tree. The real meaning of Christmas had come to the children on this hot summer day, as they stood at the sick man's door. So they shut themselves

in with him. Nanny refolded smoothly the old coat which served him for a pillow, and together they lifted his head and laid it upon it. He could not open his eyes, for his face was fearfully swollen and covered with unsightly red blotches. His lips, too, were swollen and cracked with fever. He tried to move them, and then rolled his head from side to side and moaned.

"Perhaps he wants a drink," said Alec. "That pail looks as if it had n't had any water in it for a week."

The sick man made an eager gesture toward



NANNY AND ALEC AT THE EDGE OF THE PROSPECT-HOLE.

the pail. The children took it to the stream. If they had brought it back filled with the gold he had sought so long, how bitterly he would have spurned it for one mouthful of the water, which, all summer, had been flowing unheeded past his door!

"Would you like us to send for a doctor to see you?" Nanny asked, when they had given him a drink, and set the pail and cup within his reach.

He muttered something about "pardner" and "Stray Horse gulch," he paid no heed to Nanny's second question about the doctor, but continued his incoherent mutterings; the words "pardner" and "Stray Horse," recurring from time to time.

"Have you got a partner, and is he at Stray Horse gulch? Do you want us to send for him?"

He shook his head with a fierce laugh which made his face more hideous than before.

The children could make nothing of his mutterings, and very soon he seemed to fall asleep, or into a kind of stupor,—for his eyes were always closed,—and then the brother and sister stole away, shutting out the sunlight.

"Now, see here," said their mother, when they had finished their long story, "it was the right thing for you to do. I don't find any fault with what have you done; but you 've run a terrible risk.

"We don't know what kind of sickness he 's got, it may be measles, there 's plenty of it 'round, or it might be something a great deal worse. I don't want you both sick on my hands, they 're full enough as it is, so just keep away from that cabin after this! I don't want you to go anywhere near it! I 'll tell the doctor about him when I go in town to-night. Now, eat your suppers and be quick about it!"

She got up with a sigh, and they saw that she looked worried and tired.

"Can't I carry the basket in for you to-night, mother?" Alec asked, "so you need n't go?"

"I 've got to go, I tell you," she answered, with a sharpness quite unlike her usual manner, "I want to get some money for father." She gave the quick sigh again, and then kissed them both, with a hand on the shoulder of each. "Don't be running out and getting cold, and be sure to go to bed early."

The forest fires mounted high that night behind the pines west of the Peerie cabin. The children watched them from the door, and then climbed to the path beside the ditch, from which they could look far into the heart of the stricken forest.

From the direction of the fires, they saw that the sick man's cabin must be in their track, and they looked at each other with terror in their eyes.

"Mother said we must n't go there again," whispered Nanny, a tremor of doubt in her tone.

"Mother would n't see a man burnt up before her face and eyes, I guess; you 'd better not come Nan; but I 'm going to see."

Alec ran ahead, and Nanny followed more slowly, for the path by the ditch was narrow, and all the light came from the red glare before her, which half-blinded her eyes.

At a turn in the channel, she came upon the belt of fire, extending as far as she could see, along the windward side of the stream. These fires had been started for the purpose of laying waste a strip of the forest on the track of the advancing fires from the valley, so that when they came to it they might be checked for want of fuel. They were hurrying on with a terrible confederate (the wind) at their back, while the defensive fires being started against the wind, were thus prevented from becoming unmanageable.

There was a guard of men in charge of the fires, lest the wind should shift and turn them into a foe instead of an ally; they were lounging on the ground, watching the leaping, restless flames in silence, like the silence which falls upon people who watch the motion of a brook, or a fountain or a water-fall; a motion always changing, and yet repeating itself, and with a continuous voice of its own. The fires had a voice, as changeful and violent as their movements. It was crackling laughter when the flames leaped and clung to a dry pine-bough, half-way up the trunk, whirling its torch against the darkness, and then dropping it in a shower of sparks, while the steadier flames coiled up the trunk, waiting for another spring; it rustled and hissed like a serpent in the underbrush,—it roared among the dry, heaped boughs, and muttered, as it blinked and flickered in the embers, licking up the least morsels of its feast.

The men were very rough-looking, but their silence and their quiet attitudes encouraged Nanny to ask them if they had seen her brother pass.

One of them looked at her a moment, and took his pipe from his mouth to say:

"There was a boy came this way with a story 'bout a sick man down in the woods. Two of our fellers went along with him."

"Yes, that 's Alec," said Nanny; "which way did they go?"

"Why, you can't foller 'em, sissy! They had to go considerable ways down to git across the fires. Had n't ye better run home?"

"Oh no, please! mother 's away and it 's too lonesome!"

She sat down on a fallen log, shivering, not so much with cold, as with excitement and a vague terror of the scene. It was indeed a wild and beautiful sight, that long lane of fire, with the stream at one side, reflecting its red splendor, the

forest behind it, and rolling up against the sky, that heavy cloud of smoke, lurid with the flames hidden in its folds. The tall pines standing opposite the fire looked as if painted on the black sky in pale, gray light; the wind rocked them to and fro, and long, surging sighs swept through all their spectral branches; the fire, blown back by the wind, reached its baffled hands toward them across the dividing stream and roared hungrily. It was Saturday night, the miners and prospectors from the hills were gathered into the town in the gulch, filling it with discordant noises; tramping of heavy boots on the board side-walks, hoarse shoutings, and bursts of music, softened by the distance. A huge, brilliantly-lighted tent, called the "Great Western Amphitheater," seemed the center of the revelry. Nanny thought of the sick man, alone in his cabin, and wondered if, in all that noisy crowd, there was no one who missed him. It seemed to her very dreadful that the town should be giving itself up to merriment, with such a terrible enemy at its back. If she had been older, she might have taken comfort from the thought that the empty voices are the loudest, and that our ears cannot hear the busy silences, which are full of help and sympathy.

"Here, take this!" the man said, tossing toward her the coat he had been lying on. "You 're Mrs. Peerie's little gal, aint ye? She done my washin' for a spell after I first come, but I 've got my own woman along now. It 's a heap better. I 've got a young one about your size,—only, my gal 's a boy."

"Is he any of your folks?"

"Who?" asked Nanny.

"The sick man," pointing over his shoulder toward the woods.

"Oh, no! We just happened to find him; we don't even know his name."

"Pretty rough! My name 's Kinney; you ask your ma if she don't remember me; she washed a pair o' pants for me once; I paid her a dollar, 'n' they wus worth it; never srunk a bit!"

Black figures were now seen coming along the path; sharp touches of light soon began to show on their faces, and Nanny recognized Alec first; then two men followed, bearing a burden between them. They laid it down near a group of men waiting below.

The man who called himself Kinney got up and strolled toward this group, while Alec, running past him to meet Nanny, exclaimed:

"There 's a man down there, who knows him, says his name 's Bill Lauder. Come along and see what they 're going to do with him!"

A tall, sandy-bearded man was bending over the bundle of blankets, saying in a slow, careless voice:

"What gits me is, Bill's pardner up to Stray Horse told me only yist'day that they 'd quit, and Bill had put out for ole St. Jo to see his wife and young ones."

"Bill aint got any wife, now, nor young ones neither," said another voice. "The typhus cleaned him out more 'n' a year ago."

"Wal! I 'lowed I 'd heered that myself. This here 's a game that needs watchin'. Take him 'long to my cabin, boys; I 'll go in to see the doctor 'bout him."

"He 's terrible sick," said one of the two bearers, who stood near. The others had quickly dispersed at sight of the face, half concealed by the blankets. "He 's got small-pox onto him, or measles, anyhow. He don't know nothin', does he?"

"No, he don't. Take him 'long to my bunk! I' ve had small-pox, 'n' if I did n't have measles, I can't git 'em no younger. Pick him up easy!"

The bearers took up their unconscious burden and walked on in uncomfortable silence.

Jane Peerie had very little to say to the children's story that night. She sighed her little, quick sigh:

"Well, I can't say as you 've done anything but what 's right, and if trouble comes of it, I suppose it 's our share."

She came to them after they were in bed and kissed them both good-night again.

"Why, mother!" Nanny suddenly exclaimed. "It 's Saturday night! Where 's father?"

"He stayed in town to see his partner."

"Why! I did n't know he had one!"

"Well, it 's something new. It was only yesterday they fixed things up between them."

"Who is he, mother?"

"I don't know his name. He came from the camp at Stray Horse gulch."

"I wonder," whispered Nanny, as the mother turned away, "if it could be——."

"Oh, fudge!" said Alec. "You 're always wondering. I guess there 's more 'n one man in Stray Horse gulch!"

But Nanny continued to wonder, and one day she wondered with some reason. They had wandered to the deserted prospect-hole and the heap of ashes and charred logs which had been the sick man's cabin. They were poking about among the fragments of a pine stump, hunting for pieces of charcoal straight and long enough to mark with, when they came upon a tin tobacco-can.

Opening it, they found within a stout leather wallet, which was stuffed with bank-bills, much soiled and crumpled, a few gold pieces, a watch, and some articles of rather common jewelry. It looked quite a precious store to the children.

"They must belong to him," said Alec. They

often talked about their sick man, and always called him "Him."

"This must have been his bank; 't was a pretty safe one, was n't it?"

They took the wallet home to their mother, and the next day she carried it to the cabin where Bill Lauder was being nursed. The tall, sandy man, whose name was Keeler, said that Bill had got well "'mazin' sudden after all." He was "res'less, 'n' wanted to put off somewheres—did n't keer much where. He war lookin' for a pardner o' his—and fact is, ma'am, I could n't tell you now where Bill is! You jist keep that there pile, Mis' Peerie, and I 'll let Bill know where to go for it when I hear from him. I know well enough what he 'd do with it if he was here. He 'd jest sling it at them young ones o' yourn, what picked him out o' the fire, or he aint the kind o' chap I take him for!"

Mrs. Peerie laughed in a rather nervous way. She took the "pile" home with her, and put it safely away. The next day, both children were taken sick with the measles. Three weeks of trouble followed, and poor Jane was tempted sometimes to feel that it was a little more than their share. The children were very ill. Her work took her away from them a good deal, and in her absences the fire would get low, and the children took cold. With all this care, there was an added anxiety in the fact that she had neither seen her husband, nor heard from his camp on the mountain, since the Saturday night she had furnished him with her last earnings, for the partnership.

One day, early in the fourth week, he walked into the cabin. He looked rather haggard, as if with illness or anxiety; but the expression of his face was more bewildered than unhappy. If Jane Peerie had ever seen a picture of Rip Van Winkle awakening from his long sleep on the mountain, her husband's face would have reminded her of it, as he seated himself by the fire, stretched out his legs, and looked about him.

"What! the children sick, too?"

"Why, yes, Ben! I sent word to you a week ago that they had the measles."

"So you did—I remember now—but I s'posed they 'd be around before this. Well, I 've et my last meal in that shanty up there."

"What 's happened to you, Ben? You look so queer!"

"Well, I feel queer! I 've been feelin' uneasy for a good while, but things have took a most onexpected turn with me. It 's as if I 'd got started on a down grade, goin' like thunder, an' the brake would n't pull a pound, 'n' just as I was gittin' ready to jump, the whole outfit went sailin' round the turn, every mule in line and the load as steady as a church steeple!"

"Well, I can't see what you 're tryin' to get at."

"Sit down, little woman, and I 'll tell you. What 'd you say if I was to quit prospectin', and go back to teamin' ag'in?"

"Ben! That 's just what I 've been praying for these six months."

"Why did n't you tell me so, then."

"Well, I did n't want you to give up your way till you was sick of it—because, if you did, and things went wrong, you might throw it up at me that I had stood in the way of your doing better."

"Well, I guess you was about right, as you usually are. I 'm sick enough of that hole up there, anyhow."

"But what 's become of your pardner?"

"That 's more 'n I can tell you. I know it took just about what was left of that money you scraped up, to git him to Denver last Monday week. He was clean busted, he said,—had n't but two nickels of his own. You see, for every dollar I put up he was to go two, because my summer's work was thrown in, and, if we struck it, he was to have half. Well, that looked square; but his money was all in Denver, and he wrote an' wrote, an' it did n't come. He spent most of his time trampin' back an' forth to town. He seemed dreadful uneasy, an' finally nothin' would do but he must go 'n' look after it. He 'd been gone a week Monday 'n' nary sign from him. I began to feel peculiar myself. It was my turn to go trampin' in town and stand in the line at the post-office. I did n't let on to you, Janey, 'cause I knew you 'd be worried—I was worried myself. It hurt me a good deal to have your money fooled away like that. I never 'd 'av' asked for it, only I hated to throw away all I 'd put into the hole. And I could n't go on with it alone. You aint in a hurry 'bout anything, are you? Seem to be fidgetin' in your chair some."

"I wish, Ben, you 'd tell me how it 's all ended."

"Did n't I tell you we cleared the curve, just as I was shakin' loose for a jump? 'Twas about Wednesday noon there came to the cabin a tall, bony man, rather peaked lookin', with big black eyes, 'n' he says:

"'Kin I see your pardner, Cantripp?'"

"'No, you can't,' ses I, 'n' then I told him about the trip to Denver.

"He smiled a curus sort of smile, and then he says:

"'I reckon I know Cantripp better 'n you do, if you expect to see him agin.'

"He set to then 'n' told me his whole story. Cantripp 'n' he 'd prospected together for more 'n a year and had some luck till they stuck on that hole back there in the woods. He got sick with the

measles—had 'em awful bad—crazy with 'em—and Cantripp left him alone in the cabin there, 'n' give out that he 'd gone home to Missouri. Hooked his pile, too, 'n' some trinkets ——"

"No, they 're all here! The children found them close by the prospect hole!"

"Great sign! What 'll them young ones do next. Lauder—Bill Lauder, his name is—told me all about 'em.

"'Peerie,' says he, 'their name was,' lookin' at me with that queer smile of his.

"'My name 's Peerie,' says I.

"'So I 've heered,' says he. ''T would be queer now, would n't it, if you should turn out to be the father o' that boy and gal.' So we shook hands on it."

"They 've got the measles of him, you know."

"Yes! I concluded as much, but I did n't let on to him, as they was anyways the worse for what they 'd done. He 's made it all square, I guess. He 's bought me clean out; give me a check on the bank for a clean fifteen hundred for the old cabin, and the hole, and what 's to come out of it. I say I 'm well quit! What do you say, little woman? And I aint goin' to shove it down no more prospect holes neither."

One day, a few months later, when Mrs. Peerie was hanging out her "wash," the shadow of a man's hat and shoulders crossed the white sheet she was pinning up. She turned quickly and saw a tall, bony, black-eyed man,—"rather peaked-lookin'," she said to herself, remembering her husband's description of Bill Lauder.

"Hope I did n't scare ye, ma'm! My name 's Lauder. P'r'aps you 've heered it before."

"Yes, indeed!" said Jane Peerie, with a quick smile. "Come in, Mr. Lauder. We 've got some of your property waiting for you here."

"'T was on account of that same property I come here to-day, ma'am."

He took the chair Mrs. Peerie offered, and tilted himself about on it rather uneasily when he talked.

"You see, my pardner was a keerful man. He knew I could n't look after my truck, bein' sick, so he 'lowed he 'd put it in a safe place,—only, ye see, he forgot to tell me where 't was. Howsomever, them young ones o' yourn found it. So I 've heered" ——

There was silence a moment.

"I dunno as them child'n 'd be any better off if they had money, but if they would, I wish my pile was bigger."

He rose and stood by the door, drawing his large forefinger up and down a crack in the panel.

"'Cause what 's mine is theirn, you know, ma'am, after what they 've done for me. I aint no family of my own. Them rings and the locket,—I dunno but I 'll take them 'long with me. They belonged to my wife. But the money I aint no partic'lar use for, and the watch I 'd like that boy o' yourn to pack round when he gits big enough. The money 'd better go to the girl. Boys ought to earn their own money."

The children running in, a few minutes later, met Mr. Lauder on the door-step. He took hold of the boy's shoulder with a hard grip, and looked in his face a moment, but the little girl's hands he held in his, stroking them softly.

He did not speak a word to either, and when he had gone, the children questioned their mother about the stranger.

We have just heard all that she told them. The little stream could have told the story and finished it much better than any one else; but its stories are very long,—so long that most of us think we are too busy to listen to them.



SOW, SEW, AND SO.

By Rosa Graham.

Sow, sow, sow,
So the farmers sow!
Busy, busy, all the day,
While the children are at play,
Stowing, stowing close away
Baby wheat and rye in bed,
So the children may be fed,
So, so, so.

Sew, sew, sew,
So the mothers sew!
Busy, busy, all the day,
While the children are at play,
Sewing, sewing fast away,
So the children may have frocks,
Trowsers, coats, and pretty socks,
So, so, so,

Sow, sew, so,
So they sow and sew;
S, and O, and W,
This is what the farmers do;
Put an E, in place of O,
This is how the mothers sew,—
So they sow and sew for you,
So without the W,
So, so, so.

A STRANGE MUSIC.

By Louis C. Elson.



N THAT one evening, Maud and Arthur were tired of their music lessons. It was not that they were either lazy or incapable, but they had reached an era in their practicing which comes at least once to every boy and girl, in studying piano music, when the work loses its flavor, and can be pushed further only by real perseverance and "grit."

Besides, a reaction had set in. They had been studying with great zeal to be able to display their newest pieces to their Uncle Herbert, on his return from China. Maud had learned the whole of Schumann's first Album, and Arthur had almost learned Kullak's "*Kinderscenen*." Uncle Herbert was very fond of music, and, though he had not seen them since their babyhood (Maud was four and Arthur two when he went away), he had sent a sum of money to their mother, asking her to apply it to their musical studies: and that was why they had overworked since they had heard, four months before, that he was coming home.

"I am getting tired of practicing," said Arthur confidentially to his sister. "I 've been cramming awfully on that Kullak set, and our old piano is getting almost 'tin-pan-y.' Every time I play to Harry Somers, he asks me if I can stand the tone of that piano all the time."

"I know that, Artie," said the more quiet Maud. "Edith says something very much the same to me, but I don't mind it—much. Still, I know I shall be dreadfully nervous, after all my practicing, when I play to uncle."

"Pooh!" answered Arthur, "you 've got it easy enough. You stretch an octave, and Mr. Lichtenstein lets you use the pedal, which he won't let me do, and he always praises you, and calls me 'careless.' I 'm the one to be scared."

But neither of them was scared, when, instead of a severe old man, they found their uncle a hearty, young-looking, good-humored fellow, who never said a word about music the first few days he was with them, but entered into their sports, gave Maud a pair of Chinese ladies' slippers which she scarcely could cram even her toes into; made an enormous dragon kite for Arthur, and,

in fact, in ever so many ways, was a lovable, story-telling uncle, full of fun and cheer.

When they did play to him (he asked them if he should "sit with them while they practiced") they enjoyed it as much as he did, which was very much indeed.

But, one day, while they were out to try the new kite, Arthur suddenly said:

"There! it's striking five, and I must go home to practice. It 's awful work."

"Why, Arthur," said Uncle Herbert, "you don't have to work as hard at your music, as a Chinaman does at his, when he studies it."

"Do they have music away off there?" asked the astonished Arthur.

"H'm! well, it 's not what we might call music, but they call it so, and love it very much."

"Oh, do tell us about Chinese music," cried Maud, who had come out in search of her uncle and brother.

"Well, I 'll make an agreement with you both; we 'll dip into musical history together, after you 've finished practicing, every day."

"Oh, that 's jolly!" shouted Arthur. "Shall we begin to-night?"

"Yes. After supper we 'll see what we can find interesting in the music of the Chinese."

That evening the family gathered to hear Uncle Herbert's tales of strange music. Mother brought in her sewing, and improved her mind and the children's stockings at the same time, for, since their father died, it had been necessary to economize, and she did so in time as well as in money.

But the children sat on the lounge, one on each side of Uncle Herbert, devoting their entire attention to the new story which they felt sure would be the best of all he had yet told them.

"I suppose we ought to begin at the beginning," said he, "since Chinese music is said to have been invented by a person whom you have often read about. He was Emperor of China about 2950 B. C., or nearly 5,000 years ago. The Chinese called him Fo Hi, but some of our own people suppose that he really was Noah, who lived about that time. The Chinese also hold that much of their music was brought to them from heaven by a bird which they named the 'Foang-Hoang.' This was supposed to be a very fortunate bird, which never appeared anywhere else but in China, and, whenever it came, it brought good luck with it. It appeared whenever a good emperor was born, and its nest was wrapped in mystery, for no one knew where it dwelt."

"Why, that 's something like the Phœnix, that the Greeks used to believe in," said Maud.

"Yes, there is a resemblance; perhaps the Greeks borrowed their bird from the Chinese one. This bird appeared with its mate, when Ling Lun, by the order of the Emperor Hoang-Ti, was making his first inventions in music. It sang to him in six tones, while its mate also used six different ones, making a scale containing twelve notes, just like our chromatic scale. But the Chinese only use five of these, and call the others 'female tones.' In China, everything female is thought to be useless."

"Have n't they got topsy-turvy ideas!" said Maud.

"Well, in this case they are open to that suspicion. The singing of the 'Foang-Hoang' was such beautiful music that it caused absolute goodness in every one who heard it, and its songs had the beautiful name of 'Tsie-ven,'—'Temperance and Mercy.' After Hoang-Ti, came an emperor named Chao-Hao, who invented a new mode of marking time. He had large drums beat at various hours of the night, to tell what o'clock it was; he composed, also, many songs. The earliest emperors all studied music, but it was with a view of teaching their subjects good manners and morals. The songs were sometimes only directions when to plant seeds, how to catch fish, how to behave in company, and so on. Sometimes, the words are to keep the emperor's own duty in mind. Thus, one begins: 'The breeze of mid-day brings warmth and dispels sorrow; may it be the same with Chun, may he be the joy and consolation of his people.'

"Another emperor,—Yu, the great,—used musical instruments for a very good purpose. He placed before his palace a large and a small bell, a drum, a tamtam, and a tambourine, and any person having business with him would be admitted on striking one of these."

"What 's a 'tamtam,' uncle?" asked Arthur.

"A kind of gong. By the various sounds, he could tell, before seeing him, the nature of his visitor's business. The large bell meant that the person was coming to complain of an injustice; the small one was for private visitors; the drum told that the business was about the manners or customs of the empire; the tamtam, a public misfortune; the tambourine asked for the emperor's judgment in regard to some crime. China possessed some very patriotic songs at this ancient date, and when, at a later period (245 B. C.), a usurper won the throne, he was more afraid of the music than of anything else. He thought that, by reminding the people of their good emperors, they would be encouraged to resist him. Do you recollect anything like this in your English history, Arthur?"

"Edward I. killed the Welsh bards because he was afraid their singing roused the people against him," said Arthur, fresh from a recent history lesson.

"Well, Tchi-chi did n't have any bards to kill; but he ordered all the ancient books to be burned. Especially he tried to destroy all the works of the great philosopher, Confucius. All the instruments of music were to be broken up and new ones made, and in every way he tried to root out all the old songs and tunes. Those who tried to conceal anything were punished with death. And yet, many people risked their lives in hiding their instruments and books in the walls of houses and in the ground."

"What a monster he must have been!" said Maud.

"Not in all respects; he built the great wall of China, which was a good thing for the country," replied Uncle Herbert.

"But did the Chinese have many books about music?" inquired Arthur.

"They had and have more than any other nation. They have whole libraries of musical books. In the library of Pekin, there are four hundred and eighty-two strictly musical books, and hundreds which are partially musical. I don't mean books of music, but histories and essays. Hundreds of years after Tchi-chi (A. D. 640), the Emperor Tay-tsung searched vigorously for the books and musical instruments which had been buried and concealed, and tried to recover some of the old style of music. He did n't succeed altogether, and the Chinese have very little of their ancient music nowadays. They think that the old music must have been very beautiful, and use at their greatest feasts whatever they have of it."

"Oh, uncle! did you ever hear any of it?" cried both the children.

"Yes. I even tried to copy one of their old tunes, which they sang at a 'feast of ancestors.' They hum it, very gravely and slowly; and to me it seems very monotonous. Play it to us, Maud."

And Maud took the scrap of paper which Uncle Herbert gave to her from his memorandum-book, and, going to the piano, played this:

Very slow.



"Oh! how dull," said everybody in a breath,—even mother, from her corner, joining in the cry.

"Well it 's not exactly lively, but recollect that this is their sacred music; their popular songs are sung in quicker style."

"But do they really enjoy such tame stuff?" asked Arthur.

"Oh! yes. It is associated with their parents, their childhood, their whole lives, and that means a great deal; then, also, it has poetical and moral poetry attached, which is more. I 'll tell you how much they like it: in the last century, a number of missionaries went to China from France, and one of these, Father Amiot, was a good musician. He tried to win their good opinion by his skill on the clavichord, the piano of those days, and the flute. But, after playing to them the best pieces of European music, he found that they had no effect upon his audience, and, finally, he asked one of his most intelligent friends, a Chinese mandarin, if he thought that the music of Europe was not the finest in the world. To his astonishment, the reply was: 'It may be so, but it is n't made for Chinese ears; our melodies reach right to the heart.' So you see that what we think monotonous, is to them of the greatest beauty, while what we think beautiful, fails to delight them. But their popular tunes have some melody; only the people insist on singing them through the nose, and as 'caterwauly' as possible, besides making all kinds of din with gongs, drums, etc., so that the real melody scarcely can be distinguished. If it were not for this, the Chinese tunes would be very much like the Scotch. Here is one for you to play, Arthur; with one hand, without accompaniment, for, you know, the Chinese don't use harmony."

Arthur took the paper and read the following tune:



"I like that better than the other," said Maud, emphatically.

"It 's a question whether you would, as they sing it. The other is sung with far more impressive ceremonies. The rules are very strict in the performance of the ancestral music; every player and singer has to stand in a particular



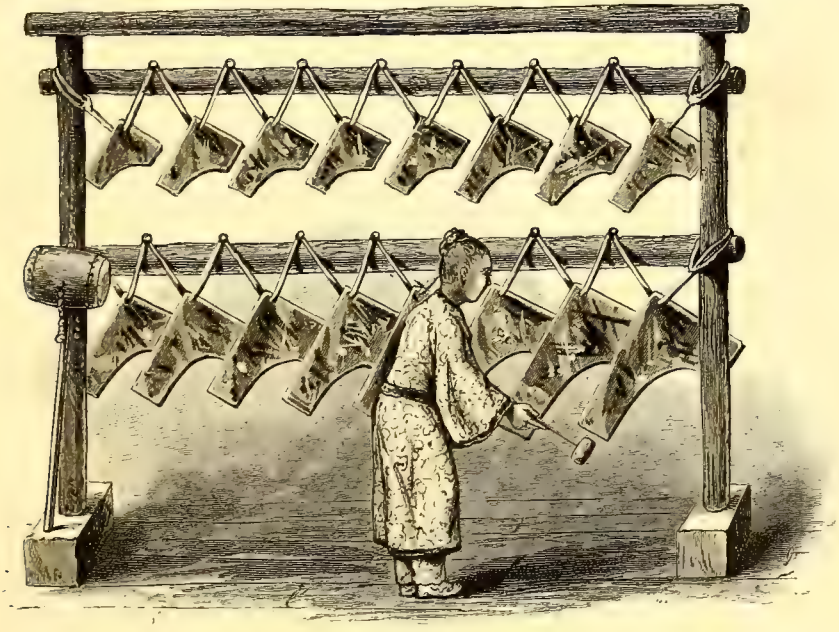
A CHINESE DRUMMER, AND THE *hiuen-kou*.

place,—one at the southwest, another at the northeast, another at the north, and so on."

"That is the most curious part of all. In their instruments they seem to have anticipated the invention of many of our instruments, by some thousands of years, but, having once invented them, they never seem to have tried to perfect them. It is characteristic of these people to pause at the threshold of great discoveries. Take the organ, for example; the Chinese knew the principle of the reed-organ 4,500 years ago, and to-day know no more than they did then."

"What is their organ like?" eagerly asked Arthur.

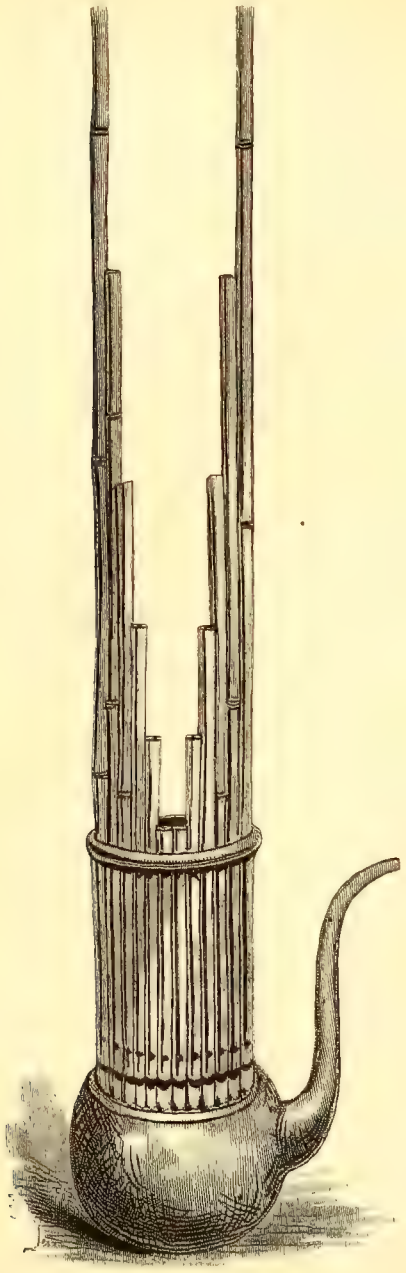
"I 'll show you. But don't expect to see a large church-organ." And Uncle Herbert went upstairs to his room, whence he immediately returned with a bundle of papers. "Here is a drawing of the Chinese organ or *cheng*. It has usually twenty-four pipes of bamboo, which are inserted in the gourd of a calabash. In each of these pipes is a reed or tongue of gold or copper, which, by its vibration, causes the sound, as in our cabinet organs; beneath this reed a hole is made in the bamboo, and when this hole is left open the air rushes out through it without making any sound; but when it is closed, by placing a finger upon it, the breath is forced up the tube, compelling the reed to vibrate, and give out an agreeable sound. It seems incredible that, with such an instrument,



A CHINESE BELL-RINGER PRACTICING ON THE *king*.

"But what instruments do they use?" asked the mother. "Are they at all like ours?"

the Chinese should not have added harmony to their melodies, but they never have.



CHINESE ORGAN, OR *cheng*.

"Do they use pianos?" asked Arthur.

"They have an instrument whose tones are somewhat like those of a piano or harp. It is called the *kin*, and consists of silken cords, stretched along a sounding-board. There are various sizes of this instrument, the largest of which is called the *che*; it is sometimes nine feet long, and has twenty-five strings. Here is a picture of a performer on the *che*."

"What is the other man doing with the little box?" asked both of the children, with much curiosity.

"That is n't a box," replied Uncle Herbert;



LITTLE *tao-kou*, OR DRUM ON A STICK.

"it is a sort of drum called the *po-sou*, and he is playing it, in the customary manner, with his hands; it is filled with grains of rice, which make it sound somewhat like a baby's rattle when it is struck."

"Well, I think the Chinese don't touch us on drums," said Arthur. "Our smallest toy drums would beat that."

"Wait a bit," said Uncle Herbert. "You have only seen one kind. These 'celestials' have eight sorts, some of which are, in every sense of the word, hard to beat. Here are two in this old picture, which was made by a missionary, a hundred and fifty years ago. The large drum is called the *Hiuen-Kou*, and is to be struck heavily; two small ones are suspended from the sides and are struck lightly, as accompaniment to the big one. They have different names, according to the side they hang on. The little drum on a stick is the little *Tao-kou*, and has a string running through it which hangs down on each side, ending in knots or balls. It is played at funerals, and also in concerts, to announce the end and beginning of various divisions of the music. Sometimes, it is held in the left hand and struck with the right, and sometimes it is twirled in the hands, and this causes the knots to rap against the faces of the drum."

"Do they play in church the organ that you showed us?" asked Maud.

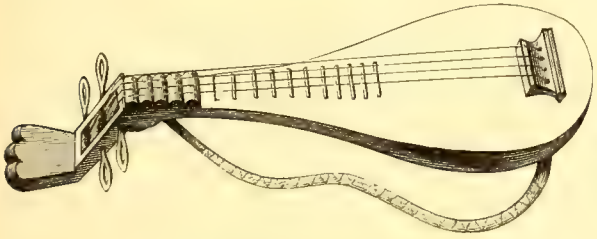
"Oh, no! They like the organ to dance by best. Their grandest religious ceremony is usually accompanied by several instruments; but the most important of these is an expensive instrument, called the *King*. It is made of stones cut in proper shapes and finely polished; these are hung on a frame and struck with a wooden mallet. The stones, which are very valuable and of beautiful colors, are found near the river-banks in the province of Yun-nan. The picture of a man practicing on the *king* might remind one of the Swiss bell-ringers and their apparatus."

"Why, all these instruments seem ingenious and musical," said mother.

"They would be, if they were played in our style; but the Chinese love to add all possible clatter and din to the tune. Gongs, drums, trumpets, and bells, serve to drown the melody. At the beginning and end of each piece, a meaningless clatter of sticks and wooden utensils is kept up. Here, for instance, is the *Tchu*, which is only a mallet fastened in a wooden box, and which is sounded by a person putting his hand through the hole and giving it a pull. It only gives an irregular 'rat-tat-tat' against the sides of the box; but that increases the noise, and therefore pleases the audience. In addition to this, each of these instruments is dear to them on account of the legends and symbolical meanings which have been attached to it. Even this wooden box, the *Tchu*, is supposed to typify the advantages of social intercourse."



PERFORMERS ON THE *che* AND *po-sou*.

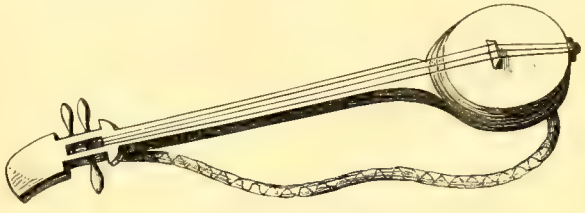


gut-komm, OR CHINESE GUITAR.

"But do the Chinese ever use any of our instruments?" said mother, now greatly interested.

"The violin they are rather fond of, and the flute. But they like our music-boxes best of all; so much so, that the manufacturers in Switzerland make boxes with Chinese tunes, expressly for that market, and great numbers are sold in China. Some Chinese are fond of the piano; and so are the people of Japan, where many music-boxes and pianos are sold, the empress herself being a very good pianist. But, after all, music-boxes are liked everywhere; even in the very heart of Africa, travelers have found that it is a sure road to the favor of a chief to give him a music-box.

"Then, too, they have the *gut-komm*, which is the Chinese guitar, and is not very different from some of our own stringed instruments; and here is the *samm-jin*, or *samm-sin*, which, as you see, is a much more primitive instrument. It appears to bear about the same relation to the



samm-jin, OR CHINESE BANJO.

gut-komm that our banjo does to the guitar. As the picture indicates, it has three strings of catgut.

"It is probable that neither of these two instruments is of Chinese origin, but that both came to China from India. The *samm-jin* is also a favorite



ty, OR CHINESE FLUTE.

in Japan, and it is certainly to be found in the wedding outfit of every bride.

"The *ty* is a good example of the kind of flutes used by the Chinese. It is made of bamboo, and has three embouchures, or breathing-holes, instead of one, as our flute has.

"One of the harshest of all Chinese instruments, whose sound is sufficient to set one's teeth on edge, is the fiddle of two strings. It had, like the *samm-jin*, an Indian origin. The small sounding-board is made of the skin of the gazelle, and the strings are made of the intestines of that animal.

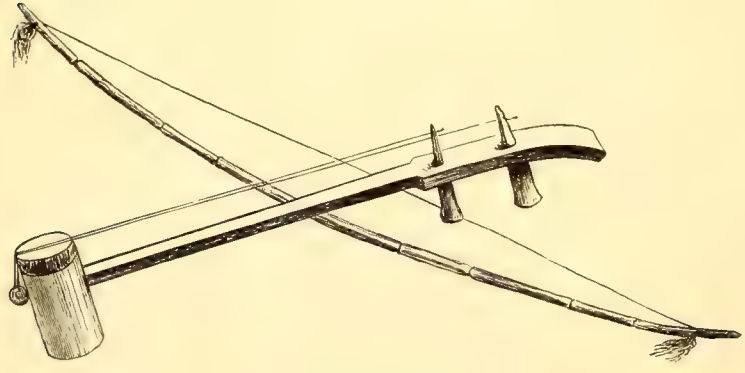
"All of you will remember the excruciating toy which the boys invented a short time ago, and which consisted of a waxed string drawn through a tin box. Well, the small sounding-board of this instrument looks like that unpleasant toy, and its tones bring it to mind yet more forcibly."

"How do they write their music?" asked Arthur, memories of the difficulties in reading bass notes coming over him.

"They have one of their letters or hieroglyphs for each note."

"And wont they ever like our beautiful compositions?" was Maud's pitying question.

"It 's not very probable, though occasionally an enthusiast rises among them. In the year 1678 or '79 the emperor, Kang-Hi, became infatuated with



FIDDLE OF TWO STRINGS.

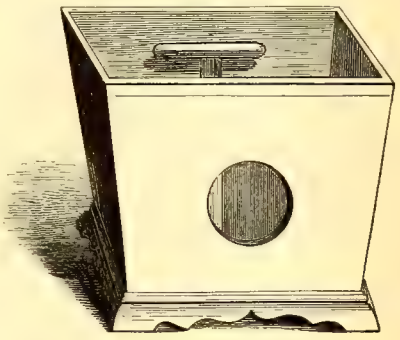
European music. He studied it himself from the missionaries; he made his courtiers study it; he wrote a book about it; and he made his musicians play it; but at last he saw that everybody was bored, and desisted from forcing our gentle music upon the poor Chinese."

The clock here joined in the conversation by striking ten.

"Why, we are an hour beyond bed-time!" anxiously exclaimed mother; "shall we hear the rest to-morrow?"

"There is no 'rest,'" said Uncle Herbert. "I have given you all I can think of on the subject, that the young heads can take in; so this evening's history is done."

That night, Arthur dreamt that he was entertaining the emperor of China with variations of "Pinafore" played on the *king*, and his mother was aroused late at night by his pounding on the wall during his imaginary performance. But the music lessons improved, and many an evening the party gathered in the library to hear the music of various nations, as Uncle Herbert had heard it in his travels.



THE *tchu*.

The crisis of dullness in the musical studies soon passed away, and, before Uncle Herbert went back to Hong-Kong, he saw his niece and nephew working with zeal and pleasure at a study which, for a short time, had become irksome.

Yet it did fret them both, a little, that their piano was not a better one. Their mother did not feel able to purchase a new one for them.. However, their affection and good sense would not allow them to complain.

The week before their uncle's departure was a busy one, musically, for them both; there was to

be a school exhibition in the town-hall, and Maud was asked to perform the sixth of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words," and Arthur, Mozart's Sonata in C major. How they felt as they came before the large audience! but, as Maud said: "I saw Uncle Herbert looking at me nervously, and I made up my mind that I would show him I had been studying hard, at least." And both pieces went gloriously; so that their playmates, Edith and Harry Somers, asked: "Did you practice those pieces altogether on your own piano?" Neither of them heeded much the implied slur on their little upright; but they cared much less for the remark when, after a day's ramble with their uncle, they came home hurriedly to practice, and found the old piano gone, and in its place a new grand-piano, with a large card on the music-rack, which bore the inscription:

"*To Maud and Arthur Parkbourne, in memory of the pleasant musical chats with*

"*Uncle Herbert.*"

BLODGET'S ORDERS.

By George Klingle.

Grand Auntie von Tiezle had ordered the great family coach and partaken of luncheon, and, at one by the clock, sat wrapped in her tippets and flappets, for her grand nieces, the darlings, the treasures, had put their pretty heads together, and for what? Why, that the great family coach, with Vixen and Spanker, should be ordered to take them a ride.

What a tour they would make! Since Grand Auntie von Tiezle came in possession of the great coach, no such marvelous route had been projected. In fact, why should it have been? Were not Spanker and Vixen creatures of blood and mettle? Was not the coach a marvel of beauty and polish? Was not Grand Auntie von Tiezle herself given to cramps and stitches, and were any of the three to be trifled with?

But it was plain there was a new leaf to be turned with the coming in of the new year. Nothing was surer than that Grand Auntie von Tiezle had ordered the coach for one o'clock, and that Bradley, the butler, had been given to understand that nobody need be expected till the clock struck five—and who could tell what to make of it?

Grand Auntie von Tiezle and her nieces were cushioned in the great coach. Each heart was in a flutter; each tongue was all a clatter; each horse was at a scamper, and the wheels flew round.

Grand Auntie von Tiezle was not certain about the time it would take to reach Crimpton; it was usually considered a drive of an hour; everybody thought an hour was not long, and began glancing to the right and to the left, to the left and to the right, to note the progress on the road. Everybody glanced carelessly, then more carefully, then leaned forward in astonishment. Everybody turned to look at everybody, for the coach, at that moment, was dashing past Grand Auntie von Tiezle's own mansion, which they had left with Bradley and the maid servants, and had believed to be a mile away!

"It is strange! It is odd! It is past understanding!" chimed three young voices.

"Quite remarkable," said Grand Auntie von Tiezle, lying back in the flying coach; and they whisked around a corner; went a block and whisked again around a corner, and, in a trifle of time, were again dashing past Grand Auntie von Tiezle's own mansion!

Astonishment sat on every face.

"What can be the matter? What can the driver be doing? What can he be dreaming of?"

Impatience mingled with dismay as the horses flew along, dust blew up, and the sashes were at a clatter, and Blodget sat, tall and serene, driving Spanker and Vixen on apace.

Would Grand Auntie von Tiezle ever speak to him? Would she ever ask him? Would she ever do anything but say: "It is rather odd!"

"It is vexatious! It is outrageous!"

Grand Auntie von Tiezle looked in perfect dismay as she heard the exclamations from her nieces.

"You are on the way to Crimpton, are you not, my dears? It seems you are in need of patience."

"In need of patience? On the way to Crimpton? Why, Auntie von Tiezle, we are this minute but passing, for the fortieth time, the house from which we started."

"Ah!" said Auntie von Tiezle, looking provokingly through her glasses. "Possibly, it is all right, my dears. Blodget has his orders: he understands the lines——."

"But the road, Auntie dear, the road!"

"The road? Ah, yes, it is all correct: it is some miles to Crimpton; I told Blodget to drive as fast as he dared."

"But he has not started; he is yet at your door!"

"Yes? Well, he will turn the corner in a moment. You see, the roads are poor a mile beyond, and I told Blodget to drive the proper number of miles around the block, for I wanted him to get to Crimpton by a smooth and easy way."

Nobody could speak. Astonishment was giving way to fear. Had Auntie von Tiezle and the driver on the box gone mad? But she continued, quite sanely: "It is foolish, you know, my dears, to do things by hard ways; it is silly to drive over rough roads when you can fly over smooth ones."

"We have lost our New Year's frolic! We have lost our ride to Crimpton!" cried the voices.

"Silly dears! We are riding right along."

"But the road; there is a right road; there is only one way that leads to Crimpton!"

"There is only one way? Ah! How? The real road, the right road! Then we must take the right road, must we? Then it will not do to go by easy ways, smooth ways, our own ways?"

"Oh, you wicked, teasing Auntie!" chimed the voices. "You mean to show us ——"

"That if you mean to do anything this year you must not think about it, talk about it ——"

"We see it all now—we understand it all now."

"Do you want to acquire knowledge? Then do not talk of books, and sigh over the covers, and glance at the first page and the last page, and hope to get over the difficulties, simply by riding around the block. Great men have found it hard to tug over! Choose where you wish to go this year, and get on the road. Do you want to learn to be patient, gentle, Christlike? make haste and get on the road,—not some easy, smooth, round-the-block road, but the real, right road; beware this year of riding round the block when you want to get to Crimpton."

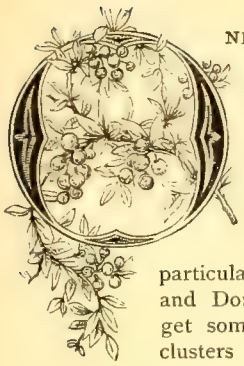
Then everybody understood all about it, and Auntie von Tiezle was not mad, and the girls protested that they would not ride around the block this year, but get on roads that led somewhere. Then Blodget had new orders, and the wheels flew around, and the dust blew about, and on before went Spanker and Vixen, and everybody knows, of course, that they were at last on the right road to Crimpton, and what 's more, they got there!



WHICH WILL GET IT? TIME WILL TELL.

THE SPRIG OF HOLLY.

By Frank R. Stockton.



One Christmas, there was a great scarcity of holly in that part of the country where Colin and his little sister Dora lived. Everybody decorated their houses with Christmas greens, and as holly-branches and berries were particular favorites that year, Colin and Dora wished very much to get some to put up among the clusters of evergreens which their father had arranged over the big fire-place in their parlor at home. But not a leaf or sprig of holly could they find.

"I tell you, Dora," said Colin, "we are too late. All the people have been out here, and have picked every bit of holly they could see. We ought not to have waited so long. It is almost Christmas now, and of course the persons who wanted holly came and got it a good while ago. I know one thing: I'm not going to put off picking holly, next year. I'm coming out into the woods before anybody else."

"Yes, indeed," said little Dora.

They wanted so much to find some holly, that they did not give up the search, although they had been wandering about so long. They had found an evergreen bush with some berries on it; but it was not holly. All at once, Colin saw a fine twig of holly, with several great leaves and some berries as red as ripe cherries, waving gently about by the side of a great tree. It seemed as if it must be the only sprig on some little bush.

Without saying a word, Colin dashed forward toward the big tree, followed closely by little Dora; but when they reached the holly, they found that it was not on a bush at all, but was held by a little dwarf, who had been waving it over his head to attract their attention.

"Hello!" cried the dwarf. "Don't you want a nice sprig of holly?"

Colin did not answer at first. He was too much astonished, and as for Dora, she just stood close to her brother, holding tight to his hand. The dwarf did not appear to be big enough to do them any harm, but he was such a strange creature that it is no wonder Colin hesitated before speaking to him. He wore a high cap, a funny little coat, and his breeches and shoes and stockings were all in one piece and fitted very tightly indeed.

"You do want some holly, don't you?" he said.

"Yes," said Colin, "I want some very much. We have been looking everywhere for it, but could n't find a bit."

"There is n't any more than this," said the dwarf. "This is the last sprig in the whole forest. And it 's splendid, too. There 's been no holly like it in this country for years and years and years. Look what big leaves it has, and see how bright and shiny they are, and what a fine bunch of berries is on it! It 's very different from that piece of bush you have in your hand. That 's not holly."

"I know it is n't," said Colin, "but I thought it might do, perhaps, if we did n't find any real holly."

"But it wont do," said the dwarf. "Nothing will do for holly but holly. That 's been settled long ago. You can have this, if you 'll pay me for it."

"How much do you want?" asked Colin.

"One year of your life," said the dwarf.

If Colin and Dora were astonished before, they were ever so much more astonished now.

"Why—what do you mean by that?" stammered Colin.

"I mean," said the dwarf, "that for one year you are to belong to me, and do everything I tell you to do."

"I wont do that," said Colin, who had now recovered his spirits. "It 's too much to ask."

"Yes, indeed," said little Dora, clinging closer to her brother.

"Well, then," said the dwarf, "what do you say to six months? I will let you have the sprig for six months of your life."

"No," answered Colin, "that 's too much, too."

"How would a month suit you?" asked the dwarf. "That 's not a long time."

"Indeed it *is* a long time," answered Colin. "I should think it was a dreadfully long time, if I had to do everything you told me to do, for a month."

"Yes, indeed" said little Dora.

"Well, then," said the dwarf, "suppose I say a week. Nothing could be more reasonable than that. I 'll let you have this splendid sprig of holly,—the only one you can get anywhere,—if you will agree to belong to me for only one week."

"No," said Colin.

"A day, then," said the dwarf. "I 'll let you have it if you 'll be mine for one day."

Colin did not answer. He stopped to think.

What could the dwarf want with him for one day? He might tell him to do something very hard and very wrong. Perhaps he would make him commit a burglary. That could be done in less than a day.

While this conversation was going on, two little dwarfs, much smaller than the one with the holly-sprig, were crouching behind a mound of earth on which the larger dwarf was standing, and endeavoring, in all sorts of ways, to catch Dora's eye. They had a doll-baby, which they held up between them, trying to make her look at it. They seemed unwilling to show themselves boldly, probably because they were afraid of the larger dwarf; but they whispered, as loud as they dared:

"Oh, little girl, don't you want this doll? It 's a splendid one, with wiggle-y legs and arms. You can have it for just one year of your life. Or, if you will be ours for six months, you can take it. Look at it! You can have it for just one month of your life. Or a week—a short, little week!"

But neither Dora nor Colin saw or heard these earnest little creatures, and directly Colin looked up and said:

"No, I wont agree to it for a day."

"Well, then," said the dwarf, "I wont be hard on you. Will you agree to an hour?"

Colin thought that in an hour he might be made to do something he did n't like at all. Nobody could tell what these dwarfs could set a boy to doing. So he said:

"No, not an hour."

"A minute, then," said the dwarf.

Colin hesitated. That was not a long time, but he might be made to fire a gun or do something very dangerous in a minute.



"THIS IS THE LAST SPRIG IN THE WHOLE FOREST."

"No, sir," said he.

"A second?" cried the dwarf.

"I might strike Dora in a second," thought Colin, and he sung out:

"No, I wont."

"Well, then, will you take it for nothing?" asked the dwarf.

"Oh, yes," said Colin. "I 'll take it for nothing."

"Here it is," said the dwarf, "and I am very glad, indeed, to give it to you."

"Well!" exclaimed Colin, in surprise. "You are a curious fellow! But I 'm very glad to get the holly. We 're ever so much obliged."

"Yes, indeed," said Dora, and she fairly jumped for joy.

The two little dwarfs were now nearly frantic in their endeavors to make Dora look at their doll. They still were afraid to call out, but they whispered as loud as they could:

"Oh, ho! little girl! Look here! You can have this doll for one short week of your life. For a day! For an hour! One minute! A second! Half a second! For one millionth part of a second! For the twenty-millionth part of a half second! Or for nothing at all! You can have it for nothing!"

But Dora heard not a word that they said, and never looked at them.

"Why are you so glad to give me the holly?" said Colin to the dwarf. "And if you wanted me to have it, why did n't you give it to me at first?"

"Oh, I could n't do that," said the little fellow. "We always have to try to get all the work we can out of the boys we offer that holly to, and I 'm glad you did n't make a bargain, because, if you had, I don't know what in the world I should have set you to doing. I offered it to a boy last year, and he agreed to do what I told him for six months. He would n't engage for longer than that, for his summer holidays would begin at the end of that time. And I know he thought he 'd rather work for me than go to school. Well, I had a dreadful time with that boy. After the first week or two, I could n't think of a thing for him to do. He had done everything that I wanted. I would tell him to go and play, and he would come back in an hour or two, and say, 'I 've done playing; what shall I do next?' And then I 'd have to shake my fist at him, and look as cross as I could, and tell him that if he did n't go play and stay playing, I would do something dreadful to him. But of course that sort of thing would n't do very long, and so I had to find work for him until his time was up. It nearly wore me out. I think that if he had agreed for a year, it would have driven me crazy."

"But how did you come to have the holly-sprig, if this boy earned it?" asked Colin.

"Oh, the first thing I told him to do, after his bargain was made, was to give me back that holly. We have to do that, or else we could n't keep on hiring boys."

"I call that cheating," said Colin.

"Yes, indeed," said little Dora.

"I suppose it is," said the dwarf, "if you look at it in a certain light. But we wont talk about that now. You have the holly-sprig, and I have no right to ask you to give it back to me. You can take it home, and I shall never see it again. Hurrah! Good-bye!"

And he made one jump backward, behind the big tree, and was gone.

Colin and Dora now hurried home, very happy, indeed, for no such sprig of holly had they ever seen as this which the dwarf had given them. It would look splendidly over the fire-place!

The two little dwarfs ran after them as fast as they could.

"Where had we got to?" said one to the other, just as they caught up to Colin and Dora.

"We were at 'nothing,'" said the other.

"All right, then, we wont go back on the bargain."

Then they both ran in front of the children, and holding up the doll between them, they called out:

"Little girl! will you have this doll for nothing?"

Colin and Dora stopped short. This was truly a most astonishing sight.

"Look at its legs and arms," said the larger dwarf. "See how they wiggle! You can make it sit down. Will you take it for nothing?"

Dora did not hesitate.

"Yes, indeed," said she.

Thrusting the doll into her hands, the two little dwarfs gave a wild shout, and rushed away, with the little tails which they had to their bonnets waving in the wind as they ran.

The children then hurried home as fast as they could, and when they had told their story and shown their gifts, great was the surprise and delight of everybody; for no one had ever seen such a large-leaved and bright-berried sprig of holly as the one the dwarf gave Colin, or so fine a doll, with such remarkably wiggle-y arms and legs, as the one the little dwarfs gave Dora.

"The thing that pleases me most about it all," said their father, "is Colin's steady refusal to make a rash bargain, even for a very short time. Colin, my boy, I think you are to be trusted."

"Yes, indeed," said little Dora, hugging her doll, and looking proudly into her brother's face.

AMONG THE LAKES.

(A Farm-house Story.)

By WILLIAM O. STODDARD, AUTHOR OF "DAB KINZER," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

"IT 'S only a good swim, Uncle Liph," Piney shouted, as he struck out vigorously toward the drifting boat that held the little ones. "I 'll push them ashore all right. It 's fun."

"Piney 's comin'," laughed Chub, in great glee. "He 's s'immin'. See Piney s'im!"

"O, Roxy!" exclaimed Susie; "he wont be drowned, will he?"

"Oh no," said Roxy; "Piney learned how to swim, ever so long ago. Before he ever went into the water. He wont get drowned."

There was reason to doubt a part of that, but Roxy's confidence in her big brother was almost unbounded, and her little face grew serene and smiling as he came nearer and nearer.

"O, Piney," she said, "why did n't you bring the oars? Then I could have rowed the boat."

"O," said Piney, "you can row 'most as well without them. Sit still. I 'll take you home safe."

It was easy enough to turn the head of the scow toward the shore, and to shove it along over the water. Even Susie began to think it was a very nice bit of fun, and Chub shouted at the top of his voice. As for Roxy, there was a thought creeping into her mind as to what she should say to her mother and Aunt Keziah, and she did not utter a word till they reached the landing.

"Here they are," said Piney, as he shoved the scow to place and hooked the chain to the post again. "I guess I 'd better put the padlock on."

"I 'll never do it again," said Roxy. "I just wanted to teach Susie how to row."

"And so you did n't take any oars," said Grandfather Hunter.

Piney's mother had caught Chub in her arms, and Aunt Sarah was hugging Susie, and poor Roxy looked so crest-fallen that Aunt Keziah said to her: "Come, dear, get out of the boat. You 're a naughty girl, but I wont scold you. You and Susie may go to the garden and pick some strawberries for supper. Aint you glad Piney was at home?"

"O, Aunt Keziah, Piney always comes just in time."

"After all," said Uncle Liph, "it 's a good sort of a lesson in more ways than one. Bayard, you must go in swimming every day while we 're here. I want to see you outswim Richard."

"He 'll never learn with his clothes on," said Piney, merrily. "Now, I think I 'll go and change mine. It 's the best kind of fun. Is n't it, Bi?"

"Yes," said Bayard, doubtfully; "but you 're the wettest boy I ever saw."

Piney hurried away into the house, to put on his other clothes, and Roxy's mother scolded her a little before she let her and Susie go to the kitchen for their strawberry baskets, accompanied by Aunt Keziah.

Grandfather Hunter was pretty tired, after his long ride, especially as he had hurried a good deal when he heard the outcry about the children, and he and Uncle Liph went and sat down on the front piazza. As for Aunt Sarah and Cousin Mary, they set out for a walk along the lake shore and carried Chub with them, so that Bayard was left alone. He stood, for a few minutes, looking at the boat. Then he threw a stone, as far as he could, into the water, and said to himself:

"I wonder how far Cousin Richard could throw a stone. That is, without a sling or anything like that. There is n't any chance to throw stones in the city. No more than there is to swim."

Then he looked all over himself, and there was no denying that he was a much neater-looking and much better dressed boy than Piney Hunter. Especially, considering that he was dry from head to foot.

It is not easy for one boy to give up that another is his superior in any way, and, certainly, Bayard Hunter had not been used to having a small opinion of himself.

He turned away from the shore and sauntered across the lawn.

There was a boy coming along, just then, from the other way, and the first that Bayard knew of it was:

"Hullo!"

"Hullo!" said Bayard, as he turned around and looked at the new-comer, and he could not help saying to himself:

"If Cousin Richard is too fat, this fellow 's as thin as a chicken. What a peaked face!"

"I say, are you Piney Hunter's cousin? From the city?"

"Yes. My name is Bayard Hunter. Richard is my cousin."

"Yes, that 's his name. Only we all call him

Piney. Is that the kind of hat they wear in the city?"

"Well, yes, it 's my hat."

"I guessed it was. I 'm Kyle Wilbur. I live in that house over yonder. Our farm joins on to Aunt Keziah's. Have you heard Piney speak his piece?"

"Speak his piece?"

"Yes, for the Academy Exhibition. If he does n't forget the last half of it he 'll do it up tiptop. Don't you wish you was as good-lookin' a feller as he is?"

"Call him good-looking?"

"I 'd say so. I 'd give anything to weigh what he does. Did you see the pickerel he killed?"

"With his bow and arrow? Yes, I saw that."

"It 's a big one, aint it? Tell you what, I helped him do that. I paddled the boat. You ought to have seen him go over into the water. But he never let go of that pickerel. He 'd have got away from a feller like you in a jiffy."

"Could you have caught him?"

"Course I could, if I 'd have shot him and got a good hold on him. That 's the trouble. Piney always seems to get a good hold when he goes for anything."

"Does he?" asked Bayard.

"Yes, he does. How long are you and your folks going to stay here?"

"Oh, I don't know. A good while."

"Hope you will. Piney 's just the kind of feller I 'd like to visit with. 'Specially if I 'd been brought up in the city and did n't know much. I 'll see you ag'in. I 'm goin' to the village, now. If you go after Piney's cows with him, you just look sharp after that brindled heifer of his'n. She does n't take kindly to strangers."

And, so saying, Kyle Wilbur shut his mouth hard, as if to keep himself from talking any more, and hurried away down the road.

Bayard laughed, and then walked toward the lake. Piney came there also, and before long he was giving his city cousin a pull in the old scow.

"We wont forget to put the oars in," he said, as they pushed away from the landing. "There is n't anybody handy to swim out after us. It 's too late, or we might try for some fish. But then we 'll have plenty of that while you 're here."

"Next week?"

"Yes, and more the week after. School does n't close till a week from to-day. It 'll be Examination next Friday. You know what that is, I suppose."

"Guess I do. What are you to be examined in?"

Piney told him, and Bi's respect for his cousin rose a good deal before they finished their mutual account of the books they were at work on.

Still, it was comforting to Bi to find that he was "ahead" in the study line. There was more of some things to be had, ready made, in the city than in the country. All of Piney's advantage was likely to be in the sort of things he had not learned at the academy.

The supper-hour came, and the boys were back in time for that. So were Roxy and Susie, with their strawberries, and the former gravely remarked, shortly after they were seated at the table:

"O, Aunt Keziah, I 've something dreadful to tell."

"What is it, Roxy?"

"It 's a hornet's nest. Only think of it!"

"That 's so," said Piney. "It 's in the apple-tree at the further end of the garden; I saw it. It 's a hanging nest."

"I 'm glad they 've never stung any of you," said his mother. "Is it a very large one?"

"Pretty large. But nobody ever goes up there."

"What will you do with them?" asked Grandpa.

"Let 'em alone, unless they get troublesome. I want to get the nest whole. It 's a splendid one."

"I see. I see," said his grandfather. "Get it without breaking it and send it to me."

"That 's what I meant to do."

"I 'd as lief have it as a fresh pair of deer-horns, or almost anything else. But you must n't let them sting you."

"I wont, if I can help it. But Roxy and Susie had better keep away from it."

"Do you hear that, Roxy?" asked Aunt Keziah.

"Yes, ma'am," said Roxy; "but if Piney does n't shoot the hornets, they wont let him have the nest."

"He 'd better shoot fish," said Uncle Liph, who was eating one of those Piney and Kyle had caught in the morning. "When are we to have his big pickerel?"

"Oh," said Roxy, "Aunt Keziah said we were to have that for breakfast. Only it wont be enough, and we 've saved some of the little fish to go with it. You 're to eat the pickerel."

"What, the whole of him?"

"Oh no; his head 's been cut off——"

"And 'oo must n't eat de bones," said Chub. "Dey 'll toke 'oo."

"Choke me, would they? Well, then, I 'll be careful. What are you going to do after supper, Richard?"

"Go for the cows, sir."

"Shall I go with him, father?" asked Bayard.

"I 'm not too tired."

"Yes, certainly," said his father; "only be careful how you approach the brindled heifer that Roxy has been telling me about."

"Guess I 'm not to be scared by any cow." proudly replied Bi, his face flushing a little.

CHAPTER VIII.

THERE were woods and rocks on the hill, away back behind the farm-house, the barns and the hay-ricks. Through the barn-yard back gate and up the hillside, running along the edge of the woods till it turned up and went over the hill, was a sort of lane, with a fence on each side. It led over the hill to a great, green pasture-lot beyond, sloping down to the bank of the little river that joined the lakes.

It was good pasture land, as Piney told Bi, but there were great boulders of rock scattered here and there over it, and it would not have done so well for wheat, or corn, or potatoes.

The sun was still more than half an hour high when, after supper, the two boys set out for the pasture. It was Piney's regular business, but it was all new to Bi, and he enjoyed it more than he would have said anything about. The long lane was not kept up at all like a city street. Just back of the barn-yard it was lined, for several rods, with "choke" cherry-trees. There were none of them very large. Hardly more than good, tall bushes. Beyond that, were some sumac bushes with their bright red ornaments. Burdocks and big bull-thistles grew everywhere, and Piney pointed out milk-weed and scoke-root and a dozen other plants. He seemed to know them all and what they were good for.

"They don't do any harm in the lane," he said, in answer to a question of Bayard's, "but they are a great bother in some parts of the farm."

"Can't you kill them out?" asked Bi.

"They don't die easy. If you killed them all, this year, they 'd come up again next spring, just as if nothing had happened."



"WHAT A TOSS THAT WAS!"

They had been walking along past the woods as they talked, and had stopped a dozen times to look at things, but just now they were close by the bars leading into the pasture. Some of the cows were in sight, but instead of quietly feeding, they were beginning to move around and even to trot along towards the bars.

"Co' boss! Co' boss! Co' boss!" shouted Piney, at the top of his voice, as he let down the bars.

"Do they come when you call?" asked Bi.

"Patty does, and Lady Washington, and the rest follow. There they come. Where 's Patty? There comes the old lady; but how queerly she is acting! Well, I declare!"

"What 's the matter?"

"Matter? Why, it 's Bill Young's yellow dog. He just loves to worry cows. I believe he 's a sheep-killer, too. I 'll give him a charge of buck-shot some day, if he does n't keep out of our pasture. See him, now!"

Some half a dozen cows were coming rather hurriedly along the hill-side, towards the bars, but two more were coming more slowly in the rear.

"Come on, Bi," said Piney, as he started forward, "Patty has turned on him. She never ran

from a dog in her life,—nor from anything else. She 's my pet heifer; I raised her from a calf. She 'll follow me anywhere."

Piney did not add, as he might have done, that he was the only living being of her acquaintance to whom "the brindled heifer" did not sometimes show signs of her uncertain "temper." She was, very decidedly, not a cow to be trifled with.

It may have been that one of the reasons why Lady Washington herself, the best and most peaceful of milkers, walked on so composedly, was because of her confidence in Patty.

A noble-looking cow was the "Lady," with a mild, motherly face and a dignified manner of marching, as if she knew her owner would not have traded her for any other four cows in the valley.

Piney and Bi hurried forward.

"Hush!" said Piney, "let 's see what he 'll do. He is trying to dodge past Patty."

A big, ungainly, mongrel sort of dog was that of Bill Young. Nobody in the world would have given five cents for him; but he was just the kind of dog to make trouble, for all that.

He was barking furiously at the brindled heifer, who was facing him with her head down, and her sharp, black horns moving to and fro in a very dangerous-looking way.

"I would n't care to have her hook me," said Bi.

"Guess you would n't," said Piney. "That dog wont, either, if she gets a chance at him. There!"

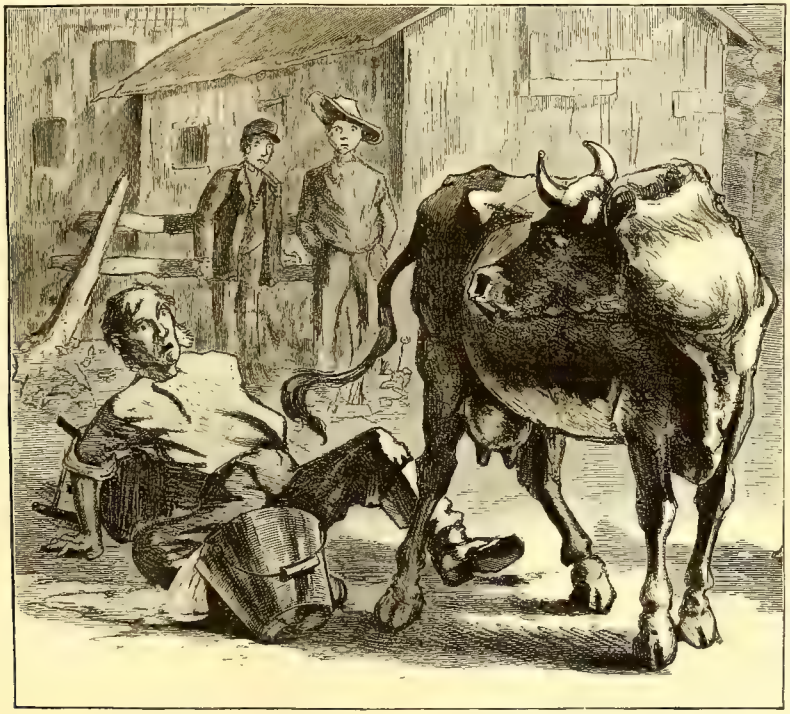
"Hurrah for her!" shouted Bi.

The yellow dog had made a sudden jump and rush, as if he meant to make a charge on the other cows, especially the Lady, but Patty was too quick for him. Bi had never imagined any cow could be so quick as that.

Her horns did not strike him with their points, or it would have been very bad for him indeed, but they passed under him as he jumped.

What a toss that was!

The next instant the yellow dog was flying through the air, clean over the back of the brindled heifer, and he fell crashing into a clump of huckleberry bushes. Perhaps he would have been worse hurt if the bushes had not broken his fall, but the moment he was on his feet he ran as if for his life, yelping piteously.



"PATTY HAD GIVEN THE MILK-STOOL ONE KICK AND THE PAIL ANOTHER."

Bi sent after him a stone he had picked up, but the dog was running too fast for even Piney to

have made a good throw at him. Still, it helped Bi to express his feelings and show which side he was on.

Piney hardly looked after the dog, but walked up to Patty, saying: "So, so! Patty. You 're the cow for me. Come, now, stop shaking your head. He 's gone."

Patty answered with a sort of subdued bellow, that said a good deal for her state of mind. She was evidently quite ready for another dog, and did not care a wisp of hay how soon he should come to be tossed. Still, she submitted to be patted and praised by her young master, and even allowed Bi himself to make her acquaintance. He certainly complimented her warmly, and she would have been a very ungrateful cow to have shaken her tapering horns at him.

The brindled heifer was a much more slender and graceful creature than Lady Washington, but, as Piney explained: "Nothing like so good a milker. We 'd have sold her, long ago, if she had n't been a kind of pet."

"Then, too," said Bi, "she 's wonderfully good for stray dogs."

"Guess that dog does n't think so. I wish Bill Young had seen him fly. Come, Patty, the Lady is at the bars. The rest are half-way to the barn.

Patty was a brisk walker, and they soon caught up with the others; but nothing more happened until they reached the barn-yard.

The sun was down, it would soon be dark, and all those cows were to be milked.

Ann and one of the hired men were waiting to attend to the business, and there, too, were Roxy, and Susie, and Chub.

"I wont milk, Susie," said Roxy. "I 'll stand with you and show you how they do it."

"Do you ever milk the cows?"

"Oh, I milked one, once, but I did n't get any milk."

"Not a bit, did n't you?"

"No, not a bit. Ann said it was because that cow 'd been milked."

"Does she know all about cows?"

"Guess she does. She 's milking our Lady Washington, now. That's the biggest milk-pail we 've got."

"Aunt Keziah said we were to have all we wanted, when they brought it in."

"Just as much as we can drink. You don't have any cows, do you?"

"No, but the milkman comes."

"Does he bring it in a pail?"

"No, in a wagon. He comes early in the morning, before we 're up."

"Is it real milk?"

"Yes, father says so. That is, he said he guessed there was milk in it."

"Ours is real milk; 'cause we 've got the real cows. They 're all real."

So they were, but the hired man was trying to get Patty to stand still for him, just then, and was not succeeding any too well. At last the brindled heifer quieted her angry mind a little, and the pail was filling rapidly when Roxy said to Susie:

"That 's Piney's pet heifer. She does anything he wants. She likes me, too. Just see me speak to her."

Roxy tripped forward and put her little hand on the heifer's neck, saying:

"Pretty Patty. Good cow. Nice cow."

But Patty not only shook her head in an unpleasant sort of way, she struck out vigorously with her hind feet.

Before Roxy could jump back and scream, the hired man was rolling on the ground with a shower of new milk flying all over him. Patty had given the milk-stool one kick and the pail another; but nobody was hurt.

"Did she take him for a dog?" asked Bi.

"Guess not," said Piney. "I ought to have milked her, to-night. Sometimes she wont stand still for anybody else."

"Oh, Roxy," exclaimed Susie, "are you hurt?"

"Not a bit," said Roxy, "but she 's kicked over the milk."

"It 's your fault," said Ann. "If you 'd have let her alone she 'd never have stirred."

"I just touched her."

"Come, Roxy," said Piney, "you and Susie and Chub had better come in with Bi and me."

"What for, Piney?"

"Oh, it 's time. Besides, we can't have any more pails kicked over. The cows are cross to-night."

"Do take 'em in," said Ann.

"Yes, Roxy," said Susie. "I don't like their horns a bit."

Chub had kept very still, ever since he came into the barn-yard. He had seen the cows milked before, and not only was he tired, but he knew that the best part of the whole business, the milk drinking, would come to pass in the house.

"New milk is good, that 's a fact," remarked Bayard Hunter, less than half an hour later.

(To be continued.)

SNOW-BALL WARFARE.

By Daniel C. Beard.

No season of the year can boast of more healthy out-door games, brimful of fun and excitement than winter, and there is no sport among winter



FIG. 1. HOW TO NAIL THE CROSS-PIECES ON.

games more exciting and amusing than snow-ball warfare.

All the boys must join in building the fort, selecting the highest point of the play-grounds, or, if the grounds are level, the corner of a wall or fence. Supposing the top of a mound has been selected, as the place where the works are to be



FIG. 2. TOP OF SLED.

built, the first thing to do is to make out the plan of the foundations. The dimensions depend upon the number of boys. A circle, twelve feet in diameter, or a square with sides of ten feet, will make a fort that will accommodate a company of ten boys. It is better to have the fort too small than too large. The chief engineer must set his men at work rolling large snow-balls, the smaller boys can commence and the larger ones take them in hand when the balls have gained in size and become too heavy for the younger boys.

Make these balls of snow as large and dense as possible, then roll them in place upon the lines traced out for the foundation. We will suppose it to be a square. In this case, care must be taken to have the corners of the square opposite the most probable approach of the enemy. This will leave

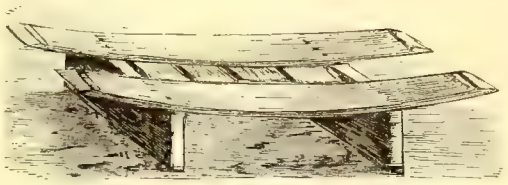


FIG. 3. BED OF SLED, WITH ENDS ATTACHED.

the smallest point possible exposed to the attack, and the inmates of the fort can, without crowding each other, take good aim at the foe. After the four sides of the square are covered by large snow-balls, as in Figure 7, all hands must pack the snow about the bottom, and fill up each crack and crevice, until a solid wall is formed. Then with spades and shovels the walls should be trimmed

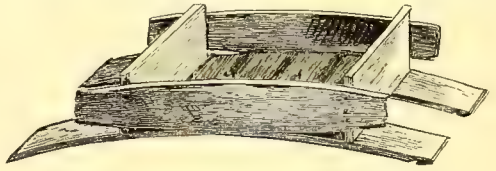


FIG. 4. BED OF SLED, BOX COMPLETE.

down to a perpendicular on the inside, but slanting upon the outside, as shown in the last picture. The top of the wall may be two feet broad and the base four feet. When the wall is finished, prepare a mound of snow in the center of the square for the flag-staff. This mound will be very useful, as a reserve supply in case the ammunition gives out. A quantity of snow-balls should next be piled up,

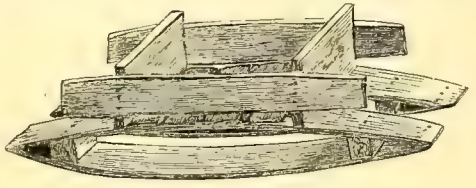


FIG. 5. SLED COMPLETE.

inside the walls, at the four corners. This done, the fort is ready for its defenders, and it only remains to equip the attacking force.

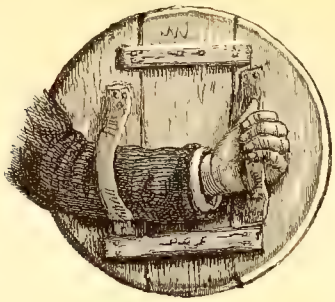


FIG. 6. THE SHIELD.

The building of a fort generally uses up all the snow around it, making it necessary for the besieging party to carry their ammunition with them, upon sleds made for that purpose.

The construction of these sleds is very simple, the material and tools necessary consisting of a flour-barrel, a saw, a hammer or hatchet, some shingle nails and an old pine-board.

To make the sled, begin by knocking the barrel apart, being careful not to split the head-boards, as they will be needed afterward. Pick out the four best staves, as nearly alike in breadth and curve as can be found, and saw two or three of the other staves in halves. Take two of the four staves first selected, and nail the half staves across, as shown in Figure 2. These must be nailed upon the convex, or outside, of the staves, and this will be found impossible unless there is something solid under the point where the nail is to be driven, otherwise, the spring of the stave, when struck, will throw the nail out, and your fingers will probably receive the blow from the hammer. To avoid this, place a block, or anything that is firm, under

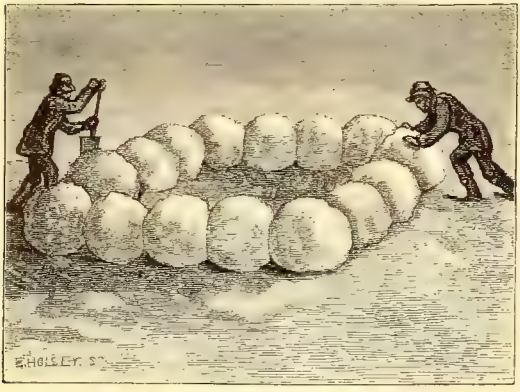


FIG. 7. THE BIG SNOW-BALLS IN POSITION.

the point where the nail is to be driven (see Figure 1), and there will then be found no difficulty in driving the nails home. When this is done, you will have the top of your sled as shown in Figure 2; on this you will need a box, or bed, to hold the snow-balls; this you can make of two pieces of pine-board and two staves, thus: Take a board about the same width as, or a little wider than, a barrel-stave, saw off two pieces equal in length to the width of the sled, set them upon their edges, reversing the top of the sled, place it across the two boards, as in Figure 3, and nail it on securely. Then take two staves and nail them on for side boards, and you have the top portion of your sled finished, as in Figure 4.

The two staves remaining, of the four first selected, are for runners. Fit on first one and then



THE USE OF THE SHIELD.

the other to the staves of your top. Nail-holes will probably be found near the ends of the staves where the nails were that held the barrel-head in; through these drive nails, to fasten your runners; to do this you must rest them upon some support, as was done before; this will hold your sled together, but to make it stronger, take four blocks of wood and slide them in between the runners and the top, as shown in Figure 5, and nail these firmly in place, from above and below.

If all this has been properly done, you now have made a sled which it will be almost impossible

to break; and you need but a rope to pull by. One boy can haul snow-balls enough for a dozen companions.

The shield is made from the head of a barrel. Lay the barrel-head upon some level surface, so that nails can be driven in without trouble.

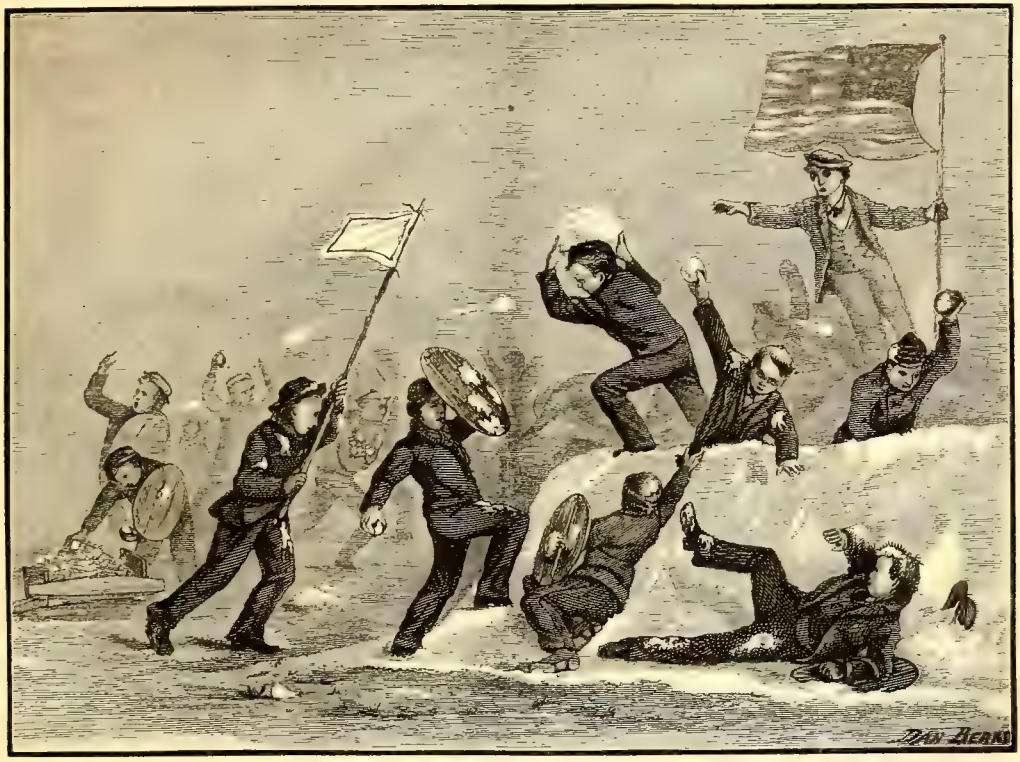
From a strip of board, half inch thick and two and one-half inches wide, saw off two pieces long enough to fasten the parts of the barrel-head together, as you see them in Figure 6. Fasten these strips on firmly with shingle nails.

Lay your left arm upon the shield, as shown, mark a place for the arm-strap, just in front of elbow, and another for the strap for the hand. From an old trunk-strap, or suitable piece of leather, cut two strips, and nail them on your shield at points marked, being careful that the arm-strap is not too tight, as it should be loose enough for the arm to slip in and out with ease. This done, you have a shield behind which you may defy an army of unprotected boys.

The rules of warfare governing a snow-ball battle are as follows:

Two commanders, or captains, must be elected. If the forces engaged are very large, each captain may appoint one or two assistants, or lieutenants. These officers, after being elected and appointed, are to give all orders, and should be promptly obeyed by their respective commands. The captains decide, by lot, the choice of position.

In choosing sides, the commander of the fort has first choice, then the two captains name a boy, alternately, until two-thirds of the boys have been chosen. The defenders of the fort then retire to their stronghold, leaving the boys unchosen to join the attacking army, it being supposed that one-third behind fortifications are equal to two-thirds outside.



STORMING THE FORT.

Only the attacking party are allowed shields and ammunition sleds.

At least thirty yards from the fort, a camp must be established by the outsiders or attacking army, and stakes driven at the four corners to locate the camp. Imaginary lines from stake to stake mark its limits.

The colors of the attacking army are erected in the center of this camp.

Each party will have its national colors, in addition to which the attacking party have a battle-flag which they carry with them in the assault.

The defenders of the fort must see to it that all damages to the fortifications are promptly repaired.



DRAWING THE AMMUNITION-SLED.

Any soldier from the fort who shall be carried off within the limits of the camp, becomes a prisoner of war, and cannot leave the camp until rescued by his own comrades.

Any one of the attacking force pulled into the fort becomes a prisoner of war, and must remain in the fort until it is captured.

Prisoners of war cannot be made to fight against their own side, but they may be employed in making snow-balls or repairing damages to fortifications.

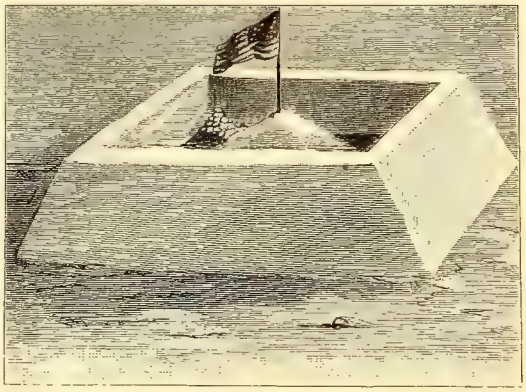
Any deserter recaptured must suffer the penalty of having his face washed with snow, and being set at work with the prisoners of war.

When the outsiders, or attacking army, can replace the enemy's colors with their battle flag, the fort is captured, the battle is won by the attacking party, and all fighting must immediately cease.

But if, in a sally, the soldiers of the fort can by any means take the colors of the opposite party from the camp and bring them inside their fortifications, they have not only successfully defended their fort, but have defeated the attacking army; and this ends the battle, with double honors to the brave defenders.

No water-soaked or icy snow-balls are allowed. No honorable boy uses them, and any one caught in the ungentlemanly act of throwing such "soakers," should be forever ruled out of the game.

No blows are allowed to be struck by the hand, or by anything but the regulation snow-ball, and, of course, no kicking is permitted.



THE FORT COMPLETE.

THE SLEEPING PRINCESS.

By John V. Sears.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

In producing this piece, special attention should be paid to the choruses and the tableaux. The choruses should be given with a swinging cadence strongly marked, even to a little sing-song fault. This will keep the voices well together and make study easier. Two parts will suffice, but soprano, alto, tenor, and bass, will be better. Uncles and aunts behind the scenes can lend judicious aid in the singing. An orchestra of, say, four stringed instruments, is desirable, but a piano will do very well. The tableaux will need careful rehearsal, the manager playing the part of audience. Pose each about half a minute. Group the smaller children in front, the taller toward the back of stage.

For most important scenic effects, depend on draperies, curtains, table-covers, shawls, dress-stuffs, etc., deep and rich in color. For the cradle and the princess's couch, use white draperies, cotton or linen, with broad borders of vines and scrolls, cut from gilt paper and pasted on. For stage, drop-curtain, etc., see books on Parlor Theatricals. The roof and rafters of the garret may be represented by sheets of dark hardware paper pasted together and stretched tent-wise across a ridge-pole, extending from front to back of stage. For thrones, use large chairs, throwing draperies over seats and arms. Round-topped, gilt mirror frames, with cloth tacked across the openings, can be used for the backs. Over these hang a canopy, formed of curtains or piano-covers. The thrones should be on a platform, with two steps, covered with rich rugs.

Where costumes are provided from home wardrobes, court-mantles may be the main feature for both lords and ladies. The skirts of evening silk dresses, not put on over the head but thrown across the shoulders, will answer this purpose. Fasten the belt, doubled, around the neck and cover it with a large collar or a ruff cut from tissue-paper. The royal mantles, trim with bands of ermine, made of cotton batting with spots of black. The ladies will want trains,—the longer the better. The lords should wear long hose and straight swords, the latter made from sticks, covered with gilt or black paper. The fairy train should be dressed in white, with wands and crowns of silver, and wings of white tissue-paper pasted on whalebone frames. Distinguish Titania by wings, crown and wand of gold. Malicina's dress should be scarlet, including shoes and gloves. Her wand, crown, and wings, should also be scarlet, the latter erect and pointed, made from glazed paper. Prince Charming should be in gorgeous array, consisting of velvet doublet, short cloak, trunks, embroidered hose, plumed cap and rapier. This part may be played by a girl. A bright, wee girl can also play baby Arabella, if sure not to cry at the wrong time: otherwise, assign this part to a large doll.

Any one with musical tact can adapt pretty airs for the voices, and arrange suitable accompaniments; but, if desired, the full score of the operetta can be had, at the cost of copying, by addressing the author, No. 304 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

SCENE.

The Royal Court of Dream-land.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Somnolenicus, King of Dream-land.
Dormina, Queen of " "
Princess Arabella, an infant. Subsequently a maid of eighteen years.
Chamberlain, Courtiers, Pages, Heralds, etc.
Prince Charming.
Tabitha, a venerable dame.
Titania, Queen of the Fairies.
Elfinella, Rosaline, Lucina, Melodia, Violetta, } The Fairy Train.
Malicina, The Wicked Fairy.

Act I.

TABLEAU.

[Throne-room in Royal Palace of Dream-land. King and Queen seated, center. Courtiers, Lords, and Ladies grouped right and left. Heralds and Pages on steps of throne. Grand Chamberlain right, front of throne.]

Chorus, [*Courtiers.*]

All hail the King,
Whose praise we sing,
All hail, and hail again,
Long may he live
Our land to give
A peaceful, happy reign.
We gladly meet
Our King to greet
And wait upon his will;
From far and near
We gather here,
His mandates to fulfill.

King [*rising and bowing—recitative*].

Most loyal subjects, kind and true,
Assembling near the throne,
Our royal Chamberlain to you
Will make our pleasure known.

[*Heralds sound trumpets.*]

Chamberlain [*advancing—recitative.*]

Nobles of Dream-land, pillars of the State,
Hear ye the message of our mighty King.

[*Reads from large scroll.*]

With joy we give the tidings ye await,
With joy receive the happy news we bring.
The fairies who attend the fortunes of our Queen
Have brought a princess to our consort fair,
A lovely babe, the sweetest ever seen,
To be our comfort and the kingdom's heir.

Chorus, [*Courtiers.*]

All hail our Queen,
The best e'er seen,
All hail, all hail, all hail!
The fairies have brought her
A beautiful daughter,
All hail, all hail, all hail!

Queen [*rising and bowing—recitative*].

No babe so beauteous e'er before was seen;
Her voice is gentle as a cooing dove,
Her eyes are blue, her hair of golden sheen;
Her winning smile will captivate your love.

Chorus, [*Courtiers.*]

May happy fate
Attend her state,
All hail, all hail, all hail!
With heart and voice

Let all rejoice,
All hail, all hail, all hail!

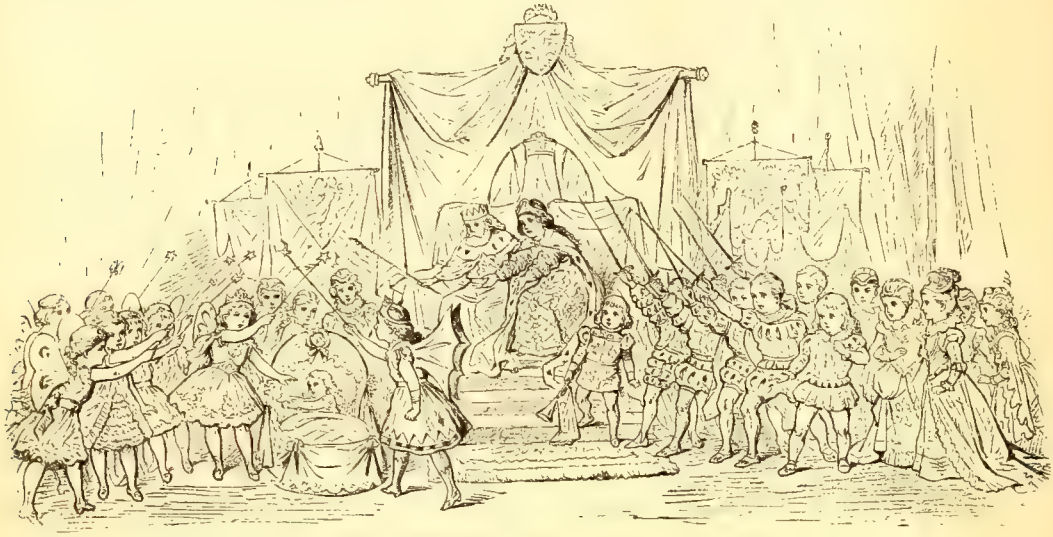
KING [*recitative*].

Our loyal friends, it is with pleasure
We listen to your wishes kind;
We seek a name for the little treasure,
And ask you each to speak your mind.
Each give a name, that it may prove
A bond with each of faithful love.

By name herewith, forever and a day,
As follows, to wit, that is to say:
Arabella, Bertina, Luella,
Carolina, Amina, Corella.

CHORUS [*Courtiers*].

Our princess hail!
No fairy-tale
Is told of one more dear.
The name we give



"TITANIA AND MALICINA CROSS WANDS OVER THE CRADLE." (SEE END OF ACT II.)

FIRST LADY.

I offer Arabella.

FIRST LORD.

I speak for Bertina.

SECOND LADY.

I tender Luella.

SECOND LORD.

Pray call her Amina.

THIRD LADY.

I prefer Carolina.

THIRD LORD.

And I Corella.

KING.

That 's a plenty; I am sure
She can't another name endure.
Our Chamberlain will now proclaim
Our little baby daughter's name.

CHAMBERLAIN.

By proclamation from the throne,
The royal Princess shall be known
In fame shall live
For many and many a year.

KING [*recitative*].

A splendid feast we do proclaim
Upon the christening day,
In honor of our daughter's name.
Let all attend who may.

CHORUS [*Courtiers*].

A feast! A feast!
With joy increased
We hear and will obey:
Let every courtier
Come, and bring
A gift to grace the day.

KING [*recitative*].

And furthermore we do ordain
The fairies' favor to obtain,
That Queen Titania and her train
Shall be our guests.
Sir Chamberlain!
Attend to these behests.

CHAMBERLAIN [*bowing to King*].

Each kindly fairy in the land
Shall duly be invited;
And with your majesty's command,
Will doubtless be delighted.

CHORUS [*Courtiers*].

The fairies hail!
They will not fail
To come with pride and pleasure.
And from all harms,
Their magic charms
Will guard our little treasure.

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

TABLEAU.

[State Chamber. Canopied cradle with infant Princess, right front. King and Queen center. Courtiers and Fairies, left front.]

CHORUS [*Fairies and Courtiers*].

Happy the day
Hastens away
Blithely and merrily,
Lightly and cheerily.
Laughing and joyous
Pleasures employ us;
Naught can annoy us,
Happy the day.

[*Fairies cross stage to cradle.*]

SEMI-CHORUS [*Courtiers*].

Fairies from Elf-land
Welcome to Dream-land,
This to our Princess
Fortune evinces;
Your gracious bearing
Our pleasures sharing
Favor declaring.
Happy this day!

SEMI-CHORUS [*Fairies*].

Mortals of Dream-land
Friendly ye seem, and
Happiness is it
With ye to visit.
Kindly your greeting,
Pleasant our meeting,
Joyous though fleeting
This happy day.

KING [*recitative*].

Fairy Titania, Queen of the Elves,
And you, our fairy-guests,
Thanks for the honor to our royal selves,
Your presence here your friendly will attests,
In behalf of our baby Princess, too,
Our warm acknowledgements are due.

QUEEN DORMINA.

We seek your favor for our child
And beg you to watch over her,
To make her gentle, sweet, and mild,
And let no harm discover her.

SEMI-CHORUS [*Fairies*].

Your majesties have been most kind,
We are not ungrateful you shall find.
To your royal court we brought her
And we will guard your baby daughter.

TITANIA [*recitative*].

If your majesties approve
We will leave with Arabelle
Each in token of our love,
A charmed gift, as our farewell.
Let each fairy come and show
The choicest gift she can bestow.

[*Advances and waves her wand over the cradle.*]

I, Titania, your queen,
Will confer a gracious mien:
A dignified and sweet address
Arabella shall possess.

[The fairies in turn advance and wave their wands over the cradle.]

ELFINELLA.

I am the fairy Elfinella,
And I will give to Arabella
The gift of beauty. In form and feature
She shall be the loveliest creature
That ever in the world was known,
As heiress to the Dream-land throne.

ROSALINE.

I will to our charge impart
A faithful, true, and loving heart.
It is a precious gift I ween
From the fairy Rosaline.

LUCINA.

Lucina, daughter of the light,
I will give our baby bright
A brilliant mind and mother-wit,—
Endowments for a princess fit.

MELODIA.

I am Melodia, child of the air,
The Princess's voice shall be my care.
Low and clear shall its tones be heard,
Soft and sweet, as the song of a bird.
All shall listen when she speaks,
And none deny whate'er she seeks.

VIOLETTA.

Violetta me they call;
My gift shall be the best of all.

Modesty, the grace of maids,
Beautiful when beauty fades,
Arabella shall possess,
In meek and gentle lowliness.

[Flourish of wild discordant music. All are startled. Baby cries. Enter Malicina.]

MALICINA.

Mighty fine, upon my word!
Perhaps of me you never heard.
A fairy feast is here, I 'm told,
And all my sisters I behold.
Every fay has been invited,
Except myself! I have been slighted!

TITANIA.

Malicina, dreadful sprite,
Why hast thou returned to light?
Hie thee back to thy lone cell;
Work not here thy wicked spell.

MALICINA [*to Titania*].

In thy absence I have gained
Liberty, and power obtained;
For to-day my wand is strong
Over all who do me wrong.

KING [*to Chamberlain*].

Sir Chamberlain, 't is your defect
Has been the cause of this neglect.
Answer, how has this arisen?

CHAMBERLAIN.

Sire, Malicina 's been in prison
So long, I ——

MALICINA [*to Chamberlain*].

Silence, slave!

[*Turns to King.*]

Your Somnolence,
I hold *you* bound for this offense:
Yours is the fault, and yours shall be
The burden of the penalty.
King as you are, I 'll teach you how
To treat a fairy. Hear my vow!
This puling chick shall never live
To know the gifts my sisters give.
Beware the day she learns to spin,
For then shall my revenge begin.
Upon the flax my charm shall lie,
And by the spindle she shall die!

QUEEN DORMINA.

Oh, Titania, save thy ward!
Break the charm, or turn it toward
The mother. This I crave:
Let *me* die; the Princess save.

TITANIA.

We cannot break this hateful charm,
But we can turn aside its harm.
The child shall live; but yet your tears
Must fall for her. A hundred years
Under the spell she must remain,
Sleeping till we can wake her again.

KING, AND QUEEN DORMINA.

A hundred years! Oh, sad, sad fate!
Long ere then our court and state
May pass and fade.
When she wakes, our little maid,
Strange among a host of strangers,
Still must meet a thousand dangers.

TITANIA.

Guard her well and keep her fast
Until maidenhood is past.
Let her never see a wheel;
Flax and yarn from her conceal.
Let no spindle reach her hand,
Though you burn all in the land.
But when, after all your care,
Fate descends, then straight repair
Unto her chamber, where we 'll spread
A fairy charm about her bed.
A hundred years she there must sleep,
The while a fairy watch we 'll keep.
Then a prince shall come and wake her,
And to fairer fortune take her.

TABLEAU.

[Titania and Malicina cross wands over the cradle; M. in threatening, and T. in a protecting, attitude.]

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

A period of eighteen years is supposed to have elapsed.

[Scene: a garret, poorly furnished. Dame Tabitha discovered spinning.]

DAME T. [*singing*].

Lone is my labor,
I am forgot.
Never a neighbor
Cheering my lot.
Working alway in
This bare old garret,
Day out and day in,
No one to share it.

Within the borders
Of all the land,
By royal orders,
This the command:

Spinning 's forbidden,
Spinsters are banished,
Spindles are hidden,
Wheels have all vanished.

My poor old wheel!
In secret I turn it.
Should you reveal
It, soon would they burn it.

No one comes near me;
Even in pain
No one can hear me
When I complain.

[Enter Princess Arabella, a beautiful maiden of eighteen; pantomime of mutual surprise.]

DAME T. [*recitative*].

Good-morrow to you, my pretty dear!
Who may you be, and how came you here?

PRINCESS.

How I came I do not know,
For I have lost my way.
I am the Princess Arabella;
And now, where am I, pray?
And what is that curious-looking wheel?
And that turning thing in your hand?
[*Takes up the flax.*]
How soft this woolly stuff does feel!
What is it? I would understand.

DAME T.

This is flax, my pretty girl,
And I am spinning my thread.
I give my spindle a twist and a twirl,
And wind it up on the head.

PRINCESS.

Oh, is n't that nice?
Let me try now.
I think I can if you show me how.

[She takes spindle, twirls it, wounds her hand, and falls, left. Tabitha screams. Enter Malicina, center; waves wand over A. in triumph. Enter King, Queen, and Courtiers, right. Consternation and distress.]

TABLEAUX.

CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

TABLEAU.

[Princess's chamber; Arabella reclining on couch, center. Titania and her fairies grouped about couch. King, Queen, and Chamberlain right; Courtiers left.]

KING [*recitative—very sadly*].

Sleep, my gentle daughter, sleep;
Fairies near their watch shall keep,
Shielding thee from harm and fears,
Till time shall count a hundred years.

QUEEN D. [*weeping*].

May thy slumber only seem
One unbroken, happy dream;
Till thy destined Prince shall wake thee
And to fairer fortune take thee.

CHORUS, [*Fairies and Courtiers*].

Sleep, Princess, sleep; Thy lovely eyes
Sweetly repose! In slumbers deep;
Nor sigh nor weep, Time swiftly flies;
But softly close Sleep, Princess, sleep!

TITANIA [*recitative*].

Lest the Princess should be lonely
Lest she wake 'midst strangers only,
I will charm her loving friends,
And bid them sleep till her slumber ends.

[Touches each in turn with wand, including King and Queen, and they fall asleep.]

CURTAIN [*to plaintive music*].

ACT V.

A hundred years supposed to have elapsed.

[Princess and attendants discovered as at close of last scene. Tableau, to low but cheerful music. Enter fairies.]

CHORUS [*Fairies*].

A hundred years have passed away,
And still our watch we keep,
But now has come the happy day
To wake our charge from sleep.

The promised Prince is drawing near
To learn his earthly bliss.
Come, welcome Prince, appear, appear!
And wake her with a kiss.

[*Fairies beckon with wands. Enter Prince.*]

PRINCE [*recitative*].

All fast asleep! how strange it seems
To find a court in the land of dreams.
Music, sweeter than words can say,
Hath guided me upon my way.
A royal court here greets my view,
And oh, what a lovely Princess, too!
Now, ere this beauteous maid awake,
A stolen kiss I 'll boldly take.

[He approaches couch, kisses Princess, who awakes. Attendants wake and rise.]

PRINCESS.

Oh, charming Prince! I was dreaming of you!
And am I awake? and is it true?

PRINCE.

You, in dreams, I oft behold,
As my promised bride to be.
My fairy godmother foretold
That you, dear maid, awaited me.
Pray, arise, my Princess sweet,
Our fairer fortune let us seek.

[He gives his hand, and Princess arises. King and Queen awaken and embrace Princess, who presents to them the Prince.]

CHORUS [*attendants*].

Hail Prince and Princess fair!
Joy and gladness may you share.
Peace and plenty fill your days,
Health and hope attend your ways.
Fairies kept our Princess' sleep,
May they still their watches keep.
May he be brave, and she be good,
The Sleeping Beauty in the wood.

TABLEAU.

[Prince and Princess center. Fairies right. Attendants behind the King and Queen, left.]

CURTAIN.

TROT, DOT, AND BUNNY.

TROT, Dot, and Bunny lived in a large town. Trot was a nice boy, only five years old, and Dot was just the dearest little girl in the world. She was nearly four; as for Bunny, she was only two years old.

Papa sometimes put the children to bed, when he was tired studying, so that mamma could rest, or patch Trot's trowsers, which she generally did, instead of resting. When papa put the children to bed, he always told them a story. Just one story, that was all he knew; but as it was the only one the children cared to hear, it did not so much matter about his not knowing any others. And this was the way the story began:

"Some time, when papa gets enough money, he is going to buy a cow."

"A cow named Star, papa," says Trot. "'Es, cow named 'Tar, papa," Bunny would echo. "With a white 'pot in her fowad," Dot would always add. Then papa would go on: "Yes, a nice cow, with a white spot in her forehead, and we will name her Star."

"And a little calf-fy," says Bunny.

"Named Forget-me-not," says Trot; "so we won't forget to feed her."

"I 'll give her some gwass, I will," says Dot, "dear little bossy calf."

"Well," says papa, "we will call the calf Forget-me-not, so we wont forget to feed her. Then Trot will pull down some hay for the cow, and I will make her a nice bran-mash, and while she 's eating it I 'll milk."

"No; I 'll milk her, papa," says Trot.

"No; I milk!" cries Dot.

"Me milk," says little Bunny.

"Yes, we all will milk her, I guess," says papa, and mamma laughs.

"Then, when we are all done milking, we will come in to breakfast, and Trot and Dot and Bunny shall have some nice new milk, and mamma and I will have some nice cream for our coffee. After breakfast, I will say: 'Come Trot, and Dot, and Bunny, you must take the cow to the pasture.' So Trot will get his hat, and Dot and Bunny will get their bonnets, and you each will get a long stick to drive the cow with. I will open the gate, and start the cow, and you all will follow, driving her."

"Go 'long," says Trot.

"No, I 'll drive," says Dot.

"Me drive," says Bunny.

"Yes," says papa, "you all will drive her. And by and by, as the

old cow goes walking quietly along, Trot will stop to see how far he can throw a stone."

"I stop to pick daisies," says Dot. "I 'top to get a drink," says Bunny. "I want some water," says Trot. "I want some, too," says Dot. "Me want drink," says little Bunny.

So papa gets the large tin dipper full of water, and the thirsty little ones take a drink all round, and then papa goes on with his story:

"When the old cow casts one eye round, and finds that you all have stopped, she will think it just as well to stop a little herself, and gather a mouthful of the sweet green grass that grows by the roadside; and



there she will stay till Bunny takes up her stick and touches her gently on her leg, and says: 'Go 'ong, 'Tar.'

"Star moves on. By and by they come to the brook. Trot finds such splendid pebbles there, that he stops again to throw stones. Dot and Bunny sail little sticks, and Star stops to take a drink of the cool, clear water."

"Me want dink," says Bunny, half asleep.

"I want a drink, too," says Trot, sitting up in bed.

"I defful firsty," says Dot.

Papa passes round the tin dipper again, and then three little heads sink back on the pillows, and Trot, Dot, and Bunny are asleep.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

OH, now, here comes a hopeful-looking young chap, Eighteen Hundred and Eighty by name; but why in the world he must needs come skipping in among us, is more than your Jack knows. For my part, I was well enough pleased with Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-nine, and I should n't mind if we could have the jolly old fellow keep right along. However, that would n't satisfy you youngsters, I suppose; so, when this gallant New Year comes your way, give him Jack's best compliments, and say that, if he expects to do better than our old friend who is leaving us, he will have to behave himself, and keep us all very particularly pleasant and busy.

Let 's set him a good example, my dears, and get to work at once. Here 's something about

MINERAL WAX.

I HAVE heard of a bed of wax about twenty feet thick, and stretching underground sixty miles one way and twenty miles the other! Ah, you may well open your eyes!

But, if you go to Southern Utah, you will be able to see it there for yourself,—and almost see through it besides, for I 'm told that, while the wax is black in the lump, light shines through thin slices of it. There is another place, Galicia in Spain, where rock-wax is found. It is a sort of paraffine, if you can find out what that is, and at one time must have formed part of vast underground stores of rock-oil, or petroleum, which, having disappeared, left the waxy deposit behind. Perhaps some day you will meet a man who has studied the subject of mineral wax, and can tell you all about these beds.

WHAT PLANTS BREATHE OUT.

YOUR Jack has told you already about the wonderful weeping Miningo-tree, which in the sunniest weather sheds tears. But now comes information yet more startling, concerning the famous Washington Elm at Cambridge, Massachusetts. The tree, in high June, used to have about two hundred thousand square feet of surface on its leaves, and, besides, it had the habit of breathing out, during twelve hours, every clear day, nearly eight tons in weight of watery vapor!

All plants breathe out more or less vapor, I 'm told, and that is why people keep them in rooms that are heated by stoves or hot-air furnaces. When well watered, the plants breathe out the water again, in the form of unseen vapor, and this helps to keep the air in a room from becoming too dry to be wholesome.

So, you see, my dears, it will pay you to give my relatives a cordial welcome to your warm homes, and to treat well those you persuade to visit you for the winter.

SLEEVE-STOVES.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I remember reading in the April ST. NICHOLAS of last year, about Puritan little boys in the old times, and how they carried small stoves to church for their mothers and sisters to keep their feet warm with through the long service. But I have just been told that ages before the days of the Puritans, the Chinese had foot-stoves, and, what is more, hand-stoves; and that they have them even now! They are small earthenware things with oil and wicks, like lamps.

No Chinaman in his native land ever thinks of setting up a stove in the house merely to warm himself and his family; but, during cold weather, both Chinamen and Chinawomen, who are well off, carry their tiny oil-stoves about with them, in their sleeves, just to keep their hands comfortable! Why, it must be dangerous!—Your faithful reader, R. J. M.

SEA-SILK.

HO, girls! What do you think the dear Little Schoolma'am says? Why, that a kind of shell-fish found in the Mediterranean Sea,—a mussel,—contains in each shell a little hank of stringy stuff that glistens like golden yellow or olive-brown silk! That is, after combing and washing, it looks so; but at first it is dirty and muddy and covered with odds and ends of dead sea-weed.

This sea-silk can be made into stockings, gloves, and neckties, and even into the finest lace.

I wonder if your Jack could have a coat of it to wear when the fairies dance about him on moonlight nights?

COOKED BY COLD.

MY DEAR JACK: What you said in December about "The Coldest Cold," makes me want to tell you what I have just been reading: A Hungarian chemist named, Dr. Sawiczevosky, subjected fresh meat to a degree of cold which completely cooked it, and then he sealed it in air-tight cans. When taken out some time after, the meat looked delicious,—just the thing for a "cold collation"—and was as good to eat as if it had been cooked in the ordinary way by heat.

Already, there is in Hungary a factory where meat is cooked and canned according to Dr. Sawiczevosky's cold process. I don't know if his terrible name helps the process at all, but I have heard of even live people being frozen with terror at sounds less dreadful.—Yours truly, J. A.

CHAMPION WALKERS AND JUMPERS.

OF course you have all heard of the walking-matches in England and New York. And many of you boys, no doubt, have been trying your legs, too, and the champion walkers among you are looked upon as amazing fellows.

But I know of a little insect that beats all the

walking or running ever done by mortal man or boy. Even the "Seven-League Boots" would have been left behind in a match with this wonderful pedestrian.

It is a small fly, about as large as a grain of sand; and it runs three inches in half a second; and, in that space, makes five hundred and forty steps. If a man were able to walk as fast in proportion to his size; supposing his step to measure two feet: he would run in one minute, more than twenty miles,—twenty times as fast as the fastest railroad train. Think of *that*, my dears!

Then, as to leaping; why, many of you have heard of Sam Patch and his wonderful feats,—how he jumped down a waterfall, and off a church tower,—but think of standing down on the ground, near the Custom-House in New-York city, leaping right over Trinity church spire, and landing two blocks the other side,—about four hundred yards in all! That is how a man could jump, if he were as good in leaping as fleas or locusts. They jump two hundred times their own length.

I 'm a hungry, hard-shell turtaloo,
And I 'm going to eat you up!"

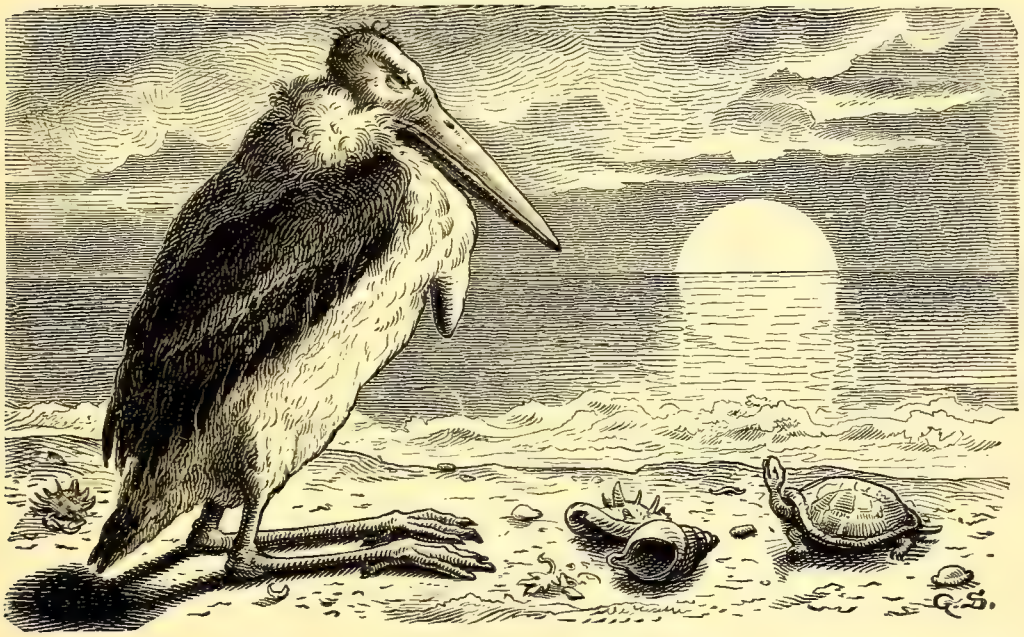
"Oh, ha!" said the other, with courage meet,—
The long-legged gungaboo,—
"Let 's see *you* stand on your two hind feet!"
And then he swallowed the turtaloo.

SNOW-SPECTACLES.

H. J. F. reports: "The Eskimos have curious spectacles with which they save their eyes from the 'snow-blindness' that is caused by the dazzling sunlight reflected upward from the snow. Each pair of these spectacles is made of two bits of thin wood or ivory, shaped to cover the eyes. Lengthwise in each piece, a very narrow slit is cut, as long as the eye, but not all the way across from side to side. The pieces are joined over the nose, and are kept in place by strings tied at the back of the head.

"These eye-savers are of use also in the place of spy-glasses, and, after a little practice, a man can see to a very great distance with them."

Some of this wisdom from the ends of the earth, you may be able to turn to use, my dears, even although you have fully made up your minds not to go in search of the North Pole this winter.



THE GUNGABOO AND THE TURTALOO.

THE GUNGABOO AND THE TURTALOO.

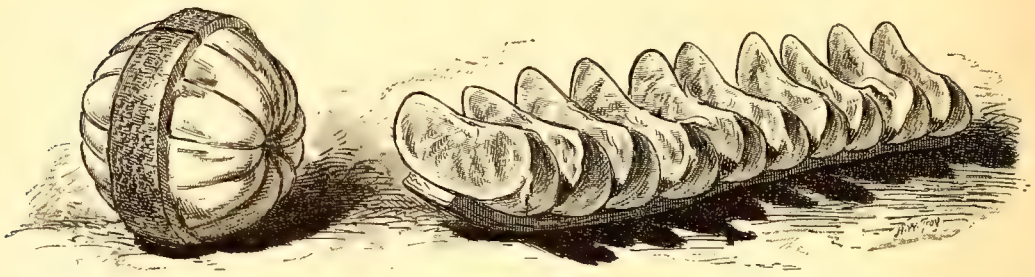
HERE is a bit of verse, with a lesson in it, which my boys may find or not, just as they please.

Oh, the gungaboo and the turtaloo
Met on a lonely shore!
Said the turtaloo to the gungaboo:
"This coast I would fain explore.
And I really must say that for something new,
You beat the bugs, fluffy gungaboo!
Now, draw in your head and legs, oh, do!
For my time has come to sup,

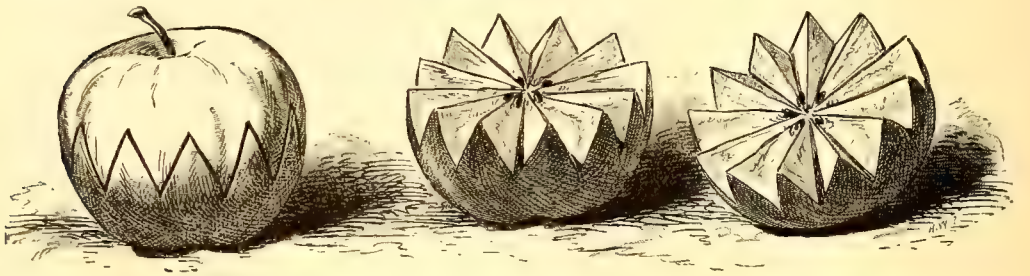
A HINT FROM DEACON GREEN.

THE Deacon sends his hearty good wishes, my youngsters; and he says: "All the presents that were not given at Christmas ought to be given on New Year's day; so as to start the year well."

WAYS OF CUTTING ORANGES AND APPLES.



HOW TO CUT AN ORANGE.



HOW TO CUT AN APPLE.

To CUT the orange, make two parallel cuts, through the skin only, leaving a continuous band about an inch wide round the body of the orange. Remove the rest of the peel. Cut through the band once, just over one of the natural divisions, and gently force the whole open, and out, as in the illustration, leaving each section detached from the others, but still fast to the band of peel.

The apple is cut by setting the blade of a narrow, sharp-pointed knife in the oblique position of the intended cut, and pushing it, point first, directly to the core. When all the cuts are so made, the apple will come apart in the above curious manner. Care must be taken not to let the knife slip through the apple, into the hand.

Here is a good though not a new way to cut an apple so that it will look whole and unmarked while in the dish, but, when pared, will fall to pieces without being cut with a knife:

Take a fine needle and a thin strong thread; insert the needle at the stem of the apple in such a way that the point will come out again away from the stem and a short distance from the first insertion; pull the needle and thread through very carefully, so as not to break the skin or enlarge the holes, leaving a few inches of thread hanging at the stem. Then put the needle back into the second hole, thrust it in the same direction as before, bringing out the point still farther from the stem, and again pull the thread through. Go on in this way straight around the apple, and, when the thread comes out at the stem, pull it by both ends very carefully, until it has cut entirely through, and comes out of the apple. If pared now, the fruit would fall in halves; but, by working the thread round under the skin as before, at right angles to the first cut, and again pulling the thread quite through at the stem, the apple will fall into quarters.

After a little practice, the cutting can be done so skillfully that only a very keen eye will be able to find out how it was accomplished.

THE LETTER-BOX.

Amherst, Mass.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please ask some of your readers if they can tell me whether Adam and Eve belonged to the Caucasian race, and, if not, the one they did belong to? I should like to know very much. I have tried in many ways to find out, but as yet I have not been able to.—Your constant reader, H. P.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please tell Jack-in-the-Pulpit that I saw in his October budget that sweet-potatoes and morning-glories are related to each other, and I have heard something that proves it. On the southern shore of Lake Ontario, in the sandy soil, there grows a kind of wild morning-glory that has a root which looks like a small sweet-potato and tastes a good deal like one, too.—Your faithful reader, E. FRANK W.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about my bird. I read stories about cats, dogs, chickens, and nearly everything but birds. My bird's name is Charry, and when I let him out he will fly straight to my pin-cushion, pull all the pins out and throw them away. Then he will twist his cunning little head and sing, as much as to say: "I love to get into mischief."—Good-bye, L. A. B.

THE following interesting letter comes from the junior editor of the "Petite Anse Amateur," the best amateur paper which we have seen. It is published on Petite Anse Island, Louisiana, once a month, and the number for November, 1879, contains twelve pages, three inches high by two inches wide, besides a supplement of eight extra pages. The paper is written, edited, and printed by boys and girls of from seven to fourteen years of age. Here is the letter:

"'Jack-in-the-Pulpit,' in the October number of ST. NICHOLAS, wanted to know something about a curious reptile that one of his correspondents had written him of; so I have thought that I would tell him through this medium what I have 'seen with my eyes and heard with my ears.'

"We have a glass-snake in Louisiana. Papa has one, in alcohol,

that is twenty-seven inches long and five-eighths of an inch in diameter. Its head is smaller than its neck, lizard-like, and its back is light brown with white spots The sides are of dark brown, with two light-blue stripes dividing the brown into three stripes; underneath, it is an ashy white. These snakes are called glass-snakes because they are so brittle that when struck, even with a small switch, they break in two or more pieces below the vitals. The muscles in the one we have are not over an eighth of an inch long, and they are dovetailed together. The negroes believe that when the snake is broken, it has the power to re-unite the broken pieces; but this is not so. They have the same habits as the lizard, and are classed with them, feeding on insects. Although on the snake there are no indications of legs, yet in the skeleton the undeveloped legs are plainly visible.

"The glass-snake is evidently the connecting link between the snake and lizard families, as it partakes of both natures.

"J. A. McI."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never written to you before, as I have always been rather afraid to, but I have finally done so. Will you please be so kind as to tell me in what book I can find out about the clouds, besides the physical geography?—I remain, respectfully,

M. R. T.

Professor Tyndal's book, called "The Forms of Water," will tell you a great many interesting things about the clouds.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw in the November number, directions for making hair-pin braid. I found it better to crochet toward the points of the hair-pin, instead of toward the bent end, as your directions said; for, instead of taking the crochet-needle out of the loop, to turn the hair-pin, I only had to pass the needle between the ends of the hair-pin, so that, when the hair-pin was turned, the crochet-needle came next to me. When I had worked the hair-pin full, I pushed the braid off, and put on again only the last two loops, one on each side of the hair-pin, and went on crocheting as before. I kept the braid clean by wrapping paper about it.—Your interested reader,

J. O. B.

IN answer to H. F. H.'s question in the November "Letter-Box," E. A. Kelley, Jr., quotes the Act of 1802. According to this, the son of a citizen of the United States, no matter in what other country the son may be born, is also a citizen of the United States,—that is, an American.

Rutherford, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please ask your readers where "Maoris" is? Several of the larger scholars in our school, seeing it among other geographical names, became so interested as to search each map in the geography; but they could not find it. We do not know whether it is a bay, a town, a river, or a range of mountains. Hoping that some of your readers will find it and let me know, I remain, your interested reader, GEO. H.

A MORNING CALL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The bright holidays now on their way, remind me of an incident that brightened last New Year's morning for me. And so I send your children this little account of it, thinking that some of them may like to carry out the idea in their own way and in their own homes.—Yours truly, EVE LYNN.

IN the early dawn I hear
Childish whispers, faint and sweet,
Merry laughter, quickly hushed,
Pattering of little feet.

Presently a little knock:
Then the door flies open wide!
Like a lovely picture, stand
Old and New Year, side by side.

As he leans upon his staff,
Old Year strokes his beard of snow;
But beneath the quaint disguise
Shine two bright eyes that I know.

Old Year, kneeling, asks to stay;
Begs the gift of one month more.
New Year stamps his little foot,
Points him sternly to the door.

Says my little Goldilocks,
"Go away, you Old Year, you!
We don't want you any more;
You 're the Old Year, I 'm the New."

Sundry giggles, heard outside,
Spare the need of further knocks;
And the Seasons come in view,
Bending 'neath the croquet-box.

Old Year therein seats himself,
Trying, vainly, not to laugh,
As the New Year tucks him in,
Picking up his hat and staff.

"Take him *very* carefully!
Poor Old Year is dead and gone,"
Chants the New Year, to a tune
That must surely be his own.

"Autumn, cover him with leaves;
Bring him roses, June and May,"
(All my flower-box goes on)
"Winter, keep the wind away."

Slowly the procession moves,
Chubby Winter at the head,
In my best umbrella hid,
Save his little stockings red.

Then, I really have to laugh,
And, like sparrows at the sound
Of the mother-birdie's voice,
All the six come flocking round.

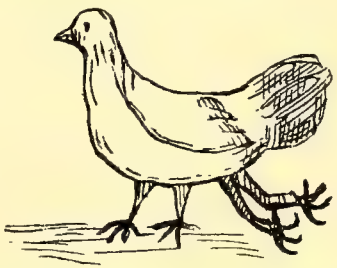
In the midst of noisy fun
That would stronger nerves appall,
With a hug, says Goldilocks,
"Did you like your New Year call?"

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: H. M. M., in the October "Letter-Box," seems to think $24 a small price to pay for the island of Manhattan. But that $24, at 7 per cent. compound interest, would now amount, I think, to more than the value of all the real estate in the City and County of New York.—Yours very truly, JOHN M. STAHL.

B. F. says: "H. M. M.'s letter reminds me that it is not so very long ago since vessels used to sail from the Hudson River through Canal Street, New York, to a fresh-water pond in Center street, where the Tombs prison now stands. In 1877 there was a man living who remembered this very well.

"Perhaps some of the 'Letter-Box' readers may like to know how it was that Maiden Lane, a crooked little street in the very busiest part of New York city got its sentimental name? It was called 'Maidens' Path' at first, because it was the path which the city washerwomen took to reach a little stream of spring water that ran through the valley near by. From 'Path' to 'Lane' was a very short step."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write and tell you of a wonderful curiosity we have at home. It is a four-legged chicken. It walks on two of its legs, and holds the other two out behind. As



I am not very good at drawing, this is the best portrait I could make. The chicken has a very peculiar appearance when roosting, its two extra feet standing out behind it.—Truly yours, R. H. S.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS; In marking out designs, I have tried tracing the lines with a lead pencil, which obscures the design, so as to spoil it; a small stick catches and jerks badly, a slate pencil tears the design; and so I am at a loss what to use.—Your friend,

W. L. S.

A fine, smooth, steel or bone point should be used. Such points——used by artists in transferring tracings,—are to be bought; but a smart boy might make one from a crochet needle, or something of the sort.

BRIC-À-BRAC —The following is in answer to several inquiries about this word: The supplement to the latest edition of Webster's "Unabridged Dictionary" spells the term thus, "bric-à-brac," and

defines it as "a miscellaneous collection, particularly of antiquarian or artistic curiosities." *Bric-à-brac* was originally French, and the highest two authorities in that language,—Littré's "Dictionary" and the "Dictionnaire de l'Académie Française,"—give its meaning as "old and chance objects, such as cabinets, articles of old iron and copper, pictures, statuettes." Both dictionaries limit the familiar French use of the term to the trade title *marchand de bric-à-brac*, "dealer in *bric-à-brac*," perhaps translatable, too, as "marine-store dealer" and "junk merchant"; but neither of them points out decidedly the origin of the term, although each makes a reference to the common phrase *de bric et de broc*, as though it were believed to be related, in some untraced way, to *bric-à-brac*. And this seems not unlikely; for the meaning of the phrase is, "from here and there," "by this means and that," "by hook and by crook"; and, certainly, the stock in trade of a dealer in *bric-à-brac*, of whatever kind, is gathered "from here and there," "by this means and that," and sometimes "by hook and by crook."

Chicago, Ills.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have made a collection of butterflies and moths this summer, and would like to learn about them. Will you please print in the next "Letter-Box" the name of some book that will tell me about them? I am eight years old, and my name is

PAUL.

"Insect Lives; or Born in Prison," by Julia P. Ballard, a contributor to ST. NICHOLAS, is a prettily illustrated book that tells a good deal very clearly, and in a very interesting way, about butterflies and moths. The book is published by Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.

FLOY.—Send as many of the solutions of puzzles as you can. Your name will be put in the list, and against it the number of puzzles you solve correctly.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write and tell about a game we play in the road. It is a game of our own invention, and we have great fun playing it. We call it "Polo." It is exactly like grown-up Polo, only without the horses.

First of all, you measure about fifty feet on the sidewalk, and at each end drive two sticks (we generally use the handles of brooms, sawed off about two and a half feet from the top), set them in the ground about three feet apart, then find the middle of the ground (which will be twenty-five feet from either end) and draw a square, about six inches each way. Now you must choose sides, and each side must have a captain. You must each have a croquet mallet, and a croquet ball should be placed in the square above mentioned. Then a boy who is not playing must be chosen judge. He must take a stone and ask each side if they are ready. If they answer "Yes," he must drop the stone, and then each party must run and try to get to the ball first and knock it through the goal, that is, between the two sticks on the enemies' side, thus winning the game. We think it is great, and I hope the readers of ST. NICHOLAS will think so, too.

From your friend and constant reader, F. E. B.

P. S.—If the ball rolls into the road, the judge must cry, "Outside." Then he must pick up the ball and put it back in the square, and the game begins again.

M. V. D. would like to know, through the "Letter-Box," what five words in the English language—it is said there are only five—end in CION. Who will tell her?

Huben, Iselthal, Tyrol.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am nine years old, I live in California, but am traveling in Europe with my papa and mamma.

We are in Tyrol, and Huben is a very pretty place. They have dreadful avalanches here. Last winter one came down near where we are staying, and carried away a house with five persons in it. They all were killed, but the goat and the cat were found alive. There are a great many crucifixes and statues of saints here. The people put them up by the roadside, and pray before them when passing by. They hope the crucifixes and statues will keep the avalanches off, and they are very good people,—all but one man. He put up a statue of St. Florian, but an avalanche came and carried off his field, leaving nothing but the image of the saint. He was so mad, he tore up the statue and cut it up into little pieces and threw it down where the avalanche went, which was very steep!—Your loving reader, ALICE.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In Silas, not in Fred;
In Lucas, not in Ned;
In Adam, not in Bill;
In Nathan, not in Will;
In David, not in Sim;
In Edgar, not in Tim;
In Charlotte, not in Jane;
Two things that always leave a stain.

CYRIL DEANE.

COMPARISONS, DECLENSIONS, AND PRINCIPAL PARTS.

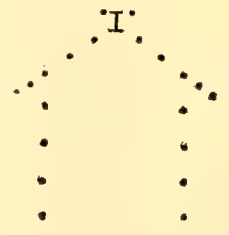
COMPARISONS: 1. Positive, an entrance to a narrow lane; Comparative, a reptile. 2. Compare like "much": Positive, a rabbit house; Comparative, a kind of frost; Superlative, a great company. 3. Compare like "good": Positive, a kind of fuel; Comparative, more moist; Superlative, a point of the compass. 4. Compare like "bad": Positive, past perfect of have; Comparative, a solemn vehicle; Superlative, an English name for a grove.

DECLENSIONS: 1. Decline like a pronoun of the first person: Singular.—Nominative, purchase; Possessive, a vine or near; Objective, exist. Plural.—Nominative, an insect; Possessive, an arbor or arbors; Objective, a vehicle. 2. Decline like a pronoun of the second person: Plural.—Nominative, a tree; Possessive, a pitcher or pitchers; Objective, a sheep. 3. Decline like a pronoun of the third person: Singular.—Nominative, a meadow; Possessive, a girl's nickname; Objective, a branch. Plural.—Nominative, a song; Possessive, a den; Objective, a boy's name abbreviated.

PRINCIPAL PARTS: Like the verb "go."—1. Present, an exclamation; Past, a fast; Perfect, a grass plot. 2. Present, unbaked bread; Past, a nick; Perfect, day-break. Like the verb "see."—3. Present, a wharf; Past, a bird's note; Perfect, acute. 4. Present, the sheltered side; Past, rule of action; Perfect, to incline. 5. Present, an English river; Past, a bird; Perfect, a church official. 6. Present, a note of music; Past, a mouth; Perfect, carriage of the person. Like the verb "fly."—7. Present, elevated; Past, color; Perfect, a stone for sharpening. 8. Present, ashes mixed with water; Past, a game of cards; Perfect, without company. 9. Present, belonging to me; Past, a kitten's cry; Perfect, a sound of pain. H. H. B.

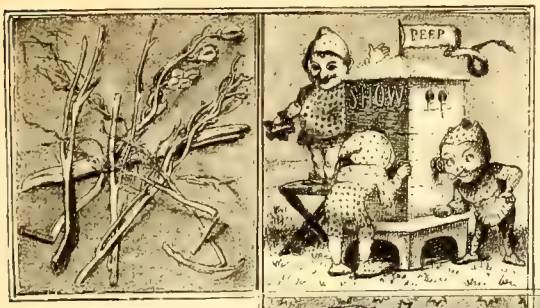
FRAME PUZZLE.

IN this puzzle, the letter I occurs in each word forming the frame, at the place where the letter is set in the diagram. Of each upright word, the first letter is that which occurs in the sloping word where it touches an upright word.



Left slope, reading upward: Entrancing. Right slope, reading downward: A fortress. Left upright: A high "round" number. Right upright: Government. Bottom, reading from left to right: To judge. L. G. H.

EASY PROVERB REBUS.



RIDDLE.

WHAT is both hot and cold at the same time? G. B. R.

BIRD PUZZLE.

ONE foggy day, a well-known bird went out for a walk with her husband. An express-train came along just as they were crossing the railroad, and, alas! she lost her tail and he lost his head. Their remains being united, —she first and he next,— made another bird. What is this other bird's name? You may find it illustrated in Webster's dictionary.



SQUARE-WORD.

1. A COVERING formerly worn on the head. 2. A prefix. 3. The name of a tribe of uncivilized Americans. 4. Smaller. BERTHA.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials and finals of the words described in the following lines, form two other words which suggest cake and mince pies:

The first is governed by Victoria's hand.
The next describes her far-obeyed command.
The third is hard for fighting-men to be.
Fourth is a shell-fish, floater on the sea.
The fifth you must be every now and then.
Sixth, of the East were wisest of wise men.
Seventh is an acid of a common kind;
And eighth, a number, ball-players call to mind.

EASY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I HAVE thirteen letters, and I mean appendages. My 1, 4, 12, 11 is a vessel for carrying liquids. My 6, 10, 3, 5 is a stringed instrument of music. My 13, 8, 7, 9, 2 is a place where men contend for victory in athletic sports. ISOLA.

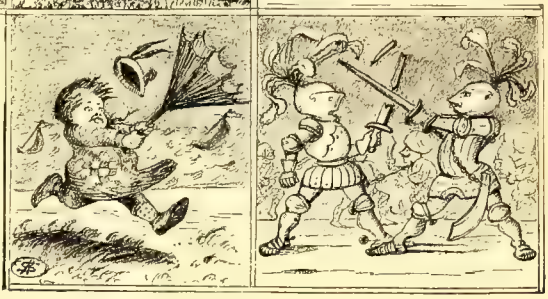
WORD-MAKING.

THOSE who play the game of "Word-making and word-taking" know how satisfactory it is to draw from the pool a letter which will enable them to capture a word from the enemy, especially if he have the required "ten" words. Many a time one of his ten words might be taken with the letter drawn, if his opponent only knew how to apply the letter. To show how to make use of the letter drawn, a little practice is here given in the shape of a puzzle.

Suppose your opponent has the words, thug, fit, may, win, and you draw an R. Can you add it to any one of his words? You cannot turn his "may" into "Mary," because proper nouns are not allowed unless found in the body of Webster's dictionary. But you can turn it into "army" and appropriate it. If you had drawn an S you could not have taken a word by merely adding the S to make it plural, and you are not permitted to make a word into a past participle with a D, nor may you make compound words. These rules apply in this puzzle.

Now, in each of the following examples are given the list of words your adversary has, and the letter drawn by you; and you are to discover which of his words you can capture.

1. List of words,—curate, if, cow, roiling, he, boot. Letter drawn, A.
2. List,—waiter, bring, when, glad, lyre, much. Letter B.
3. List,—fan, sand, bat, of, dream, laud, bishop. Letter C.
4. List,—back, crowd, deacon, furnace, field, plough, safety. Letter D.
5. List,—settle, smother, pie, my, is, grade, wagon. Letter E.
6. List,—leaf, leader, eke, site, terrace, butter. Letter F.
7. List,—bee, tone, large, play, vex, peculiar, sweet, law. Letter G.
8. List,—bounty, many, fix, dray, stray, thirdly. Letter H.
9. List,—minx, tribute, eve, fry, commerce, horse, cat, meed. Letter I.
10. List,—currant, diet, stole, parcel, debt, fortune, sour. Letter J.
11. List,—off, theater, whole, fur, fair, mantle, grief, moon, noble. Letter K.
12. List,—gig, bold, curd, theme, button, mongrel. Letter L
13. List,—fool, crown, their, tool, no, virtue. Letter M.
14. List,—gold, man, hymn, teeth, little, oars. Letter N.
15. List,—bonnet, glove, it, stream, park, preachers. Letter O.
16. List,—brindle, tenement, roan, brown, nan.es, dentist. Letter P.
17. List,—true, blue, surely, purest, suit, suspense, tincture. Letter Q.
18. List,—grindstone, obit, iota, go, judge, nectar, candid. Letter R.
19. List,—stone, round, sharks, enough, lust, there, reasons. Letter S.
20. List,—Loan, vow, wages, jute, tooth, enemy, totality. Letter T.
21. List,—pipes, guns, building, between, ogre. Letter U.



22. List,—streets, truce, voice, tin, mug, perpetrate, adder. Letter V.
23. List,—haste, modest, maiden, temperate, persecute, accuse. Letter W.
24. List,—tent, value, nothing, inn, malice, courtesy, oval, yeast. Letter X.
25. List,—bad, foe, smooth, mutter, want, future, remark. Letter Y.
26. List,—dreary, polar, bears, mere, shocking, occult. Letter Z.

AUNT SUE.

HIDDEN WORD-SQUARE.

THE base is a word of four letters, the name of a girl. In each of the following sentences, find concealed one of the words of the square:

1. Tell Anna to call the harvesters, and have them make haste in to supper. 2. The mule appearing very mad—I hate a mad mule—I at once left his neighborhood.

3. The lazy lad excused himself;
He had a mind to shirk.
4. Said teacher, giving him a slap:
"Excuse you? No, sir! Work!"

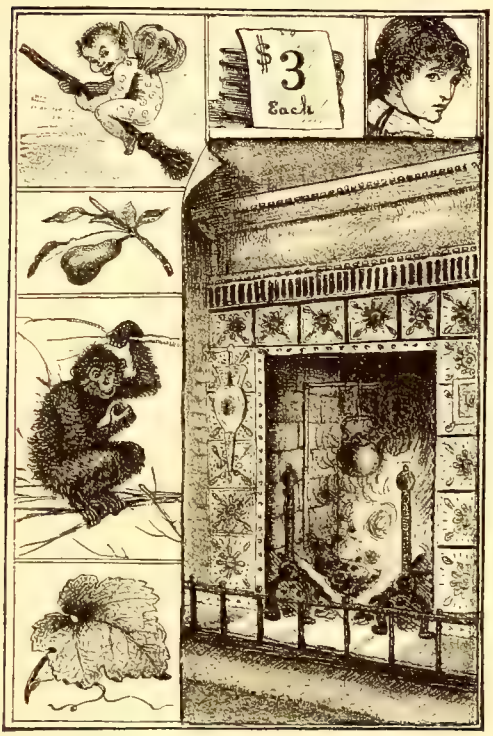
"LITTLE BRUNETTE."

DOUBLE DIAMOND.

ACROSS: 1. In open. 2. Part of a wheel. 3. A boy's name. 4. A drawing on cardboard. 5. A large screaming water-fowl. 6. An abbreviation of "mamma." 7. In any.

DOWN, beginning at the left: 1. In ocean. 2. An interjection of surprise. 3. The home of a Turk's wives. 4. To set forth by lines or colors. 5. A wild evergreen shrub, with yellow, white or purple flowers. 6. At a distance, but within view. 7. In many. DYCIE.

EASY PICTURE ANAGRAM.



THE answer is one word of nine letters, and is indicated by the largest picture in the illustration. Each of the small pictures represents an object the name of which may be spelled from the letters of the answer.

RIDDLE.

THE sound of a word appropriate for the middle blank is to be so spelled as to fill the other blanks, and make sense.

The natives of Java say that if —— —— the night under a ——— tree, the result must be that —— —— away before morning

JENNY YOUNG.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM a line from Alexander Pope's "Essay on Criticism," and I contain twenty-seven letters.

My 20, 6, 17, 13, 9, 27 is moral excellence. My 15, 25, 18 is a fruit. My 10, 16, 11, 26 is a low cry of pain. My 8, 2, 4, 7, 21 is an herb-eating animal. My 22, 19, 24, 23, 12, 3 is godlike. My 5, 14, 1 is to decay.

ISOLA.

CHARADE.

My first is rigid, formal, cold
And never pleasing to behold.
My second's fragrance fills the air
When summer days are bright and fair.
My whole has never had its birth
Till gladsome Spring 's returned to earth.

G. L.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN DECEMBER NUMBER.

TWO EASY DIAMONDS.—I. 1. L. 2. SOd. 3. LoYal. 4. DAm. 5. L. II 1. M. 2. LAG. 3 MaGic. 4. GIn. 5. C.

PI.—In a primary school, not long ago, the teacher undertook to convey to her pupils an idea of the uses of the hyphen. She wrote on the blackboard, "Birds'-nests," and pointing to the hyphen asked the school: "What 's that for?" After a short pause a little chap piped out: "Please ma'am, that 's for the bird to roost on."

DIFFICULT TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Any crest, ancestry. 2. Palliated, dial-plate. 3. Requisite, it is queer. 4. One dares, reasoned.

BEHEADINGS.—1. T-Hames. 2. N-Early. 3. O-Rally. 4. P-Layer. 5. R-Educe. 6. R-Elapse.—— RIDDLE.—Match-safe.

FOUR EASY SQUARE-WORDS.—

PIG	OWE	ORE	ORB
I. ICE	II. WHY	III. ROB	IV. ROE
GEM	EYE	EBB	BEG

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Stove.—— EASY CHARADE.—Seal-skin.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE.—1. Condiment. 2. CHallenge. 3. MeRriment. 4. SatIrical. 5. SatiSfied. 6. ImposTure. 7. TradesMan. 8. MatutinAl. 9. LucidnesS. Christmas.

CHRISTMAS CENTRAL ACROSTIC.—Children singing Christmas carols: 1. FaCes; of the children. 2. AsHes; sprinkled by the usher. 3. SpIre; of church. 4. HoLly; on arch of gate. 5. HeDge; in front of house. 6. ApRon; on little girl. 7. StEps; of church. 8. PaNes; of windows.—9. BaSes; of porch pillars. 10. DrIft; of snow, by steps. 11. ViNes; on church. 12. SiGns; on fence. 13. ChInk; in fence. 14. FeNce; in front of hedge. 15. LiGht; on arch of gate.—16. LoCks; on gates. 17. UsHer; sprinkling ashes. 18. GIRls; singing. 19. StIck; in peddler's hand. 20. VaSes; on the fence. 21. GaTes; of the fence. 22. LaMps; on the church. 23. FlAgs; of sidewalk. 24. MuSic; in children's hands.—25. PaCks; on peddler. 26. StArs; in the sky. 27. PoRch; of the church. 28. CrOss; in porch gable. 29. BeLls; in the belfry. 30. PoSts; of the fence.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Santa-Claus. 1. SaranaC. 2. AbeL. 3. NiagarA. 4. TU. 5. AtlaS.

EASY METAGRAM.—Romeo, Rome, more, ore, or, o.

WORD SYNCOPATIONS.—1. Ho-me-ly. 2. A-mica-ble. 3. Di-urn-al. 4. Ar-den-t. 5. B-all-et. 6. Bon-fir-e.

SCATTERED SQUARE-WORDS.—1. Ache, coil, hill, Ella. 2. Acid, care, iron, dent. 3. Cane, area, near, earl. 4. Chit, hare, iron, tent. 5. Clad, lace, acre, deer. 6. Clan, lace, acre, need. 7. Dawn, area, wear, nard. 8. Hand, area, near, dart. 9. Halt, area, leer, tart. 10. Epic, pare, iron, cent. 11. Hail, acre, iron, lent. 12. Jade, area, dear, earl. 13. Jail, acre, iron, lend. 14. Wait, acre, iron, tend. 15 What, hare, area, tear. 16. Wall, area, lead, lade.

PICTURE ANAGRAMS FOR YOUNG PUZZLERS.—1. Archery, a cherry. 2. Tens, nest. 3. Wings, swing. 4. Roes, rose.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 20, from The Blank Family,—Oulagiskit,—Bessie and her Cousin,—Mary L. Otis, all of whose solutions were correct; and from John Smith, Jr., 1—Willie F. Dix, 1—Milly B. Cross, 1—Helen M. Duncan, 2—E. Farrington, 1—Mary L. Shipman, 2—Mamie M. Burney, 1—Mary L. Lamprey, 1—Robert B. Salter, Jr., 3—Edith Chase, 1—Susie A Kachline, 3—M. McB., 1—Charles Fitts, 5—Ethel Bangs. 2—Meta Moore, 5—Mauch Chunk, 8—Gertrude Spalding, 2—Walter Dorset Parks, 1—R. A. A., 1—"Punch and Judy," 6—No Name, 1—"Scrub," 2—Emma and Netta McCall, 2—Carroll L. Maxcy, 5—Grace Ashton Crosby, 13—Charlie H. Jones, 1—Nettie Conine, 2—Nora O'Neil, 7—Eleanor N. Hughes, 7—Jennie W. Burritt, 2—Marie Morris, 2—Claire H. Pingrey, 9—B. E. and H. E. Melvin, 2—Sallie R. Marshall, 1—Rufus B. Clark, 3—E. Frank Thompson, 1—Bessie and Tommy Hotchkiss, 2—Ida Muller, 2—L. L. Van Liew, 2—Lillian Baker, 4—Gertrude H., 1—Buttercup, 11—Charles Sprague, 1—Effie K. Talboys, 2—Lizzie H. D. St Vrain, 6—Alice G. Benedict, 5—Helen Vaughn Cope, 1—"Quintettes," 5—Charlotte B. Serega, 1—Elizabeth L. Hillegeist, 6—Percy Crenshaw, 2—Bessie C. Barney, 6—Warren Wolfersberger, 5—Mary Campbell Murdock, 10—Julia Crofton, 6—Jessie O. Woodruff, 2—Lucy B. Shaw, 4—"G. H.," 6—Annie Reynes, 7—Diamond and Pearl, 4—J. Harry Anderson, 3—J. H. Slade, Jr., 2—Netta M. Van, 4—Benjamin C. Brown, Jr., 7—John V. L. Pierson, 6—Reta S. McIlvaine, 10—F. C. C., 3—Florence Wilcox, 12—Ida Cohn, 6—Allen T. Treadway, 10—Jim Crow, 6—Thomas Harwood, 1—Frances, Margaret, and Russell, 2—Vee Cornwell, 7—Bella Wehl, 8—Bertha Potts, 6—Lillie Burling, 5—Emmie J. Allen and Anna R. Jackson, 6—J. W. Yocum, 2—Nellie Kellogg, 5—Arthur P. Summers, 4—No Name, 7—Marion and Henry, 4—Willie B. Geery, 6—Eva and Ada Dolton, 4—Theodore Potts, 3—Morris Turk, 2—Russel Duane, 6—H. F. W., 3—Edward Vultee, 13—Pumble and Sam, 3—Cousins, 10—A. E. D. St. John, 9—"Riddlers," 5—Bessie S. Works, 1—H. W. Blake, 9—Edith W. Hamlin and May H. Weston, 8—Elvie Johnson, 7—Harkaway, and Sister, 4—Eddie Gwynne, 1—Harry C. Crosby, 2—Philip Sidney Carlton, 7—Robert Allen Gally, 6—H. Tournade, 1—U. Jacobi, 11—Susie Sipe, 11—Daisy and Harold, 4—David A. Center, 2—Will, 1—Georgie and Carlton Woodruff, 4—Lloyd M. Scott, 9—Jos. Van Doren, 4—Anna K. Phelps, 14—Nellie DeGraff, 10—Perry Beattie, 3—"Three Guessers," 11—H. J. Tiley, 12—Kitty C. Atwater, 6—Rob Bowles, 3—Edith Grace Bristow, 1—Laura H. and Charles D. Napier, 10—Emma Maxwell, 5—"Apple Blossom," 6—Jessie I. Upham, 7—M. J. G. and H. L. C., 5—Annie M C., and Louis L. C., 12—No Name, 12—Kate Higson, 2—"Impatience," 12—Bessie Taylor, 5—Jennie Mondschein, 3—"Winnie," 9—R. Kelly, 3—Charlie W. Power, 4—Harry M. Norris, 6. The numerals denote the number of puzzles solved.

ANSWERS TO J. D. L.'S PUZZLE in November "Letter-Box" were received, before November 20, from E. Farrington,—Bessie,—Emma and Netta McCall,—Anna Houghton,—"Pumble and Sam"—Annie E. St. John.



THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER.

FROM AN ENGRAVING BY SAMUEL COUSINS OF A PAINTING BY MILLAIS. BY PERMISSION OF THE FINE ART SOCIETY OF LONDON.

(See Letter-Box.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. VII. FEBRUARY, 1880. NO. 4.

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CHILD-SONGS.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE CITY CHILD.

DAINTY little maiden, whither would you wander?
Whither from this pretty home, the home where mother dwells?
"Far and far away," said the dainty little maiden,
"All among the gardens, auriculas, anemones,
Roses and lilies and Canterbury-bells."

Dainty little maiden, whither would you wander?
Whither from this pretty house, this city-house of ours?
"Far and far away," said the dainty little maiden,
"All among the meadows, the clover and the clematis,
Daisies and kingcups and honeysuckle-flowers."

MINNIE AND WINNIE.

MINNIE and Winnie
Slept in a shell.
Sleep, little ladies!
And they slept well.

Pink was the shell within,
Silver without;
Sounds of the great sea
Wander'd about.

Sleep, little ladies!
Wake not soon!
Echo on echo
Dies to the moon.

Two bright stars
Peep'd into the shell.
"What are they dreaming of?
Who can tell?"

Started a green linnet
Out of the croft;
Wake, little ladies,
The sun is aloft!

JACK AND JILL.*

By Louisa M. Alcott.

Chapter V.

SECRETS.

THERE were a great many clubs in Harmony village, but as we intend to interest ourselves with the affairs of the young folks only, we need not dwell upon the intellectual amusements of the elders. In summer, the boys devoted themselves to base ball, the girls to boating, and all got rosy, stout and strong, in these healthful exercises. In winter, the lads had their debating club, the lasses a dramatic ditto. At the former, astonishing bursts of oratory were heard; at the latter, everything was boldly attempted, from Romeo and Juliet to Mother Goose's immortal melodies. The two clubs frequently met and mingled their attractions in a really entertaining manner, for the speakers made good actors, and the young actresses were most appreciative listeners to the eloquence of each budding Demosthenes.

Great plans had been afoot for Christmas or New Year, but when the grand catastrophe put an end to the career of one of the best "spouters," and caused the retirement of the favorite "singing chambermaid," the affair was postponed till February, when Washington's birthday was always celebrated by the patriotic town, where the father of his country once put on his night-cap, or took off his boots, as that ubiquitous hero appears to have done in every part of the United States.

Meantime, the boys were studying Revolutionary characters, and the girls rehearsing such dramatic scenes as they thought most appropriate and effective for the 22nd. In both of these attempts they were much helped by the sense and spirit of Ralph Evans, a youth of nineteen, who was a great favorite with the young folks, not only because he was a good, industrious fellow, who supported his old grandmother, but also full of talent, fun, and ingenuity. It was no wonder every one who really knew him liked him, for he could turn his hand to anything, and loved to do it. If the girls were in despair about a fire-place when acting "The Cricket on the Hearth," he painted one, and put a gas-log in it that made the kettle really boil, to their great delight. If the boys found the interest of their club flagging, Ralph would convulse them by imitations of the "Member from Cranberry Center," or fire them with speeches of famous statesmen. Charity fairs could not get on without him, and in the store where he worked he did many an ingenious job, which made him valued for his mechanical skill, as well as for his energy and integrity.

Mrs. Minot liked to have him with her sons, because they also were to paddle their own canoes by and by, and she believed that, rich or poor, boys make better men for learning to use the talents they possess, not merely as ornaments, but tools with which to carve their own fortunes; and the best help toward this end is an example of faithful work, high aims, and honest living. So Ralph came often, and in times of trouble was a real rainy-day friend. Jack grew very fond of him during his imprisonment, for the good youth ran in every evening to get commissions, amuse the boy with droll accounts of the day's adventures, or invent lifts, bed-tables, and foot-rests for the impatient invalid. Frank found him a sure guide through the mechanical mysteries which he loved, and spent many a useful half-hour discussing cylinders, pistons, valves, and balance-wheels. Jill also came in for her share of care and comfort; the poor little back lay all the easier for the air-cushion Ralph got her, and the weary headaches found relief from the spray atomizer, which softly distilled its scented dew on the hot forehead till she fell asleep.

Round the beds of Jack and Jill met and mingled the school-mates of whom our story treats. Never, probably, did invalids have gayer times than our two, after a week of solitary confinement, for school gossip crept in, games could not be prevented, and Christmas secrets were concocted in those rooms till they were regular conspirators' dens, when they were not little Bedlams.

After the horn and bead labors were over, the stringing of pop-corn on red, and cranberries on white, threads came next, and Jack and Jill often looked like a new kind of spider in the pretty webs hung about them, till reeled off to bide their time in the Christmas closet. Paper flowers followed, and gay garlands and bouquets blossomed, regardless of the snow and frost without. Then there was a great scribbling of names, verses, and notes to accompany the steadily increasing store of odd parcels which were collected at the Minots', for gifts from every one were to ornament the tree, and contributions poured in as the day drew near.

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But the secret which most excited the young people was the deep mystery of certain proceedings at the Minot house. No one but Frank, Ralph, and mamma knew what it was, and the two boys nearly drove the others distracted by the tantalizing way in which they hinted at joys to come, talked strangely about birds, went measuring 'round with foot-rules, and shut themselves up in the Boys' Den, as a certain large room was called. This seemed to be the center of operations; but, beyond the fact of the promised tree, no ray of light was permitted to pass the jealously guarded doors. Strange men with paste-pots and ladders went in, furniture was dragged about, and all sorts of boyish lumber were sent up garret and down cellar. Mrs. Minot was seen pondering over heaps of green stuff, hammering was heard, singular bundles were smuggled upstairs, flowering plants betrayed their presence by whiffs of fragrance when the door was opened, and Mrs. Pecq was caught smiling all by herself in a back bedroom, which usually was shut up in winter.

"They are going to have a play, after all, and that green stuff was the curtain," said Molly Loo, as the girls talked it over one day, when they sat with their backs turned to one another, putting last stitches in certain bits of work which had to be concealed from all eyes, though it was found convenient to ask one another's taste as to the color, materials, and sizes of these mysterious articles.

"I think it is going to be a dance. I heard the boys doing their steps when I went in last evening to find out whether Jack liked blue or yellow best, so I could put the bow on his pen-wiper," declared Merry, knitting briskly away at the last of the pair of pretty white bed-socks she was making for Jill right under her inquisitive little nose.

"They would n't have a party of that kind without Jack and me. It is only an extra nice tree, you see if it is n't," answered Jill from behind the pillows, which made a temporary screen to hide the toilet mats she was preparing for all her friends.

"Every one of you is wrong, and you 'd better rest easy, for you wont find out the best part of it, try as you may." And Mrs. Pecq actually chuckled as she, too, worked away at some bits of muslin, with her back turned to the very unsocial-looking group.

"Well, I don't care, we 've got a secret all our own, and wont ever tell, will we?" cried Jill, falling back on the Home Missionary Society, though it was not yet begun.

"Never!" answered the girls, and all took great comfort in the idea that one mystery would not be cleared up, even at Christmas.

Jack gave up guessing, in despair, after he had suggested a new dining-room where he could eat with the family, a private school in which his lessons might go on with a tutor, or a theater for the production of the farces in which he delighted.

"It is going to be used to keep something in that you are very fond of," said mamma, taking pity on him at last.

"Ducks?" asked Jack, with a half pleased, half puzzled air, not quite seeing where the water was to come from.

Frank exploded at the idea, and added to the mystification by saying:

"There will be one little duck and one great donkey in it."

Then fearing he had told the secret, he ran off, quacking and braying derisively.

"It is to be used for creatures that I, too, am fond of, and you know neither donkeys nor ducks are favorites of mine," said mamma, with a demure expression, as she sat turning over old clothes for the bundles that always went to poor neighbors, with a little store of goodies, at this time of the year.

"I know! I know! It is to be a new ward for more sick folks, is n't it, now?" cried Jack, with what he thought a great proof of shrewdness.

"I don't see how I could attend to many more patients till this one is off my hands," answered mamma, with a queer smile, adding quickly, as if she, too, was afraid of letting the cat out of the bag: "That reminds me of a Christmas I once spent among the hospitals and poor-houses of a great city with a good lady who, for thirty years, had made it her mission to see that these poor little souls had one merry day. We gave away two hundred dolls, several great boxes of candy and toys, besides gay pictures, and new clothes to orphan children, sick babies, and half-grown innocents. Ah, my boy, that was a day to remember all my life, to make me doubly grateful for my blessings, and very glad to serve the helpless and afflicted, as that dear woman did."

The look and tone with which the last words were uttered effectually turned Jack's thoughts from the great secret, and started another small one, for he fell to planning what he would buy with his pocket-money to surprise the little Pats and Biddies who were to have no Christmas tree.

CHAPTER VI.

SURPRISES.

"Is it pleasant?" was the question Jill asked before she was fairly awake on Christmas morning.

"Yes, dear; as bright as heart could wish. Now eat a bit, and then I 'll make you nice for the day's pleasure. I only hope it wont be too much

for you," answered Mrs. Pecq, bustling about, happy, yet anxious, for Jill was to be carried over to Mrs. Minot's, and it was her first attempt at going out since the accident.

It seemed as if nine o'clock would never come, and Jill, with wraps all ready, lay waiting in a fever of impatience for the doctor's visit, as he wished to superintend the moving. At last he came, found all promising, and having bundled up his small patient, carried her, with Frank's help, in her chair-bed to the ox-sled, which was drawn to the next door, and Miss Jill landed in the Boys' Den before she had time to get either cold or tired. Mrs. Minot took her things off with a cordial welcome, but Jill never said a word, for, after one exclamation, she lay staring about her, dumb with surprise and delight at what she saw.

The great room was entirely changed; for now it looked like a garden, or one of the fairy scenes children love, where in-doors and out-of-doors are pleasantly combined. The ceiling was pale blue, like the sky; the walls were covered with a paper like a rustic trellis, up which climbed morning glories so naturally that the many-colored bells seemed dancing in the wind. Birds and butterflies flew among them, and here and there, through arches in the trellis, one seemed to look into a sunny summer world, contrasting curiously with the wintry landscape lying beyond the real windows, festooned with evergreen garlands, and curtained only by stands of living flowers. A green drugget covered the floor like grass, rustic chairs from the garden stood about, and in the middle of the room a handsome hemlock waited for its pretty burden. A Yule log blazed on the wide hearth, and over the chimney-piece, framed in holly, shone the words that set all hearts to dancing, "Merry Christmas!"

"Do you like it, dear? This is our surprise for you and Jack, and here we mean to have good times together," said Mrs. Minot, who had stood quietly enjoying the effect of her work.

"Oh, it is so lovely I don't know what to say!" and Jill put up both arms, as words failed her, and grateful kisses were all she had to offer.

"Can you suggest anything more to add to the pleasantness?" asked the gentle lady, holding the small hands in her own, and feeling well repaid by the child's delight.

"Only Jack," and Jill's laugh was good to hear, as she glanced up with merry, yet wistful eyes.

"You are right. We 'll have him in it at once, or he will come hopping on one leg," and away hurried his mother, laughing, too, for whistles, shouts, thumps, and violent demonstrations of all kinds had been heard from the room where Jack was raging with impatience, while he waited for his share of the surprise.

Jill could hardly lie still when she heard the roll of another chair-bed coming down the hall, its passage enlivened with cries of "Starboard! Port! Easy now! Pull away!" from Ralph and Frank, as they steered the recumbent Columbus on his first voyage of discovery.

"Well, I call that handsome!" was Jack's exclamation, when the full beauty of the scene burst upon his view. Then he forgot all about it and gave a whoop of pleasure, for there beside the fire was an eager face, two hands beckoning, and Jill's voice crying, joyfully:

"I 'm here! I 'm here! Oh, do come, quick!"

Down the long room rattled the chair, Jack cheering all the way, and brought up beside the other one, as the long-parted friends exclaimed, with one accord:

"Is n't this jolly!"

It certainly did look so, for Ralph and Frank danced a wild sort of fandango round the tree, Dr. Whiting stood and laughed, while the two mothers beamed from the door-way, and the children, not knowing whether to laugh or to cry, compromised the matter by clapping their hands and shouting, "Merry Christmas to everybody!" like a pair of little maniacs.

Then they all sobered down, and the busy ones went off to the various duties of the day, leaving the young invalids to repose and enjoy themselves together.

"How nice you look," said Jill, when they had duly admired the pretty room.

"So do you," gallantly returned Jack, as he surveyed her with unusual interest.

They did look very nice, though happiness was the principal beautifier. Jill wore a red wrapper, with the most brilliant of all the necklaces sparkling at her throat, over a nicely crimped frill her mother had made in honor of the day. All the curly black hair was gathered into a red net, and a pair of smart little moccasins covered the feet that had not stepped for many a weary day. Jack was not so gay, but had made himself as fine as circumstances would permit. A gray dressing-gown, with blue cuffs and collar, was very becoming to the blonde youth; an immaculate shirt, best studs, sleeve-buttons, blue tie, and handkerchief wet with scent and sticking out of the breast-pocket, gave an air of elegance in spite of the afghan spread over the lower portions of his manly form. The yellow hair was brushed till it shone, and being parted in the middle, to hide the black patch, made two engaging little "quirls" on his forehead. The summer tan had faded from his cheeks, but his eyes were as blue as the wintry sky, and nearly every white tooth was visible as he smiled on his partner in misfortune, saying cheerily:

"I 'm ever so glad to see you again; guess we are over the worst of it now, and can have good times. Wont it be fun to stay here all the while, and amuse one another?"

"Yes, indeed; but one day is so short! It will be stupider than ever when I go home to-night," answered Jill, looking about her with longing eyes.

"But you are not going home to-night; you are to stay ever so long. Did n't mamma tell you?"

"No. Oh, how splendid! Am I really? Where will I sleep? What will mammy do without me?" and Jill almost sat up, she was so delighted with the new surprise.

"That room in there is all fixed for you. I made Frank tell me so much. Mamma said I might tell you, but I did n't think she would be able to hold in if she saw you first. Your mother is coming, too, and we are all going to have larks together till we are well."

The splendor of this arrangement took Jill's breath away, and before she got it again, in came Frank and Ralph with two clothes-baskets of treasures to be hung upon the tree. While they wired on the candles the children asked questions, and found out all they wanted to know about the new plans and pleasures.

"Who fixed all this?"

"Mamma thought of it, and Ralph and I did it. He 's the man for this sort of thing, you know. He proposed cutting out the arches and sticking on birds and butterflies just where they looked best. I put those canaries over there, they looked so well against the blue," and Frank proudly pointed out some queer orange-colored fowls, looking as if they were having fits in the air, but very effective, nevertheless.

"Your mother said you might call this the Bird-Room. We caught a scarlet-tanager for you to begin with, did n't we Jack?" and Ralph threw a *bonbon* at Jill, who looked very like a bright little bird in a warm nest,

"Good for you! Yes, and we are going to keep



"MERRY CHRISTMAS TO EVERYBODY!"

her in this pretty cage till we can both fly off together. I say, Jill, where shall we be in our classes when we do get back?" and Jack's merry face fell at the thought.

"At the foot, if we don't study and keep up. Doctor said I might study sometimes, if I 'd lie still as long as he thought best, and Molly brought home my books, and Merry says she will come in every day and tell me where the lessons are. I don't mean to fall behind, if my backbone is cracked," said Jill, with a decided nod that made several black rings fly out of the net to dance on her forehead.

"Frank said he 'd pull me along in my Latin, but I 've been lazy and have n't done a thing. Let 's go at it and start fair for New Year," proposed Jack, who did not love study as the bright girl did, but was ashamed to fall behind her in anything.

"All right. They 've been reviewing, so we can keep up when they begin, if we work next week while the rest have a holiday. Oh, dear, I do miss school dreadfully;" and Jill sighed for the old desk, every blot and notch of which was dear to her.

"There come our things, and pretty nice they look, too," said Jack; and his mother began to dress the tree, hanging up the gay horns, the gilded nuts, red and yellow apples and oranges, and festooning long strings of pop-corn and scarlet cranberries from bough to bough, with the glittering necklaces hung where the light would show their colors best.

"I never saw such a splendid tree before. I 'm glad we could help, though we were ill. Is it all done now?" asked Jill, when the last parcel was tied on and everybody stood back to admire the pretty sight.

"One thing more. Hand me that box, Frank, and be very careful that you fasten this up firmly, Ralph," answered Mrs. Minot, as she took from its wrappings the waxen figure of a little child. The rosy limbs were very life-like, so was the smiling face under the locks of shining hair. Both plump arms were outspread as if to scatter blessings over all, and downy wings seemed to flutter from the dimpled shoulders, making an angel of the baby.

"Is it St. Nicholas?" asked Jill, who had never seen that famous personage, and knew but little of Christmas festivities.

"It is the Christ-child, whose birthday we are celebrating. I got the best I could find, for I like the idea better than old Santa Claus; though we *may* have him, too," said mamma, holding the little image so that both could see it well.

"It looks like a real baby," and Jack touched the rosy foot with the tip of his finger, as if expecting a crow from the half-open lips.

"It reminds me of the saints in the chapel of the Sacred Heart in Montreal. One little St. John looked like this, only he had a lamb instead of wings," said Jill, stroking the flaxen hair, and wishing she dared ask for it to play with.

"He is the children's saint to pray to, love and imitate, for he never forgot them, but blessed and healed and taught them all his life. This is only a poor image of the holiest baby ever born, but I hope it will keep his memory in your minds all day, because this is the day for good resolutions, happy thoughts, and humble prayers, as well as play and gifts and feasting."

While she spoke, Mrs. Minot, touching the little figure as tenderly as if it were alive, had tied a broad white ribbon round it, and handing it to Ralph, bade him fasten it to the hook above the tree-top, where it seemed to float as if the downy wings supported it.

Jack and Jill lay silently watching, with a sweet sort of soberness in their young faces, and for a moment the room was very still as all eyes looked up at the Blessed Child. The sunshine seemed to grow more golden as it flickered on the little head, the flames glanced about the glittering tree as if trying to climb and kiss the baby feet, and, without, a chime of bells rang sweetly, calling people to hear again the lovely story of the life begun on Christmas Day.

Only a minute, but it did them good, and presently, when the pleasant work was over, and the workers gone, the boys to church, and mamma to see about lunch for the invalids, Jack said, gravely, to Jill:

"I think we ought to be extra good, every one is so kind to us, and we are getting well, and going to have such capital times. Don't see how we can do anything else to show we are grateful."

"It is n't easy to be good when one is sick," said Jill, thoughtfully. "I fret dreadfully, I get so tired of being still. I want to scream sometimes, but I don't, because it would scare mammy, so I cry. Do you cry, Jack?"

"Men never do. I want to tramp round when things bother me; but I can't, so I kick and say 'Hang it!' and when I get very bad I pitch into Frank, and he lets me. I tell you, Jill, he 's a good brother!" and Jack privately resolved then and there to invite Frank to take it out of him in any form he pleased as soon as health would permit.

"I rather think we *shall* grow good in this pretty place, for I don't see how we can be bad if we want to, it is all so nice and sort of pious here," said Jill, with her eyes on the angel over the tree.

"A fellow can be awfully hungry, I know that. I did n't half eat breakfast I was in such a hurry to see you, and know all about the secrets. Frank kept saying I could n't guess, that you had come, and I never would be ready, till finally I got mad and fired an egg at him, and made no end of a mess."

Jack and Jill went off into a gale of laughter at the idea of dignified Frank dodging the egg that smashed on the wall, leaving an indelible mark of Jack's besetting sin, impatience.

Just then Mrs. Minot came in, well pleased to hear such pleasant sounds, and to see two merry faces, where usually one listless one met her anxious eyes.

"The new medicine works well, neighbor," she said to Mrs. Pecq, who followed with the lunch tray.

"Indeed it does, mem. I feel as if I 'd taken a sup myself, I 'm that easy in my mind."

And she looked so, too, for she seemed to have left all her cares in the little house when she locked the door behind her, and now stood smiling with a clean apron on, so fresh and cheerful, that Jill hardly knew her own mother.

"Things taste better when you have some one to eat with you," observed Jack, as they devoured sandwiches, and drank milk out of little mugs with rosebuds on them.

"Don't eat too much, or you wont be ready for the next surprise," said his mother, when the plates were empty and the last drop gone down throats dry with much chatter.

"More surprises! Oh, what fun!" cried Jill. And all the rest of the morning, in the intervals of talk and play, they tried to guess what it could be.

At two o'clock they found out, for dinner was served in the Bird-Room, and the children reveled in the simple feast prepared for them. The two mothers kept the little bed-tables well supplied, and fed their nurslings like maternal birds, while Frank presided over the feast with great dignity, and ate a dinner which would have astonished mamma, if she had not been too busy to observe how fast the mince pie vanished.

"The girls said Christmas was spoiled because of us; but I don't think so, and they wont either, when they see this splendid place and know all about our nice plans," said Jill, luxuriously eating the nut-meats Jack picked out for her, as they lay in Eastern style at the festive board.

"I call this broken bones made easy. I never had a better Christmas. Have a raisin? Here 's a good fat one." And Jack made a long arm to Jill's mouth, which began to sing "Little Jack Horner" as an appropriate return.

"It would have been a lonesome one to all of us, I 'm thinking, but for your mother, boys. My duty and hearty thanks to you, mem," put in grateful Mrs. Pecq, bowing over her coffee-cup as she had seen ladies bow over their wine-glasses at dinner parties in old England.

"I rise to propose a health, Our Mothers." And Frank stood up with a goblet of water, for not even at Christmas time was wine seen on that table.

"Hip, hip, hurra!" called Jack, baptizing himself with a good sprinkle, as he waved his glass and drank the toast with a look that made his mother's eyes fill with happy tears.

Jill threw her mother a kiss, feeling very grown up and elegant to be dining out in such style. Then they drank every one's health with much merriment, till Frank declared that Jack would float off on the deluge of water he splashed about in his enthusiasm, and mamma proposed a rest after the merry-making.

"Now the best fun is coming, and we have not long to wait," said the boy, when naps and rides about the room had whiled away the brief interval between dinner and dusk, for the evening entertainment was to be an early one to suit the invalids' bed-time.

"I hope the girls will like their things. I helped to choose them, and each has a nice present. I don't know mine, though, and I 'm in a twitter to see it," said Jill, as they lay waiting for the fun to begin.

"I do; I chose it, so I know you will like one of them, anyway."

"Have I got more than one?"

"I guess you 'll think so when they are handed down. The bell was going all day yesterday, and the girls kept bringing in bundles for you, I see seven now," and Jack rolled his eyes from one mysterious parcel to another hanging on the laden boughs.

"I know something, too. That square bundle is what you want ever so much. I told Frank, and he got it for his present. It is all red and gold outside, and every sort of color inside; you 'll hurrah when you see it. That roundish one is yours too; I made them," cried Jill, pointing to a flat package tied to the stem of the tree, and a neat little roll in which were the blue mittens that she had knit for him.

"I can wait," but the boy's eyes shone with eagerness, and he could not resist firing two or three pop-corns at it to see whether it was hard or soft.

"That barking dog is for Boo, and the little yellow sled, so Molly can drag him to school, he always tumbles down so when it is slippery," continued

Jill, proud of her superior knowledge, as she showed a small spotted animal hanging by its tail, with a red tongue displayed as if about to taste the sweeties in the horn below.

"Don't talk about sleds, for mercy's sake! I never want to see another, and you would n't, either, if you had to lie with a flat-iron tied to your ankle, as I do," said Jack, with a kick of the well leg and an ireful glance at the weight attached to the other that it might not contract while healing.

"Well, I think plasters, and liniment, and rubbing, as bad as flat-irons any day. I don't believe you have ached half so much as I have, though it sounds worse to break legs than to sprain your back," protested Jill, eager to prove herself the greater sufferer, as invalids are apt to be.

"I guess you would n't think so if you 'd been yanked 'round as I was when they set my leg. Cæsar, how it did hurt!" and Jack squirmed at the recollection of it.

"You did n't faint away as I did, when the doctor was finding out if my vertebrums were hurt, so now!" cried Jill, bound to carry her point, though not at all clear what vertebræ were.

"Pooh! Girls always faint. Men are braver, and I did n't faint a bit in spite of all that horrid agony."

"You howled; Frank told me so. Doctor said *I* was a brave girl, so you need n't brag, for you 'll have to go on a crutch for a while. I know that."

"You may have to use two of them for years, may be. I heard the doctor tell my mother so. I shall be up and about long before you will. Now then!"

Both children were getting excited, for the various pleasures of the day had been rather too much for them, and there is no knowing but they would have added the sad surprise of a quarrel to the pleasant ones of the day, if a cheerful whistle had not been heard, as Ralph came in to light the candles and give the last artistic touches to the room.

"Well, young folks, how goes it? Had a merry time so far?" he asked, as he fixed the steps and ran up with a lighted match in his hand.

"Very nice, thank you," answered a prim little voice from the dusk below, for only the glow of the fire filled the room just then.

Jack said nothing, and two red, sulky faces were hidden in the dark, watching candle after candle sputter, brighten, and twinkle, till the trembling shadows began to flit away like imps afraid of the light.

"Now he will see my face, and I know it is cross," thought Jill, as Ralph went round the last circle, leaving another line of sparks among the hemlock boughs.

Jack thought the same, and had just got the frown smoothed out of his forehead, when Frank brought a fresh log, and a glorious blaze sprung up, filling every corner of the room, and dancing over the figures in the long chairs till they had to brighten whether they liked it or not. Presently the bell began to ring and gay voices to sound below; then Jill smiled in spite of herself as Molly Loo's usual cry of "Oh, dear, where *is* that child?" reached her, and Jack could not help keeping time to the march Ed played, while Frank and Gus marshaled the procession.

"Ready!" cried Mrs. Minot, at last, and up came the troop of eager lads and lasses, brave in holiday suits, with faces to match. A unanimous "O, o, o!" burst from twenty tongues, as the full splendor of the tree, the room, and its inmates, dawned upon them; for not only did the pretty Christ-child hover above, but Santa Claus himself stood below, fur-clad, white-bearded, and powdered with snow from the dredging-box.

Ralph was a good actor, and, when the first raptures were over he distributed the presents with such droll speeches, jokes, and gambols, that the room rang with merriment, and passers-by paused to listen, sure that here, at least, Christmas was merry. It would be impossible to tell about all the gifts or the joy of the receivers, but every one was satisfied, and the king and queen of the revels, so overwhelmed with little tokens of good-will, that their beds looked like booths at a fair. Jack beamed over the handsome postage-stamp book which had long been the desire of his heart, and Jill felt like a millionaire, with a silver fruit-knife, a pretty work-basket, and, oh!—coals of fire on her head!—a ring from Jack.

A simple little thing enough, with one tiny turquoise forget-me-not, but something like a dew-drop fell on it when no one was looking, and she longed to say, "I 'm sorry I was cross; forgive me, Jack." But it could not be done then, so she turned to admire Merry's bed-shoes, the pots of pansies, hyacinths and geranium which Gus and his sisters sent for her window garden, Molly's queer Christmas pie, and the zither Ed promised to teach her how to play upon.

The tree was soon stripped, and pop-corns strewed the floor as the children stood about picking them off the red threads when candy gave out, with an occasional cranberry by way of relish. Boo insisted on trying the new sled at once, and enlivened the trip by the squeaking of the spotted dog, the toot of a tin trumpet, and shouts of joy at the splendor of the turn-out.

The girls all put on their necklaces, and danced about like fine ladies at a ball. The boys fell to comparing skates, balls, and cuff-buttons on the

spot, while the little ones devoted all their energies to eating everything eatable they could lay their hands on.

Games were played till nine o'clock, and then the party broke up, after they had taken hands round the tree and sung a song written by one whom you all know,—so faithfully and beautifully does she love and labor for children the world over.

"THE BLESSED DAY.

"What shall little children bring
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day?
What shall little children bring
On Christmas Day in the morning?
This shall little children bring
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
Love and joy to Christ their king,
On Christmas Day in the morning!

"What shall little children sing
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day?
What shall little children sing
On Christmas Day in the morning?
The grand old carols shall they sing
On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day;
With all their hearts, their offerings bring
On Christmas Day in the morning."

Jack was carried off to bed in such haste that he had only time to call out, "Good-night!" before he was rolled away, gaping as he went. Jill soon found herself tucked up in the great white bed she was to share with her mother, and lay looking about the pleasant chamber, while Mrs. Pecq ran home for a minute to see that all was safe there for the night.

After the merry din the house seemed very still, with only a light step now and then, the murmur of voices not far away, or the jingle of sleigh-bells from without, and the little girl rested easily among the pillows, thinking over the pleasures of the day, too wide-awake for sleep. There was no lamp in the chamber, but she could look into the pretty Bird-Room where the fire-light still shone on flowery walls, deserted tree, and Christ-child floating above the green. Jill's eyes wandered there and lingered till they were full of regretful tears, because the sight of the little angel recalled the words spoken when it was hung up, the good resolution she had taken then, and how soon it was broken.

"I said I could n't be bad in that lovely place, and I was a cross, ungrateful girl after all they 've done for mammy and me. Poor Jack *was* hurt the worst, and he *was* brave enough, though he did scream. I wish I could go and tell him so, and hear him say, 'All right.' Oh, me, I 've spoiled the day!"

A great sob choked more words, and Jill was about to have a comfortable cry, when some one entered the other room, and she saw Frank doing something with a long cord and a thing that looked like a tiny drum. Quiet as a bright-eyed mouse, Jill peeped out wondering what it was, and suspecting mischief, for the boy was laughing to himself as he stretched the cord, and now and then bent over the little object in his hand, touching it with great care.

"May be it 's a torpedo to blow up and scare me; Jack likes to play tricks. Well, I 'll scream loud when it goes off, so he will be satisfied that I 'm dreadfully frightened," thought Jill, little dreaming what the last surprise of the day was to be.

Presently a voice whispered:

"I say! Are you awake?"

"Yes."

"Any one there but you?"

"No."

"Catch this, then. Hold it to your ear and see what you 'll get."

The little drum came flying in, and, catching it, Jill, with some hesitation, obeyed Frank's order. Judge of her amazement when she caught in broken whispers these touching words:

"Sorry I was cross. Forgive and forget. Start fair to-morrow. All right. Jack."



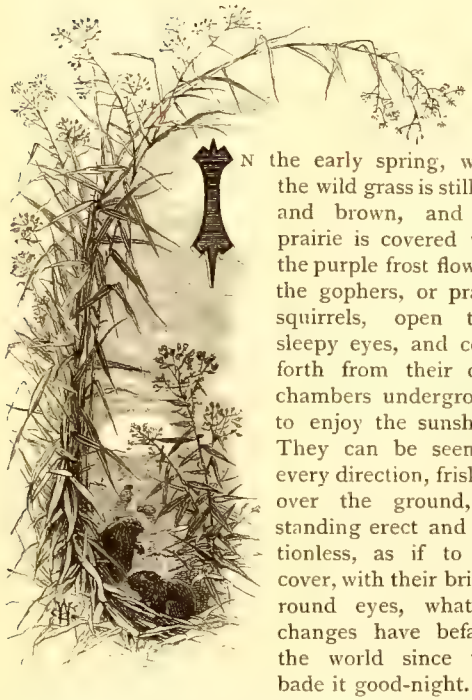
JACK'S MESSAGE.

Jill was so delighted with this handsome apology, that she could not reply for a moment, then steadied her voice, and answered back in her sweetest tone:

"I 'm sorry, too. Never, never, will again. Feel much better now. Good-night, you dear old thing."

Satisfied with the success of his telephone, Frank twitched back the drum and vanished, leaving Jill, to lay her cheek upon the hand that wore the little ring and fall asleep, saying to herself, with a farewell glance at the children's saint, dimly seen in the soft gloom, "I will not forget. I will be good!"

(To be continued.)



PRAIRIE SQUIRRELS.

By Mary P. Thacher.

In the early spring, when the wild grass is still dry and brown, and the prairie is covered with the purple frost flowers, the gophers, or prairie squirrels, open their sleepy eyes, and come forth from their dark chambers underground to enjoy the sunshine. They can be seen in every direction, frisking over the ground, or standing erect and motionless, as if to discover, with their bright, round eyes, whatever changes have befallen the world since they bade it good-night. In this upright position it is impossible to distinguish them from so many brown pieces of wood; but the slightest noise sends them scampering to their burrows, where they disappear with a shrill chirp and a comical flourish of their feet.

In the West, these little creatures take the place of the tree squirrel, living on hazel-nuts, roots, and seeds of prairie plants.

The prettiest and most common of all the prairie squirrels is the one generally called the striped gopher, a slender animal, whose fur is beautifully spotted and striped. Much as I admired this little beauty when I lived in the West, I was extremely annoyed by his habit of digging holes in my flower-beds, and uprooting the tender plants. While I carefully repaired the mischief, he was industriously at work in another part of the garden; and perching himself near a freshly made hole, ready to dive in at a moment's notice, he would look exultingly at me with his saucy brown eyes. I never would consent to have him shot, and so he kept me busy through the season. The gray gopher is larger, and looks too much like a rat to be pretty. Both of these animals are great pests to farmers, and, if not closely watched, will eat all their newly planted corn in a very short time. In some localities, shooting gophers is as important a part of a farmer's work as "bugging" potatoes. As soon as the green shoots of corn appear, the little ravagers dig them up to eat off the kernels; and, unless the watchman, who is stationed in the corn-field, understands the habits of these active foes to vegetation, the farmer loses a deal of corn as well as his temper.

Very different from these is the pocket gopher, or pouched rat, which is an ugly nocturnal animal, and seldom seen. His capacious pockets cover both sides of his head, his great teeth project beyond the lip, and his fore feet are armed with long, sharp claws. Like the mole, he digs deep, and burrows very rapidly, throwing up mounds of earth with his back and shoulders. Some people say that he brings earth out of the burrows in his pockets, but this is a mistake. These queer pockets, which are lined with short hair, open only on the outside, having no connection with the mouth, and are used to convey food to the burrows. The pocket gopher's nest is placed in a small, round chamber, and warmly lined with dried grasses, and with fur which the mother pulls from her body.

From this chamber a great many passages radiate, and the animal can easily escape in any direction when alarmed. I have often wished that I could penetrate to the gopher's winding burrows, and explore his ingeniously contrived home, which is a perfect labyrinth. The pocket gopher sometimes kills fruit-trees of many years' growth by gnawing the roots. This is very trying to gar-

deners, for fruit is not easily raised in the newer portions of the West. I shall not soon forget a desperate young friend, who stood motionless in his garden one whole summer afternoon, with his gun aimed at a pocket gopher's hole. His patience was not rewarded, for the little miscreant had no idea of being shot. The pocket gopher is as fond of potatoes as an Irishman, and burrows under the hills, where he can eat them at his leisure. With the greedy potato-bugs above ground, and the pouched rat underneath, you can imagine that the farmer has a hard time raising his potatoes. I knew some little boys who earned a cent for every hundred bugs they killed, and they could kill a great many in a day; but there was no way to capture the wily enemy at the roots.

A curious animal, with which you may be better acquainted, is the barking squirrel, a sort of miniature woodchuck. Among the Indians he is known as the *Weptonwish*, while the French Canadians call him *Petit Chien*. He is generally called the prairie dog, though prairie marmot would be a better name, for he closely resembles his cousins across the water, the Alpine marmots. A clumsy little creature, with a peculiar flat head, he does not look at all like a dog, though his bark is somewhat like that of a very young puppy.

The Indians say, that before the great storms of autumn the prairie dogs close the mouths of their burrows with weeds and earth, and that if they open their doors before the storm is over, pleasant weather is sure to be at hand.

The little Alpine marmots burrow in the mountain slopes near the region of perpetual snow; and while they frolic beneath the summer sun, a sentinel on a neighboring crag gives an alarm at the approach of danger. The prairie marmots use the little hillocks near their burrows for watch-towers; but their great curiosity often brings them to grief. When they see an intruder, they give a frightened yelp and leap into their holes; but they instantly wheel round and peer cautiously out to see what the danger is. Hunters take advantage of this inquisitive trait, and try to shoot the little creatures while they are looking out of their doors. The flesh of these animals is said to be tender and juicy; but unless they are instantly killed, they always contrive to escape into their burrows.

The domestic arrangements of the prairie dogs have excited much wonder; and when the small burrowing owl and prairie rattlesnake were first found in the "dog-towns," people said, "What a strange friendship! These happy families are more wonderful than any the museums can exhibit." But the naturalists looked at the matter in a different light, and declared that the owl and snake were unwelcome and uninvited guests, and were glad to get their board and lodging free. If the prairie dogs do not enjoy seeing their children swallowed by the rattlesnakes, they are wise enough to make a virtue of necessity. It is not so easy to account for the presence of the owl, as her food seems to consist entirely of insects. Perhaps she is too lazy to dig her own burrow, and prefers to rear her young owlets in a home already provided.

In England, the Alpine marmots are carried about in boxes by Savoyard boys, and exhibited for half-pence. Our Western marmots are also easily tamed, and I have heard of two who lived in their master's coat pocket, and loved to nestle in his breast. These pets were afterward placed in the Zoölogical Gardens in London.



A DOG-TOWN, OR MARMOT VILLAGE.



WINTER.

SAVED FROM SIBERIA.

BY A. A. HAYES, JR.

WHEN Harry Holton awoke on a certain bright February morning, not long ago, he rubbed his eyes and stared about him for some time before he could remember where he was, and how he happened to be there. Then it all came back to him,—he had arrived the night before in St. Petersburg, very cold and quite tired out, and had been glad enough to go to bed in a warm and pleasant room in the *Hotel de l'Europe*. Harry and his parents were traveling in Europe, and only a few days before, his father had come to their pleasant apartment on the *Champs Elysées* in Paris, and told him that he and his mother were going to take him with them to Russia.

The very next night they drove to the station of the Northern Railway and took their places in a funny sleeping-car, as little as possible like the "Pullman" cars, in which Harry had often traveled at home. He slept soundly enough, and only awoke a little while before they rolled into a great station at Cologne, and he saw uniforms quite different from the Paris officials', and heard every body speaking German instead of French. Here he had time to make a hearty breakfast, and even run out into the square and look for a few minutes at the grand cathedral, before the train started for Berlin.

At Berlin the party stayed two days, and his father bought warm fur pelisses, and fur-lined *goloshes* or overshoes, and large thick fur rugs for all three,—and Harry began to realize that they were going to a colder country than he had ever before visited. The train started from Berlin late in the evening, and the next afternoon they reached the frontier, where their baggage was subjected to a rigid examination by some very fierce-looking uniformed Russian Custom-house officials, to see if they had anything with them which it was forbidden to carry into Russia. Nothing of the kind was found, and Harry and his parents entered a Russian railway-carriage, where there was an enormous stove, into which a guard continually piled wood; and, until they reached St. Petersburg the next evening, it seemed to them that they saw absolutely nothing but trees and snow, with an occasional station where the passengers ran in and drank tumblers of hot tea. Harry could see little of the city as they drove rapidly to the hotel; but

glimpses of the signs, as the light from the street-lamps shone upon them, greatly puzzled him, for although the letters looked like Roman letters, they they did not make any words that he could understand. At the door of the hotel the travelers were received and shown to their rooms by a tall porter called "Swiss," and Harry, at first thought this was on account of his nationality, but afterward learned that it was the name applied to all such domestics.

When Harry was fairly awake, the next morning, he jumped up, thinking how much pleasanter this was than the old bedroom in Paris, and having dressed himself he went to the window and looked out. The windows were double, with a curious little trough of salt between, and yet a strange chilliness seemed to come through them. Outside was a wide street, with stores bearing more of those curious signs. Little sleighs stood in a row at the side, their drivers in long sheepskin coats, tied with a girdle around the waist, pacing up and down, swinging their arms and stamping their feet as they waited for some one to hire their sleighs.

People walked with rapid steps, holding tightly around them their pelisses, the collars reaching above their ears. Snow was deep in the street and on the roofs, and the sky was unlike any that Harry had seen before,—clear and intensely cold in appearance.

His father had promised him a sleigh-ride that afternoon, and at about three o'clock the servant announced that the *troika* was at the door. The party went down wrapped in their furs, and found a large sleigh on low runners, and wide enough for three people to sit abreast. The driver stood up in front, and was dressed in a long blue coat lined with sheepskin, and had a red girdle around his waist and a rough fur cap on his head. The horses were the most remarkable part of the equipage. There were three of them, two jet black and the other white. One was in the shafts, with a wooden arch rising above his neck and connecting them; the others were attached on each side of him. Harry and his father and mother were snugly wrapped in rugs; a net, reaching from the dasher of the sleigh to the horses' backs, and intended to keep snow and ice from flying in the faces of the occupants of the *troika*, was properly adjusted; the "Swiss" gave some directions to the driver, and the equipage moved on.

Harry had now an opportunity of watching the performances of the horses, which had been described to him before the start. The horse in the middle trots steadily on; the left-hand, or "near" horse, called the "coquet," ambles with arched neck and graceful motion; and the right-hand, or "off" horse, called the "fury," moves with a prancing step, throwing his head up with a fierce air, and apparently chafing and fretting. All three, as they appear every day in Russia, can be seen in the picture on the next page.

Turning a sharp corner, the party came into the Nevsky Prospekt, the Broadway of St. Petersburg, leading to the river Neva. It presented an animated sight, being lined with handsome buildings and filled with people,—ladies and gentlemen on foot or in sleighs, officers and soldiers, and *mujiks*, or peasants,—all muffled up and avoiding exposure to the air as much as possible. Sometimes a sleigh would be seen in which an officer, or nobleman, had changed places with his driver, who sat behind, while his master held the reins. Traversing the length of this street, Harry soon saw the beautiful gilt dome of the great cathedral of St. Isaac, and then they turned to the right and drove along the quay by the frozen Neva.

The ice seemed to be as much occupied as the solid ground; people were trying the speed of their horses on a track cleared of snow and surrounded by a crowd; others were gathered about some Laplanders in a rude encampment, and others were crossing and recrossing. The *troika* turned down by an easy descent, and soon reached the opposite shore. Before long, they were in the open country, and a long stretch of level road appeared; and, ere Harry knew what was coming, the driver uttered a shrill cry, and, like magic, the "coquet" and "fury" abandoned their pretty gaits and joined the middle horse in a gallop. And what a gallop it was! Harry felt his mother cling instinctively to him, and he saw the snow and ice strike against the net; indeed, the speed in that dry, cold air almost took his breath away, but he was quite sure that he had never enjoyed a drive so much in his life.

This was repeated more than once, and then they turned again toward the river Neva, and drove rapidly along.

Harry had been much interested in the skillful manner in which their coachman had managed his horses; and, as his father and mother were occupied with visitors the next morning, he asked them to let the "Swiss" find him the same coachman, and let him have a drive by himself. His parents did not object, and the man soon came around with a small sleigh and a single horse. The Swiss explained to Harry that he must hold on to the driver's belt or sash, and showed him how to do so. Then off they dashed again along the Nevsky Prospekt and the quays. When they were some distance from the hotel, Harry was astonished to hear the driver suddenly say to him in French:

"And the young Monsieur finds the drive agreeable?"

"Oh, very pleasant," replied Harry, who under-

stood French very well. "But I had no idea that you could speak French."

"Yes," said the driver, "I learned it as a child. You know it is said that our own language is so difficult, that we find all others easy to acquire. I was not always a driver, I should tell you. I have seen better days."

Just as he addressed Harry, he had turned into a quiet street, and he was now driving slowly. The driver continued:

"You are an American, are you not?"

"Yes," said Harry.

"And the Americans are great friends of the Russians," said the driver. "I would like very much to see your country. In what city do you live?"

"In New York," said Harry.

"Oh, I have heard of New York. Do you have *troikas* there—like the one in which you drove yesterday?"

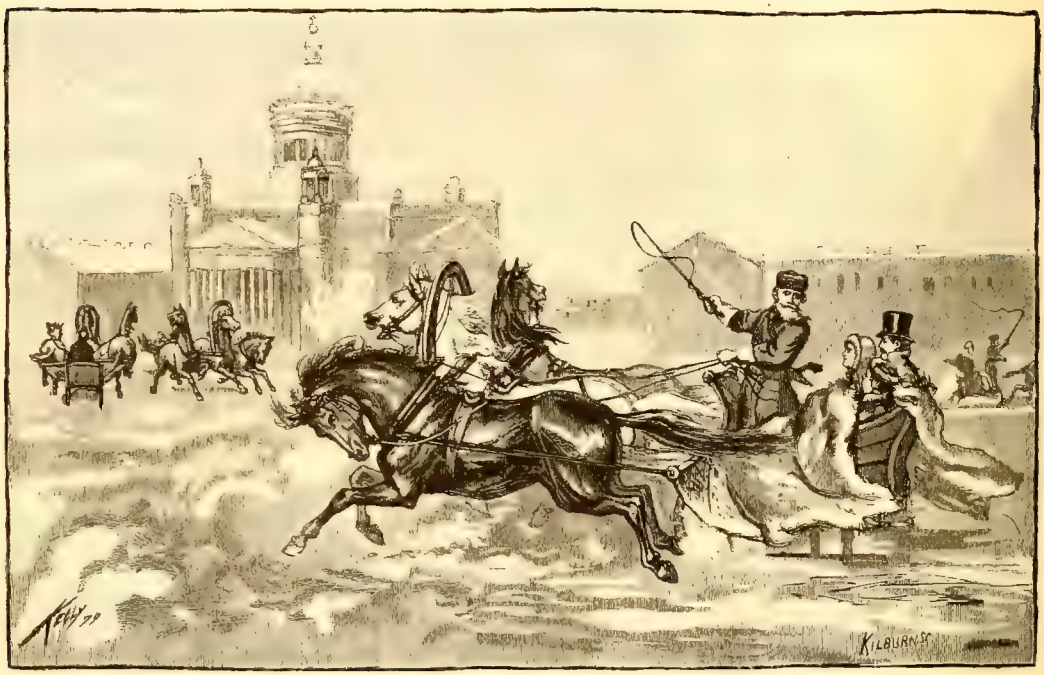
"No," replied Harry; "but I should like to take one there."

"But you would want driver and all. The American coachman would not understand how to manage the 'coquet' and the 'fury.'"

"Yes, indeed," said Harry, eagerly. "I should want to take you, too."

"Very well," said the driver, "I would be glad to go. And now let me show you how fast my good horse can go on the ice-covered Neva."

So saying he turned down to the river, and put the beautiful horse to his full speed along a smooth path on the ice. Suddenly Harry looked up to



IN THE TROIKA.

see a strange and beautiful sight. Rising over the mist which covered all the body of the massive building, and left it as it were suspended in mid-air, was seen again the grand gilt dome of St. Isaac's. Harry cried out with wonder and pleasure, and the driver stopped to give him an opportunity of looking at this curious effect. Just then he heard his name called, and saw his father coming out of the cathedral with a tall, portly man, of an erect and soldierly bearing. He jumped out of the sleigh and ran to meet them.

"General," said his father, "I want to present my boy Harry to you. Harry, this is General P——, our consul here."

"Very happy to make your acquaintance, my good young friend," said the consul, speaking with a marked foreign accent. "I am glad to see you enjoy yourself so much in that sleigh. You have a good horse and a remarkably fine-looking driver. That turn-out would not be amiss in the Central Park, Mr. Holton?"

"Or better still, a *troika*," said Harry, delighted to hear his own idea broached in this way.

"Yes, a *troika* would do very well," said Mr. Holton. "What do you say, general? Could the whole establishment be procured and exported, —sleigh, horses, driver and all?"

"Sleigh and horses, yes; driver, perhaps, if you could find a steady and sober one,—such an one, for instance, as Master Harry's driver seems to be, if I may judge by his looks."

"Yes, the idea is worth pursuing," said Mr. Holton. "Now, Harry, you must n't keep your fine horse standing in the cold. You must finish your ride and be home before long, for a French friend of ours has called, and says that he is coming after dinner to take you to have some grand coasting on the ice mountain."

Harry, delighted to hear this, ran back to his sleigh, and was soon driven to the hotel.

After dinner, that evening, his French friend, Monsieur Delaporte, called for him, and he was pleased to see, on going to the door, that the same driver was in the *troika*.

They got into the sleigh and went spinning merrily along, and soon reached a spot where they saw a curious sight. At a distance of some hundreds of yards from each other stood two towers of wooden frame-work with houses on top. From each sloped down ways supported on similar frame-work, and ending in long, level, wooden alleys running side by side. The alley from each one extended just past the tower where the other began. There were flights of steps leading up through each tower to the house on top. Sled after sled was seen starting from a level platform in front of each house, and running with lightning speed down the incline and along the level to the foot of the other tower. There a servant, standing ready, would take the light sled and carry it up the steps, followed by the party who had come down on it, and who, when they had reached the house, and stopped a moment to warm themselves, would start down again in the opposite direction.

"See the ice mountains, and sport made easy," said M. Delaporte. "Hasten, Monsieur Harry, for we go to essay this novel amusement."

Harry and his friend jumped out of the *troika*, and they quickly ascended the steps. Passing through the warm room at the top, they came out on a platform, sloping down from which was the track for the sleds. It was about three feet wide, and had sides eight or ten inches in height, making it impossible for the sleds to run off. Over all, bottom and sides, was a thick coating of ice as smooth as glass. Harry's eyes sparkled as he saw this. Like every strong, healthy American boy, he loved coasting with all his heart, and had he lived a hundred or more years ago, he would have taken a foremost place in that youthful delegation, now famous in the history of our country, who so boldly and successfully appealed to the British General Gage to prevent his red-coats from interfering with their enjoyment of this sport on Boston Common. Harry had had many fine opportunities of indulging his taste in coasting, but here was something to put all previous experience in the shade. Deep, well-packed snow he knew to be good; but any one could see with half an eye that this splendid ice was far better.

Down the tracks, one after another, went the sleds and their jolly passengers, and Harry could hardly wait for his turn. It soon came, and M. Delaporte sat down on the sled, his feet in front, and told Harry to kneel behind him, and clasp him tightly by the neck or shoulders. Then with a push they were off. Harry caught his breath at first, so tremendous did the speed seem to him. They were at the foot of the incline, as it seemed, in a second, and shot along the level, only slacking speed as they came to the tower opposite the one from which they had started. Here stood a servant ready to take the sled, and carry it up for a fresh start, and then they had the excitement and pleasure all over again.

After several repetitions of this experience, M. Delaporte left Harry to warm himself in the house on the tower, which they had just ascended, and near which stood their *troika*. He, himself, went out to get some friends to join them, and said that he would soon come back. Harry was left in the room with the man who had carried up his sled, and who now stood quite near him. To his great surprise, no sooner had the door closed on the French gentleman, than he heard the man ask:

"Will you permit me, young sir, to speak a few words to you? You must not be surprised at my addressing you in English,—I have been often in England."

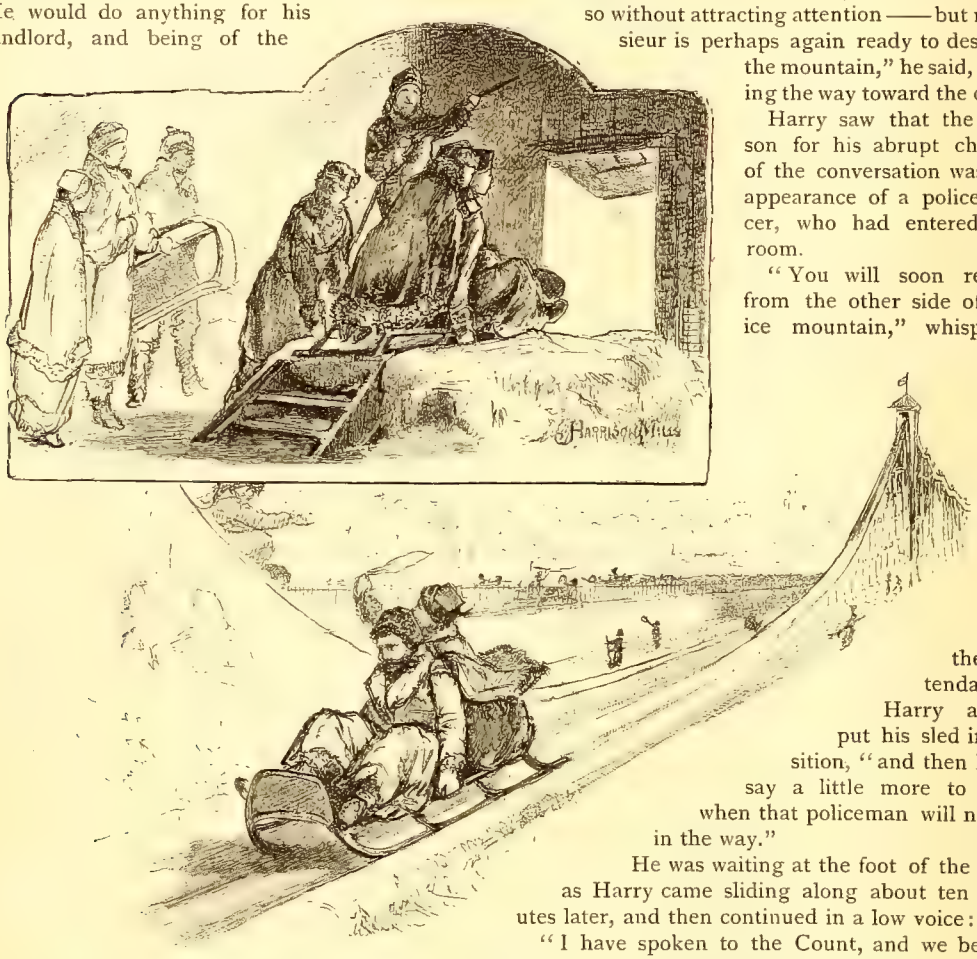
"Certainly," said Harry, not knowing what the man could possibly want to say to him.

"I speak to you, because I am sure you have a kind heart, and we can trust you. You conversed to-day with the driver of your *troika*. He was most anxious to say more to you to-night, but he could not speak before the French gentleman, and then, too, he had a little fear about speaking at all; but he told me of his anxiety, and I am not afraid to trust you."

He drew nearer and spoke in a lower tone.

"I must be brief, for we may be interrupted. Your driver is a Russian nobleman. He was suspected most wrongly, and on the accusation of some bad men, who sought to ruin him, of being a Nihilist and a conspirator against the government. He would have been arrested and sent to Siberia but for a fortunate chance. A *mujik*, or peasant,

from one of his estates, who had just come to St. Petersburg with the intention of finding employment as a *troika* driver, was of about the same size and general appearance as the Count. He would do anything for his landlord, and being of the same height and general appearance, a clever servant and a hair-dresser from one of the theaters soon made the latter look like him. The *mujik* returned quietly to the country, and the Count remained here, where his identity has never been suspected. Of course he cannot remain in this position, as he may at any time be discovered and sent to Siberia. If he could reach America he could stay there safely and quietly until, after a sufficient time, his friends could clear him from an unfounded accusation. He is one of the best of men, brave, warm-hearted and charitable, and there are many who love him, I among them. I have racked my brain for some scheme of escape for him, and when he told me about you, and your plan for taking a *troika* and coachman to New York, I said to myself, 'That is providential.' I told him that I would talk to you, as I could do so without attracting attention — but monsieur is perhaps again ready to descend the mountain," he said, leading the way toward the door.



THE ICE MOUNTAIN.

Harry saw that the reason for his abrupt change of the conversation was the appearance of a police officer, who had entered the room.

"You will soon return from the other side of the ice mountain," whispered the attendant to Harry as he put his sled in position, "and then I can say a little more to you, when that policeman will not be in the way."

He was waiting at the foot of the steps as Harry came sliding along about ten minutes later, and then continued in a low voice:

"I have spoken to the Count, and we believe that you can and will help him. Will you not?"

"Indeed, I will," said Harry, warmly.

"Thank you, I was sure of it," said the Russian. "You must speak to no one excepting your father, and there need be no further communication between us, or between you and the Count. Only say that you want to engage a driver and he will accept. Then your father will have the engagement signed before a notary and get a passport for his new driver, and all should go well. Here comes your friend, the French gentleman."

"Come on, my boy," said M. Delaporte, "we have time for but one more slide, and we will take it in a novel way."

So saying, he put a large rug in the proper position, and he, Harry, and two gentlemen who had

joined them, seated themselves on it and slid rapidly down, laughing and cheering as they went. Then they took their seats in the *troika*, and were driven away.

Harry could hardly sleep that night, so full was his mind of what he had heard, and of the plan for assisting in the escape of his friend. In the morning he scarcely could wait for his father to finish his breakfast before he told him the whole story. Mr. Holton was greatly interested, and to Harry's delight entered at once into the plan. He sat some time thinking about it, and then asked Harry to tell the "Swiss" to order the *troika*. As they drove in the direction which he indicated, and through some comparatively unfrequented streets, Mr. Holton said quietly to the driver, speaking in French:

"I suppose that I could buy a *troika* and harness like this for a fair price?"

"Yes, sir, certainly," was the reply.

"But I should want a driver. Would you go to France and America with me?"

"Yes, sir; I should like to go to America."

That evening, at dinner, Harry's father said to him:

"Everything is in train, my boy, but we had better not say much about it. I am going to start for Paris the day after to-morrow, at noon. I think that we shall, in point of fact, be content with an American sleigh in the Central Park; but the General is going to forward a *troika* and harness to Paris after our departure, while the driver is to go with us. I suppose," he added, with a quiet twinkle in his eye, "that some Russian nobleman, whom we may meet in France, may spare enough income from his estates to take it off our hands, if we should conclude not to carry it home with us. But here is our driver."

Before Harry retired that night, he had the pleasure of hearing that everything was settled, and that permission to leave Russia (which is as necessary as permission to enter it) had been duly received from the police. The document provided for the passing of the frontier by Mr. and Mrs. Holton and son, citizens of the United States, and Sergius Ivanovitch, their Russian coachman.



A SMALL RUSSIAN SLEIGH.

"Very well," said Mr. Holton; "come up to my rooms in the hotel this evening, and perhaps we can come to some arrangement. Now drive me to the United States Consulate."

When the day came for the departure of the party, Harry felt terribly uneasy, and the hours seemed to creep along. He fancied that every one must suspect there was something wrong, or else

some mystery about that fine tall coachman, who was occupying himself with the luggage. But eleven o'clock and quarter past eleven came with no disturbance or trouble, and they took a carriage and drove to the station. Harry's heart was in his mouth when he saw a police sergeant standing near the train, and he only breathed more freely when they rolled out of the station. Then came the same old prospect of woods and snow,—more woods and more snow,—the same stations with the *samovar* or great tea-urn, the same hot stove in the railway carriage, and the same guard crowding wood into it.

Harry still felt very uneasy, especially as they approached the frontier, and he almost held his breath when the uniformed officials came to inspect the passports and compare the people with their descriptions.

Everything seemed all right, and in a very short time they were past the frontier, on German soil, and felt secure. Through Germany and all the way to Paris, Sergius remained a coachman; but, as the train rolled into the railway station, he said, with a quiet smile, to Mr. Holton:

"After an interview with some friends, and with a barber, a tailor, and others, the man you have saved will make his appearance at your hotel to introduce himself, to apologize for the disappearance of your coachman, and to thank you and this noble boy from his heart" (and his voice shook a little) "for what you have done for him."

Harry was sitting with his father and mother at breakfast in the hotel at about noon on the second day, when the waiter brought in a card, on which Mr. Holton read the name,

"LE CONTE IVANOFSKY,"

and, waiting for them, in their drawing-room, they found a tall, fine-looking gentleman, as utterly unlike their late coachman as it was possible to conceive. In his hand, he held a beautiful bouquet, which he presented with grave politeness to Mrs. Holton. Then, evidently with heartfelt emotion, he told them that his gratitude to them was something which he should never be able to express. He spoke eloquently and at some length, while Harry sat looking at him, and wondering if it could possibly be the man who had driven him across the frozen Neva. The Count made but a short visit, telling his friends that by the next day he would better realize the change in his condition, and be better company for them. As he parted with Harry at the door, he put three parcels in his hands, and was off before he could inquire what they were. On opening them, Harry found three jeweler's cases, with cards attached, with the names of his mother, his father, and himself written thereon in a quaint but plain hand. For his mother there was a beautiful bracelet, for his father an antique seal ring, and for himself a beautiful little watch, with a picture of a *troika* engraved on the case.

The Count Ivanofsky lives in St. Petersburg again. The Czar learned the truth about his case, and sent for him to come back. He is very fond of meeting Americans, and especially American boys; and, if any of the readers of ST. NICHOLAS ever go there, and can ascertain where he lives, I am sure he will be glad to see them, and give them a far better idea than I can of the wonderful sights of that great, cold, northern city.

Harry Holton corresponds with him; and one day, not long ago, when I was lunching with his father, he wanted me to try some curious black-looking preparation, which he was eating with his bread, and called *caviare*, a well-known Russian dainty. I asked him if he really liked it, and he replied, with a half-smile on his lips:

"I cannot say that I have quite learned to relish it as they do in St. Petersburg, but I feel bound to eat it, for it was sent to me by a gentleman whom we saved from Siberia."

DAISY'S MISTAKE.

By Mrs. E. McKean Ely.



"To-morrow I 'm going to Sunday-school,"
She said, with a skip and prance,
"Now wait a moment, baby dear,
Till I show you how I 'll dance."

With pretty joy on her sober face,
And her dainty skirt outspread,
Our dimpled Daisy began to show
The measure she meant to tread.

"Ho, baby!" she cried, with courtesying dips,
"I 'll go *this* way, and *this*,—
I 'll be a good girl at the Sunday-school,
And never a step I 'll miss."

Of the dancing-school and its fine delights
She had learned from playmates gay,
What wonder that now, while her parents planned,
Her little head went astray!

The happy Sunday had come and gone
When Daisy, now wiser grown,
Was asked how she danced at Sunday-school,
And whether she danced alone.

"O' *course* not," answered the little maid,—
"Course childrens never do.
Do you fink *I* would dance at Sunday-school?
I 'm really ashamed of you!"

A KNOTTY SUBJECT.

BY CHARLES L. NORTON.

IF Alexander the Great had been a sailor, instead of a soldier, he would have quietly untied that Gordian knot, and the world would never have heard about it. Cutting it with his sword, like an angry boy, made the act famous. Alexander was, however, by no means the first to lose his temper over a knot, though he is, perhaps, the first of whom history makes special mention. It is safe to say that the Garden of Eden saw the first knots tied and untied, and the process is bound to go on to the very end of time.

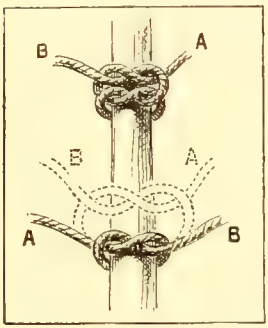


FIG. 1. SQUARE KNOT.

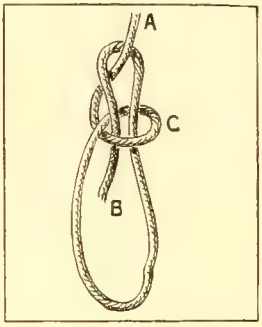


FIG. 2. BOWLINE KNOT.

The art of making knots is of immense importance on shipboard. Every day the safety of life and property depends upon the security with which they are tied. On shore these knots may be of less general consequence, but a knot that will hold is certainly far better anywhere than one that will slip, and occasions often arise when an expert knot-maker is an exceedingly useful person. So, boys, find a piece of heavy twine or small rope like an ordinary clothes-line, and learn a few of the regular knots, bends, and hitches.

A "knot," as a sailor understands the term, is more permanent than a "hitch," and a "bend" is a sort of half-way name, which may be either one or the other. A good knot, when once tightened, never slips, but at the same time it does not "jam" so that it cannot be readily untied. A "hitch" is made and cast off more quickly and easily than a knot, and is not usually trusted for permanent duty. For convenience of description, in many of the following examples, the line is supposed to have one end made fast to some fixed object. Take hold of it, and the part between your hand and the point where it is fastened becomes the "standing part," while the rest is the "end part," or "running part." Wherever the term "bight" is used, it means the same as loop. In the illustrations, the knots are generally represented before they are tightened, so that their formation can be more clearly shown.

A SQUARE OR REEF KNOT. (FIG. 1.)

This is generally made with two ends of a line (or the ends of two lines, as the case may be) around some object, as a spar, or a furled sail. Let A and B (Fig. 1) represent the two ends. Pass one over and then under the other, as in the lower part of Fig. 1. This makes a simple "overhand knot." Repeat it with the ends as indicated by the dotted lines, haul taut, and you have the square or reef knot complete, as shown in the upper part of the diagram. Notice that the loop made by B passes *over* both parts of A, and that made by A passes *under* both parts of B. If either of the loops divides the parts passing through it, you have made what sailors call a "granny," which will slip. Ends of different-sized lines cannot be tied securely together by this knot.

A BOWLINE KNOT. (FIG. 2.)

Make fast one end of your line. Take a turn or "gooseneck," C, in standing part, and hold this in position with your left hand while you pass the end-part, B, up through C, behind and around A, and finally down through C. Then haul taut. This is not precisely the way in which a sailor does it, but is simplest to describe. If you would tie the knot in true nautical style, lay the end part across the standing part, and with a turn of the left

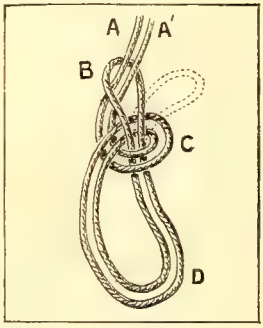


FIG. 3. BOWLINE UPON BIGHT.

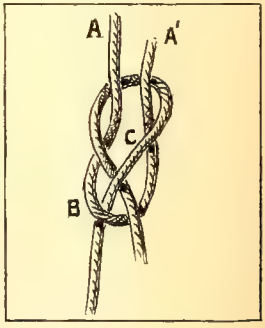


FIG. 4. BECKET HITCH.

wrist place the gooseneck, C, over it. Finish as before.

A Bowline upon a Bight (Fig. 3) is made with a doubled line. Let A and A′ represent the doubled standing part and B the bight of the doubled line (in this case the end-part). Make a bight, C, as

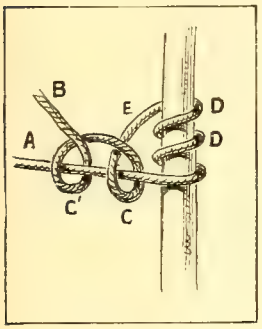


FIG. 5. ROLLING HITCH.

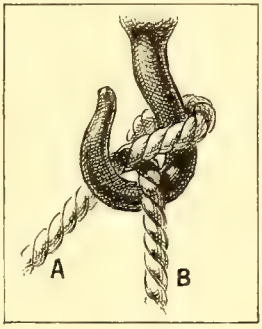


FIG. 7. BLACKWALL HITCH.

in simple bowline, and pass B up through it (see dotted lines, Fig. 3). So far, the knot is practically the same; but now B must be pulled through C, and spread open sufficiently to bend it downward and over the larger bights, C and D, and then up again until it surrounds the doubled standing-part, A A′. Pull it downward until it binds A A′ tightly and the knot is complete. A safe way of lower-

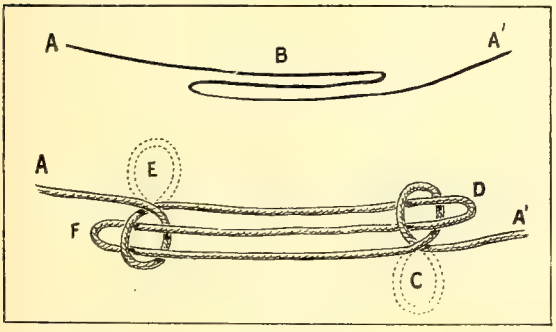


FIG. 6. "SHEEP-SHANK."

ing a person from a window in case of fire would be to shorten one of the bights at D, let the person sit in the longer bight, and put the shorter one behind the back and under the arms. The bowline in its different forms is perhaps the most useful of knots, being perfectly secure and very easily tied. Two simple bowlines, made through one another, bend lines together with absolute security, and this cannot always be done with a single knot where the lines are of different sizes.

Becket Hitch or Bend. (Fig. 4.)

This is the most trustworthy single knot for fastening two ends together. Make a bight B (Fig. 4), in one line. Pass the end of the other from behind through it and once around both parts A A′ of the bight. Then down under its own part as at C, and haul taut, taking care not to let the turn taken around A A′ slip down over B. A single turn around A A′ makes a Becket hitch; a double turn makes a Double hitch. Either is secure.

A Rolling Hitch, Half Hitches, etc. (Fig. 5.)

Half hitches are made with a line around its own standing part. In Fig. 5, C C′ are half hitches. Pass the end part B around standing part A, then between its own part E and the spar. The same motions will make half hitch marked C′, and so you may keep on indefinitely if you wish. Two half hitches are also known as a "Clove hitch." The Rolling hitch shown in Fig. 5 is made by first taking two round turns, D D, about a spar. Half hitches are extremely useful in an infinite variety of ways, one of which is in making a "Sheep shank" (Fig. 6). But you must first learn to lay a half hitch over anything, as for instance a stick, without taking the end through. Look at Fig. 6 and you will see that C and E are nothing more than half hitches over D and F. Experiment on the end of a stick and you will soon find that, by making a small bight or gooseneck, as in the bowline knot, you can lay it over, forming a half hitch, or as many half hitches as you like around the stick. Now suppose you wish to shorten a rope which is made fast at each end—a swing, for instance—without climbing up to undo it. There will be two standing parts, A A′. First double the line on itself as at B, holding the parts together with the left hand. Secondly, make a gooseneck, C, and lay it over D, as above directed, making a half hitch around the two parts D. Thirdly, make a similar gooseneck, E, and lay it in like manner over F. Pull tight in the direction of A and A′ and you will find that your rope is securely shortened.

A Blackwall Hitch. (Fig. 6.)

Form a bight by placing the running part (B) across and under the standing part (A). Put this over a hook (as the hook of a tackle-block) from below so that the inside of the bight rests against the back of the hook, and the parts cross in the bend of the hook, the standing part being on top. A rope fastened to the handle of a bucket by means of this hitch is readily attached and detached to and from the hook of a tackle-block.

A Cat's Paw. (Fig. 8.)

This is used wherever a "Blackwall" would be used. Take the lines with both hands a short distance apart. Let the ends A and B, and the bight, hang downward loosely, the hands being at C and D. Turn the bights C and D round and round twice, either outward or inward. The motion will twist A and B around the two parts of the bight E, as shown in the cut, leaving the fingers holding the two small bights C and D. Slip these over the hook, and you have a "Cat's paw." Either A or B, or both of them together, will bear a strain when hauled taut.

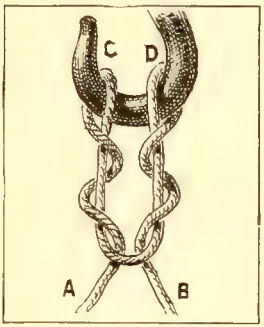


FIG. 8. CAT'S PAW.

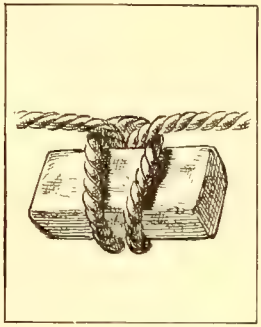


FIG. 9.

Figure 9 shows how a weight, or any number of weights, or sinkers, may be fastened to a line. The cut hardly calls for explanation. A very little ingenuity will show how this hitch is made without putting the end of the line through the bight.

A Timber Hitch. (Fig. 10.)

Pass the running part (B) under the timber. Carry it up to and around standing part (A), and then pass it twice or more around itself as at C, D, etc. When the standing part is tightened, the line binds around the timber, so that it will not slip. The timber-hitch is used in hauling spars or timber, and is handy for any similar purpose.

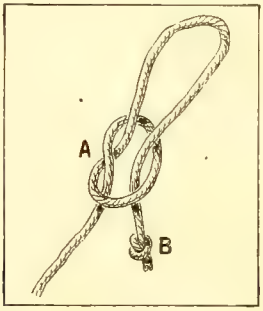


FIG. 12. INFALLIBLE LOOP.

A Single Wall-Knot (Fig. 11). Infallible Loop (Fig. 12).

In order to fasten off the end of a rope, and prevent its untwisting, many plans have been resorted to. The most simple, and at the same time the most effectual, is called a Single Wall-Knot, Fig. 11. The three strands are numbered 1, 2, 3. Take No. 1, and make half loop A. Take No. 2, and pass through under A, retaining the shape somewhat as illustrated by B; then take No. 3, and pass over No. 1 at D, under at E, around and up through B. When the ends are pulled tight and cut off evenly, or served (wound, that is) with fine thread or twine, it makes a very neat finish.

The "Infallible Loop" (Fig. 12) is a thoroughly trustworthy one, and well adapted for the use of archers. The cut sufficiently illustrates the manner of making it. When the overhand knot at A is tightened, the end-knot, B, cannot slip through, and so a secure loop is formed for the "nock" of the bow.

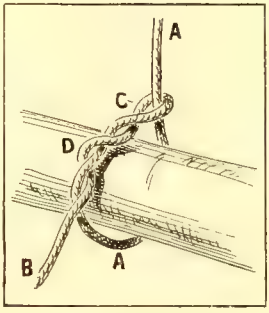


FIG. 10. TIMBER HITCH.

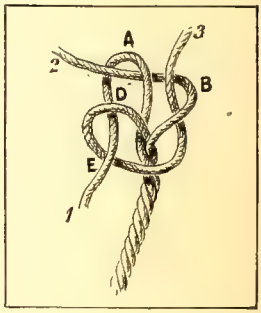
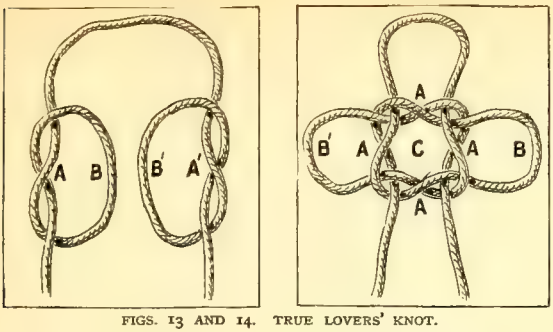


FIG. 11. SINGLE WALL KNOT.

The True Lovers' Knot. (Figs. 13 and 14.)

We may as well conclude this knotty essay with a more difficult performance than any thus far attempted, to wit, "The True Lovers' Knot." Two cuts are necessary for the explanation of this. First, tie two loose overhand knots, as at A A′ in Fig. 13. Then pass the bight B between the two parts of the line near A′, and the bight B′ between the two parts near A. Pull them through carefully, and the knot will assume the shape shown in Fig. 14. This knot can be evenly tied only by taking pains to adjust the bights so that they will be of equal size. It has no general use, but is



FIGS. 13 AND 14. TRUE LOVERS' KNOT.

employed in the navy to carry heavy shot, the loose ends being spliced together, forming a fourth bight, so that four men can take hold at once. The shot is placed in the central space, C. When finished for permanent use, the parts at A A A A are served with yarn so that the space C will keep its proper size. The knot is used in hot countries to sling water-jars, or "monkeys," as they are called, so that they will swing and keep the water cool.

Only a few of the knots known to sailors have been described, but we hope the selection has been judicious, and will save many of our readers from needless trouble when they attempt to tie knots that are expected to do their duty.



AROUND and around a dusty little room,
Went a very little maiden with a very big broom.
And she said: "Oh, I could make it so tidy and so trig,
Were I a little bigger and my broom not quite so big!"

A FAITHFUL FRIEND.

By John V. Sears.



"JET CROUCHED UPON THE CRADLE, COVERING THE BABY." [SEE PAGE 308.]

OUR house on the Highlands stands in the midst of a group of cedars, on a little plateau between the hills, about one hundred feet above the water. Here, during the summer months, the children of two or three families assemble for their annual holiday 'longshore, the party numbering sometimes nearly a dozen boys and girls. Bathing, boating, fishing, rambling over the hills, picnicking on the shore, or resting on the grass under the trees, and watching the white clouds sail across the blue sky, the young folk enjoy life, and breathe in new vigor to carry them through the next school term. The autumn, too, is a delightful season on the Highlands, and the first frosts often find some of the company still lingering in the "shanty," as our dear old cabin is familiarly called.

Late in September, of the year 1867, there arose a great storm, which is still spoken of 'longshore as "the September gale." There happened to be quite a gathering in the old house at the time, and the children were intensely interested in watching the progress of the storm, especially after the rain abated, so that we could see out over the water. We found there was a vessel stranded on the West Bank, immediately in front of our house, about five miles off shore. We afterward learned that she was an Italian barque, loaded with oranges and oil. With the glass we could see her quite plainly, see the waves breaking clear over her, see the men in her rigging, see them making signals for help, and see, too, their hopeless efforts to lash spars together for a raft to float ashore on. It was impossible to render them any aid. Nothing ever put together by human hands could live an instant

in the awful tumult of water that raged around the doomed barque. She was beaten to pieces in a few hours, and before evening the last spar sank beneath the waves.

Next morning the shore was strewn for miles and miles with boxes of oranges, and long, slender puncheons of olive oil, but no sign of the hapless crew of the vessel was ever seen again. We all went down to the shore, and set to work saving the cargo, piling up the boxes of fruit, and rolling the oil casks above high-water mark. While at work, we noticed a very curious illustration of the effect of "oil upon the waters." Many of the puncheons were broken and leaking. Wherever the oil had escaped in this way, and spread out on the surface of the bay, there the waves were stilled, and in the midst of the tumultuous seas a smooth, calm field appeared, sometimes covering the space of perhaps two acres.

In one of these glassy, calm streaks a mass of broken spars and wrecked stuff came floating toward shore, and we all watched it eagerly for a fresh lot of oranges, in whole boxes. Jennie Warren, who had the spy-glass, presently exclaimed:

"There is something alive there! I can see it crawling about; it looks like a cat."

We followed the raft, drifting along up shore nearly half a mile before it came within reach, and then Jennie's brother dashed into the water and rescued the little creature, that was in instant danger of being crushed by the broken timbers. It proved to be a tiny black puppy, very pretty, and evidently only a few weeks old. He was almost exhausted, but the girls adopted him at once, took him up to the house, warmed and dried him, and gave him a breakfast of fresh milk. After a long nap by the kitchen stove, he came out as good as new. As Jennie was the first to see him, she was appointed to give him a name. After consultation with the girls, it was decided to call him Italia, because he came from Italy; but we others made fun of that as altogether too high-flown and sentimental. Finally, we all agreed on Jetsam as a good name; Jetsam, according to 'longshore dictionaries, meaning anything saved from a wreck, and Jet being appropriate on account of his color.

Jet lived with us on the Highlands nearly eight years, growing up to be a very large and very powerful dog. He was built on the race-horse model, of rather slender and elegant proportions, but he was not at all a delicate animal, having prodigious strength and unfailing endurance. We never knew what his breed was, but he had some Newfoundland and some Spaniel marks, with other peculiarities differing from either. He had a very fine head, an intelligent face, and really beautiful eyes; a long, sweeping tail, a shining, silky coat, a white cross on his breast, and white tips to his toes. He was fully palmiped, or web-footed, and about as much at home in the water as on land. His disposition was affectionate and kind, except that he was suspicious of strangers, until they were endorsed by some one known to him.

He was very fond of the children, and enjoyed being with them. He would stand almost any amount of teasing, especially from the little ones, and never was known to show the least sign of temper with them. He had a just idea, however, of what is due to a good dog, and when occasion required, he knew how to assert his rights and to compel respect.

We had a bright little fellow with us who, although not in the least vicious, yet had a boy's propensity to destroy and to injure and to inflict pain. Master Willie loved Jet dearly, and yet he would persist in torturing the patient dog outrageously, striking hard blows, punching with sharp sticks, and pulling hair cruelly. One summer's afternoon Jet was lying on the front piazza, taking a nap, and Willie came out and assaulted him with a new carriage whip, which had been left in the hall. Jet knew the child ought not to have the whip, so he went and called the nurse's attention, as he often did when the children were getting into mischief or danger. But the girl did not give heed, as she should have done, and Willie kept on following Jet from place to place, plying the lash vigorously. Finding he was left to deal with the case himself, Jet quietly laid the young one on the floor, carefully took a good grip in the gathers of his little frock, lifted him clear, and gave him a hearty, sound shaking. Then he took up the whip, trotted off to the barn with it, came back, stretched himself out in the shade, and finished his nap. The young gentleman did not interfere with him again, and ever afterward treated him with great consideration.

Nothing delighted the dog more than to go into the water with the young folk, and to see the bathing-suits brought out always put him in the highest spirits. The children called him "the boss of the bathing-ground," and so he was, as he made all hands do just as he pleased. He would take them in and bring them out again, as he thought fit, and there was no use in resisting him, as he could master half-a-dozen at once, in the water. No one could go beyond certain bounds, either, under penalty of being brought back with more haste than ceremony. But, within the proper limits, he never tired of helping the bathers to have a good time, frolicking with them, carrying them on his back, towing them through the water, letting them dive

off his shoulders, playing leap-frog, and making sport in a hundred ways of his own.

Going sailing or rowing were also favorite pastimes with Jet, and he was a capital companion in the boats. He could neither hand nor reef, but he learned to steer, after a fashion, and would hold a boat on her course as steady as an old pilot. Somebody had to shift the helm for him, of course, if that was to be done, but he liked to sit up on the stern-sheets, with the tiller between his paws, flattering himself that he was the skipper and we others were the crew. His favorite boat was the surf-skiff, a crescent-shaped little craft, built of rived cedar, about an eighth of an inch thick. She was light as a feather, had a bearing of about a hand's breadth on the water, and was as skittish as a young colt. Any one unaccustomed to her tricks and manners, would get thrown out quicker than a flash, no birch canoe being half so cranky. Jet got twitched overboard many a time before he learned the hang of the skiff, but finally he succeeded in taking her bearings, and then he would ride in her through the heaviest surf we ever ventured to encounter. We kept her tied to a stake about a hundred yards off shore, and he would swim out, scramble in over the bow and ride there by the hour, like a baby in a cradle.

On going down to the shore one day, after dinner, we found the skiff was gone, and, after a time, we noticed that Jet was missing, too. We could find nothing of either the boat or the dog, and greatly feared that both had been stolen by some of the marauders that range 'longshore in the summer. But, toward evening, what was our surprise to discover Jet coming in sight around Stony Point, about a mile down shore, with the surf-skiff in tow. He had the painter in his teeth, and, half-swimming, half-wading, he worked along very well, except that the light little cockle-shell would drift on to the stones in spite of him, and then he would have some trouble to get her afloat again. We found a pair of brogans and an old coat on the locker, and so we concluded that some vagabond had stolen the skiff, and Jet had followed him, and watched until he found a chance to steal her back again.

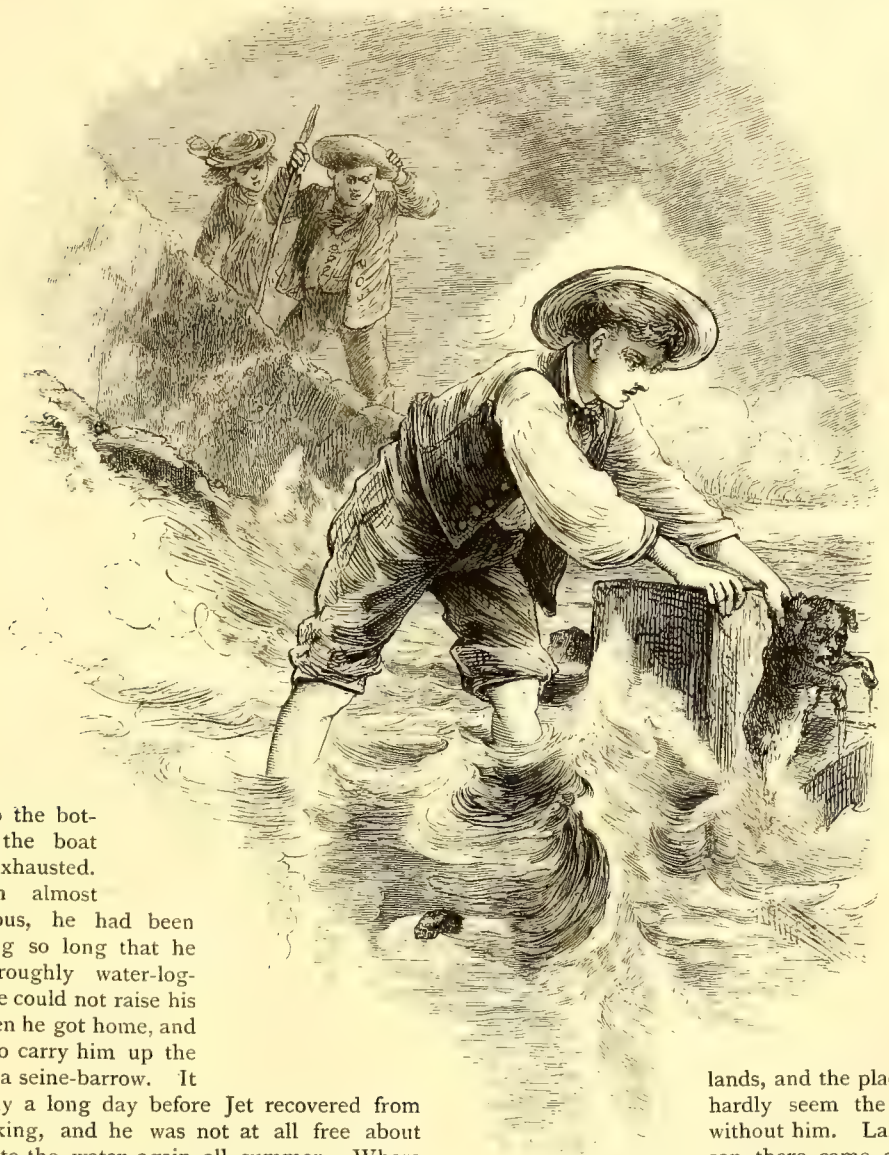
The tramp nuisance, in course of time, gave us a deal of trouble, and we learned to keep everything carefully locked up, all our boating and fishing appointments being safely stowed in the boat-house. Our last duty at night, on leaving the shore, was always to put everything away, fasten all tight, and put a padlock on the door. The boat-house was down at the foot of the bank, out of sight and sound from the house, and, unless made secure, could have been stripped in the night without our getting a hint of it. One Saturday night, Jet was on the shore with us until after dark, and we supposed he came up with us; but when the girls called him to supper, he was not to be found. We looked all about for him, and in the evening some of us went part way down the bank and whistled for him, but we saw nothing of him. Next morning he was still absent. It being Sunday, we did not search for him very actively, and no one went to the shore. Monday morning came, and still he had not returned. We began to feel anxious about him, and before breakfast the boys ran down to the shore, where we concluded he had last been seen. On reaching the boat-house, there they found him, lying in front of the door. As they ran toward him, he sprang up, picked up the padlock in his teeth, and brought it to them. We had neglected to lock the door, and finding no one came back to attend to that duty, the faithful dog had kept guard over the boat-house from Saturday evening until Monday morning. He probably had not stirred from his post, keeping a wakeful watch for two nights and a day, without drop or sup the while.

Jet became famous as a watch-dog throughout the neighborhood, and kept our place free from unwelcome visitors as long as he lived. He was shot at several times, and was twice quite seriously hurt; but with the tender care he received, he came out as sound and handsome as ever. Several times, too, he was stolen, and though more than once kept away over a week, yet he always found his way home again, worn out and distressed, perhaps, but doubly welcome after his captivity and escape. The most remarkable instance of his homing instinct was on one occasion when we concluded he must have been taken away on some vessel, coming in near our place for water. He had been gone all the week, and we were greatly in fear we should never see him again. On Saturday afternoon we had been out to a ledge of rocks, a mile off shore, in the sail-boat, after weakfish and lobsters, and, as we made sail and turned for home, one of the boys on the forward locker sang out: "There is something adrift over toward Sandy Hook. Let 's run out and see what it is!"

The elders of the party did not want to go so far straight away from home for such a trifle, but the sharp-eyed youngsters brought the glass to bear on the drifting object, and declared they believed it was something moving. So we put the helm down and steered for the speck on the water, which only the brightest eyes on board could make out. We ran on and on, a long stretch, before we could distinguish what the object was, and then the boy with the glass suddenly exclaimed: "I do believe it is our Jet!"

And so, indeed, it was! As we ran past him and came up in the wind, to pick him up, the dear

old fellow recognized us, and followed the boat, as she turned, with as grateful eyes as ever were seen in the world. When we dragged him aboard, he sank into the bottom of the boat utterly exhausted. Although almost amphibious, he had been swimming so long that he was thoroughly water-logged. He could not raise his head when he got home, and we had to carry him up the bank on a seine-barrow. It was many a long day before Jet recovered from that soaking, and he was not at all free about going into the water again all summer. Where he had been, how he got there, and how he came to be swimming toward home, in the middle of Raritan Bay, of course we never knew. The children adopted the theory that he had been taken to New York, had found a chance to jump overboard there, and had been paddling toward home when we found him. As the distance is nearly twenty miles, this theory hardly seems credible, but the fact remains, that the dog must have been in the water a very long time, trying to return home.



HOW WE GOT JET.

This summer we shall find no Jet at the Highlands, and the place will hardly seem the same without him. Last season there came a dear little baby, of the third generation, to the old cabin, and Jet took the infant under his especial care from the first. He would watch while it slept, with untiring patience, jog the cradle if it stirred, and call the nurse if it cried or needed attention. Nothing pleased him more than to be left alone with the little one, and, in the course of

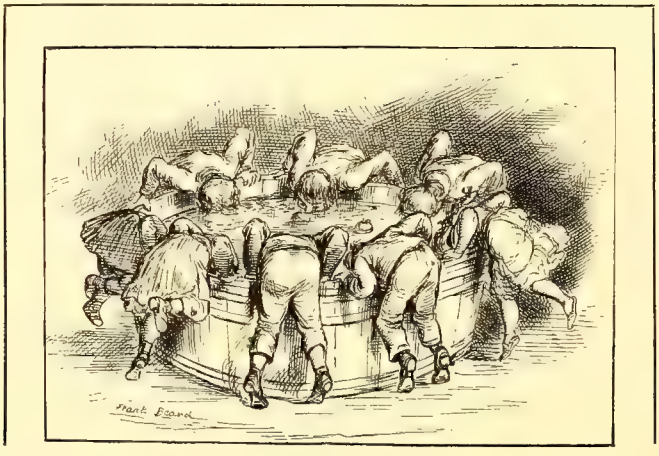
the summer, his faithful care was rewarded by responsive affection. The baby learned to love him, and would crow and coo to him every morning with unmistakable delight. To lie on a blanket, under a tree, or on the piazza, and bury her chubby fists in his silky coat, to clamber over his shoulders, to lead him along by the ear while riding in her little carriage, to tyrannize over him in a hundred pretty ways,—these were the daily occupations of which she never tired. She learned to stand on her feet and to take her first steps by clinging to his neck, and his name was the first word she ever spoke. It seemed as though he could hear her piping voice as if by magic. If he was on the place at all, whether within hearing or not, she had only to call "Det, Det!" and presently he would come bounding in.

One evening, late in August, we were all assembled, as usual after supper, on the piazza and the lawn in front of the house, enjoying the long twilight. The servants were down-stairs, getting their supper, and Jet was left alone with the baby in the sitting-room, which opens on to the piazza by long windows. Baby had gone to sleep in the dark, and Jet was lying beside her cradle. It was a very calm night; there was not a breath stirring, but the "fresh salt" of the sea was in the air, and the heat of the day was done. The young folk were singing softly together some gentle refrain, when a terrible shriek broke upon us, and the nurse-girl rushed out through the hall, her clothing in a blaze, and the flame streaming above her head. To roll her on the grass and smother the blaze with our coats was the work of an instant. Then arose another cry, never to be forgotten by those who heard it: the agonized prayer and lament of a mother for her child. The sitting-room was full of fire. The girl had brought up a lighted lamp, after supper, and dropped it on the floor as she entered the room. The cradle was in the corner of the room farthest from the door. Mr. Warren dashed in at the window, and made one leap to the cradle. He found Jet crouched upon it, covering the baby with his body.

How they got out we could not comprehend. It was all over in the twinkling of an eye, and Mr. Warren and the dog were lying on the grass beside the mother, who was almost fainting, with the baby safe and sound in her lap. The little thing was nearly suffocated, but recovered after a few minutes in the open air, and took no harm from the fire.

The sitting-room was burned out, but we succeeded in stopping the flames there and saving the house. Mr. Warren's face and hands were badly burned, and the nurse-girl seriously, but not dangerously, injured. Jet was severely scorched, but after caring for him as best we could that night, we thought he would come round again in a few days. Next morning, however, he was missing, and even to baby's call, "Det, Det!" he made no answer. After a long search we found him under the piazza, stone dead.

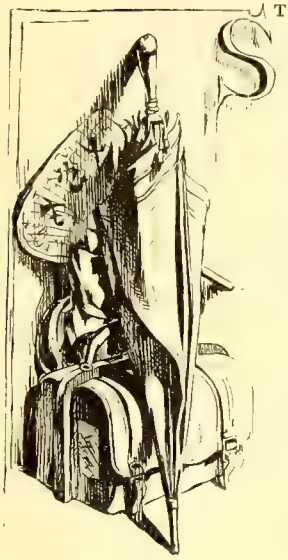
Jet is buried on the hill-side, where the arbutus blooms early in the spring. We have placed a water-worn bowlder from the shore over his grave, and on the stone are carved, in deep letters, only the words, "A Faithful Friend."



BOBBING FOR APPLES.

HOW TO ENTERTAIN A GUEST.

By Susan Anna Brown.



ST. NICHOLAS had something to say, not very long ago, to those who wished to be agreeable guests. It seems hardly fair that these should have all the advice, since there are some people whom you enjoy receiving in your own house who do not know exactly how to manage matters when they have company at their own homes.

Now we will have a little talk on the other side of this question of entertainment, and will speak of those frequent occasions when, as Dr. Holmes says,

"The visitor becomes the visitee."

There are some people who seem to consider that the obligation is all over when the guest has arrived, but, in reality, it has just begun. You are responsible in some degree for the happiness of your visitors from the time they enter your house until they leave it.

Young girls who have no household cares should feel this obligation especially, but some who do feel it do not know how to make their visitors happy and at ease, and so are uncomfortable all the time they stay, and because they feel that they do not succeed, become discouraged, and at last stop trying. Indeed, there is nothing more discouraging than to feel that you ought to do a thing, and not know exactly how or where to begin; but a few words of help, carefully remembered, may give one a wonderful start in the right direction, so here they are, for those of you who are looking forward to receiving visits from your young friends, with a sort of dread, lest they may not have what they call "a good time."

It is not in the finest houses, or in the gayest places, that guests always enjoy themselves the most. You must have something better than elegant rooms, or all the sights and sounds of a big city, to make your home attractive and pleasant. It is a very low grade of hospitality which trusts in good dinners and fine houses alone. It must be a more subtle charm than either of these which will make your house a home to your friends.

All who have ever made visits themselves know this to be true. A cordial welcome, a readiness to oblige, a kind thoughtfulness of the pleasure of others instead of your own, are three golden rules for a hostess to remember.

Let us look at some of the smaller details.

In the first place, have the guest's room in readiness beforehand, so as not to be constantly supplying deficiencies after she comes. Put a few interesting books on the table, and writing materials, if it be only a common pencil, pen and ink-bottle, with a few sheets of paper.

Try and make the room show your guest that she was expected, and that her coming was looked forward to with pleasure.

A few flowers on the bureau, an easy-chair by the pleasantest window,—these are some of the little touches which make the pleasantest room seem home-like.

If your visitors are strangers, or unaccustomed to traveling, try to meet them at the station, or to send some one for them. The sight of a familiar face among the crowd takes away that first homesick feeling which comes to young people as, tired and travel-worn, they step from the boat or cars into the sights and sounds of a strange place. When your friend is once established in the guest-chamber, remember that it becomes her castle, and is as much her own as if she was at home; so do not be running in and out too familiarly without an invitation. Let her feel that when you go there the order of things is reversed, and that then you are the guest and she is the hostess.

Let the pleasures which you choose for her entertainment be of a kind which you are sure she will enjoy. It is no kindness to insist on taking a nervous, timid girl on a fast drive, or out rowing if she is afraid of the water, under the impression that visitors must be taken somewhere, when all the time she is wishing she was on solid ground.

Do not invite people unaccustomed to walking to go on long tramps in the woods, and imagine that because it is easy and pleasant for you it must be so for them, nor take those who are longing for music to see pictures instead, while you are boring the picture-lovers, who may care nothing for music, with concerts. A little ingenuity and ob-

servation will give you enough knowledge of your friend's real taste to prevent you from making these mistakes; and, indeed, there will be little danger of your doing this, if you keep in mind that the kindest thing you can do is to let guests enjoy themselves in their own way, instead of insisting that they shall enjoy themselves in yours. If they are fond of books, let them read in peace. I once heard a lady, who thinks herself hospitable, say to a young friend who was looking over a book which lay on the table, "If you want to read that book, I will lend it to you to take home, but while you are here I want you to visit with me."

Let your friends alone, now and then, and do not make them feel that you are constantly watching over them. Some people, in trying to be polite, keep their guests in continual unrest. The moment one is comfortably seated, they insist that she shall get up and take a chair which they consider more easy. If she sits in the center of the room, they are sure she cannot see, and if she happens to be by a window, they are afraid the light will hurt her eyes.

There is no place where this is more uncomfortable than at the table. An entire visit is sometimes spoiled for a sensitive guest by having her friends say, from a mistaken kindness, "I am sorry you do not like what we have. Cannot we get you something that you will like better?" or, "How does it happen that you have no appetite?" in this way calling the attention of the whole family to her, and making her feel that they consider her difficult to please. You can get something different for her the next time, if you choose, but do not let her feel that you are too carefully watching her plate.

Do not make visitors feel obliged to account to you for all their comings and goings, or tire them by constant and obvious efforts to entertain them. Unless they are very stupid people, they will prefer to entertain themselves for a part of the time, even although you make them feel that your time is at their disposal whenever they want it. I heard two friends talking not long ago of a place where they were both in the habit of visiting.

"How pleasant it is at Mrs. Chauncey's," said one. "If you want her to go anywhere with you, she always makes you feel that it is just the place where she wishes to go herself."

"Yes," replied the other, "she never makes a fuss over you, but acts as if you did not cause an extra step to be taken, so that you don't worry all the time for fear you are making trouble; and if you want her advice about anything you are doing, she is always ready to stop her own work and show you just what you want to know, and makes you feel as if she was doing it for her own pleasure instead of yours,—so much nicer than the way some people have of acting as though you were a constant interruption."

If any excursion is planned, and for any reason you find that your friend will be really happier to stay at home, do not insist upon her going, or allow the party to be broken up on her account. If she would really enjoy more to have you go without her, do not insist upon remaining with her. A friend of mine suffered much by being obliged to go on a steamboat excursion with a cinder in her eye, because she found that her friends would not do as she wished, and leave her quietly at home, and so, finding that the pleasure of a whole party would be broken up, she endured the pain of going with them, when she might have passed the afternoon in comparative comfort at home.

In the same way, some people will insist upon going about on business with a guest, who would much prefer to go alone.

In regard to conversation, remember sweet George Herbert's rule:

> "Entice all neatly to what they know best,
> For so thou dost thyself and him a pleasure."

Talk of the people and things which are most likely to interest those whom you wish to please. You would think it very rude to speak in a language which your visitors did not understand, and it is about the same thing to talk of matters in which they have no interest and which they know nothing about. Every family has its sayings and jokes, which sound very funny to them, but unless they are explained, they mean nothing to a stranger.

Do not ask many questions about your guests' personal affairs, since you are taking them at a great disadvantage when they are in your own house, as they will not like to refuse to answer. Be careful not to be too ready with advice about a visitor's dress. If she asks you what is most suitable to wear on any occasion, tell her frankly; but above all things do not say or do anything which shall indicate that you do think her clothes are not as pretty and fashionable as they ought to be. Sometimes a remark, made with the kindest intentions, will hurt a sensitive girl's feelings. Those of you who have read "The Diary of Mrs. Kitty Trevellyan," will remember how the little, country cousin felt when she saw Evelyn smile at the dresses which had been made with so much care. I once heard a lady speaking of her girlhood, when she made her first visit away from the farm where she had always lived. She said, as she looked back upon it, she always wondered at the kindness of the friends who received her cordially, and took her about with them

cheerfully, when her dress was such as to make her laugh heartily at the mere recollection of it.

Before your guest comes, tell your young friends of her expected visit, and ask them to come and see her, and if you invite company to meet her, do it as soon as convenient after she comes, that she may not feel that she is among strangers during the most of her visit. Western people coming East often think they do not receive a very cordial reception, because they meet so few people. A lady remarked to me quite recently, that she did not know whether the friends she had been visiting were ashamed of her appearance, or of the appearance of their own neighbors. She concluded it must have been one or the other, as no pains had been taken to have them meet each other.

Do not ask visitors what you shall do to entertain them. That is your business, and you should not be so indolent as to shift it from your own shoulders to theirs. There may be many things which they would enjoy that they will hardly venture to suggest. Try and have a pleasant plan for every day. It will require thought and care on your part, but it is worth while. I do not mean that you must be constantly taking them to some great entertainment. This is only possible to a few of you. In the most quiet country village some little visit or excursion may be easily found, if it is nothing more than a game of croquet with some pleasant girls, or an interesting story read aloud. Do not make the mistake of thinking that because things are old and dull to you, they are so to every one else. To the city girl, who goes weary and worn-out from the dust and heat of brick walls and pavements, the pleasant stroll in the woods, which is too familiar to please you, may be a fresh delight. So to the one who has passed all her life among green fields, the sights and sounds of a city may be a great pleasure, even though it may not seem possible to those who are tired of them.

It is surprising how many things there are to see, in any locality, if one will only take the trouble to find them; and the hope of making a visit pleasant to a friend is a good incentive to help one in the search.

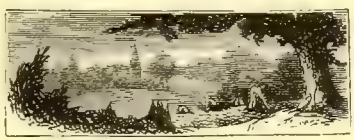
If you cannot give your young visitor any elaborate and expensive pleasures, do not be discouraged. The sight of a brilliant sunset from some neighboring hill; a walk down Broadway; the inside of a great factory where the throbbing looms are full of interest to stranger eyes;—if you have no more wonderful sights than these to show, these are enough.

> "Who does the best his circumstance allows,
> Does well, acts nobly. Angels can no more."

Do not think it necessary to insist upon riding with your friends, if there is not room enough for you without crowding the others. I knew a lady who turned to her sister, who was visiting her, when but one seat in the carriage was left, and said: "Shall you stay at home, or I?" The guest replied that she was willing to give up, if necessary; whereupon the hostess handed her the baby and drove off, although she knew that her sister had particular reasons for wishing to go with the rest. This is almost too bad to tell of, even though it is true; but it exactly illustrates how selfishness in trifles may grow upon one unconsciously, until it becomes a controlling power. This fault has been rightly called "the tap-root of all other sins," and is the greatest difficulty we have to overcome in acquiring habits of uniform courtesy and consideration for others.

Do not urge your guests to extend their visits, after they have clearly explained to you that the time has come for them to go, and that it is inconvenient for them to stay longer. Let the subject drop, merely letting them know that you are sorry to part with them. Do not convey the impression that you think you can judge better than they can of their own affairs, by constantly teasing them to stay, and saying that you are sure they could do so if they pleased;

> "For still we hold old Homer's rule the best,
> Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest."



WHY PATTY SPOKE IN CHURCH.

By Joel Stacy.



If the minister had asked any other question, it never would have happened.

If it had been on any other day than that one particular day, it never would have happened.

If any other boy in the whole wide universe excepting Robby had been with Patty, it never would have happened.

Above all, if it had been two strangers standing before the altar instead of Sister Susie and Willy Norris, it never could have happened.

But it *did* happen, and that is all I know about it.

"If any one here present," said the minister, looking kindly upon the sweet bride with the brave young man beside her, and then glancing calmly over the little churchful of wedding-guests, "knows of any reason why this man and this woman should not be joined together in the holy bonds of matrimony, let him speak now, or——"

"What 's all that?" whispered Robby, in great

scorn, to Patty. "I guess he does n't know. There aint any bounds of materony about it."

That was enough. Robby was her oracle. Up jumped Patty, anxious to set things right, and determined that the wedding should go on, now that Sister Susie had on her white dress and orange-flowers and everything.

"I do!" she called out in a sweet, resolute voice, and holding up a warning finger. "I do. Please wait, sir! There aint any materony about it at all. They came on purpose to be married!"

"O' course they did!" muttered Robby.

Everybody stared at Patty. It was a dreadful moment, but the wedding went on, all the same.

And Patty and Robby were the very first to kiss the bride.

HEARING WITHOUT EARS.

By "Aunt Fanny."

I HOPE, dear children, that you will read all the first part of this short article, even if it *does* seem like a lesson, because then you will understand the wonderful machinery of your ears, and enjoy all the more the strange account which follows.

There is no such thing as sound *outside* of the ear. That which we call sound is carried in a series of waves to the ear, *inside* of which is a wonderful mechanism, which makes us hear. On the next page is a plan of your ear, to show you how sound works. The outside ear is A, from which the pipe B leads inward. The outside is like a speaking-trumpet, or the open part of wind instruments, and gathers in the sound-waves, turning them into the pipe B. This pipe is little more than an inch long, and is stopped by a skin, C, tightly drawn across it, like the skin of a drum. Behind this skin is the drum D, which is filled with air, without which the outer air would press painfully on the drum. This little drum is closed by another skin, G. Beyond this is a third chamber of the ear, H, which has in it curious little canals and a winding passage like a snail shell. In this chamber, which is filled with a watery fluid, floats the hearing nerve, called the *acoustic* nerve. It is made up of a little bundle of fine cords, which are gathered into one nerve, I, which leads into the brain, and then your brain tells you what you hear.

When the waves of sound are collected by the outer ear, they pass through B and strike upon C, the skin of the drum, D, much as a drum-stick strikes on a drum. The tight little skin vibrates with the same motion as that of the sound-waves. This is carried through the little drum to the bundle of nerves, which sends information to the brain.

And now we come to the strange account. Aunt Fanny was invited, with some very excellent and humane people, to witness the wonderful scene of a number of deaf persons from the Deaf and Dumb Institute, who were made to hear through their *teeth!* They all had been deaf,—some from birth and some from infancy. There were four pretty, pleasant-looking girls, and six or eight bright boys. One of the boys had lost both arms, but the poor fellow had been taught the sign-language by his loving, patient teacher, and could show that he understood it by waving and lifting his poor stumps of arms.

As soon as we all were seated, a fine-looking gentleman got up and said:

"I have been deaf for twenty years. I have tried all manner of speaking-trumpets, which did me very little good, and I had made up my mind that, for the rest of my life, I must never hear my children's voices, never listen to the sound of sweet music, but just lead a sad, silent life. One day, I was talking to a friend with my watch in my hand, and carelessly placed it against my teeth. To my astonishment, I plainly heard the ticking of the watch, though it was utterly silent when placed at my ear. I began to make experiments. I held a piece of bent metal to my teeth. I tried a tuning-fork. I remembered that Beethoven, the great composer, who became very deaf, held a metallic rod between his teeth, the other end resting on the sounding-board of his piano, and by this means he was able to hear the perfect music which his brain had produced. I tested various ways of hearing through the teeth, and now, after many trials, I have perfected this," and he held up what looked exactly like a fan. "This," he continued, "is the audiphone. It is made of flexible, polished, carbonized rubber. Fine silk cords, attached to the upper edge, bend it over, and are fastened by a wedge in the handle. The tension is adjusted to suit the sound, as an opera-glass is adjusted to suit

distance. The top edge of the fan rests upon the upper teeth, and the sound-waves strike its surface; the vibrations are conveyed by the teeth and the bones of the face to the acoustic nerve communicating with the brain."

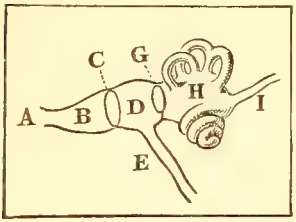


DIAGRAM OF THE INNER EAR.

It was almost impossible to believe, but the gentleman called up one of the deaf mutes, and, standing just in front of him, gave a tremendous shout, which made us all fairly bounce on our chairs, but the boy did not start, or move so much as an eyelash, which showed very plainly that he had heard nothing. Then Mr. Rhodes, for this is the name of the inventor of the audiphone, arranged the tension, and placed one in the boy's hand, adjusting it to his teeth in this way. "A, B, C," said Mr. Rhodes, in an ordinary tone. At the sound, the boy started, his face flushed, and he raised his hand with a quick surprised motion. *He heard for the first time in his life!* He did not know what the sounds meant, because to a deaf person English speech might as well be Greek:—a deaf person's mind is a perfect blank as to the meanings of sound, though he may be able to talk fast enough on his fingers. Then Mr. Rhodes went behind the boy and said: "A, B, C," a little louder, and his teacher made the signs of the letters, at the same time,—the boy gave a skip of delight, making the letters also. Wonder of wonders! he heard, and knew the sound of three letters!


AUDIPHONE. FRONT VIEW.

Then a lady played on the piano, and the boy heard music for the first time! His hand moved up and down with a rhythmic motion, as if keeping time to pleasant sounds, for it was only that as yet to him,—he did not know it was called music.

Then another boy was called, and the same experiments were tried, the first boy looking eagerly on, and talking as fast as his fingers would go, to the rest of the class. The second boy said in the sign language, that he could hear "very loud sounds." Mr. Rhodes shouted at him enough to nearly crack his skull, but he showed no sign of hearing, so his "very loud" must have been like a broadside of cannons.

But with the audiphone to his teeth, he heard everything. All the boys were tried in turn, with nearly the same success, even to the poor fellow without arms. The audiphone was held to his teeth, and such a flood of happiness came over his face, and poured out of his eyes, that my own eyes were blinded with tears. The rich tones of a parlor organ, which a gentleman present played upon, seemed almost to translate him from earth to heaven. It was not music to him; it was a sweet melodious sound, the revelation of a sense which gave him a new and intense happiness.


AUDIPHONE READY FOR USE.

And now one of the girls, a pale, pretty little thing, was called to the table. The audiphone was placed to her teeth, and Mr. Rhodes made a sound. I hope you understand, that it was of no use for him to ask a question, because a deaf person has to begin like a baby to understand the meaning of sound; the deaf must be educated as to what an articulate sound is to tell them. It would be with them exactly like teaching a baby to talk.

When the girl heard the sound, what a study her face became! Waves of rosy color passed over her cheeks, her eyes were uplifted, her hand was raised, the forefinger pointing to heaven. She was asked in sign language to try to make an audible sound herself. Her face changed, her throat swelled with a great effort, and presently there issued from her mouth a dismal and prolonged groan. But she heard herself, and she continued the doleful sound, in her joy in her newly discovered sense, until the audiphone was taken away. She was not aware how unpleasant the sound was to others,—she was so absorbed in the great wonder of hearing herself.



METHOD OF USING THE AUDIPHONE.

All the girls were experimented upon,—first with the human voice, then with music, and all heard. How they watched each other! How their fingers talked back and forth! How eagerly they pointed to ears and lips, nodding and smiling at each other, rejoicing in this new-found happiness!

But now, Mr. Rhodes brought out a number of flat boxes, each holding an audiphone. He took them out, and gave one to each of the deaf mutes. Then a lady present sang an echo song, very

sweetly, with the accompaniment of the piano. What a sight it was,—as with audiphones at their teeth, the class listened to this mysterious sweetness, these harmonious sounds! The pale, young girl stood motionless, rapt, absorbed, with parted lips, and wide, uplifted eyes. A flood of light flowed over her face; her capacity to understand what such sound meant, seemed greater than that of the others; one almost would have thought that she was having a glimpse of heaven. As the sweet voice of the singer rose higher, higher, the young girl's hand and arm were raised to the utmost, the forefinger pointing upward; but with the soft echo of the song, the hand floated down with a gentle wavering motion, and moved softly to and fro, in perfect accord with the time. As the swelling tones were raised again, up went her hand, but her eyes never changed their uplifted, almost spiritual look, and her breath came quick and trembling. Oh, can any one measure the happiness that filled that child's soul, and so transformed that small, pale face? That view of the first ineffable joy of hearing is something never to be forgotten! The other children were affected in different ways,—some waved their hands, some looked eagerly delighted; the maimed boy's eyes grew big and black, and a broad smile opened his mouth, as if he were laughing, but he made no audible sound.

After the song, Mr. Rhodes requested the company to sing "Nearer, my God, to Thee." We rose from our chairs, and the beautiful hymn was sung, with the full accompaniment of the organ. I cannot describe the delight of the deaf girls and boys, as the sweet, solemn strains struck upon the precious audiphones held close to their teeth. They waved their hands to and fro, their faces glowing; the young girl, as before, looking upward, raising her arm with pointing finger at the high notes, and lowering it gently at the low tones. Big tears stood in the eyes of many of the singers, and I for one shall never forget the scene.

Mr. Rhodes has sent an audiphone, as a gift, to the Princess of Wales, who is very deaf. These fans can be decorated and painted so as to be very beautiful, and a lady using one would never be supposed to be deaf, if she playfully placed her fan against her teeth when she was conversing.

THE HYLAS.

By Celia Thaxter.

In the crimson sunsets of the spring,
Children, have you heard the hylas pipe,
Ere with robin's note the meadows ring,
Ere the silver willow buds are ripe?

Long before the swallow dares appear,
When the April weather frees the brooks,
Sweet and high a liquid note you hear,
Sounding clear at eve from wooded nooks.

'T is the hylas. "What are hylas, pray?"
Do you ask me, little children sweet?
They are tree-toads, brown and green and gray,
Small and slender, dusky, light and fleet.

All the winter long they hide and sleep
In the dark earth's bosom, safe and fast;
When the sunshine finds them, up they leap,
Glad to feel that spring is come at last.

Glad and grateful, up the trees they climb,
Pour their cheerful music on the air,
Crying, "Here 's an end of snow and rime!
Beauty is beginning everywhere!"

Listen, children, for so sweet a cry,
Listen till you hear the hylas sing,
Ere the first star glitters in the sky,
In the crimson sunsets of the spring.



A STORY TO BE WRITTEN.

BY ——?

THIS picture would be still more interesting if we knew just what was the matter. Though the illustration is ready, the story is still to be told. Who will tell it? The best story received before March 1st shall be printed *with the picture* in the Young Contributors' Department. It must be neatly written on only one side of the paper, with the writer's name, age, and address, placed at the top of the first sheet; and the length must not exceed four hundred words. Now, boys and girls, let us hear from you!

MARY ELIZABETH.

(Her True Temperance Story)

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

MARY ELIZABETH was a little girl with a long name. She was poor, she was sick, she was ragged, she was dirty, she was cold, she was hungry, she was frightened. She had no home, she had no mother, she had no father, she had no sister, she had no grandmother, and no kitten. She had no supper, she had had no dinner, she had had no breakfast. She had no shoes, she had no hood, she had no mittens, she had no flannels. She had no place to go to, and nobody to care whether she went or not. In fact, Mary Elizabeth had not much of anything but a short pink calico dress, a little red cotton-and-wool shawl, and her long name. Besides this, she had a pair of old rubbers, too large for her. They flopped on the pavement as she walked.

She was walking up Washington street in Boston. It was late in the afternoon of a bitter January day. Already the lamp-lighters were coming with their long poles, and gas-lights began to flash upon the grayness—neither day nor night—through which the child watched the people mov-

ing dimly, with a wonder in her heart. This wonder was as confused as the half-light in which the crowd hurried by.

"God made so many people," thought Mary Elizabeth, "he must have made so many suppers. Seems as if there 'd ought to been one for one extra little girl."

But she thought this in a gentle way; very gently for a girl who had no shoes, no flannels, no hood, no home, no mother, no dinner, no bed, no supper. She was a very gentle little girl. All girls who had n't anything were not like Mary Elizabeth. She roomed with a girl out toward Charlestown who was different. That girl's name was Jo. They slept in a box that an Irish woman let them have in an old shed. The shed was too cold for her cow, and she could n't use it; so she told Jo and Mary Elizabeth that they might have it as well as not. Mary Elizabeth thought her very kind. There was this difference between Jo and Mary Elizabeth: when Jo was hungry, she stole; when Mary Elizabeth was hungry, she begged.

On the night of which I speak, she begged hard. It is very wrong to beg, we all know. It is wrong to give to beggars, we all know, too; we have been told so a great many times. Still, if I had been as hungry as Mary Elizabeth, I presume I should have begged, too. Whether I should have given her anything if I had been on Washington street that January night, how can I tell?

At any rate, nobody did. Some told her to go to the Orphans' Home. Some said: "Ask the police." Some people shook their heads, and more people did nothing at all. One lady told her to go to the St. Priscilla and Aquila Society, and Mary Elizabeth said: "Thank you, ma'am," politely. She had never heard of Aquila and Priscilla. She thought they must be policemen. Another lady bade her go to an Office and be Registered, and Mary Elizabeth said: "*Ma'am?*"

So now she was shuffling up Washington street, —I might say flopping up Washington street—in the old rubbers, and the pink dress and red shawl, not knowing exactly what to do next; peeping into people's faces, timidly looking away from them; hesitating; heart-sick;—for a very little girl can be very heart-sick—colder, she thought, every minute, and hungrier each hour than she was the hour before. Poor Mary Elizabeth!

Poor Mary Elizabeth left Washington street at last, where everybody had homes and suppers without one extra one to spare for a little girl, and turned into a short, bright, showy street, where stood a great hotel. Everybody in Boston knows, and a great many people out of Boston know, that hotel; in fact, they know it so well that I will not mention the name of it, because it was against the rules of the house for beggars to be admitted, and perhaps the proprietor would not like it if I told how this one especial little beggar got into his well-conducted house. Indeed, precisely how she got in nobody knows. Whether the door-keeper was away, or busy, or sick, or careless, or whether the head-waiter at the dining-room door was so tall that he could n't see so short a beggar, or whether the clerk at the desk was so noisy that he could n't see so still a beggar, or however it was, Mary Elizabeth did get in,—by the door-keeper, past the head-waiter, under the shadow of the clerk,—over the smooth, slippery marble floor. The child crept on. She came to the office door, and stood still. She looked around her with wide eyes. She had never seen a place like that. Lights flashed over it, many and bright. Gentlemen sat in it smoking and reading. They were all warm. Not one of them looked as if he had had no dinner, and no breakfast, and no supper.

"How many extra suppers," thought the little girl, "it must ha' taken to feed 'em all." She pronounced it "extry." "How many extry suppers! I guess may be there 'll be one for me in here."

There was a little noise, a very little one, strange to the warm, bright, well-ordered room. It was not the rattling of the "Boston Advertiser," or the "Transcript," or the "Post"; it was not the slight rap-rapping of a cigar stump, as the ashes fell from some one's white hands; nobody coughed, and nobody swore. It was a different sound. It was the sound of an old rubber, much too large, flopping on the marble floor. Several gentlemen glanced at their own well-shod and well-brushed feet, then up and around the room.

Mary Elizabeth stood in the middle of it, in her pink calico dress and red-plaid shawl. The shawl was tied over her head, and about her neck with a ragged tippet. She looked very funny and round behind, like the wooden women in the Noah's Ark. Her bare feet showed in the old rubbers. She began to shuffle about the room, holding out one purple little hand.

One or two of the gentlemen laughed; some frowned; more did nothing at all; most did not notice, or did not seem to notice, the child. One said:

"What 's the matter, here?"

Mary Elizabeth flopped on. She went from one to another, less timidly; a kind of desperation had taken possession of her. The odors from the dining-room came in, of strong, hot coffee, and strange, roast meats. Mary Elizabeth thought of Jo. It seemed to her she was so hungry, that if she could not get a supper, she should jump up and run, and rush about, and snatch something,

and steal, like Jo. She held out her hand, but only said:

"I 'm hungry!"

A gentleman called her. He was the gentleman who had asked, "What 's the matter, here?" He called her in behind his "New York Times," which was big enough to hide three of Mary Elizabeth, and when he saw that nobody was looking, he gave her a five-cent piece, in a hurry, as if he had done a sin, and quickly said:

"There, there, child! go, now, go!"

Then he began to read the "Times" quite hard and fast, and to look severe, as one does who never gives anything to beggars, as a matter of principle.

But nobody else gave anything to Mary Elizabeth. She shuffled from one to another, hopelessly. Every gentleman shook his head. One called for a waiter to put her out. This frightened her, and she stood still.

Over by a window, in a lonely corner of the great room, a young man was sitting, apart from the others. Mary Elizabeth had seen that young man when she first came in, but he had not seen her. He had not seen anything nor anybody. He sat with his elbows on the table, and his face buried in his arms. He was a well-dressed young man, with brown, curling hair. Mary Elizabeth wondered why he looked so miserable, and why he sat alone. She thought, perhaps, if he were n't so happy as the other gentlemen, he would be more sorry for cold and hungry girls. She hesitated, then flopped along, and directly up to him.

One or two gentlemen laid down their papers, and watched this; they smiled and nodded at each other. The child did not see them, to wonder why. She went up, and put her hand upon the young man's arm.

He started. The brown, curly head lifted itself from the shelter of his arms; a young face looked sharply at the beggar-girl,—a beautiful young face it might have been. It was haggard now, and dreadful to look at,—bloated, and badly marked with the unmistakable marks of a wicked week's debauch. He roughly said:

"What do you want?"

"I 'm hungry," said Mary Elizabeth.

"I can't help that. Go away."

"I have n't had anything to eat for a whole day —a *whole day!*" repeated the child.

Her lip quivered. But she spoke distinctly. Her voice sounded through the room. One gentleman after another had laid down his paper or his pipe. Several were watching this little scene.

"Go away!" repeated the young man, irritably. "Don't bother me. *I* have n't had anything to eat for *three* days!"

His face went down into his arms again. Mary Elizabeth stood staring at the brown, curling hair. She stood perfectly still for some moments. She evidently was greatly puzzled. She walked away a little distance, then stopped, and thought it over.

And now, paper after paper, and pipe after cigar went down. Every gentleman in the room began to look on. The young man, with the beautiful brown curls, and dissipated, disgraced, and hidden face, was not stiller than the rest. The little figure in the pink calico, and the red shawl, and big rubbers stood for a moment silent among them all. The waiter came to take her out, but the gentlemen motioned him away.

Mary Elizabeth turned her five-cent piece over and over slowly in her purple hand. Her hand shook. The tears came. The smell of the dinner from the dining-room grew savory and strong. The child put the piece of money to her lips as if she could have eaten it, then turned, and, without further hesitation, went back. She touched the young man—on the bright curls, this time—with her trembling little hand.

The room was so still now, that what she said rang out to the corridor, where the waiters stood, with the clerk behind looking over the desk to see.

"I 'm sorry you are so hungry. If you have n't had anything for three days, you must be hungrier than me. I 've got five cents. A gentleman gave it to me. I wish you would take it. I 've only gone *one* day. You can get some supper with it, and—maybe—I—can get some, somewheres! I wish you 'd please to take it!"

Mary Elizabeth stood quite still, holding out her five-cent piece. She did not understand the sound and the stir that went all over the bright room. She did not see that some of the gentlemen coughed and wiped their spectacles. She did not know why the brown curls before her came up with such a start, nor why the young man's wasted face flushed red and hot with noble shame.

She did not in the least understand why he flung the five-cent piece upon the table, and snatching her in his arms held her fast, and hid his face on her plaid shawl and sobbed. Nor did she know what could be the reason that nobody seemed amused to see this gentleman cry; but that the gentleman who had given her the money came up, and some more came up, and they gathered round, and she in the midst of them, and they all spoke kindly, and the young man with the bad face that might have been so beautiful, stood up, still clinging to her, and said aloud:

"She 's shamed me before you all, and she 's shamed me to myself! I 'll learn a lesson from this beggar, so help me God!"

So then, he took the child upon his knee, and the gentlemen came up to listen, and the young man asked her what was her name.

"Mary Elizabeth, sir."

"Names used to mean things—in the Bible—when I was as little as you. I read the Bible then. Does Mary Elizabeth mean Angel of Rebuke?"

"*Sir?*"

"Where do you live, Mary Elizabeth?"

"Nowhere, sir."

"Where do you sleep?"

"In Mrs. O'Flynn's shed, sir. It 's too cold for the cows. She 's so kind, she lets us stay."

"Whom do you stay with?"

"Nobody, only Jo."

"Is Jo your brother?"

"No, sir. Jo is a girl. I have n't got only Jo."

"What does Jo do for a living?"

"She—gets it, sir."

"And what do you do?"

"*I* beg. It 's better than to—get it, sir, I think."

"Where 's your mother?"

"Dead."

"What did she die of?"

"Drink, sir," said Mary Elizabeth, in her distinct and gentle tone.

"Ah,—well. And your father?"

"He is dead. He died in prison."

"What sent him to prison?"

"Drink, sir."

"Oh!"

"I had a brother once," continued Mary Elizabeth, who grew quite eloquent with so large an audience, "but he died, too."

"What did he die of?"

"Drink, sir," said the child, cheerfully. "I *do* want my supper," she added, after a pause, speaking in a whisper, as if to Jo or to herself, "and Jo 'll be wondering for me."

"Wait, then," said the young man; "I 'll see if *I* can't beg enough to get you your supper."

"I *thought* there must be an extry one among so many folks!" cried Mary Elizabeth; for now, she thought, she should get back her five cents.

Sure enough; the young man put the five cents into his hat, to begin with. Then he took out his purse, and put in something that made less noise than the five-cent piece, and something more, and more, and more. Then he passed around the great room, walking still unsteadily, and the gentleman who gave the five cents and all the gentlemen put something into the young man's hat.

So when he came back to the table, he emptied the hat and counted the money, and truly, it was forty dollars.

"*Forty dollars!*"

Mary Elizabeth looked frightened. She did not understand.

"It 's yours," said the young man. "Now, come to supper. But see! this gentleman who gave you the five-cent piece shall take care of the money for you. You can trust *him*. He 's got a wife, too. But we 'll come to supper, now."

"Yes, yes," said the gentleman, coming up. "She knows all about every orphan in this city, I believe. *She* 'll know what ought to be done with you. *She* 'll take care of you."

"But Jo will wonder," said Mary Elizabeth, loyally. "I can't leave Jo. And I must go back and thank Mrs. O'Flynn for the shed."

"Oh, yes, yes; we 'll fix all that," said the gentleman, "and Jo, too. A little girl with forty dollars need n't sleep in a cow-shed. But don't you want your supper?"

"Why, yes," said Mary Elizabeth; "I do."

So the young man took her by the hand, and the gentleman whose wife knew all about what to do with orphans took her by the other hand, and one or two more gentlemen followed, and they all went out into the dining-room, and put Mary Elizabeth in a chair at a marble table, and asked her what she wanted for her supper.

Mary Elizabeth said that a little dry toast and a cup of milk would do nicely. So all the gentlemen laughed. And she wondered why.

And the young man with the brown curls laughed, too, and began to look quite happy. But he ordered chicken, and cranberry sauce, and mashed potatoes, and celery, and rolls, and butter, and tomatoes, and an ice cream, and a cup of tea, and nuts, and raisins, and cake, and custard, and apples, and grapes, and Mary Elizabeth sat in her pink dress and red shawl, and ate the whole; and why it did n't kill her nobody knows; but it did n't.

The young man with the face that might have been beautiful,—that might yet be, one would have thought, who had seen him then,—stood watching the little girl.

"She 's preached me a better sermon," he said, below his breath; "better than all the ministers I ever heard in all the churches. May God bless her! I wish there were a thousand like her in this selfish world!"

And when I heard about it, I wished so, too.

And this is the end of Mary Elizabeth's true Temperance Story.

SNOW-SPORTS FOR GIRLS AND BOYS.

BY SAMUEL VAN BRUNT.

SNOW battles are all very fine for hearty boys, but there are girls who would like to have some fun with the beautiful white snow, and there are boys who do not care for the rough-and-tumble work of taking or defending a snow fort. So some directions are here given for building a snow-house, in which the young builders can make themselves very comfortable, and for making some statuary with which it will be pleasant to ornament the grounds about the building. The pictures of the house show so well how it is constructed, and how it looks when it is done, that very little explanation is necessary.

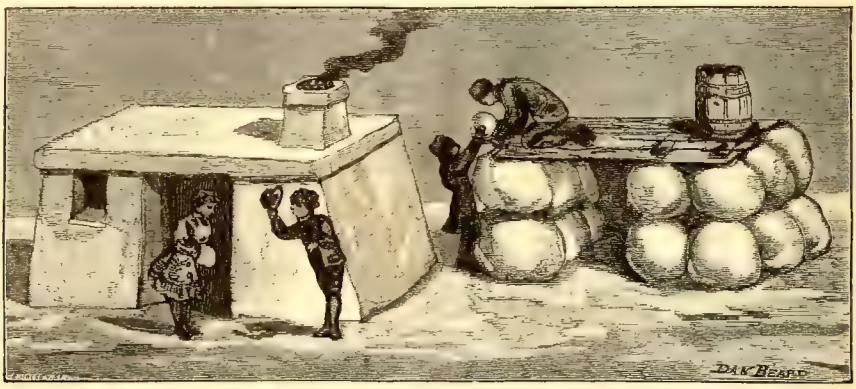


FIG. 1. THE SNOW-HOUSE,—FINISHED AND IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.

The walls are made of large snow-balls, properly placed, with snow packed between them to make it. Then with an old stove, or even a fire-place made in the wall under the chimney, a house may A pane of glass can be set in the square hole made for a window; a heavy piece of carpet can be hung from the ceiling over the doorway, so as to act as a curtain—or, if the young work-people choose to take trouble enough, they can put up a frame-work inside of the door-way and hang a wooden door to



FIG. 2. MAKING SNOW-PIGS.

be had which will be quite snug and comfortable, until it begins to melt.

The statuary may be of various kinds. It is very



FIG. 3. MAKING THE SNOW-FRENCHMAN.

seldom that pigs are sculptured in marble, or cast in bronze, and it would be well to make some of snow, so as to have statues not likely to be found elsewhere. An oblong mass of snow forms the body; the legs, nose and ears are made of sticks surrounded by snow, and a bit of rope nicely curled will make a very good tail. The various parts can be shaped and carved according to the skill of the young artist. A number of pigs, of different sizes, will give a lively and social air to the yard of a snow-house.

A statue of a Frenchman in an ulster is also rather uncommon, and is not hard to make. The foundation of the body, head and legs, consists of several large snow-balls, as seen in Figure 3, and the arms are made of smaller balls, stuck on two sticks which are inserted in the body at proper angles. When the whole figure has been "blocked out," as the artists say, it must be carved, with broad wooden knives, or shingles, into the proper shape, as shown in Figure 4. The mustache should be made on a slight stick, which may be



FIG. 4. THE FRENCHMAN COMPLETE.

fastened to the face by pegs, and then covered with snow.

Arctic owls, which are very large and white, can also be made of snow, in the manner shown in the picture below. These figures can be placed on snow pedestals, if they are small, but if they are monster owls, like those in the illustration, it would be better to have them stand upon the ground. In either position, if they are fashioned properly, they will look very wise and respectable.



FIG. 5. SNOW-OWLS.

THE RAVEN UNCLE.

(Translated from the German of Victor Blüthgen.)



THE WEDDING PROCESSION.

IN a mighty mountain reigned a dwarf king who was very desirous of getting married. He had his barber come and cut off his long beard, so that he would look younger and handsomer. He put on his best doublet, embroidered with gold and silver, and dotted with precious stones, donned his bat-skin cap, and told his stable-master to saddle a mouse for him. Then he called his Prime Minister, and charged him with the government, enjoining it upon him to be very careful to collect all the taxes; after which he mounted, raised his cap in token of good-bye, gave his charger the spur, and galloped off in search of a bride.

He traveled through the underground passages of his kingdom, and, whenever he came to a place where dwarfs lived, he stopped; but he could find no maiden to suit him. One had a faulty nose; another's mouth was not right; a third had eyes that were too pale; the fourth was too timid; the fifth was too fat; the sixth was ill-tempered; the seventh chattered like a magpie; the eighth would n't talk at all; and so he found in each one some defect.

At last, somewhat discouraged by his failure, he rode into the valley; it was night, and the moon shone. As he drew nigh to a meadow, he saw a little, dwarf maiden dancing in the moonlight, while two old crickets sat near, and made music. She danced beautifully, right and left; her white dress glimmered, and her long hair floated on the breeze. As he softly dismounted, and crept near, he saw that she was the most beautiful maiden he had ever laid eyes on. Then was his heart glad, and he stepped up to her. But hardly had she seen him, when she cried out, and immediately a raven flew down from the top of an old fir-tree. The maiden seated herself on the raven's back, and he bore her through the air far away behind

some tall black pine-trees, till she was no longer to be seen.

"Ah, for mercy's sake, who was that?" asked the king, addressing himself to the crickets.

"We know not," said they. "She always comes in the moonshine and dances, and we make music for her, because she is as dainty as an elf child."

Thereupon, the crickets hopped away.

The next night, the dwarf king rode again to the meadow, and waited for the maiden; but she did not come. Only the raven sat again on the fir-tree, and when he saw the king he cried, "Caw!" and flew away.

After his majesty had waited in vain a couple of nights, he fell sick for grief. He lay all the time in bed, drank little, ate hardly anything, gave no attention to the affairs of his kingdom, and allowed no one but his old chamberlain to come into his presence. Through him, the Prime Minister learned that the king was continually speaking in his sleep of a dwarf maiden; but they did not know which one he meant, and so they could not help him. Consequently, the whole land was in great anxiety, and the dwarf ladies began to sew on mourning handkerchiefs and black dresses.

"Stop," said the Prime Minister one day to his colleague; "I know where we are likely to get help; we must ask the tree-toad."

The tree-toad was court-prophet, and sat in a jar of water on a ladder.

"We want advice from the Oracle in behalf of our king," said the Prime Minister.

"Immediately," answered the tree-toad; and, going up to the top of his ladder, he stared awhile into vacancy, and then prophesied thus:

"The one who sings the best,
The one who springs the best,
The one the stork would wedded see,
She the young king's bride shall be."

"Look you," said the minister, "that is it; for if we find her, the king will get well again, but, should he die, there would be no bride."

The dwarf maiden, who was the cause of the king's sickness, lived with her uncle, whom she called "raven uncle"; for he had tamed the raven which had carried her away from the king. He also owned a cave, which one could not reach except by flying, because it was very high up on a slippery steep rock, on which grew neither bush nor flower.

The maiden sat there one day, and looked over the fir-trees down on the meadow, where she did not dare to dance any more. All at once, she saw the dwarf king's herald come riding along. He blew his trumpet, and cried with a clear voice:

"The one that sings the best,
The one that springs the best,
The one the stork would wedded see,
She the young king's bride shall be."

Then he continued:

"The day after to-morrow, when the moon shines, the first trial will be made here in the meadow." After which he blew his trumpet and rode away.

"I am going to be the king's bride," said the dwarf maiden; "it is so lonesome up here, and one can't even dance any more."

She went to her uncle, who was pounding ore in the cave, and said to him:

"Raven uncle, you must manage so that I shall be the king's bride."

"What do you mean? That you can become the sharer of the king's throne?"

"That I know nothing about, and do not need to know," replied the maiden.

"'The one that sings the best,
The one that springs the best,
The one the stork would wedded see,
She the young king's bride shall be!'

"I just heard the herald say that, as I sat by the door, and the day after to-morrow the first trial is to take place in the meadow!"

"Well," said the raven uncle, "it is honorable to be a king's bride, and you will be well provided for; we will see what we can do."

The next day, he got a basket, took his seat on the raven's back, and rode down among the nut-trees; and when he had filled the basket full of nuts, he came back, poured them out, then went out for more, and kept adding to the pile till it filled the room. The next day, he went out and scattered the nuts along all the roads that led to the meadow.

And so, when the dwarf maidens came along on their way to the meadow to sing, they said: "It has rained nuts!" And they ate as many of them as they could, till each one's voice was as rough and coarse as a donkey's.

Then the singing commenced, while the king's music-master, who was to decide in the contest, stood near. The branches of the trees and bushes all around were full of little creatures—critics in music—who had come to listen: for instance, the crickets, the mosquitoes, the bumble-bees, the finches, and many other birds. Only the nightingale did not come; for she guessed how it would turn out, and said:

"There will be nothing but screeching."

Then the first lady began to sing; but her voice sounded like the creaking of rusty door-hinges.

"Gracious!" exclaimed a mosquito, laughing. "Who ever heard singing like that?"

Then the second lady began to sing; but her voice reminded one of the trial crow of a young rooster.

"Some wadding!" cried a finch, raising a claw, and holding it to her ear. "Some wadding! It pierces my nerves."

And so it went on; and when the last one was ready to sing, of all the assembled insects and birds there remained only an old beetle who could stand it, for he was deaf as a post. But the music-master was the worst off, since he must now announce which had sung the best, and he could only exclaim:

"They have all sung abominably, and I fear we must have another trial."

Just then, the raven flew down from behind the fir-trees, and on his back sat the little dwarf maiden. Dismounting, she said:

"I want to sing, too."

And she sang as sweetly as a blackbird twitters; so that the music-master smacked his lips with delight.

"Wonderful!" said he. "She is the true one, and I must find out who she is."

He asked her what her name was, and she replied:

"Raven uncle's little maid
From the high rock's cavern-shade"

This he wrote down, and the little lady courtesied before the others, seated herself on the raven, and was borne away.

The next night the second trial was to take place, when it was to be decided who could spring the best.

"Raven uncle," asked the maiden, "how shall I manage to spring better than the others?"

"You must lift your feet higher," said he.

But he spent the whole day in boiling tar; and in the evening he put it in a tub, and rode out with it. There was a narrow wooden bridge which led across the ditch surrounding the meadow; this bridge he covered with tar; and as the moon rose over the mountain, there came one dwarf maiden after another and crossed the bridge, stepping on the tar, and clogging the soles of their shoes with it.

They sprang and sprang; and there were spectators present at this show also; the frogs, the leaping beetles, and such other insect folk as find pleasure in springing. The king's dancing-master had a yard-stick in his hand, and carefully measured the height to which each one sprang.

"It is frightful!" said he. "How unlucky that the tar lay in the way! It will not pay to make notes of the performance, for they hardly get loose from the ground."

"Goodness, what fun!" said the leaping beetle, and turned somersets for laughing. "They hop like young robins that have fallen out of the nest."

Our dwarf maiden found it very easy to spring; for the raven again carried her to the meadow, so that she did not have to step on the tar. Of course, she sprang highest, and when the dancing-master asked her name, she said again:

"Raven uncle's little maid
From the high rock's cavern-shade."

Then she made the most beautiful bow, and seating herself on the raven, disappeared.

"Raven uncle," asked she, the next day, "which one would the stork prefer to marry to the king?"

For the stork was the dwarf's minister, and his nest was near the cave on an old fir-tree.

"That, I do not know," was the answer.

Under the fir-tree came stealthily one maiden after another, and asked:

"Stork, whom would you prefer to marry to the king?"

"The one," said he, "that brings my children the best food."

And now the inquisitive maidens knew just as much as before; for they could not learn anything from the young storks, as these could not talk yet.

But our dwarf maiden had heard the stork's reply, and she told her uncle of it.

Thereupon, the uncle took a pail and rode down to the meadow; and when he came back he had frogs, snails, earth-worms, and tadpoles. Then, waiting till the old stork had flown away from the nest, he carried over what he had collected.

"Good day, children," he said to the young storks. "Here is something delicious for you."

He held out a snail, but they did not move; then a frog, and the first one opened his bill; then an earth-worm, and two snapped at it; but when he brought out a tadpole, they all snapped at it as quickly as they could.

At that, he rode away, emptied the pail, and caught as many tadpoles as he could find.

In the evening, all the dwarf maidens assembled under the stork's nest, and the Prime Minister was their leader. Only two or three had brought any food for the young storks, and this consisted entirely of tasteless worms, or frogs.

"Stork," asked the minister, "whom would you prefer to marry to the king?"

And the stork replied:

"The one that brings me tadpoles."

Then the maidens were all in confusion, for no one knew what tadpoles were.

Thereupon, there was a rustling in the air, and the maiden, on the raven's back, came down with a pail full of tadpoles, and said:

"Here they are, and I am the king's bride."

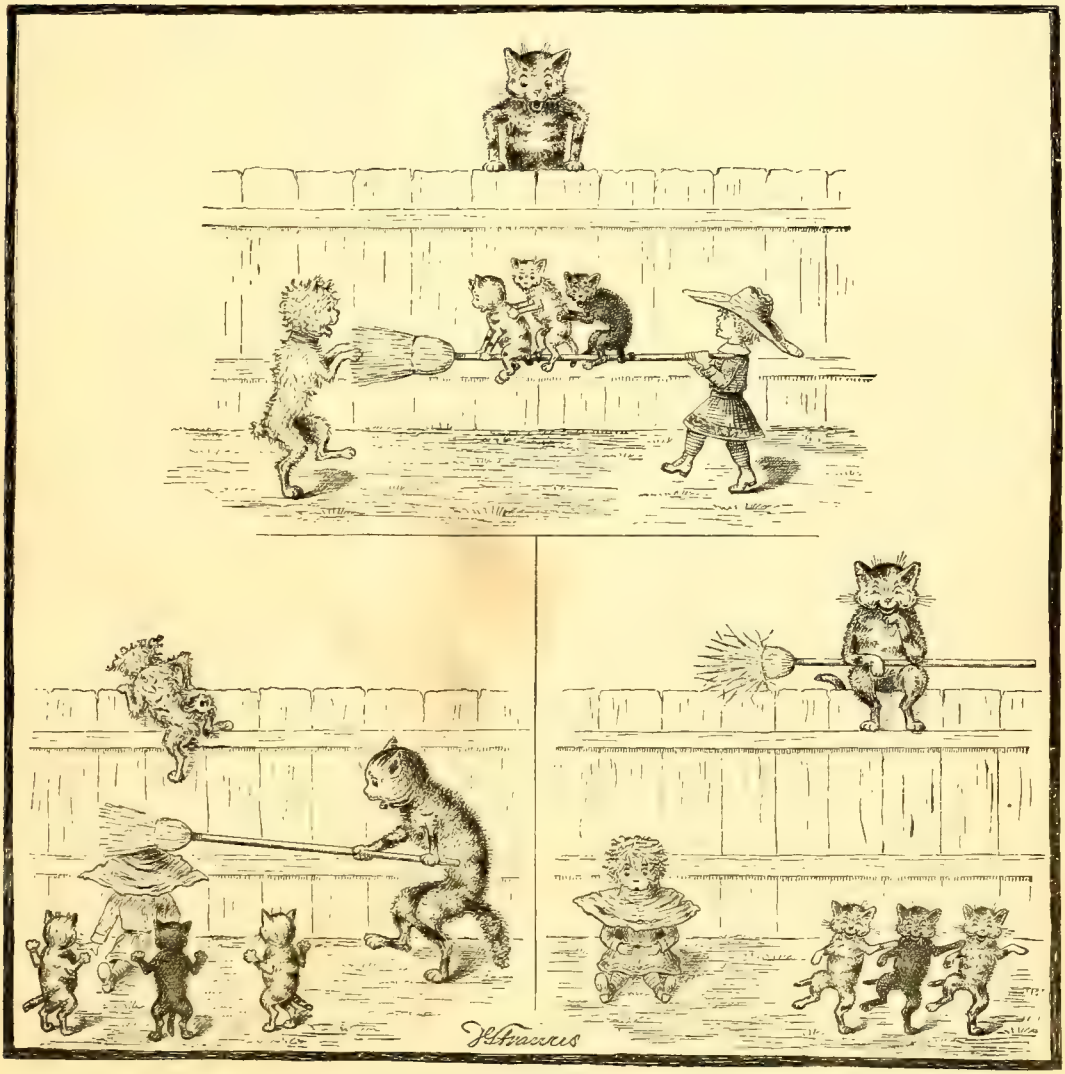
"Blow your trumpets!" cried the Minister; "the queen is found, and I am her first subject."

Then he knelt, and kissed her hand; and immediately a messenger was ordered off to tell the king of the good news. No sooner had the latter heard of the maiden's riding on the raven, than he sprang up, hastened to the meadow, and kissed the dwarf maiden as his bride.

Eight days afterward, their wedding was celebrated in grand style at the meadow.

The dwarfs had brought costly presents of jewelry, and the king's own cook, who had baked the most delicious wedding-cake that ever was tasted, was permitted to have it borne in state behind the king and queen in the procession.

But over and behind the newly married pair came raven uncle on his raven. He officiated as bride's godfather. And thus they went by torchlight back to the castle, where they all lived happily until they died.



A PICTURE WITH A MORAL FOR BOYS AND DOGS.

EDITHA'S BURGLAR.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

I WILL begin by saying that Editha was always rather a queer little girl, and not much like other children. She was not a strong, healthy little girl, and had never been able to run about and play; and, as she had no sisters or brothers, or companions of her own size, she was rather old-fashioned, as her aunts used to call it. She had always been very fond of books, and had learned to read when she was such a tiny child, that I should almost be afraid to say how tiny she was when she read her first volume through. Her papa wrote books himself, and was also the editor of a newspaper; and, as he had a large library, Editha perhaps read more than was quite good for her. She lived in London; and, as her mamma was very young and pretty, and went out a great deal, and her papa was so busy, and her governess only came in the morning, she was left to herself a good many hours in the day, and when she was left to herself, she spent the greater part of her time in the library reading her papa's big books, and even his newspapers.

She was very fond of the newspapers, because she found so many curious things in them,—stories, for instance, of strange events which happened every day in the great city of London, and yet never seemed to happen anywhere near where she lived. Through the newspapers, she found that there were actually men who lived by breaking into people's houses and stealing all the nice things they could carry away, and she read that such men were called burglars. When she first began to read about burglars, she was very much troubled. In the first place, she felt rather timid about going to bed at night, and, in the second place, she felt rather sorry for the burglars.

"I suppose no one ever taught them any better," she thought.

In fact, she thought so much about the matter, that she could not help asking her papa some questions one morning when he was at breakfast. He was reading his paper and eating his chops both at once when she spoke to him.

"Papa," she said, in a solemn little voice, and looking at him in a very solemn manner, "papa dear, what do you think of burglars—as a class?" (She said "as a class," because she had heard one of her papa's friends say it, and as he was a gentleman she admired very much, she liked to talk as he did.) Her papa gave a little jump in his chair, as if she had startled him, and then he pushed his hair off his forehead and stared at her.

"Burglars! As a class!" he said, and then he stared at her a minute again in rather a puzzled way. "Bless my soul!" he said. "As a class, Nixie!" (that was his queer pet name for her.) "Nixie, where is your mother?"

"She is in bed, papa dear, and we must n't disturb her," said Editha. "The party last night tired her out. I peeped into her room softly as I came down. She looks so pretty when she is asleep. What *do* you think of burglars, papa?"

"I think they 're a bad lot, Nixie," said her papa, "a bad lot."

"Are there no good burglars, papa?"

"Well, Nixie," answered papa, "I should say not. As a rule you know,—" and here he began to smile, as people often smiled at Editha when she asked questions.—"As a rule, burglars are not distinguished for moral perspicuity and blameless character."

But Editha did not understand what moral perspicuity meant, and besides she was thinking again.

"Miss Lane was talking to me the other day, about some poor children who had never been taught anything; they had never had any French or music lessons, and scarcely knew how to read, and she said they had never had any advantages. Perhaps that is the way with the burglars, papa,—perhaps they have never had any advantages,—perhaps if they had had advantages they might n't have been burglars."

"Lessons in French and music are very elevating to the mind, my dear Nixie," papa began in his laughing way, which was always a trial to Editha, but suddenly he stopped, and looked at her rather sadly.

"How old are you, Nixie?" he asked.

"I am seven," answered Editha, "seven years, going on eight."

Papa sighed.

"Come here, little one," he said, holding out his strong white hand to her.

She left her chair and went to him, and he put his arms around her, and kissed her, and stroked her long brown hair.

"Don't puzzle your little brain too much," he said, "never mind about the burglars, Nixie."

"Well," said Editha, "I can't help thinking about them a little, and it seems to me that there must be, perhaps, one good burglar among all the bad ones, and I can't help being rather sorry, even for the bad ones. You see, they must have to be up all night, and out in the rain sometimes, and they can't help not having had advantages."

It was strange that the first thing she heard, when she went up to her mamma's room, was something about burglars.

She was very very fond of her mamma, and very proud of her. She even tried to take care of her in her small way; she never disturbed her when she was asleep, and she always helped her to dress, bringing her things to her, buttoning her little shoes and gloves, putting the perfume on her handkerchiefs, and holding her wraps until she wanted them.

This morning, when she went into the dressing-room, she found the chamber-maid there before her, and her dear little mamma looking very pale.

"Ah, mem! if you please, mem!" the chamber-maid was saying, "what a blessing it was they did n't come here!"

"Who, Janet?" Editha asked.

"The burglars, Miss, that broke into Number Eighteen last night, and carried off all the silver, and the missus's jewelry."

"If burglars ever do break in here," said mamma, "I hope none of us will hear them, though it would almost break my heart to have my things taken. If I should waken in the night, and find a burglar in my room, I think it would kill me, and I know I should scream, and then there is no knowing what they might do. If ever you think there is a burglar in the house, Nixie, whatever you do, don't scream or make any noise. It would be better to have one's things stolen, than to be killed by burglars for screaming."

She was not a very wise little mamma, and often said rather thoughtless things; but she was very gentle and loving, and Editha was so fond of her that she put her arms round her waist and said to her:

"Mamma, dearest, I will never let any burglars hurt you or frighten you if I can help it. I do believe I could persuade them not to. I should think even a burglar would listen to reason."

That made her mamma laugh, so that she forgot all about the burglars and began to get her color again, and it was not long before she was quite gay, and was singing a song she had heard at the opera, while Editha was helping her to dress.

But that very night Editha met a burglar.

Just before dinner, her papa came up from the city in a great hurry. He dashed up to the front door in a cab, and, jumping out, ran upstairs to mamma, who was sitting in the drawing-room, while Editha read aloud to her.

"Kitty, my dear," he said, "I am obliged to go to Glasgow by the 'five' train. I must throw a few things into a portmanteau and go at once."

"Oh, Francis!" said mamma. "And just after that burglary at the Norris's! I don't like to be left alone."

"The servants are here," said papa, "and Nixie will take care of you; wont you, Nixie? Nixie is interested in burglars."

"I am sure Nixie could do more than the servants," said mamma. "All three of them sleep in one room at the top of the house when you are away, and even if they awakened they would only scream."

"Nixie would n't scream," said papa, laughing; "Nixie would do something heroic. I will leave you in her hands."

He was only joking, but Editha did not think of what he said as a joke; she felt that her mamma was really left in her care, and that it was a very serious matter.

She thought about it so seriously that she hardly talked at all at dinner, and was so quiet afterward that her mamma said, "Dear me, Nixie, what *are* you thinking of? You look as solemn as a little owl."

"I am thinking of you, mamma," the child answered.

And then her mamma laughed and kissed her, and said: "Well, I must say I don't see why you should look so grave about me. I did n't think I was such a solemn subject."

At last bed-time came, and the little girl went to her mother's room, because she was to sleep there.

"I am glad I have you with me, Nixie," said mamma, with a rather nervous little laugh. "I am sure I should n't like to sleep in this big room alone."

But, after she was in bed, she soon fell asleep, and lay looking so happy and sweet and comfortable that Editha thought it was lovely to see her.

Editha did not go to sleep for a long time. She thought of her papa trying to sleep on the train, rushing through the dark night on its way to Scotland; she thought of a new book she had just begun to read; she thought of a child she had once heard singing in the street; and when her eyes closed at length, her mind had just gone back

to the burglars at Number Eighteen. She slept until midnight, and then something wakened her. At first she did not know what it was, but in a few minutes she found that it was a queer little sound coming from down-stairs,—a sound like a stealthy filing of iron.

She understood in a moment then, because she had heard the chamber-maid say that the burglars broke into Number Eighteen by filing through the bars of the shutters.

"It is a burglar," she thought, "and he will awaken mamma."

If she had been older, and had known more of the habits of burglars, she might have been more frightened than she was. She did not think of herself at all, however, but of her mother.

She began to reason the matter over as quickly as possible, and she made up her mind that the burglar must not be allowed to make a noise.

"I 'll go down and ask him to please be as quiet as he can," she said to herself, "and I 'll tell him why."

Certainly, this was a queer thing to think of doing, but I told you when I began my story that she was a queer little girl.

She slipped out of bed so quietly that she scarcely stirred the clothes, and then slipped just as quietly out of the room and down the stairs.

The filing had ceased, but she heard a sound of stealthy feet in the kitchen; and, though it must be confessed her heart beat rather faster than usual, she made her way to the kitchen and opened the door.

Imagine the astonishment of that burglar when, on hearing the door open, he turned round and found himself looking at a slender little girl, in a white frilled night-gown, and with bare feet,—a little girl whose large brown eyes rested on him in a by no means unfriendly way.

"I 'll be polite to him," Editha had said, as she was coming down-stairs. "I am sure he 'll be more obliging if I am very polite. Miss Lane says politeness always wins its way."

So the first words she spoke were as polite as she could make them.

"Don't be frightened," she said, in a soft voice. "I don't want to hurt you; I came to ask a favor of you."

The burglar was so amazed that he actually forgot he was a burglar, and staggered back against the wall. I think he thought at first that Editha was a little ghost. "You see I could n't hurt you if I wanted to," she went on, wishing to encourage him. "I 'm too little. I 'm only seven,—and a little over,—and I 'm not going to scream, because that would waken mamma, and that 's just what I don't want to do."

That did encourage the burglar, but still he was so astonished that he did not know what to do.

"Well, I 'm blowed," he said in a whisper, "if this aint a rummy go!" which was extremely vulgar language; but, unfortunately, he was one of those burglars who, as Miss Lane said, "had not had any advantages," which is indeed the case with the majority of the burglars of my acquaintance.

Then he began to laugh,—in a whisper also, if one can be said to laugh in a whisper. He put his hand over his mouth, and made no noise, but he laughed so hard that he doubled up and rocked himself to and fro.

"The rummiest go!" he said, in his uneducated way. "An' she haint agoin' to 'urt me. Oh, my heye!"

He was evidently very badly educated, indeed, for he not only used singular words, but sounded his h's all in the wrong places. Editha noticed this, even in the midst of her surprise at his laughter. She could not understand what he was laughing at. Then it occurred to her that she might have made a mistake.

"If you please," she said, with great delicacy, "are you really a burglar?"

He stopped laughing just long enough to answer her.

"Lor' no, miss," he said, "by no manner o' means. I 'm a dear friend o' yer Par's, come to make a evenin' call, an' not a wishin' to trouble the servants, I stepped in through the winder."

"Ah!" said Editha, looking very gravely at him; "I see you are joking with me, as papa does sometimes. But what I wanted to say to you was this: Papa has gone to Scotland, and all our servants are women, and mamma would be so frightened if you were to waken her, that I am sure it would make her ill. And if you are going to burgle, would you please burgle as quietly as you can, so that you wont disturb her?"

The burglar stopped laughing, and, staring at her, once more uttered his vulgar exclamation:

"Well, I 'll be blowed!"

"Why don't you say, 'I 'll be blown?'" asked Editha. "I 'm sure it is n't correct to say you 'll be blowed."

She thought he was going off into one of his unaccountable fits of laughter again, but he did not; he seemed to check himself with an effort.

"There haint no time to waste," she heard him mutter.

"No, I suppose there is n't," she answered. "Mamma might wake and miss me. What are you going to burgle first?"

"You 'd better go upstairs to yer mar," he said, rather sulkily.

Editha thought deeply for a few seconds.

"You ought n't to burgle anything," she said. "Of course you know that, but if you have really made up your mind to do it, I would like to show you the things you 'd better take."

"What, fer instance?" said the burglar, with interest.

"You must n't take any of mamma's things," said Editha, "because they are all in her room, and you would waken her, and besides, she said it would break her heart; and don't take any of the things papa is fond of. I 'll tell you what," turning rather pale, "you can take my things."

staring hard at her brightening face, "I never see no sich a start afore."

"Shall I go upstairs and get the other things?" said Editha.

"No," he said. "You stay where you are—or stay, come along o' me inter the pantry, an' sit down while I 'm occypied."

He led the way into the pantry, and pushed her down on a step, and then began to open the drawers where the silver was kept.

"It 's curious that you should know just where to look for things, and that your key should fit, is n't it?" said Editha.



"'DON'T BE FRIGHTENED,' SHE SAID TO THE BURGLAR, 'I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU.'"

"What kind o' things?" asked the burglar.

"My locket, and the little watch papa gave me, and the necklace and bracelets my grandmamma left me,—they are worth a great deal of money, and they are very pretty, and I was to wear them when I grew to be a young lady, but—but you can take them. And—then—" very slowly, and with a deep sigh, "there are—my books. I 'm very fond of them, but——"

"I don't want no books," said the burglar.

"Don't you?" exclaimed she. "Ah, thank you."

"Well," said the burglar, as if to himself, and

"Yes," he answered, "it 's werry sing'lar, indeed. There 's a good deal in bein' eddicated."

"Are you educated?" asked Editha, with a look of surprise.

"Did yer think I was n't?" said the burglar.

"Well," said Editha, not wishing to offend him, "you see, you pronounce your words so very strangely."

"It 's all a matter o' taste," interrupted the burglar. "Oxford an' Cambridge 'as different vocabillaries."

"Did you go to Oxford?" asked Editha, politely.

"No," said he, "nor yet to Cambridge."

Then he laughed again, and seemed to be quite enjoying himself as he made some forks and spoons up into a bundle. "I 'ope there haint no plated stuff 'ere," he said. "Plate 's wulgar, an' I 'ope yer parents haint wulgar, cos that 'd be settin' yer a werry bad example an' sp'ilin' yer morals."

"I am sure papa and mamma are not vulgar," said Editha.

The burglar opened another drawer, and chuckled again, and this suggested to Editha's mind another question.

"Is your business a good one?" she suddenly inquired of him.

"'T aint as good as it ought to be, by no manner o' means," said the burglar. "Every one haint as hobligin' as you, my little dear."

"Oh!" said Editha. "You know you obliged me by not making a noise."

"Well," said the burglar, "as a rule, we don't make a practice o' makin' no more noise than we can help. It haint considered 'ealthy in the perfession."

"Would you mind leaving us a few forks and spoons to eat with, if you please? I beg pardon for interrupting you, but I 'm afraid we shall not have any to use at breakfast."

"Haint yer got no steel uns?" inquired the burglar.

"Mamma would n't like to use steel ones, I 'm sure," Editha answered. "I 'll tell you what you can do: please leave out enough for mamma, and I can use steel. I don't care about myself, much."

The man seemed to think a moment, and then he was really so accommodating as to do as she asked, and even went to the length of leaving out her own little fork and knife and spoon.

"Oh! you are very kind," said Editha, when she saw him do this.

"That 's a reward o' merit, cos yer did n't squeal," said the burglar.

He was so busy for the next few minutes that he did not speak, though now and then he broke into a low laugh, as if he was thinking of something very funny, indeed. During the silence, Editha sat holding her little feet in her night-gown, and watching him very curiously. A great many new thoughts came into her active brain, and at last she could not help asking some more questions.

"Would you really rather be a burglar than anything else?" she inquired, respectfully.

"Well," said the man, "p'r'aps I 'd prefer to be Lord Mayor, or a member o' the 'Ouse o' Lords, or heven the Prince o' Wales, honly for there bein' hobstacles in the way of it."

"Oh!" said Editha; "you could n't be the Prince of Wales, you know. I meant would n't you rather be in some other profession? My papa is an editor," she added. "How would you like to be an editor?"

"Well," said the burglar, "hif yer par ud change with me, or hif he chanced to know hany heditor with a roarin' trade as ud be so hobligin' as to 'and it hover, hit 's wot I 've allers 'ad a leanin' to."

"I am sure papa would not like to be a burglar," said Editha, thoughtfully; "but perhaps he might speak to his friends about you, if you would give me your name and address, and if I were to tell him how obliging you were, and if I told him you really did n't like being a burglar."

The burglar put his hand to his pocket and gave a start of great surprise.

"To think o' me a forgettin' my card-case," he said, "an' a leavin' it on the pianner when I come hout. I 'm sich a bloomin' forgetful cove. I might hev knowed I 'd hev wanted it."

"It is a pity," said Editha; "but if you told me your name and your number, I think I could remember it."

"I 'm afeared yer could n't," said the burglar, regretfully, "but I 'll try yer. Lord Halgernon Hedward Halbert de Pentonwille, Yde Park. Can you think o' that?"

"Are you a lord?" exclaimed Editha. "Dear me, how strange!"

"It is sing'lar," said the burglar, shaking his head. "I 've hoften thought so myself. But not wishin' to detain a lady no longer than can be 'elped, s'pose we take a turn in the lib'ery among yer respected par's things."

"Don't make a noise," said Editha, as she led the way.

But when they reached the library her loving little heart failed her. All the things her father valued most were there, and he would be sure to be so sorry if one thing was missing when he returned. She stood on the threshold a moment and looked about her.

"Oh," she whispered, "please do me another favor, wont you? Please let me slip quietly upstairs and bring down my own things instead. They will be so easy to carry away, and they are very valuable, and—and I will make you a present of them if you will not touch anything that belongs to papa. He is so fond of his things and, besides that, he is so good."

The burglar gave a rather strange and disturbed look at her.

"Go an' get yer gimcracks," he said in a somewhat grumbling voice.

Her treasures were in her own room, and her

bare feet made no sound as she crept slowly up the staircase and then down again. But when she handed the little box to the burglar her eyes were wet.

"Papa gave me the watch, and mamma gave me the locket," she whispered, tremulously; "and the pearls were grandmamma's, and grandmamma is in heaven."

It would not be easy to know what the burglar thought; he looked queerer than ever. Perhaps he was not quite so bad as some burglars, and felt rather ashamed of taking her treasures from a little girl who loved other people so much better than she loved herself. But he did not touch any of papa's belongings, and, indeed, did not remain much longer. He grumbled a little when he looked into the drawing-room, saying something to himself about "folks never 'avin' no consideration for a cove, an' leavin' nothin' portable 'andy, a expectin' of him to carry off seventy-five pound bronze clocks an' marble statoos;" but though Editha was sorry to see that he appeared annoyed, she did not understand him.

After that, he returned to the pantry and helped himself to some cold game pie, and seemed to enjoy it, and then poured out a tumbler of wine, which Editha thought a great deal to drink at once.

"Yer 'e'lth, my dear," he said, "an' 'appy returns, an' many on 'em. May yer grow up a hornyment to yer sect, an' a comfort to yer respected mar an' par."

And he threw his head very far back, and drank the very last drop in the glass, which was vulgar, to say the least of it.

Then he took up his bundles of silver and the other articles he had appropriated, and seeing that he was going away, Editha rose from the pantry step.

"Are you going out through the window?" she asked.

"Yes, my dear," he answered, with a chuckle, "it 's a little 'abit I 've got into. I prefers 'em to doors."

"Well, good-bye," she said, holding out her hand politely. "And thank you, my lord."

She felt it only respectful to say that, even if he had fallen into bad habits and become a burglar.

He shook hands with her in quite a friendly manner, and even made a bow.

"Yer welcome, my dear," he said. "An' I must hadd that if I ever see a queerer or better behaved little kid, may I be blowed—or, as yer told me it would be more correcter to say, I 'll be blown."

Editha did not know he was joking; she thought he was improving, and that if he had had advantages he might have been a very nice man.

It was astonishing how neatly he slipped through the window; he was gone in a second, and Editha found herself standing alone in the dark, as he had taken his lantern with him.

She groped her way out and up the stairs, and then, for the first time, she began to feel cold and rather weak and strange; it was more like being frightened than any feeling she had had while the burglar was in the house.

"Perhaps, if he had been a very bad burglar, he might have killed me," she said to herself, trembling a little. "I am very glad he did not kill me, for—for it would have hurt mamma so, and papa too, when he came back, and they told him."

Her mamma wakened in the morning with a bright smile.

"Nobody hurt us, Nixie," she said. "We are all right, are n't we?

"Yes, mamma dear," said Editha.

She did not want to startle her just then, so she said nothing more, and she even said nothing all through the excitement that followed the discovery of the robbery, and indeed, said nothing until her papa came home, and then he wondered so at her pale face, and petted her so tenderly, and thought it so strange that nothing but her treasures had been taken from upstairs, that she could keep her secret no longer.

"Papa," she cried out all at once in a trembling voice, "I gave them to him myself."

"You, Nixie! You!" exclaimed her papa, looking alarmed. "Kitty, the fright has made the poor little thing ill."

"No, papa," said Editha, her hands shaking, and the tears rushing into her eyes, she did not know why. "I heard him, and—I knew mamma would be so frightened,—and it came into my mind to ask him—not to waken her,—and I crept down-stairs—and asked him;—and he was not at all unkind though he laughed. And I stayed with him, and—and told him I would give him all my things if he would not touch yours nor mamma's. He—he was n't such a bad burglar, papa,—and he told me he would rather be something more respectable."

And she hid her face on her papa's shoulder.

"Kitty!" papa cried out. "Oh, Kitty!"

Then her mamma flew to her and knelt down by her, kissing her, and crying aloud:

"Oh, Nixie! if he had hurt you,—if he had hurt you."

"He knew I was not going to scream, mamma,"

said Editha. "And he knew I was too little to hurt him. I told him so."

She scarcely understood why mamma cried so much more at this, and why even papa's eyes were wet as he held her close up to his breast.

"It is my fault, Francis," wept the poor little mamma. "I have left her too much to herself, and I have not been a wise mother. Oh, to think of her risking her dear little life just to save me from being frightened, and to think of her giving up the things she loves for our sakes. I will be a better mother to her, after this, and take care of her more."

But I am happy to say that the watch and locket and pearls were not altogether lost, and came back to their gentle little owner in time. About six months after, the burglar was caught, as burglars are apt to be, and, after being tried and sentenced to transportation to the penal settlements (which means that he was to be sent away to be a prisoner in a far country), a police officer came one day to see Editha's papa, and he actually came from that burglar, who was in jail and wanted to see Editha for a special reason. Editha's papa took her to see him, and the moment she entered his cell she knew him.

"How do you do, my lord?" she said, in a gentle tone.

"Not as lively as common, miss," he answered, "in consekence o' the confinement not bein' good fer my 'e'lth."

"None of your chaff," said the police officer. "Say what you have to say."

And then, strange to say, the burglar brought forth from under his mattress a box, which he handed to the little girl.

"One o' my wisitors brought 'em in to me this mornin'," he said. "I thought yer might as well hev 'em. I kep' 'em partly 'cos it was more convenienter, an' partly 'cos I took a fancy to yer. I 've seed a many curi's things, sir," he said to Editha's papa, "but never nothin' as bloomin' queer as that little kid a-comin' in an' tellin' me she wont 'urt me, nor yet wont scream, and please wont I burgle quietly so as to not disturb her mar. It brought my 'art in my mouth when first I see her, an' then, lor', how I larft. I almost made up my mind to give her things back to her afore I left, but I did n't quite do that—it was agin human natur'."

But they were in the box now, and Editha was so glad to see them that she could scarcely speak for a few seconds. Then she thanked the burglar politely.

"I am much obliged to you," she said, "and I 'm really very sorry you are to be sent so far away. I am sure papa would have tried to help you if he could, though he says he is afraid you would not do for an editor."

The burglar closed one eye and made a very singular grimace at the police officer, who turned away suddenly and did not look round until Editha had bidden her acquaintance good-bye.

And even this was not quite all. A few weeks later, a box was left for Editha by a very shabby queer-looking man, who quickly disappeared as soon as he had given it to the servant at the door; and in this box was a very large old-fashioned silver watch, almost as big as a turnip, and inside the lid were scratched these words:

To the little Kid,
From 'er fr'end and wel wisher,
Lord halgernon hedward halbert
de pentonwill, ide park.



MASTER TREBORIUS.

By W. M. Bicknell.



There was a school-master, Treborius,
Who followed a principle glorious.
He made it a rule
When ent'ring his school
To his urchins to bow;—
And well he knew how.
"For there may be some great men before us,"
Said respectful old Master Treborius,
Who followed a principle glorious.

SOME WONDERFUL AUTOMATA.

By Fannie Roper Feudge.

The first automaton I shall describe is a huge carbuncle, in form and appearance, just like an ordinary date such as any one would handle and attempt to eat without suspecting deception. It was owned and exhibited by a Hindoo ventriloquist, who was also a juggler; and he called his carbuncle "The Speaking Date." Whenever he spoke to it, the answer came promptly, and appropriately, as it seemed, from the very heart of the date, which lay on a table, several feet from the exhibitor.

It was not always, however, an obedient servant, for sometimes, when the master gave an order, the date argued the point, making objections, offering excuses, and finally yielding, as it were, under protest.

It would complain that it was "sleepy," or "tired of doing the same thing over and over," or "the people were not paying attention." But all this only enhanced the interest of the occasion; and when, at last, the rebellious little thing concluded to do as it was bidden, the audience was in ecstasies.

A tree was made to grow, in our presence, as if

from the very heart of the date, putting forth its long, pointed leaves, then the dainty blooms, and finally a clump of the luscious fruit. But of this we were not invited to eat, for it disappeared suddenly, and only the single little golden-brown date we had seen at the first, remained. This was, of course, only a specimen of the sleight-of-hand "tricks" that Hindoo jugglers know so well how to perform, while the apparent speaking of the date was the result of ventriloquism,—the juggler being able to make his voice sound as if it came from where the date lay, and so induce the audience to think that the voice came out of the fruit-like carbuncle itself.

But after this, the stone jumped, walked, ran, and finally, with head and wings suddenly attached, flew across the stage, and alighted between the conjurer's joined hands. This was all accomplished by means of machinery adroitly hidden between the carbuncle and the golden tripod upon which it lay. Curious and startling as were the movements, they were wonders of mechanism, and of course had nothing to do with supernatural powers, such as the ventriloquist pretended to possess.

At the first Paris Exposition there was exhibited a huge toy that was worked by concealed machinery; and of the thousands who daily witnessed its amusing performances, not one, that I have heard of, was ever able to find out the secret of its wonderful motions.

At first, one saw only a rock, almost covered with ferns, lichens, and mosses, growing in a wild tangle of rustic beauty, and a tiny spring, that came trickling out of the side of the rock, to feed a miniature lake, in which sported scores of gold and silver fish. Then, with a bark and a bound that seemed like a courteous welcome, a huge Newfoundland dog sprang into view, from a cavern at the bottom of the rock, at the same moment that a little hare, seated on a bowlder, high above the people's heads, began beating on a tiny drum, a strange, wild tattoo. The dog shook his shaggy hair, rolled his eyes, and displayed a set of teeth more to be feared than admired, while he looked menacingly toward the little drummer perched above. The hare gave no sign, except that the tiny paws flew faster, until the music ceased suddenly with a shriek, as a huge, ugly baboon made his appearance on one side, at the very moment that a young shepherd entered on the other. Angry glances were exchanged between the newcomers, and the little hare, seeming to think himself the object of their common spite, looked from the ugly baboon to the trim little shepherd, as if he did not know which was the more dangerous enemy, and thereupon made good his escape by bolting into the tangle of evergreens on the summit of the rock.

Meanwhile, neither of the supposed foes noticed the disappearance of the hare, but each had his gaze fixed on a pretty little maiden sitting demurely in a tiny grotto, and so nearly hidden by the tall ferns, as to be noticed only when sought for. But both the shepherd and the baboon seemed to know just where to look for the little flower-crowned nymph, whom each saluted with a song, after his own fashion. The shepherd played softly on his flute a charming little air, and then sang a love-song addressed to the maiden; while the baboon struck fiercely a drum, grinning and gibbering, and casting looks of defiance at his rival. But the stony-hearted maiden gave no sign, looking as listless as though she had heard not a word, and would n't have cared a fig if she had.

Suddenly, the music ceased, the strange pantomime ended, and the wondering crowd, or those of them who had not seen the exhibition before, learned that they had been watching only a set of automata or figures moved by machinery, wound up like a clock, to run for a certain time, and then stop, as a watch does, when "run down."

The rock was manufactured for the purpose, and so it effectually hid the source of the water; even the ferns and grasses were artificial; and the only real things were the water and the fish. But that must have been wonderful inventive genius which contrived this complicated machinery, controlling so many figures, and producing such a variety of sounds and motions.

At the Crystal Palace in London, not long ago, the automaton chess-player was again brought into notice. It was invented in Austria, by a Hungarian gentleman, in the year 1769. So you see it is more than a century old, but it is just as interesting to us as though our grandfathers had never looked on and admired and wondered at its curious performances. The chess-player is a Turk of life size, and wears a long black beard, with the turban and loose robes made in Turkish fashion. He sits just behind a round box, about two feet broad, and two and a half feet high; and this box is attached to the seat the figure occupies. Castors are placed beneath, so that the seat, figure, and box can be moved together from place to place, in the room, at the convenience of the operator. In a game, the automaton always has the first move, and always selects the white pieces. He plays with his left hand, which is said to be the result of a slight oversight on the part of the inventor, who did not detect his mistake until the work was too far advanced to be altered. But the figure moves his pieces easily and quickly, and all his motions are both graceful and seemingly intelligent.

Of course there must be some one who controls the movements of the automaton; for he plays with different people, sometimes winning and sometimes losing; but in what manner he is thus controlled is the wonderful part of it. The box behind which the figure sits contains a quantity of wire springs, but there is no apparent connection with machinery elsewhere; and the space seems too small to admit even a very little human being.

Before beginning a game, the operator always opens several small doors in the box before the figure, and two also in the lower part of the body, besides raising the Turkish robe that covers the automaton, even inserting a lighted candle, so that the whole interior of the figure is plainly visible. In this state, any person in the audience has the privilege of making such examination as he desires; but beyond springs, wheels, barrels, and tubes, nearly filling the cavity, nothing is found.

After all are satisfied that there is no living being concealed in the machinery, as far as their eyes can tell them, the doors are again closed, the figure is adjusted, and the "works" are wound up by a key inserted in a small hole in the side of the box. Then a cushion is placed under the left arm of the Turk, while the right arm and hand are extended on the box, and the game begins, some one in the audience volunteering as an opponent.

One of the most curious clocks ever made was completed not many years ago by Karl Ketler, a German miner of Pennsylvania. It so nearly resembles the famous Strasburg clock as to seem almost an imitation; but Ketler declares that he has never seen the great clock of Strasburg, and that he never even heard of it until his own work was nearly completed. At any rate, some account of Ketler's clock will be of interest to American boys and girls, as the first piece of mechanism of this sort our own continent has produced.

Ketler was occupied three whole years in the construction of his wonderful time-piece, during the last of the three working at it day and night, and often so absorbed in his undertaking as to forget both food and sleep. He was a man of very limited education, without any of the advantages of travel or wide observation, and the whole work of this curious clock was performed with no other tools than two common jack-knives.

The clock is eight feet high and four broad, has sixteen sides, and is surmounted by a globe, over which is a cross. There are four dial-plates, all carved in curious, emblematic figures of most unique design. One of the dials shows the day of the month; another, the day of the week; a third, the minutes and seconds; and the fourth, the hour of the day. Above the dial-plates, a gallery extends about half way around the clock, and in the center of this gallery is a carved wooden figure of the Savior, while at each end is a small door opening into the body of the clock. Over the right door is an eagle, and over the left a rooster. Twice a day,—that is, at noon and midnight,—there is a sweet chiming of bells, during which the small door at the right opens, twelve wooden figures, personating the twelve apostles, march in procession, with St. Peter at their head, all along the gallery. Each in turn, as he passes the Lord, bows with face toward him, and then, resuming his former position, walks slowly forward till he reaches the door at the left, which they all enter. When Peter salutes the Lord, the cock crows; and when Judas, who is in the rear, with one hand shielding his face and the other grasping a bag, reaches the cock, it crows twice. At the extreme corners of the clock, placed on pedestals, are beautifully carved statues of Moses and Elias, and in the rear are two obelisks of the Egyptian style, inscribed in hieroglyphics, and designed to symbolize the ancient period of history. The clock will run thirty-two hours, and, by a special attachment, the procession of the apostles may be repeated whenever desired.

But the most astonishing thing I ever heard of in the way of a time-piece is a clock described by a Hindoo rajah, as belonging to a native prince of Upper India, and jealously guarded as the rarest treasure of his luxurious palace.

In front of the clock's disk was a gong, swung upon poles, and near it was a pile of artificial human limbs. The pile was made up of the full number of parts for twelve perfect bodies, but all lay heaped together in seeming confusion.

Whenever the hands of the clock indicated the hour of one, out from the pile crawled just the number of parts needed to form the frame of one man, part joining itself to part with quick, metallic click; and, when completed, the figure sprang up, seized a mallet, and walking up to the gong, struck one blow that sent the sound pealing through every room and corridor of that stately castle. This done, he returned to the pile and fell to pieces again. When two o'clock came, two men arose and did likewise; and so through all the hours of the day, the number of figures being the same as the number of the hour, till at noon and midnight, the entire heap sprang up, and marching to the gong, struck, one after another, each his blow, making twelve in all; and then fell to pieces.



SEEING IS BELIEVING.

BY J. S.

WILLING Kitty McHost was deaf as a post,
And Wellington Stowe could n't speak;
"So, you see, 't were as well," said Miss Kitty McHost,
"For a man to come courtin' in Greek!
If it 's me you are after, dear Wellington Stowe,
Just bring in a bit of a trumpet and blow."
So he blew and he blew, his dear lady to win;
But she cried in despair: "Will he never begin?"
And then in the trumpet he silently sighed,
Whilst fondly and sweetly his lady he eyed;—
"Would you deafen a body!" she cried, "Mr. Stowe;
If you blow loud as that, all the neighbors will know!"
And so it was settled. And long may they thrive,—
The quietest, happiest couple alive!

OUT AT SEA.

(A Fable.)

BY PAUL FORT.

THERE was once a pigeon who thought she would like to go to sea. It was so beautiful out there, over the blue waters, and she was really getting tired of living always on the land, with men, women, and children continually about her. There were no birds, except chickens and canaries, who were so constantly surrounded by human beings as pigeons. To be sure, the human beings were very kind and attentive, building houses for them and throwing grain out for them, just as they did for their chickens, but then there was something humiliating in the fact of always staying about houses and barns, and having children come out and coax you to eat out of their hands. There was nothing really disagreeable in that, for they always brought nice bread-crumbs, but, after all, it was n't the proper thing for a free bird with strong wings. There was something better in the world. She would go to sea. And away she went.

There was also a hawk who thought he would go to sea. He had been in the habit of catching fish in the rivers and bays, near the forest where he lived, but he thought that there must be a much better chance to fish out in the wide ocean, where there were so many fish that some of them would be obliged, very often, to come up near the surface of the water, where he could pounce down upon them. True enough, it would be hard work to carry the fish he caught from such a distance to his home, especially if they happened to be big ones,—which he hoped they would be,—but then he knew that it was foolish to expect to have everything easy in this world, and so away he went to sea.

The pigeon thought it was splendid. She was miles and miles from land. The sun shone, the water sparkled, the wind blew fresh and free, and she flew along as strong and vigorously as if she had been a sea-gull or a Mother Carey's chicken.

"How foolish," she said to herself, "that I never thought of this before! I might have made fifty excursions to this lovely charming sea."

The hawk did not think the sea was so very fine. The waves rolled and tumbled about in such a way that he could not see the fish very well, and he felt a little afraid that if he were to make a swoop, a wave might dash over him, and he would

not like that. He knew that birds did fish in the sea, but he did not understand just how they did it. He would like to see some bird fishing. He

But he saw no fishing-bird, and no fishes came near the top of the water,—at least, none that he could see. To be sure, there were some porpoises



"ALMOST EXHAUSTED, SHE FELL THROUGH THE RIGGING TO THE DECK."

then could learn how it was done, and if it was not a very large bird, he could take his fish from him.

rolling about, but what could a hawk do with a porpoise? While he was thus beginning to feel a

little discouraged, he saw a small bird flying about, as if it were simply enjoying itself, without having any particular object in view. It certainly was not fishing.

"What else could bring a bird out here?" said the hawk to himself. "It surely can't expect to find insects or seeds, out on the ocean. It must be a foolish sort of a bird. Upon my word, I believe it 's a pigeon! It *is* a pigeon, strayed, perhaps, from some ship, for no pigeon would be foolish enough to fly out here when it might be safe on shore. It 's good luck for me, for I 'd rather have a fat bird than a fish. So here goes."

And he flew after the pigeon as fast as his wings would carry him.

Our poor pigeon saw the hawk just in time. She had been chased by hawks before, but never by such a large and fierce-looking creature as this. But she knew there was only one chance of safety for her—she must keep above the hawk. If she allowed him to rise above her, he would swoop down upon her in an instant. For a hawk drops upon his prey like a falling cannon-ball.

So up she went into the air as fast as she could flap her wings. The hawk followed, but he could not fly straight upward as easily as he could go in other directions. Still he kept pretty close to his intended prey.

"Oh dear!" said the pigeon. "Must I go up, and up, and up, for ever? Must I go into the blue sky before I can get away from him? How he does fly! I could always escape from hawks before, but this one is such a terrible fellow. He 'll never get tired."

It seemed very much as if this were really the case, for the hawk steadily followed her, as she went higher and higher, and he showed no symptoms of changing his mind. Onward and upward they both went together. There were other birds flying in long lines through the air. Perhaps he would go after some of them? But no; he never even looked at them.

But at last the pigeon saw something which gave her a little hope, and she needed some encouragement, for her wings were beginning to feel rather tired, and the blue sky seemed as far away as ever. She saw, not very far off, a ship. There were other ships, which could be seen in the distance, but this one was near enough for her sharp eyes to perceive the people on board.

"There are men and women," she said, "and even children. If I could only get among them I should be safe. But I am afraid to fly down. He would have me before I could get half way there."

But something must be done; she must reach that ship or be caught by the hawk. An idea entered her head. She flew upward so rapidly that she increased the distance between herself and the hawk, and then she suddenly changed her course and dashed downward, in a slanting direction, toward the ship. The hawk instantly followed her, but she flew so rapidly, going forward as well as downward, that he found it difficult to get above her so as to make a swoop. They were rapidly approaching the ship, and although the hawk did not like the neighborhood of human beings he would not give up that pigeon. He was bound to catch her before she reached the ship. So he made a great effort and reached a point almost directly above her, and then down he came. But the pigeon made a little swoop toward the ship, and then down she came, too, as if she had been shot. The hawk just missed her. If she had not made her little swoop he would have had her. As it was, he nearly struck against one of the spars of the ship, while, almost exhausted, she fell through the rigging to the deck.

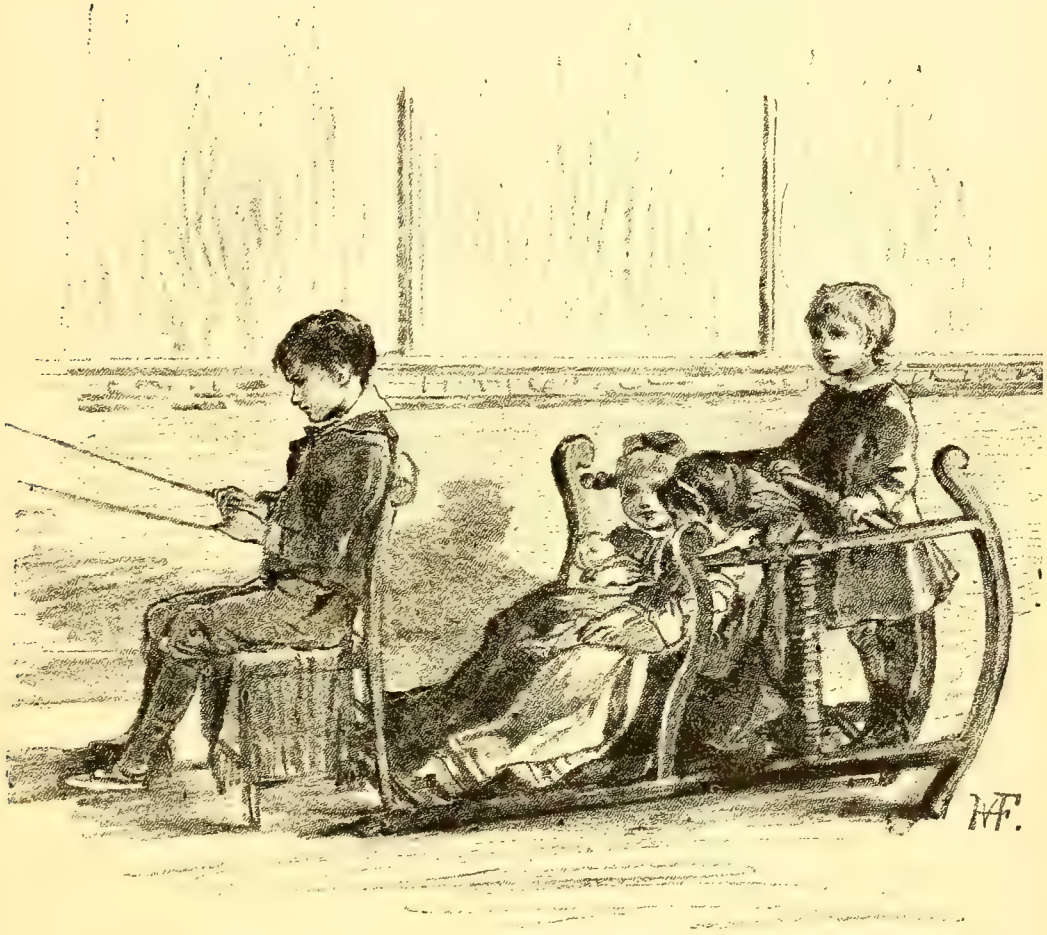
In a moment, a little girl had picked her up, and was stroking and comforting her in her lap. The people on the ship had been watching that strange chase through the air, and right glad they were when they saw the pigeon safe among them. The poor bird nestled down in the little girl's lap and cooed and panted. The hawk flew slowly away. He did not try to fish any more. He could do better in fresh water. Even birds got away from him here. He would not go to sea any more.

The pigeon also thought that she would not go to sea any more. She had not been in danger of the great waves, nor had she been overtaken by a storm. The same kind of accident happened which might be expected to happen on land,—only worse. And here she was among men, women and children, again, safe and well cared for; and how glad to be there!

"Who would have supposed," she thought to herself, "that it all would turn out in this way? But I never did know, at the beginning, how a thing was going to end."

THE CHILDREN'S TALLY-HO!

By S. W. Hallock.



WITHOUT were the wind and the whirling snow,
Within were the lovelight and fireside glow,
And a realm of fancy far, far away
From the storm and the cold of that bleak winter day.

For the land was green and the skies were fair
Where the children rode in the old arm-chair;
Jasper for driver, and Bessie and Kate,
And Arthur, for footman, behind in state.

Away they went with their airy steed,
Through summer sunshine, o'er flowery mead,
No road nor highway before them lay;
Through a world of their own they rode that day.

Ah, me! who can tell, in the years to be
What journeys over the land or sea,
With pride or profit or joy replete,
May await the tread of those childish feet?

But whithersoever their wanderings lead,
No deeper contentment or zest can exceed
That which filled their young hearts, as they galloped away,
In grandfather's chair on that bleak winter day!



AN ONLY CHILD.

AMONG THE LAKES.

(A Farm-house Story.)

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD, AUTHOR OF "DAB KINZER," ETC.



CHAPTER IX.

EVERYBODY at the farm-house felt pretty tired that night. Even the boys and girls were quite willing to go to bed early. The next day would be Sunday, with time to rest and get over the excitement they had been under, but they all did as much sound sleeping as they knew how. In fact, when Bi Hunter and his sister and their older relatives awoke, that Sunday morning, Aunt Keziah's household, all except Piney's mother, had been up and dressed for a good while.

"I wonder if the city folks will sleep all day?" said Aunt Keziah. "Ann, ring the bell to wake 'em."

"I 'll ring it," said Roxy.

"Ring away, then. I expect it 'll have to be rung more 'n once, if they 're to be got up in time. City folks don't know what early rising is."

"Is n't it morning in the city?" asked Roxy.

"Of course it is, but then most of the people don't know it. There, now, get your bell and ring."

That was one thing Roxy loved to do, and there was not a particle of doubt that she would make it heard by everybody upstairs. She even went to the very door of her Aunt Sarah's room and rang till Uncle Liph called to ask her if she were ringing for church time.

"No," said Roxy, "it 's only getting up time."

"Is breakfast ready?"

"No, sir; but we 've begun to cook the fish. Aunt Keziah says if it 's cooked to death it 'll be all your fault. She can't help it."

Then Roxy wondered why her Uncle laughed so, but she gave another good ring, and hurried down for a look at the pickerel while he was broiling.

Aunt Keziah did not allow it to be "cooked to death," however, and Grandfather Hunter and Uncle Liph declared that they had not enjoyed a breakfast so much for a long time.

"It 's late for us," said Aunt Keziah, "but I s'pose it 's early for you. I reckon we 'll all have just about time to dress for meeting. How many of you are going?"

Grandfather wanted to go, but said he felt too tired and lame, and Piney's mother felt like keeping him company at home. Chub was too young

to go, but all the rest were ready or, at least, they meant to be.

"Then, Mary," said Aunt Sarah, "you, and Bayard, and Richard can go on foot. Your father and I, and Aunt Keziah and Roxy and Susie will fill the carryall."

"I should say you would," remarked Piney's mother. "It 's a beautiful walk, Mary. I used to prefer it to riding."

Mary was fond of walking, she said, and went a much greater distance than that, in the city, almost every day.

"Why, you can't do any shopping at all," she said, "without walking several miles."

"Country walking will tire you," said Aunt Keziah, "but it 'll be good for you."

Mary had rarely seen such rows of elms, and maples, and horse-chestnuts as lined that road.

The road itself was dusty enough, but there was no wind of any consequence and not a great many carriages to stir it up. Now and then a great, farmer's wagon came trolling slowly along, with a family of good people in it, on their way to meeting, and Mary said she had never before seen so many queer sun-bonnets and parasols.

"Bonnets?" said Piney. "Now, you wait till we 've a chance to rummage our garret. I 'll show you what sort of things people used to wear."

"The garret?" said Mary. "I 'd like that immensely. You must not forget to show it to me."

"There goes the second bell," said Piney to Bi, at that moment, and in a minute more an open carriage rolled by and they heard Roxy calling:

"Piney, the bell 's tolling. You 'll be late."

The carryall had been driven very slowly indeed, as was proper on Sunday, but had nevertheless arrived a few minutes earlier than the party on foot. There was a wide platform at the top of the flight of steps leading into the meeting-house, and a good many people were lingering there before they went in. All of them knew Aunt Keziah, and Susie and Roxy were surprised to see how many—especially of the older people—seemed to be acquainted with Uncle Liph and Aunt Sarah. They all seemed glad to see them, too, and there was a great deal of shaking hands, and saying "How d' ye do," and asking about others who were not there.

Roxy, too, knew everybody and felt that she had a duty to do.

"Mrs. Simmons," she said to a good old lady, who was leaning on her husband's arm, waiting a chance to speak to Roxy's relatives, "this little girl is my Cousin Susie."

"Is she, my dear? I knew her mother when she was very young, but not so young as Susie is. Will you kiss me, dear?"

"Yes, Susie, kiss her," said Roxy. "It 's Mrs. Simmons, and that 's Deacon Simmons. Sometimes she kisses me. It wont hurt you a bit."

"No, it wont," said the old lady, as Susie lifted her fresh and pleasant little face. "I was a little girl once. But that was long ago."

"Ever so long ago," added Roxy. "And Cousin Mary and Bi are coming along with Piney. There was n't room for 'em in the carriage and so they had to walk. I rode."

Deacon Simmons and his wife knew Roxy very well, and they might have said more to her and Susie if Aunt Keziah had not just then spoken to them. And then Roxy, a moment or so later, tugged at the old lady's gown to tell her Piney and the rest were coming. And then the sweet-toned old bell, up there ever so high in the steeple, ceased tolling, and it was time for all to go in.

Aunt Keziah led the way to a seat in the middle aisle, but after Uncle Liph and Aunt Sarah and Bayard and Mary and Susie had walked into it, she seemed to think that was enough, and took Roxy with her into the next pew behind.

Roxy heard her whisper to Aunt Sarah:

"It 's just as well she and Susie should n't sit together."

After the sermon, and while people were getting into their wagons and carriages, there was a great deal more hand-shaking to be done, and the minister himself shook hands with Roxy and Susie. He said to Roxy:

"I suppose you can't stay to Sunday-school to-day?"

"No, sir," said Roxy. "There 's company at our house. There they are. We brought 'em all to church except grandpa. He 'd have come, but he says he 's rheumatis'd one of his fore feet, and he can't come."

"That 's a good reason," said the minister, with a narrow escape from laughing. "Your grandfather is a pretty old man, now. Older than I am by several years."

"Yes, sir, he 's dreadful old. But then he never boasts of it."

"I suppose you mean he never complains of it. Well, that 's right. I wont, either. You 've two nice little nieces here, Miss Merrill."

"Yes," remarked Aunt Keziah, "and you 've already met the others. I 'm rich in nephews and nieces."

"And we 've got eight cows," began Roxy, but just at that moment Uncle Liph took hold of her hand to lead her to the carriage, and Aunt Keziah was left to tell the minister as much more or as little as she might think fit.

The walk home was a pretty warm one for Piney and his cousins, and the carryall was far ahead, for it had started at the same time, and people

always drive home from church faster than they drive in going. But they arrived in good time for dinner, and very hungry.

CHAPTER X.

THAT was a pleasant Sunday afternoon and evening at the farm-house. Uncle Liph said he felt as if he were doing a whole month's resting.

There was plenty of music. Cousin Mary was already well aware that her Aunt Elizabeth, Piney's mother, had been a good musician in her younger days, but neither she nor Aunt Sarah knew how much of power she had preserved, in spite of ill-health and widowhood. As for Piney, nothing would make him touch the piano till his mother said she was tired. Even then he only played a few simple accompaniments, which he did very well, and insisted upon Mary, and afterward Bayard, taking his place.

Roxy sang in every hymn they tried, or, at least, she did the best she could to sing, and her little voice was quite a sweet one.

After supper, Grandpa Hunter took Roxy on his knee, and told her some wonderful stories that she never had heard before. Susie came, too, and pulled up a chair beside them, and even Piney seemed to be listening now and then, until Aunt Keziah said:

"There, father, she wont sleep a wink to-night, with all those things in her head, and it 's past her bed-time now."

"Don't you think you 'll sleep, Roxy?" asked grandpa, as he put his wrinkled hand on her dark curls.

Her head, as she sat in his lap, had been leaning on his shoulder, and his last story had been a long one.

"She 'll sleep, I guess," said Piney, when Roxy made no answer; "but you 'll have to wake her up now before you put her to bed."

"I should say so!" exclaimed Aunt Keziah. "The poor little thing has entertained her company till she 's tired out."

"Roxy! Roxy!" said her grandfather. "Wake up; it 's bed-time. The chickens are all on the roost."

Roxy's eyes were opening, and she heard about the chickens.

"No," she said; "the little chickens creep under the old hen, and the big chickens roost on the sleigh in the barn."

There was plainly little to be feared for her from Grandpa Hunter's stories, and Susie was used to them. As for Chub, he had been in his crib for some time.

"Bi," said Piney, "let 's go to bed early. One of the hands 'll take care of the cows in the morning. You and I can have a good fish and a swim before breakfast."

"That 'll suit me," said Bi. "Seems as if I was never so sleepy in all my life."

The older folks said the same, and, before long, the whole farm-house was as quiet as one of Uncle Liph's stuffed birds.

That is a time of the year, however, when the sunlight stays in the world as late as it can every evening, and comes back as early as possible in the morning. It was just as if the sun could not bear to be away from so beautiful a thing as the earth is in June.

It was a good night to sleep in, not too warm, with all the windows open to the fresh breeze from the hills, and even Roxy awoke bright and early the next morning.

"Oh, the eggs!" she exclaimed, as she sprang out of bed. "We must get some for Uncle Liph's breakfast."

Susie was fast asleep yet, but Roxy leaned across the bed and shook her.

"Wake up, Susie! Wake up!"

"I 'm awake. Is it morning? That is, I 'm almost pretty near awake," yawned Susie, as she opened her blue eyes.

"Morning? Why, if you listen with both your ears, you can hear the hens cackle. That 's at the barn."

"I hear them. What do they do it for?"

"So we shan't forget about the eggs. Sometimes we might, if the hens did n't cackle."

"Don't they ever forget?"

"I guess not; I never heard them forget. Hurry, now, and we 'll get ever so many."

Susie was hurrying, for she liked the idea of hunting for eggs. In a few minutes more the girls were in the kitchen, asking Ann for the egg-basket.

It was quite a pretty one, made of willow, with a cover that was tied on by a red ribbon.

The two children had talked their way to the barn-yard gate. There were two gates,—a big one and a little one.

"The big gate 's for wagons," said Roxy. "I could never open that; but there 's nothing but a latch on this one. Oh, dear me!"

"What 's the matter, Roxy?"

"Why, Susie, there 's Piney's bad sheep. They've left him in the barn-yard."

"Is that a bad sheep? I thought all the sheep were real good. Does he bite?"

"He is n't a bit good. He does n't bite, but he bunts. Don't you see? He 's got horns. Don't say a word to him."

"But, Roxy, wont he run after us?"

"I guess not. But you must n't point your

finger at him. We 'll run right across to the barn, before he thinks about us."

For all Susie could see, the old ram looked peaceable enough, as he nibbled at a bunch of hay off there on the other side of the barn-yard, and she hurried along at Roxy's side, with one hand on the handle of the basket and a sharp lookout on the "bad sheep." Roxy further explained:

"He 's one of Piney's pets. Piney feeds him and makes him do all sorts of things; but I don't like him a bit. He bunts dreadfully."

They entered the barn through a small door that led into the stable. All the horses and cows were gone to pasture or to work, but both the stable and the rest of the barn had a neat and tidy look. Aunt Keziah could not bear to have any part of her place out of order.

"Where are the hens?" asked Susie.

"Why, they 're everywhere. I know where to find some of the nests, and we can hunt for some more. There is n't much hay here now, but there will be pretty soon."

"Where do they get it?"

"Out in the hayfield. We 'll go and see them make hay. May be they 'll ride us on a hay-wagon. That 's fun. Did you ever have a hay ride?"

"No," said Susie; "but I saw a picture of one once."

"A picture of a hay ride?—with a big load of hay and some girls like you and me?"

"And some big girls and boys."

"Wish I had one. Oh, Susie, here 's a nest, and there 's two eggs in it!"

"Two? Why, there 's three."

"No, there is n't. These two are eggs, and that 's a nest-egg. We just leave that in the nest."

"How do you know it 's a nest-egg?"

"Why," said Roxy, in some surprise, "it is n't an egg! Don't you see, it 's made of white glass?"

"So it is! And there 's something printed on it."

"Piney put that on. He says they are fraud eggs. They fool the hens."

"How?" said Susie. "The hens can't read. This one says, 'I 'm a fraud.'"

"Oh, the hens think it 's one of their own eggs. They don't know any better."

"The stupid things!"

Roxy had already put those two real eggs into her basket, and in another minute she had shown Susie a second nest. This time there were three besides the nest-egg, and Susie examined that with great care.

"It says, 'I 'm lonely.'"

"That 's Piney's fun. He cut a verse of poetry from a newspaper, once, and pasted it on a nest-egg."

"Did it do any good?"

"Good? Not a bit. He said all the hens kept away from that nest, and he had to wash the poetry off."

It was capital fun, and they found nest after nest in queer, out-of-the-way corners. In one place there was a great yellow hen on the nest.

"Don't disturb her," said Roxy.

"She 's one of Piney's heathens, and she 's sitting on ever so many eggs."

"A heathen?" exclaimed Susie.

"He says so. She's a Chinee. She 's real tall. He calls her a shang-high."

"I 've heard of them," said Susie. "And so that 's a shang-high. I never saw one before."

"Why, Roxy, the basket 's almost full," said Susie. "We don't want any more, do we?"

"Guess we could n't find any more. But is n't it fun?"

"Splendid! Oh, Roxy, will that bad sheep be out there?"

"Yes, but we need n't say anything to him. He 'll be good."

Chapter XI.

When Piney and Bi got into the boat, that morning, the sun was hardly half an hour high. Bi thought he had never seen anything more beautiful than the lake, and the woods and fields around it.

"It 's better than being in the city," he exclaimed, as Piney took up the oars and pulled rapidly away from the landing. "But which shall we do first,—fish or swim?"

"Swim, of course," said Piney. "The water is n't a bit too cold. Then we can fish till breakfast time. I never stay in long. Not long enough to get tired."

"Where do you go to go in swimming?"

"Over there by the bushes. Nobody can see you from the road or the house, and the water 's deep, and there is n't a bit of eel grass on the bottom."

"What would that do?"

"Might tangle your feet. Water lily stems might tangle you, too. I don't like anything to touch me in the water."

"Did you ever touch a fish?"

"No, indeed. They get out of the way, fast enough. You put on more clothes than I did. Why don't you begin to undress?"

"I brought my bathing suit."

"Bathing suit? Oh, yes, I 've heard of those things. I 'd like to see one. That 's it, is it?"

"I had it, last year, down by the sea-shore. It 's as good as new."

Bi had unrolled his bathing suit and spread it

out across his knees. It was a very good one, and Bi was half inclined to be proud of it till Piney remarked:

"Well, you wear that, if you want to. I 'd rather have mine."

"Yours? I did n't see you bring any."

"Oh, yes, it 's on now. Under all my other clothes. It wont come off till I 'm skinned."

There was evidently a spice of fun in Piney Hunter, and by the time he had rowed the boat to the bathing place, Bi had decided not to wear his very "nobby" bathing suit.

It was a retired and sheltered sort of a cove, with high, shelving, gravelly banks, and a clean bottom under the clear, bright water.

Bi was a little slow in making his preparations, but it seemed hardly a minute from the time the boat struck the bank before Piney stepped to the outer end of it, threw his heels into the air with a great spring, and went down head first through the splashing surface.

"What a dive that was!" exclaimed Bi. "But why does n't he come up? Ah, there he is."

There he was, five or six rods away, for Piney was a little proud of his skill, and could "show off," now and then.

"Can you swim under water?" asked Bi, as Piney came puffing back.

"Of course, but I have to get a good deep dive first. Come on in."

"I 'm a coming," said Bi, but he did not try a spring from the boat. He waded in from the shore, and was half uncomfortable to find how quickly the water deepened almost to his shoulders.

"Is it very deep?" he asked.

"Splendid. No danger of touching bottom, anywhere. Guess it 's twenty or thirty feet out here. See me tread water."

"How do you do that?"

"Just the same as if you were walking upstairs in a hurry. Why don't you strike out?"

"They say fresh water 's harder to swim in than salt."

"Salt water must be easy, then. I would n't care to have any thing easier than this."

There was no help for it. Bi thought of the Chevalier Bayard, the knight "without fear and without reproach," and he threw himself boldly forward.

"Don't strike so fast," shouted Piney. "You 'll tire yourself out. Take it easy."

And, so saying, he threw himself on his back, and darted away in a manner that made his cousin open his eyes.

Now, however, that Bi was actually started, and found that he could swim in fresh water so much more easily than he had expected, he really began to enjoy it. Not that he ventured very far from shore or from the boat, but he was fast gaining confidence in himself, when Piney, who had been



ROXY AND SUSIE HUNTING FOR EGGS.

showing him "how to float," rolled over and struck out for land.

"Are you tired?" asked Bi.

"No, and I don't mean to be. That 's all the swimming I want, before breakfast. Let 's put on our clothes and go for some fish."

Bi was willing, and they had brought plenty of

tackle and bait. Neither of them was at all wearied by the morning bath, and dressing did not take them long, after a minute or so of work with a crash towel.

"You 'll soon learn," said Piney. "You must go in every morning."

"Wont that be too much?"

"It would if you stayed in long. If you know enough to come out in time, it wont hurt you, and you 'll learn ten times as much as you would if you only went in now and then and tired yourself half to death."

"Is that the way you learned?"

"That 's all the training I ever had. Don't you think it 's enough?"

Bi thought it was, and the warm sunshine that was now pouring upon him felt wonderfully nice.

The fish bit pretty well, as they are apt to do so early in the morning in a lake like that, and the boys had quite a string of perch and "pumpkin-seeds" by the time Piney said they must start for the house.

"We 'll have 'em for breakfast, if we get in in time to get them cleaned. They 're nicest when they 're just out of the water."

"So father says," said Bi. "He 's very fond of them."

"Glad of it. There 'll be fresh eggs, too, right from the nests."

Piney was more positive than he would have been, about that, if he had known what was going on in the barn-yard. He and Bi reached the landing and hurried to the house with their fish.

"They 're very nice," remarked Aunt Keziah; "but I wish you 'd go and call Roxy. She and Susie went to the barn for eggs ever so long ago."

Piney started at once, and Bi followed him, for want of something better to do.

They reached the gate just a little after the children came out of the barn. Susie's first thought had been as to the whereabouts of the "bad sheep."

"There he is!" she exclaimed to Roxy. "Right in our way." And as she said it she pointed straight at him with her little forefinger.

Now, Piney's pet ram had been taught to consider a "point" as a sort of a challenge, and his woolly head was lowered in an instant.

"O, Susie!" screamed Roxy. "What have you done? He 's going to bunt!"

Susie screamed and sprang away toward the gate, letting go of the handle of the basket. Roxy looked around for a moment in great uncertainty, but there was an old wagon-box lying near, bottom up, and she set the basket down on the corner of that before she followed Susie. The ram had stood still, shaking his head for a moment, and the two girls were out of his reach by the time he got through what Roxy called "making motions." When he looked up, all he saw to strike at was the basket of eggs on the corner of the wagon-box. It was not pointing at him, to be sure, but it was there, and when Piney looked over the gate he was charging for it, full tilt.

If the old ram had been one of the knights Bi was fond of reading about, he could not have made a fairer hit at that basket. Of course the box stopped him, but it was very bad for the eggs. The cover flew off from the basket as it went over, and the eggs went "every which way." Perhaps the "bad sheep" might have followed them, but Piney darted in and caught him by the horns, scolding him as sharply as he could between his loud peals of laughter.

"Bi," he said, "come in and save the eggs. Only about half of 'em are broken."

Bi was laughing, too, but he picked up the eggs as fast as he could, saying:

"Well, about half of 'em are. Their shells were n't made for it."

"It 's good fun, though. I wish the rest could have seen it. You old, horny-headed rascal, I 'll have to tie you up."

"Susie pointed at him," said Roxy. "She forgot."

"He remembered, then. You get back through the gate, Bi. If he once gets agoing there 's no stopping him. He 'll butt at everything he sees, all day."

"He 's the worst sheep I ever saw," remarked Susie.

"But he 'll do just what Piney says," said Roxy.

CHAPTER XII.

THERE was a good deal of fun made, at the breakfast table, by Uncle Liph and Grandfather Hunter, over the conduct of the "bad sheep" and the sad fate of the eggs, and Bi told his father what a splendid swim he had had.

"Keep it up, Bayard," said his father. "You have made a good beginning."

"But, Piney," said his mother, "what will your cousin find to do to amuse himself while you are at school?"

"O, there 'll be a game of base-ball on the green. I 'll show him where. He can come to the village with me."

"And he can take a letter to the post-office for me," added Mary.

"I hope there will be letters for the rest of us, too," said Grandfather. "I want to hear from your grandmother."

"I left her safe in Boston," said Uncle Liph;

"but it 's time I heard from Mr. Sadler about business."

"He 's your junior partner now, is he not?" asked Piney's mother.

"Yes, and he has more of the management in his hands than I have. I trust him entirely. A very excellent young man."

"Young men nowadays aint what they used to be," remarked Aunt Keziah; but even Grandfather Hunter and Aunt Mary had a good word to say in Mr. Sadler's behalf, and Piney made up his mind that his uncle's junior partner must be something quite remarkable.

After breakfast, he and Bi started at once for the village.

"This is Monday," he said, as they walked along, "and I would n't give much for all the boys 'll learn to-day and to-morrow and next day."

"Why not?" asked Bi.

"O, these last days of the term don't count for anything. We 're a little afraid of Examination. I am, I know. But then it 's too late to do much on our reviews, and we 're thinking of the Exhibition and vacation and all sorts of things."

"What 's the Exhibition to be?"

"O, we always have one. Dialogues and speaking pieces, and singing and music, and visitors and all that sort of thing. Sometimes I think it 's fun and sometimes it is n't."

"You 've to speak a piece?"

"Of course. I always do. I 've got a short one. Shorter than Roxy's."

"Is she to speak?"

"She would n't miss it for anything. Can you play base-ball?"

"O, yes; I belong to a club."

And Bi was more than a little proud to speak of something in the way of out-of-door sports in which he could claim to be expert.

"Now, do you know, I 'm glad of that. I wish you 'd take a little of the nonsense out of Kyle Wilbur and the rest. They 'll be sure to think you can't play worth a cent."

"I 'll try and show 'em," said Bi, with a determined look on his face. "I don't care where they put me. In our club we change places all over the field."

"So do we, but it 's all irregular. We just play as it happens."

"Are you a good player?"

"How do I know? I never saw anybody play but our boys?"

That was dodging the question, for Piney was by all odds the best boy in the academy, of his age, at either bat or ball. He was in somewhat of a hurry, that morning, however, and did not seem inclined to talk much.

"There is the post-office," he said, as they were entering the village. "Over there by the tavern. The southern stage 'll be in with the mail in an hour or so. It 'll take 'em another hour to distribute it. If I were you I 'd wait for that."

"I will. Letters that left the city on Saturday will come by that."

"Yes. I say, Bi, look at the boys on the green. I wonder how many of them 'll cut their lessons this morning? I wont."

He never did, in fact, and his rosy face was one of the things sure to be seen in his class every time. Kyle Wilbur, however, and Bill Young, and some others, not to speak of the village boys who were not attending the Academy just then, were more in a mood for ball than for study that morning.



Piney introduced his cousin, and the rest were quite polite, in their way, about asking him to take a hand in their game. Kyle Wilbur said to Bill Young:

"Of course he can't play, but he 's a stranger and he 's Piney's cousin. He wont be much in the way."

"Yes; but the other side 'll beat us all hollow. He 's a city dandy and he 'll be getting us put out all the while."

"Can't help it," said Kyle. "I wont go back on Piney Hunter, game or no game. I 'll risk it."

Bi did not hear that, but he took off his coat and vest, displaying to the criticism of the village boys a remarkably showy pair of "suspenders." Then his collar and neck-tie and cuffs were each carefully taken off and stuffed into his coat pockets, and he rolled up his trowsers a little.

"What a dandy he is!" exclaimed Bill Young. "I say, Mister What's-your-name, you 'd better put all that riggin' away somewhere."

"Hang it on a tree," said Kyle. "Nobody 'll touch it. No thieves around here. Bill, they 've won the toss. We 're out to begin on."

"Well, I s'pose Frank Jones 'll catch for our side. But who 'll pitch? Pity Piney is n't here to pitch for us."

Piney already had started across the green toward

the Academy, a square, white building with a chunky-looking bell-tower on top.

"You can't pitch worth a cent," said Kyle. "I say, mister, did n't I hear Piney call you Bi?"

"Should n't wonder if you did."

"Can you pitch?"

"I 'll try it on. If I can't, you 'll know it before a great while."

"I guess so. Hullo, Frank, Piney's cousin 'll pitch."

Bi felt a kind of tingle in his fingers as he picked up that ball and took his place. If there was one thing he thought he could beat all Parable Center on, it was in pitching a base-ball, and he was not very far wrong.

So, at least, Frank Jones thought when he made his first catch. The ball came like a young cannon-shot, and his fingers were lucky in being pretty tough ones. They were tough, however, and Frank shouted, exultingly:

"All right, boys. I guess the dandy knows how to pitch."

"The dandy," muttered Bi. "Wait till I get hold of that bat, and if I don't show 'em! Why, they 're out and out slouches."

Not quite as bad as that, but not one of the country boys had ever seen a "professional nine" play, or had been taught, as Bi had, by a trained instructor. Such a thing as "schooling" in ball play never had entered their heads.

Not a great while after that, as Piney Hunter passed by one of the academy windows, after some work on the blackboard, he heard a great cheer from the boys on the green, and looked out to see what the matter was.

"Bi 's got the bat," he exclaimed. "See him run!"

A run it was, but the cheer was for the way he had batted that ball.

"Hurrah for the dandy!" shouted Frank Jones, but Bill Young grumbled:

"Oh, it 's nothing but a sort of a trick. Those city fellows have lots of tricks. He can't do it again."

But he did, every time his turn came to him, and instead of losing the game for his side, they were quite ready, at the end of it, to elect him captain of their nine.

Bi's blood was up, too, and he began to "captain" in a way the village boys were hardly accustomed to. They would not have stood it for a moment if he had not shown himself so good a player, and if he had not been a stranger. Even Piney Hunter would hardly have been obeyed as Bi was.

Bill Young rebelled a little, but Kyle Wilbur put him down with:

"Now, Bill, your yaller dog can beat you pitching. His mouth 's always open, too, jest like yours. Mister, if you 'll let him wear those galluses o' yours, he 'll be quiet."

"My what? Oh, you mean my suspenders. Can't take 'em off just now. We must whitewash that crowd, this time. Come on, boys."

"He 's played ball before," said Frank Jones. "He knows what he 's about. Guess it 's all a humbug about his being a city fellow."

Piney was proud enough, when he came out at noon recess, to hear Kyle Wilbur's account of the way in which Bi had distinguished himself.

"I 'll tell Aunt Keziah and the rest, when we get home. I 've got to stay for the afternoon session, but we can go to the post-office before I eat my lunch."

A queer sort of a place was the village post-office. At least, so it seemed to Bi. Nothing but one corner of a grocery store fenced off from the rest and fitted up with dingy-looking drawers and boxes.

"That 's our box," said Piney, when they got there. "The one marked A."

But, as soon as they entered, the postmaster stuck his head around the corner of the partition, and exclaimed:

"I say, Piney, your box is cram, jam full, and here 's a lot of things that would n't go in. Got some visitors, haint ye?"

"Yes," said Piney. "What a stack of papers and things, Bi! Do you always get as many as that?"

"No, sir," said Bi, as he began to glance over the pile of envelopes and little bundles. "A good many of 'em are for father and mother and grandfather. Some of 'em are for me."

"But what a lot of 'em are for Mary. She can't read so much as that, every day."

There was a queer look on Bi's face, but he said nothing, and it somehow occurred to Piney to notice that, while there was not one single letter for Mary, she seemed to have a good deal more than her share of the papers and magazines, and that all of them were addressed to her in the same handwriting.

"Now, Bi," he said, "I 'll go back and eat my lunch, and you 'd better go home to dinner. Why can't you go out in the boat alone and have a good time, fishing? I do that, every chance I can get. It 's more fun than you 'd think it would be,—especially if the fish are sociable."

"Guess I can take care of myself for this afternoon," said Bi. "But of course I shall be glad when your vacation comes."

The village boys tried to get Bi to stay for another game of ball, but he had had quite enough

for one day. When he reached the farm-house nearly the whole family were on the front piazza, waiting for the mail.

"Plenty for everybody except Mary," remarked Bi, as he came up the steps.

"Nothing for me?" said Mary, in a tone that sounded like disappointment.

"Not a letter," said Bi. "Only a lot of newspapers and such things."

"O, then there is something. Let me have them, Bi."

And, while all the rest began to tear open their envelopes then and there, Mary Hunter, with a face that was half as red as Piney's own, carried all her "morning's mail" up to her room before she opened so much as a single newspaper. Evidently, she expected something very private and confidential, which she did not wish the others to discover.

(To be continued.)

QUITE A HISTORY.

(After the German.)

BY ARLO BATES.

"WHERE have you been, Lysander Pratt?"
"In Greedy Land, Philander Sprat."
"What did you there to grow so fat?"

"I built myself a little house
In which I lived snug as a mouse."

"Well, very, very good was that!"
"Not wholly good, Philander Sprat."
"Now wherefore not, Lysander Pratt?"

"A bear came raging from the wood,
And tumbled down my cottage good."

"Alas! how very bad was that!"
"Not wholly bad, Philander Sprat."
"Not bad? Why not, Lysander Pratt?"

"I killed the bear, and of his skin
I made a coat to wrap me in."

"Well done! Now surely good was that."
"Yet not so good, Philander Sprat."
"Now why not good, Lysander Pratt?"

"A wicked hound tore up my coat
Until it was not worth a groat."

"Ah, what an evil thing was that!"
"Not wholly bad, Philander Sprat."
"What good was there, Lysander Pratt?"

"He caught for me a great wild boar,
That made me sausages good store."

"What luck! How very good was that!"
"Good? Not all good, Philander Sprat."
"Why not all good, Lysander Pratt?"

"A cat stole in on velvet paw,
And ate them all with greedy maw."

"Now surely wholly bad was that!"
"Not wholly bad, Philander Sprat."
"Then tell me why, Lysander Pratt."

"Of pussy's fur with silken hair,
I made of gloves a noble pair."

"Trust you! No wonder you are fat!
You found your good account in that
As in all else, Lysander Pratt."

"Yes, in the closet hang they now.
Yet they are full of holes, I vow,
Gnawed by some thievish long-tailed rat.
And so, you see, Philander Sprat,
Not wholly good was even that!"

THE CITY CHILD.

Words by ALFRED TENNYSON. Music and Words written for ST. NICHOLAS.



* "Clém-a-tis, often but wrongly pronounced clem-á-tis"—A. TENNYSON.

ILLUSTRATED ALPHABET.

By Helen J. Ford.



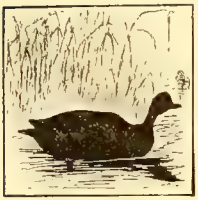
A Was an art-ful old Ape
Who tied up his hat with a crape,
And pre-tend-ed he cried
'Cause his mas-ter had died,—
That art-ful, de-ceit-ful old Ape.



B Was a big, old, black Bear
Who seized a young child by the hair,
And ran to his den,
And was not seen a-gain,—
The cru-el old scamp of a Bear.



C Was a craft-y old Crow
Who watched for the farm-ers to sow,
And stole all the corn
In the bright, ear-ly morn,—
That craft-y old thief of a Crow.



D Was a dar-ing young Duck
Who felt him-self burst-ing with pluck;
Into dan-ger he 'd go,
Till a shot laid him low,—
The dar-ing, and dash-ing young Duck.



E Was an ea-ger young Eel
Who was slip-per-y al-ways to feel;
Al-though caught with a line,
He could walk off quite fine,—
The ea-ger and slip-per-y young Eel.



F Was a fun-ny fat Frog
Who croaked all day long on a log,
Till a fly came a-long;
Then he stopped his fine song
And nabbed it,—that fun-ny fat Frog.



G Was a gray-beard old Goat
Who tossed up a grim-y old coat,
But the boy was not in it,
And so for a min-ute
It fooled the gray-beard-ed old Goat.



H Was a hap-py old Hare
Who could not be caught in a snare;
In the brush he 'd stick fast
While the hunt-ers rode past,—
That hid-den and hap-py old Hare.



I Was an I-bex so rare,
Who lived in the pure mount-ain air.
He 's an ea-si-er climb-er
Than I am a rhym-er,—
This fleet-foot-ed I-bex so rare.



J Was a jol-ly blue Jay
Who fright-ened the deer all away,
And mad-dened the rang-er
By scream-ing the dan-ger,—
The jol-ly pro-vok-ing blue Jay.



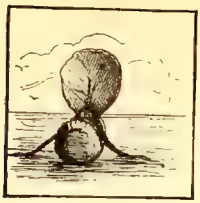
K Was a kind lit-tle Kit-ten
Who rav-eled out grand-moth-er's mit-ten,
And seiz-ing the yarn
Bore it off to the barn,—
The play-ful and kind lit-tle Kit-ten.



L Is a light-wing-ed Lark
Who sings as she flies. Let us hark!
She 's a-wake with the dawn,
Ere the dew-drops have gone,—
The beau-ti-ful light-wing-ed Lark.



M Was a mu-sic-al Mouse
Who wan-dered at eve through the house,
And lis-tened quite still
While we played with great skill,—
That won-der-ful mu-sic-al Mouse.



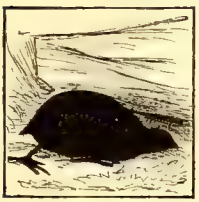
N Is the Nau-ti-lus snail
Who spreads out his foot for a sail,
And glides on be-fore
With his lit-tle thin oar,—
The beau-ti-ful Nau-ti-lus snail.



O Was an o-di-ous old Owl
Who ut-tered a very loud howl
When perched on the corn
In the gray of the dawn,—
That awk-ward, and o-di-ous old Owl.



P Was a pret-ty, plump Pig
Who al-ways in dirt loved to dig;
But his mas-ter one day
Washed the dirt all a-way,
And he died—did that pret-ty, plump Pig.



Q Was a queer lit-tle Quail
Who stuck his head un-der a rail,
And thought him-self hid,
And from dan-ger well rid,
Till a shot hit the queer lit-tle Quail.



R Was a romp-ing young Rat
That a lit-tle girl caught with her hat,
But she soon let him go,
For he bit off the bow,—
That rav-ing and romp-ing young Rat.



S Was a sly lit-tle Spi-der
Who spun him-self right down be-side her,
And caught Mrs. Fly
Who was shut-ting her eye,—
That sau-cy and sly lit-tle Spi-der.



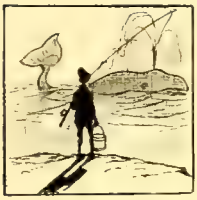
T Was a trick-y young Trout
Who tum-bled and wrig-gled a-bout.
He would not be taught,
So he found him-self caught,—
That tum-bling and trick-y young Trout.



U Was the Un-i-corn fa-bled
Who never was cur-ried nor sta-bled;
Not once was he found
Where 't was said he 'd a-bound,—
That bo-gus old Un-i-corn fa-bled.



V Was a vil-lain-ous Vult-ure
Who seized a young lamb of fine cult-ure;
He a-rose to the skies,
In spite of its cries,—
The vil-lain-ous, vag-a-bond Vult-ure.



W Was the wi-ly old Whale
That could not be found in the pail;
When Si-mon went fish-ing
And could not help wish-ing
He 'd hook up that won-der-ful Whale.



X Was the Xiph-i-as grand
Who carried his sword at com-mand.
When he laid the boat low
He was killed by the blow,—
The ex-alt-ed old Xiph-i-as grand.



Y Is a charm-ing young Yak
Who wears a fine coat on his back.
It is not what he knows,
But his pret-ty, fine clothes
That make him a charm-ing young Yak.



Z Is a zeal-ous young Zib-et
Who rich-ly de-serves the old gib-bet;
For kill-ing and steal-ing,
And great lack of feel-ing—
That zeal-ous and naugh-ty young Zib-et.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

THIS is February, the second month of the year. At least, so the almanacs have it; though I have heard that some ancient Roman king or other once actually made it come at the very end of the year.

Well, the almanacs, or the Roman kings, or whoever arranges the months, may put February wherever they have a mind to, as long as they let alone the season and the weather, so that my boys and girls can have plenty of snow for coasting, and merry snow-ball battles.

Why, it warms your Jack's heart, this nipping weather, to hear the shouts and laughter from the Red School-house youngsters, especially when the dear Little Schoolma'am's voice rings out above them, as it does sometimes. And the other day I actually saw quiet Deacon Green come full tilt down the white meadow, his umbrella open and held behind, and half a dozen tiny young rogues pelting him with snow-balls just as hard as they could! The good Deacon was laughing so, that he could n't have run at all if he had n't been going down hill.

But now for my budget!

RED SNOW OUT WEST.

SOME mid-day recess soon, my boys, let a few of you skip over to Mount Stamford, in the Sierra Nevada range, and you will see, on a high peak, acres and acres of snow, piled up in vast drifts that have a pink tinge to the depth of three or four inches.

Each of you bring home a hatful of this red snow, and let me know, if you can, what makes the pretty color.

I have heard that very little bits of animals, seen only with the aid of a microscope, come down with the falling snow and make it rosy; but then, I 've heard, also, that it is animals even smaller than these which make the blue of the sky; and—well, the fact is, I 'm not at all certain yet what to believe concerning these things.

A THICK COVERING.

WHILE we are talking about snow, let me tell you of a snow-fall that *was* a snow-fall. Your Jack has word about it through "J. A.," who says: "From October, 1877, to May, 1878, the snow fell in Cashmere, Northern India, with scarcely a stop, until it covered the ground to a depth of thirty to forty feet, crushing houses and even whole villages under its weight."

That was a Cashmere wrap with a vengeance!

Snow is good and beautiful and so forth; and it makes a clean, warm bed-quilt for some parts of the earth in winter; but there can be too much of a good thing, for all that.

THE REAL AMERICAN EYE.

DEAR JACK: I want to tell you what they say about us Americans here in France.

The other day, Madame Claire and I were talking about a little girl who is cross-eyed.

"Oh, yes," said Madame Claire, "she has the real American eye!"

Now, what do you think of that? I did n't think it was very polite, and I said: "Why, Madame Claire, it is not all Americans who look crookedly, like that."

Then Madame Claire laughed. "Of course not," she said; "I did n't mean that, at all; but you Americans are just like this poor little girl, for when you come into a room, or go into a store, or when you are walking along the street, you look all around and see everything when we don't know it. And that 's why we say that cross-eyed people have the real American eye. And it is quite a compliment, I assure you."

Well, perhaps it is; but I think it must be a real French compliment.—Truly yours, A. C. D.

TAKING CARE OF THE RATS.

YOUR Jack can't say he sets much store by rats himself, and he does n't know of any one else who feels very affectionate toward them, though, no doubt, they are splendid fellows as far as they go,—"the farther the better," the timid Little Schoolma'am says! So, it 's a real comfort to hear that in Japan at least they are well thought of and properly cared for. At any rate, it seems they are; for I 'm told that the builders of houses in that country always make plenty of neat square holes in the walls of the rooms, for the convenience of the pampered creatures, and to save their teeth.

MULES THAT "COAST."

DEAR MR. JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Did you know that there are mules that coast? Well, there are, in Ecuador, South America; but they do not coast on snow, only on slippery hill-sides made ready for the purpose. The mules are trained to slide down-hill, and the better they can slide the more valuable they become for traveling among the mountains.

When a mule reaches a good sliding-place, he puts his front feet in a slanting position, and his hind feet close together, the legs bent as if he meant to lie down. Then, off he slides, swaying his body to suit the curves in the road, and keeping his balance just right,—if only the rider does not check him But if the rider should try to guide or interfere with his mule, there would most likely be a turn-over, with more bruises than fun.—Your friend, W.

A DEADLY RING.

HERE is a true elephant story for you from an American missionary, who once lived among the Dutch Boers of Natal, for seven years. He saw the ivory, and believes the story:

One afternoon, about four o'clock, three Dutchmen were out hunting, and came upon a large herd

of elephants. They fired at the leader, and instantly the entire herd fled. The leader rushed on and on, thinking he was on the right track to escape; but the elephants were in a valley and only ran round and round it, in a circle perhaps three hundred yards in diameter, and were shot down from four o'clock in the afternoon until eight in the evening, when darkness prevented the Dutchmen from taking aim any longer. But the three men rose at break of day, and found the poor elephants still going round and round. It was several hours before a new leader, breaking out of the beaten track, led off the remainder of the herd in safety.

The Dutchmen, whose names were Botha, and Potgeiter, two being brothers, counted the slain. Ninety elephants lay dead in the valley; and as their valuable tusks of ivory were divided equally among the three Dutchmen, you can believe that each man's share was considerable.



ROBIN'S NEST. A PICTURE FROM NATURE.

ANOTHER "HOUSE BEAUTIFUL."

EVERYBODY has heard about the rage for making houses beautiful, but who would have thought it had gone so far as the following bit of true news would seem to show?—

DEAR JACK: One day, not long ago, I washed a number of pieces of very fine lace, and left them spread out on the lawn. Presently, I went to look at them, so as to be sure they were all right, for they were valuable.

One, two, three pieces were gone!

Yet there were no fresh tracks on the lawn and paths, and, when I asked in the house, they said that no one there had been near the lace or seen anybody else near it!

This was puzzling, as well as disagreeable; and so I went to look again.

Another piece vanished!

Then I put a chair near the porch, and sat and sewed, watching the lace carefully. But once I bent my eyes to my work for about half a minute, and, when I looked up again,—

Still another treasure was gone!

This time, I knew that no one but myself could have been near the lace. How then could it have disappeared? I put away my sewing, and for five minutes steadily gazed at the pieces left.

Somebody in the house called out, and I glanced around. As I turned my eyes forward again, what should I see sailing away in the air, a few yards from me, but a piece of the precious lace, trailing from the beak of a robin!

I soon found that it was the same saucy fellow who had taken all the pieces, and that he had tried to make his little home beautiful with them.

The lace was spoiled when we found it, for Robin had torn it when weaving it in with twigs; but the nest looked so pretty that I let my ruined treasures stay.—Yours truly, MARGARET H.

The picture shows just how Robin's nest looked. You see, my dears, Margaret could not blame the bird, for, of course, he thought the lovely lace had been spread out so as to be handy for him.

ANIMALS THAT NEVER DRINK WATER.

DEAR JACK: Some years ago, I read that the prairie dog is the only animal known which does not drink water.

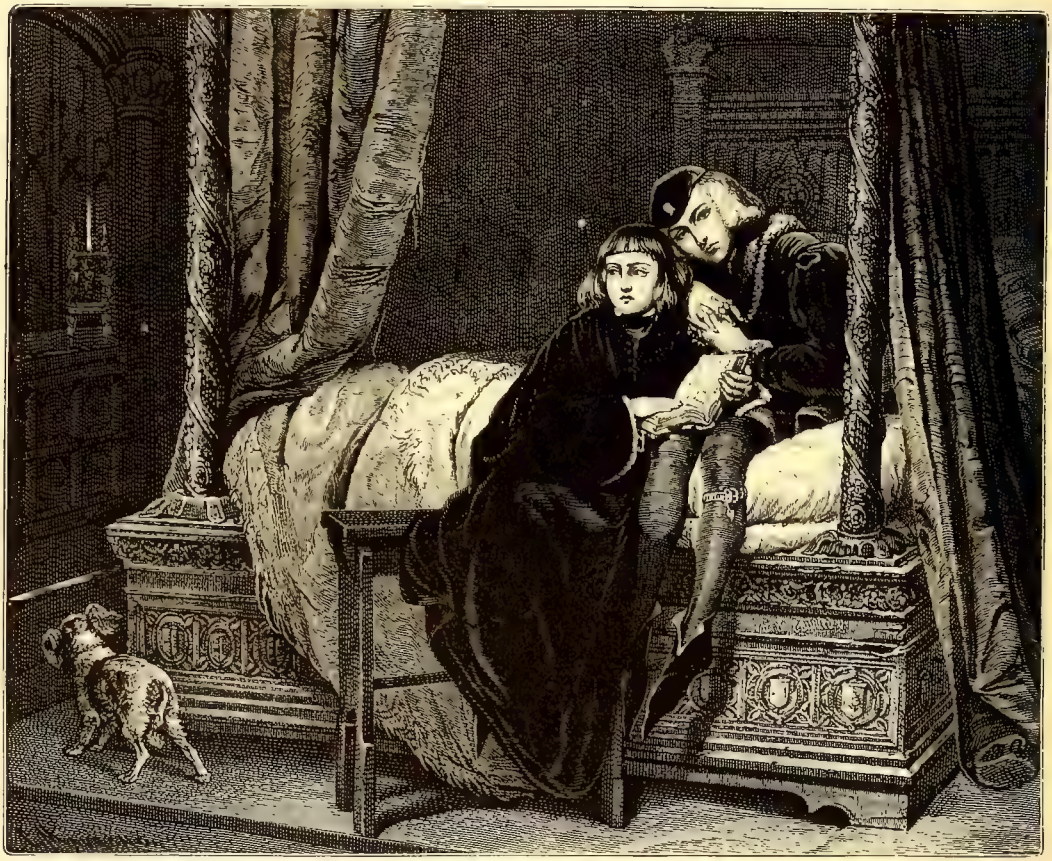
Yesterday, I saw in Cumming's "South African Life," that the gemsbok or oryx never by any chance tastes water; and this morning, I find, in the same work, that the eland, too, and the druiker can do without this fluid.

All these species of antelope thrive and come to high condition in barren regions,—the parched karroos and arid desert,—where the climate is burning and the distances between watering-places are very great; but will not somebody tell us for sure whether or not these animals really do without any water at all? S. W. K.

THE LETTER-BOX.

OUR FRONTISPIECE.—Very few boys and girls either in England or America need to be told even the title of the superb frontispiece given this month, for the sad story of the Princes in the Tower is one of the most familiar in English history. In fact, writers and artists of other nations have made it their theme, and children in many parts of the world have shaken their heads sorrowfully over the fate of these two English boys. Delaroche, a Frenchman, painted a very fine picture, an engraving of which, from our first volume, is here reprinted, so that you may compare it with the picture by the English painter, Millais, which opens this present number of ST. NICHOLAS.

Delaroche evidently had the sad story in his heart. He may or may not have loved England; but he certainly loved these two English lads, else how could he have so painted them, that stout men feel like sobbing when they look at the wonderful picture? It hangs to-day in the gallery of the Louxembourg, in Paris; and every day groups of pitying children stand before it, feeling not at all as the children did who saw the princes ride by in state, nearly four hundred years ago.



THE PRINCES IN THE TOWER. (FROM A PAINTING BY DELAROCHE.)

Four hundred years ago! We already have told the story briefly in these pages—how the two noble boys traveled with royal pomp from Ludlow Castle to London. "An escort of two thousand horsemen rode with them; and although the boys, having just lost their father, King Edward IV., were dressed in sober black, hundreds of happy children who saw them pass looked with delight at the grand cavalcade, and thought it a fine thing to be a prince. Their mother called the boys Edward and Richard; but Edward being the elder, —though only thirteen years of age,—was His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, rightful heir to the English throne; and Richard, his brother, a boy of eleven, was known as the Duke of York.

"Yes, many a boy and girl looked almost with envy that day upon the two royal children, and wondered how it felt to be the son of a king and lord of a nation.

"But the men and women who looked on thought of something very different. They shook their heads and whispered their misgivings to one another.

"It was dreadful, they said; such brave, beautiful, noble lads, too; and their father hardly cold in his grave—poor, dear things! Now the princes would be in the power of their uncle Richard, Duke of Gloucester, the wickedest, cruelest and most powerful nobleman in all England. But for these boys, in all their pride of youth, his grace of Gloucester might be king himself!

"Ah, who could say what might happen!

"English history tells us what happened: how the wicked Duke of Gloucester pretended at first to be all loyalty and kindness; how he wrote a letter of condolence to the queen mother, and set off from Scotland, where he was commanding an army, to be present, he said, at his dear nephew's coronation; and how, with fair words and treachery, he placed the Prince in the Tower of London, where

'he would be safer than anywhere else, until the grand ceremony should take place;' how he afterward took the little Duke of York from his sobbing mother and put him, too, in the dreary Tower; and how—

"But you see them in Delaroche's picture. They are together; that is some comfort. Their chamber is grandly furnished, but it is in a prison. Not the Prince of Wales, nor the Duke of York, now, but two heart-sick, terrified boys, who every moment dread—they hardly know what. If they only could feel their mother's arm around them once again! They have prayed and prayed, and they have cried until they can cry no more, and, with breaking hearts, they have straightened themselves proudly with the thought that they are the sons of a king, when suddenly they hear a footstep outside—!"

It seems to us that Mr. Millais has painted them as they stood at this moment,—erect, heroic, but with suspense and terror in their beautiful faces. It is dreadful to look at them, dreadful to think of what is so soon to happen—.

To-day, visitors at the Tower of London halt on the gloomy stone stair-way, and look at each other with a shudder, for at the foot of the stair-way the murdered Princes were buried.

It is not only to the painters Delaroche and Millais that we are indebted for the present pictures. The art of engraving was needed to transfer the spirit of their work to these pages. And wonderfully have the engravers done their part.

Our frontispiece, the Princes in the Tower, was engraved on wood by Mr. Kruell after a very fine mezzotint print copied from Mr. Millais' original painting; so, you see, two kinds of engraving have been called into service. The large print has a history in itself which is worth telling, not only in justice to the London Fine Art Society, who kindly have allowed us to copy it for your pleasure, but because to hear it will give you an idea of the importance and mercantile value of a good engraving.

In the first place, the picture itself was painted by Mr. Millais especially for the society, for £3,000 or $15,000; then, at Mr. Millais' request, Mr. Samuel Cousins of London undertook to engrave it in pure mezzotint (any of the unabridged dictionaries will tell you what *mezzotint* engraving is), and for doing so the Society paid him £1,627, or $8,135,—more than half the cost of the original painting, you see. But the painter evidently did not consider the amount too great, for he wrote to the Society:

"I am charmed with Mr. Cousins' engraving of the 'Princes in the Tower.' I don't see how anything can be better. It is a most brilliant and telling plate. It will go on selling until the plate is quite worn out,—so I predict. I am thankful to you that you have favored me in selecting such a distinguished interpreter of my work."

But the engraver was destined to receive what by an English subject might be considered a still greater compliment. Soon came a letter to the Society from Marlborough House, the residence of the Prince of Wales, telling how much His Royal Highness liked the engraving. To the present Prince of Wales, this beautiful engraving showing the Prince of Wales of those troubled times must have a peculiar interest, apart from its merits as a work of art, when he recalls his own happy childhood in the noble English home which has so endeared Queen Victoria to her people.

Of course, the first and finest impressions, known as "Artist's Proofs," were all bought up almost before the engraving was published, and then came sales so large that they surprised even the Society that had been willing to pay more than $8,000 for the engraving alone. The people have been all the more anxious to buy these engravings from the fact that Mr. Cousins, who is now in his eightieth year, has refused to engrave the companion-picture of "The Princess Elizabeth" writing the account of her last interview with her father Charles I. (which has just been completed for the Society by Mr. Millais) at any price, as he is rapidly losing his eyesight.

It is very bad news that so fine an engraver as Mr. Cousins is in danger of blindness, but, on the other hand, it is a happy thing that a man seventy-nine years of age should have powers so keen and a hand so steady as to be able to do a piece of work like the "Princes in the Tower."

Our boys undoubtedly will take an interest in the following extracts which we have been allowed to make from a private letter. There are a few allusions in it which may puzzle our young readers; but it at least will give them some idea of the recent and future work of the famous explorer and of his present whereabouts.

Banana Point, Congo River, S. W. Coast of Africa, Sept. 15, 1879.

My Dear . . . . : I write another letter to you,—one of farewell before turning my face for the interior of the Dark Continent once again. In February I wrote . . . and informed you that I was bound to Zanzibar. A few days after, I was en-route in the character—unofficially—of what you might call an ambassador. I was charged with an Autograph letter, a Portrait of the King of the Belgians in diamonds, and a mitrailleuse with its equipments, to deliver them to Barghash, Prince of Zanzibar, Pemba, and the Eastern Main, as gifts from King Leopold. A steamer was chartered to take me. I had a good deal of other work to do,—to initiate some Belgian officers in the art of Exploration, who were about setting out . . . to explore some new fields personally, and to examine several ports on the Eastern Coast. I was received everywhere with much kindness.

When these various matters had been attended with success, I took my steamer and came round by the Mediterranean in July, and down by the West Coast of Africa, to this Africa, to begin a special mission of great importance here. The steamer "Albion," having attended me eight months, is now being discharged, and I take this opportunity of sending my letter to you, just to satisfy you that I still think of my friends.

My Expedition is encamped some ninety miles up the river on the south side, and consists of fifteen Europeans and some two hundred natives. We are not up to our full strength yet, but I hope before long I shall have a couple of hundred more. . . . I shall be absent from civilization probably three years, if not more.—I remain, most faithfully yours,

Henry M. Stanley.

J. S. I., and Others.—Letters from our young correspondents, on strictly personal subjects, cannot be answered in the "Letter-Box." The matter in this department is intended to be interesting to our readers in general.

The author of the dog story in the present number writes about it as follows:

The sketch entitled "A Faithful Friend" is a genuine though inadequate tribute of sincere affection and gratitude to the memory of the best dog I ever knew or heard of, who lived, died, and lies buried at our place on the Highlands of the Navesink. I have not done justice to his intelligence, courage and devotion, especially as shown at the time of the fire. In trying to tame down the narrative, I 've made it weak, when it should be strong, intense and dramatic. The story is true, and ten times more.

J. V. Sears.

Dear St. Nicholas: We have been puzzling for a long time over the pronunciation of Sol. Eytinge, jr.'s, name. One of us calls it "*Eye*-tinge," and the other "*E-tinge*." We have no doubt that they both are wrong, but in the casual mention of his name we should like to be correct; and if you will please be so kind as to answer through the "Letter-Box" and give us the correct pronunciation, we shall be very much obliged.—Your constant readers,

Margaret Seabury and H. M. Howell.

The surname of the artist, Sol. Eytinge, jr., is pronounced as if spelled Et-ting.

Dear St. Nicholas: I send you a story which I lately told to my three little ones. They often ask for it, and seem to like it so much that I thought some of your young readers might like to read it. My children call it "Papa's Sheep Story," and here it is:

"When I was twelve years of age, my parents lived on a large farm in Ohio, near Cleveland, and in the winter my father used to haul a load of hay or wood or apples into the city nearly every day, when the weather was fine. One day, he started long after the usual time, and told me that, as he could not return until a late hour at night, I must do all the chores, and be 'very particular to feed and count the sheep in the south brush-lot.'

"During the day, a heavy snow-storm set in, and it began to grow dark soon after I got home from school. While I was doing the chores, the driving storm and gathering darkness tempted me to think it would n't matter much if the sheep went without their supper for once, and that father would never know I had n't counted them. Well, just as I was starting to go to the house, my father unexpectedly drove into the great barn, and at once asked me, 'Did you feed the sheep, Edward'?

"It was no time to falter: so, fearing to be sent to the south brush-lot,—which was nearly half a mile distant and bounded on three sides by a dense forest, which we boys thought was filled with bears as large as elephants,—I promptly replied 'Yes, sir.'"

At this point, I see knowing looks exchanged among my children.

"'Where did you find them'? was the next question. I felt I had done wrong in telling this story, but thought it would not do to back out then, so I answered, 'In the little grove, just beyond the hollow.'

"'Did you count them'? he asked, after a pause.

"'Yes, sir, there were thirty-six. I counted them over three or four times, and I 'm sure they 're all right,' said I.

"As my father said no more for a few moments, I felt sure that my straightforward answers had convinced him.

"Presently he said, 'Edward, go and open the cow-shed door and then come and tell me what you see there.' I did as he said, and—what do you think I saw?

"My father had forgotten to turn the sheep out in the morning, and they had been in that cow-shed all day!"

"Oh! oh! oh!" cry the three little ones, perched on my knee.

"'Come here to me,' said my father; 'and I will teach you to be more truthful in future.' I went to him, and he taught me.

"Now, children, do you really think that Papa deserved to be punished?"

Triumphal chorus from all three, "Yes! yes! yes!"

Yours truly, E. A. P.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have read about the colony of musk rats, and how fierce they are. Last summer, when I was on the sea-shore, I saw one chase a young man along a wooden pier extending 128 feet out into the water, and only the width of a single plank. It was pretty difficult for the young man to run over this narrow pier. At the end of the pier the young man jumped into a boat, which was there, and sprang up on the mast, and the rat tried to spring upon him; but he kicked it off with his feet, and, reaching down, got his father's shot-gun and shot it. EDDIE GWYNNE (9½ years).

THIS little verse comes from an eight-year old:

WINTER

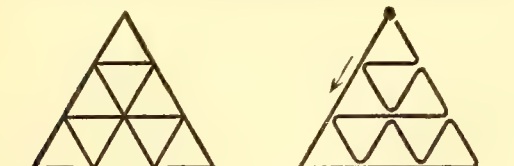
A SNOW FLAKE FALLS
ANOTHER TILL THE BOYS MAKE
SNOW BALLS.

AND WHEN THE SUN COMES
OUT IN SPRING THE BOYS WILL SAY
SHAW,
BECAUSE THE SNOW AND ICE WILL THAW

F. H.

M. H.'s question in the August "Letter-Box" is answered by several young correspondents to the effect that, as there were fewer people in ancient times, they could be distinguished well enough by one name apiece; but, in the course of time, when there got to be many persons bearing the same name, their neighbors distinguished them by adding to their original names some words telling of the place they came from, their father, their color, or personal appearance, their occupation, and so on; as, John of York, which soon was shortened to John York; Robert Richard's Son, contracted to Robert Richardson; and so, too, we have William Little, Benjamin Long, John Brown, Alfred Carpenter, James Baker. This process, and the changes that happened to the names in passing from mouth to mouth for generations, account for the origin of most of our surnames.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Here are two drawings of a puzzle. You have to try to draw a figure like the first picture, without once taking your pencil off the paper. The second picture shows how you can do it; by beginning at a point of the large triangle and drawing first two



of its lines; the rest follow easily, when you look at the picture, but my little sister tried a long while and had a deal of fun before she found out the way. Please ask your other readers to try it on their little brothers and sisters.—Yours truly, R. H. W.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We tried Fiddie B. Belcher's receipt for caramels in the March number for 1877, and it was splendid, only we did n't put in so much butter. We are two little girls, and we are big for our ages. We lived at Lake Mahopac for the summer. It is a pretty place. Our house was near the water.

When we went there, two little wrens tried to build their nest in one of the awnings. But, every time the awning was put down, the nest was spoiled; so we put a box in one corner of the piazza, and, as soon as it was put up, they went in. Soon the little ones were hatched, and we could hear them call for food when their Mamma went away. The Papa was very tame, and sat on the hanging baskets and sang lovely.

We have two dogs, called Shep and Flora, who pick blackberries all alone. Is n't that funny?—From your loving readers,

P. S.—Our dogs eat caramels, too.

FLORRIE AND TEENIE VAN FRAUDEN.

IN the present number (pages 320 and 321) is an article on some "Snow-Sports" which quiet girls and boys may find more to their taste than boisterous "Snow-ball Warfare," as described and illustrated in the January number by Mr. Daniel C. Beard. He originated also the methods of building the snow-hut and forming the statues described this month, besides making the pictures of them.

Richmond, Mass.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I must tell you about our Mary; she is the youngest of four, and very small. When your magazine comes, Grandma gives it to her; she very seriously receives it, marches into the parlor, closes the door, looks over all the pictures,—she cannot read one word,—and, when she has finished, walks into the nursery, saying: "Now, children, you can take the book; I 've done with it!"

One day, a relative asked her: "May, do I look like Grandma, or like Auntie?" She inspected the lady very gravely, and then said: "Why, 'oo look like 'oo self"—Cordially your friend,

HELEN L. B.

J. C. AMBROSE sends us the following copy of a boy's garden account. It is very frank, and the boy must have been honest, although his success was not great.

MY GARDEN'S ACCOUNT.

Dr.—Debtor

Spade, hoe and rake (paid by Pa)	$2.00
Repairs after that bonfire (paid by Pa)	7.00
Loss to other Pas	3.50
Spading (about 2 days of Pa's time)	0.50
Cost of seeds (paid by Pa)	1.50
Time spent in planting (that 's me, 5 days, after school hours)	2.50
Time spent looking after garden (that 's me, too,) 5 minutes every day for 4 months at 5 cts. a time	6.00
Fun missed by garden work (that 's me)	5.00
Wear and tear of mind in worrying about rain and such	0.05
Hoeing (soil so poor weeds died of their own accord)	0.00
Father's time pumping and carrying water in dry weather (good exercise for him)	0.00
Big sister's time picking lettuce and shooing off neighbors' chickens (a full estimate for girls' time)	0.00
Grand total of costs, only	$28.05

(It would be more if I put a full estimate on my own time.)

Cr.—Credit for crops.

Radishes and lettuce (being half scratched up and the rest not coming to much, and mother being real good, I threw them in for love)	$0.00
Peas in the pod (waited, of course, till they got ripe; carried Ma in a basketful, expecting about $1, but she said they were good for nobody but pigs; so I shelled them, took them to school in my pockets, and had heaps of fun popping them into boys' ears)	0.00
Melons (counted big on them, and when they got ripe, asked the boys in to take a look at them. They came and looked, but said they could n't give a thorough opinion just by walking round a melon-patch. So we knifed one and found it good. Then George said, it did n't look well for four to be eating out of one dish. So we took one apiece and voted them all boss melons. Never knew who did eat the rest)	0.00
2 doz. beets at 12½c	0.25
1 qt. beans	0.10
4 doz. corn (awful small) at 6c.	0.24
Tomatoes (turned out my best hold, but had n't time to pick them, so lumped them off to Ma, a big bargain for her)	1.00
Total garden cash	$1.59
[That is less than I hoped for. But Pa says every good business man ought to balance his books at the end of the year. So I put down one more item.]	
By experience to balance	26.46
Grand total of credits	$28.05

That makes the account look pretty well,—receipts just equal to expenses. J. L. B.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

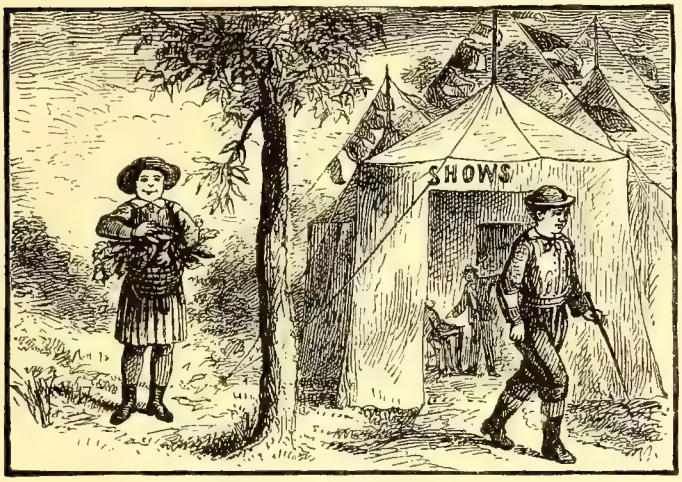
GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

WHAT country, on what continent, is namable with three e's?

CHARADE.

My first gives expression to wonder,
My next, in some cases, am I;
My third gives permission and hinders:
My whole is an excellent fry. W. M. P.

PICTORIAL RIDDLE.



What is the difference between these two boys?

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

"HERE," said the captain, "we caught a 1, 2, 3, a native of the island, who assured us we should 4, 8, 6 some of the 5, 7, 9 for which we had come, if we would but dig at the foot of a tall, spreading 1, 2, 3, 4, 5—6, 7, 8, 9. But while yet we were a-digging, the crafty 1, 2, 3 escaped, and we moreover found not any 5, 7, 9." I.

ENIGMA.

I AM found on ladies' garments, and on some plants, and my name has six letters. My 6, 5, 4, 3 is not so much, and my 2, 1 is near by or close to. H. H. D.

EASY WORD-SQUARE.

1. GRAIN. 2. One of the commonwealths of America, in which much of the grain is grown. 3. A disturbance caused by crowds of persons, some of them perhaps inflamed by one of the products of the grain. 4. A memorandum. BEECHNUT.

EASY ENIGMA.

I AM composed of three letters. My first is a verb; my second is an oval; my third is a vowel. What am I? J. H. T.

RIDDLE.

WHAT is the difference between one yard and two yards?

A PROVERB AMONG PROVERBS.

FROM each of the following proverbs, in the present order, take one word. The eleven words thus chosen form another proverb, seldom heard, but full of wisdom.

1. Better is the last smile than the first laughter. 2. Extravagance will eat one out of house and home. 3. The head gray and no brains yet. 4. Half a loaf is better than no bread. 5. When the wine is in, the wit is out. 6. Your trumpeter is dead, so you sound yourself. 7. Wine and youth are fire upon fire. 8. Years know more than books. 9. All is soon ready in an orderly house. 10. Your looking-glass will tell you what none of your friends will. 11. The present age is always to blame. F. S. F.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC.

ACROSS: 1. A negative. 2. The name of a judge of Israel. 3. To help. 4. A poet, and yet but three-fourths "poet."

Initials: The tongue or pole of a cart. Centrals: A medley. Finals: A strong stream or current. Initials and Finals connected: A low tide. Y. E.

SQUARE-WORD.

1. A juicy vegetable, related to the tobacco plant. 2. A person of persuasive speech. 3. A bird of swift and graceful flight. 4. A king of the Huns. 5. The process of dressing. 6. Decorated. M. S. N.

NUMERICAL DIAMOND.

```
      1
    1 2 3
  1 2 3 4 5
    3 4 5
      5
```

1. In accuse. 2. The young of a wild animal. 3. An ancient measure of length. 4. A small piece. 5. In active. C. D.

PUZZLE.

LOOK at this verse, and con it well,
Over and over its letters tell,
Very plainly you here will see
Earth's dearest gift to you and me.

WORD SYNCOPATIONS.

IN each of the following examples, take one whole word from another whole word, and the remainder, as it stands, will form a third whole word:

1. Remove to employ from a cabinet of curiosities, and leave a hint to be silent. 2. Take a toy from discontinued, and leave hastened. 3. Take a skein of thread from returned thanks, and leave to spread new-mown grass for drying. 4. Take a familiar term for mother from a wanderer, and leave to shake the head. 5. Take an insect egg from one who warns, and leave a waste upland. 6. Take a metal cup from a jeweled collar, and leave a mark in punctuation. CYRIL DEANE.

ANAGRAM.

THE same eleven letters, forming a name much heard in February, are omitted from each stanza.

This morn, I heard a cheery ******,
Trilling a merry, merry ****;
His song had many a love-note in it,
That added sweetness to it gave.

Where he had trained his tuneful ******,
Indeed I cannot well di****;
But all the songs of beaux or gallants,
The tiny warbler did outshine.

This puzzles me and sorely *****;
For though I sing my sweetest strain,
When on the bough this songster settles,
My serenades are all in ****.

Why sings the rogue in wintry weather,
When leafless every tree and vine?
He woos his mate in the green heather;
His secret 's with ** ***** ***!

LILIAN PAYSON.

GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials name an important city of America; the finals name the state in which the city is situated.

Cross words: 1. A great city of China. 2. A vast lake. 3. A town of Poland. 4. A river of Pennsylvania. 5. A river of the United States. 6. A city of New York. 7. A city of Iowa. C.

PROVERB ENIGMA.

THE proverb indicated by the accompanying picture has six words. Each numeral beneath the pictures stands for a letter in that word of the answer whose place in numerical order is indicated by that particular numeral. Thus: The numeral 2 under a picture stands for a letter belonging to the second word of the answer; 5, for a letter that is in the fifth word of the answer; and so on. To solve the puzzle: Write down, some distance apart, the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, to correspond with the words of the answer. Find a word, suitably descriptive of each picture, spelled with as many letters as there are numerals beneath its picture. Group beneath the figure 1 all the letters denoted by the numeral 1 in the numbering beneath the pictures. There will thus be in one group all the letters that go to form the first word of the answer, and these letters, when set in the right order, will spell the first word of the proverb. Repeat this process in finding the remaining words, and then all these words, when read in order, will be the answer.



TWO SQUARES.

IN these squares, the diagonals, from left to right upward, are composed of the same letter. I. 1. Drew toward. 2. An ejaculation. 3. Repair. 4. Limits. II. 1. A small particle of liquid. 2. A stout cord. 3. Exposed to view. 4. Closely confined.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JANUARY NUMBER.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Slander—Scandal.

COMPARISONS, DECLENSIONS, AND PRINCIPAL PARTS.—Comparisons: 1. Alley-gate, alligator. 2. Hutch, hoar, host. 3. Wood, wetter, west. 4. Had, hearse, hurst. Declensions: 1. Buy, bine or by, be; bee, bower or bowers, bus. 2. Yew, ewer, ewe. 3. Lea, Liz, limb; lay, lair, Lem. Principal Parts: 1. Lo! lent, lawn. 2. Dough, dent, dawn. 3. Quay, caw, keen. 4. Lee, law, lean. 5. Dee, daw, dean. 6. Mi, maw, mien. 7. High, hue, hone. 8. Lye, loo, lone. 9. My, mew, moan.

FRAME PUZZLE.—Left slope, Extatic. Right slope, Citadel. Left upright, Trillion. Right upright, Dominion. Bottom, Criticise.

EASY PROVERB REBUS.—Straws show which way the wind blows.

BIRD PUZZLE.—Goosander. Goos(e g)ander.

SQUARE WORD.—1. Caul. 2. Ante. 3. Utes. 4. Less.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Cinnamon, Allspice. 1. CanadA. 2. ImperiaL. 3. NeutraL. 4. NautiluS. 5. AsleeP. 6. MagI. 7. OxaliC. 8. NinE.——EASY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Paraphernalia.

WORD-MAKING.—1. Roiling + A = Original. 2 Lyre + B = Beryl. 3. Laud + C = Ducal. 4. Field + D = Fiddle. 5. Grade + E = Agreed. 6. Leader + F = Federal 7. Large + G = Gargle. 8. Dray + H = Hydra. 9. Horse + I = Hosier. 10. Stole + J = Jostle. 11. Fair + K = Fakir. 12. Theme + L = Helmet. 13. Their + M = Hermit. 14. Oars + N = Arson. 15. Preachers + O = Reproaches. 16. Roan + P = Apron. 17. Suit + Q = Quits. 18. Iota + R = Ratio. 19. Stone + S = Onsets. 20. Loan + T = Talon. 21. Ogre + U = Rogue. 22. Truce + V = Curvet. 23. Haste + W = Swathe. 24. Malice + X = Exclaim. 25. Want + Y = Tawny. 26. Bears + Z = Zebras.

HIDDEN WORD-SQUARE.—1. Ella. 2. Leap. 3. Lade. 4. Apex.

DOUBLE DIAMOND.—1. P. 2. Hob. 3. Harry. 4. Cartoon. 5. Heron. 6. Mam. 7. Y.——RIDDLE.—Red pepper.

EASY PICTURE ANAGRAM.—Fire-place.

RIDDLE.—Upas.——CHARADE.—Primrose.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—To err is human, to forgive divine.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 20, from Frederick Chase, 4—Bessie Taylor, 5—Charlotte B. Zerega, 2—Robert B. Salter, 7—H. T. Benedict, 1—Bella Wehl, 1—George S. Warner, 1—"Tod," 1—Willie F. P., 1—Mary Weidman, 1—E. S. S., 2—Juliette, and Cornelia Golay, 1—Virginia Callmeyer, 2—Carroll L. Maxcy, 9—"Lolla," 4—Gertrude H., 2—Gertrude Whitman, 4—R. Le Roy, 5—John W. Kirby, 2—George MacMurphy, 2—Bertie Hall, 8—Carrie A. McCormick, 6—Dora A. Gottheil, 5—Claire H. Pingrey, 8—Lester D. Mapes, 3—"Dandelion" and "Clover," 2—Daisy B. Hodgsdon, 1—S. M., 3—Alice Maud Kyte, 3—H. W. Blake, 12—Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain, 5—Einnim Namlips, 1—Annie Reynes, 5—E. L. H., 4—Bessie and her Cousin, 12—Alice Hawke, 1—Carrie Adler, 2—Lulu Pearce, 5—"Diamond and Pearl," 3—A. H. Woolley, 5—Alexander H. Laidlaw, 9—Hattie and Clara, 6—Fannie M. Miner, 2—C. A Christian, 3—Ida Cohn, 7—Bessie C. Barney, 4—Lizzie and De Witt, 9—James B. Longacre, 3—Philip S. Carlton, 12—Robert S. Swords, 1—Ernest B. Cooper, 10—Robert A. Gally, 8—Nellie DeGraff, 8—O. C. Turner, 14—Florence Wilcox, 8—Hattie and Saddie, 2—"Riddlers," 1—"Baby mine," 11—Algie A. Hayden, 1—Percy A. Rivins, 1—Agherstone Sparks, 1—G. and C. Woodruff, 5—Lol and Ella, 4—"Pansy," 4—K. C. Atwater, 8. The numerals denote the number of solutions.



THE LITTLE PEASANT.

After the Statue by E. D. Palmer.

(See page 420.)

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. VII. MARCH, 1880. NO. 5.

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BUTTERCUP GOLD.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

OH! the cupperty-buts! and oh! the cupperty-buts! out in the meadow, shining under the trees, and sparkling over the lawn, millions and millions of them, each one a bit of purest gold from Mother Nature's mint. Jessy stood at the window, looking out at them, and thinking, as she often had thought before, that there were no flowers so beautiful. "Cupperty-buts," she had been used to call them, when she was a wee baby-girl, and could not speak without tumbling over her words and mixing them up in the queerest fashion: and now that she was a very great girl, actually six years old, they were still cupperty-buts to her, and would never be anything else, she said. There was nothing she liked better than to watch the lovely golden things, and nod to them as they nodded to her; but this morning her little face looked anxious and troubled, and she gazed at the flowers with an intent and inquiring look, as if she had expected them to reply to her unspoken thoughts. What these thoughts were, I am going to tell you.

Half-an-hour before, she had called to her mother, who was just going out, and begged her to come and look at the cupperty-buts.

"They are brighter than ever, mamma! Do just come and look at them! golden, golden, golden! There must be fifteen thousand million dollars' worth of gold just on the lawn, I should think."

And her mother, pausing to look out, said, very sadly:

"Ah, my darling! if I only had this day a little of that gold, what a happy woman I should be!"

And then the good mother went out, and there little Jessy stood, gazing at the flowers, and repeating the words to herself, over and over again:

"If I only had a little of that gold!"

She knew that her mother was very, very poor, and had to go out to work every day to earn food and clothes for herself and her little daughter; and the child's tender heart ached to think of the sadness in the dear mother's look and tone. Suddenly, Jessy started, and the sunshine flashed into her face.

"Why!" she exclaimed. "Why shouldn't I get some of the gold from the cupperty-buts? I believe I could get some, perfectly well. When mamma wants to get the juice out of anything, meat, or fruit, or anything of that sort, she just boils it. And so, if I should boil the cupperty-buts, wouldn't all the gold come out? Of course it would! Oh, joy! how pleased mamma will be!"

Jessy's actions always followed her thoughts with great rapidity. In five minutes she was out on the lawn, with a huge bushel basket beside her, pulling away at the buttercups with might and main. Oh! how small they were, and how long it took even to cover the bottom of the basket. But Jessy worked with a will, and at the end of an hour she had picked enough to make at least a thousand dollars, as she calculated. That would do for one day, she thought; and now for the grand experiment! Before going out she had with much labor filled the great kettle with water, so now the water was boiling, and she had only to put the buttercups in and put the cover on. When this was done, she sat as patiently as she could, trying to pay attention to her knitting, and not to look at the clock oftener than every two minutes.

"They must boil for an hour," she said; "and by that time all the gold will have come out."

Well, the hour did pass somehow or other, though it was a very long one; and at eleven o'clock, Jessy, with a mighty effort, lifted the kettle from the stove and carried it to the open door, that the fresh air might cool the boiling water. At first, when she lifted the cover, such a cloud of steam came out that she could see nothing; but in a moment the wind blew the steam aside, and then she saw,—oh, poor little Jessy!—she saw a mass of weeds floating about in a quantity of dirty greenish water, and that was all. Not the smallest trace of gold, even in the buttercups themselves, was to be seen. Poor little Jessy! she tried hard not to cry, but it was a bitter disappointment; the tears came rolling down her cheeks faster and faster, till at length she sat down by the kettle, and, burying her face in her apron, sobbed as if her heart would break.

Presently, through her sobs, she heard a kind voice saying: "What is the matter, little one? why do you cry so bitterly?" She looked up, and saw an old gentleman with white hair and a bright, cheery face, standing by her. At first, Jessy could say nothing but "Oh! the cupperty-buts! oh! the cupperty-buts!" but, of course, the old gentleman did n't know what she meant by that, so, as he urged her to tell him about her trouble, she dried her eyes, and told him the melancholy little story: how her mother was very poor, and said she wished she had some gold; and how she herself had tried to get the gold out of the buttercups by boiling them. "I was so sure I could get it out," she said. "And I thought Mamma would be so pleased! And now ——" Here she was very near breaking down again; but the gentleman patted her head and said, cheerfully: "Wait a bit, little woman! Don't give up the ship yet. You know that gold is heavy, very heavy indeed, and if there were any, it would be at the very bottom of the kettle, all covered with the weeds, so that you could not see it. I should not be at all surprised if you found some, after all. Run into the house and bring me a spoon with a long handle, and we will fish in the kettle, and see what we can find."

Jessy's face brightened, and she ran into the house. If any one had been standing near just at that moment, I think it is possible that he might have seen the old gentleman's hand go into his pocket and out again very quickly, and might have heard a little splash in the kettle; but nobody was near, so, of course, I cannot say anything about it. At any rate, when Jessy came out with the spoon, he was standing with both hands in his pockets, looking in the opposite direction. He took the great iron spoon and fished about in the kettle for some time. At last there was a little clinking noise, and the old gentleman lifted the spoon. Oh, wonder and delight! In it lay three great, broad, shining pieces of gold! Jessy could hardly believe her eyes. She stared and stared; and when the old gentleman put the gold into her hand, she still stood as if in a happy dream, gazing at it. Suddenly she started, and remembered that she had not thanked her kindly helper. She looked up, and began: "Thank you, sir;" but the old gentleman was gone.

Well, the next question was, how could Jessy possibly wait till twelve o'clock for her mother to come home? Knitting was out of the question. She could do nothing but dance and look out of window, and look out of window and dance, holding the precious coins tight in her hand. At last, a well-known footstep was heard outside the door, and Mrs. Gray came in, looking very tired and worn. She smiled, however, when she saw Jessy, and said:

"Well, my darling, I am glad to see you looking so bright. How has the morning gone with my little housekeeper?"

"Oh, mother!" cried Jessy, hopping about on one foot, "it has gone very well! oh, very, *very, very* well! Oh, my mother dear, what do you think I have got in my hand? *What* do you think? oh, what *do* you think?" and she went dancing round and round, till poor Mrs. Gray was quite dizzy with watching her. At last she stopped, and holding out her hand, opened it and showed her mother what was in it. Mrs. Gray was really frightened.

"Jessy, my child!" she cried, "where did you get all that money?"

"Out of the cupperty-buts, mamma!" said Jessy, "out of the cupperty-buts! and it 's all for you, every bit of it! Dear mamma, now you will be happy, will you not?"

"Jessy," said Mrs. Gray, "have you lost your senses, or are you playing some trick on me? Tell me all about this at once, dear child, and don't talk nonsense."

"But it is n't nonsense, mamma!" cried Jessy, "and it did come out of the cupperty-buts!"

And then she told her mother the whole story. The tears came into Mrs. Gray's eyes, but they were tears of joy and gratitude.

"Jessy dear," she said, "when we say our prayers at night, let us never forget to pray for that good gentleman. May Heaven bless him and reward him! for if it had not been for him, Jessy dear, I fear you never would have found the 'Buttercup Gold.'"

THE SWAN-SONG.

By Katharine Ritter Brooks.

"The swan sings before it dies."—*Old Proverb.*

The great old-fashioned clock struck twelve, but as yet not one of the boys had stirred. All were listening too intently to what Carl von Weber was saying, to notice the time. The large music-room was a very pleasant room to look at. Around lay all kinds of instruments—pianos, harps, violins, cornets, flutes, and violoncellos. Along the wall were arranged shelves upon shelves of music, both sheet and bound. Busts of Handel, Haydn, Beethoven, and Mozart looked out at you from the tops of music-cases, and from obscure nooks and corners. Around one of the grand pianos a group of boys was gathered. Perched on the top of it was a bright, merry-looking boy of fourteen. He was talking very fast, and brandishing the bow of his violin in a very excited manner. By his side sat a pale, delicate little fellow, with a pair of soft dark eyes, which were fixed in eager attention upon Carl's face. Below, and leaning carelessly on the piano, was Raoul von Falkenstein, a dark, handsome boy of fifteen. He was a great favorite with old Herr Bach, and his fine ear and wonderful memory made the master entertain great hopes of him.

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed, scornfully, after Carl had finished. "Is that all—just for a few paltry thalers and a beggarly violin, to work myself to death? No! I don't think I shall trouble myself about it."

"Oh, Raoul!" cried Franz, the little fellow who sat by Carl, "you forget that it is to be the most beautiful violin in Germany, and to be given to us by the Empress herself. And the two hundred thalers—just think of that!" and Franz's dark eyes grew bright to think what *he* could do with them.

"Really," returned Raoul, insolently, "you don't mean to say that *you* are going to try! Why, the last time you played you broke down entirely!"

The color mounted into Franz's face, and the tears came into his eyes; and Carl cried out, angrily:

"For shame! You know very well that it was only fright that made Franz fail. Was n't it?" he cried, appealing to the boys who had been listening to the aforesaid conversation.

"Yes, yes!" they cried, indignantly, for Raoul was no favorite with them. But his highness only shrugged his shoulders contemptuously, and sauntered slowly out of the room.

"Don't mind him," said Carl, putting his arm around his friend's neck. "He is only hateful as he always is. But come; don't sit moping there. Let us go and see who is to be chosen for the concert. Come, Franz!"

"No, Carl," said his friend, quietly; "I would rather stay here. You go and find out, and then come and tell me."

"All right!" replied the lively boy; and, whistling the "Watch on the Rhine" to the time of a jig, he capered out of the room, followed by the other boys.

The Empress once a year gave a prize to the school, but this year it was to be finer than usual, and her majesty had sent to Herr Bach and requested him to choose five of his best boys, each of whom was to compose a piece of his own. No one was to see it until the end of three weeks, when they were to play it at a grand concert, which the imperial family were to attend with the whole court. And now Herr Bach and his assistants were selecting the boys that were to contend for the prize. It was a great honor to get this prize, and those who had formerly obtained it were always sure to rise in the musical world. Franz was very anxious to be chosen, for he wanted the prize very much. He thought how pleased the mother would be, and he thought how hard she worked to give her little boy a musical education, and how many comforts the thalers would buy. Oh! he would work hard for it. The dear mother would be so surprised. And he fell into a brown study, from which he was awakened by feeling a pair of strong arms around him, and being frantically whirled about the room, while a voice shouted in his ear:

"We 've got it! We 're chosen—you, Gottfried, Johann, old hateful Raoul, and I!"

And, having delivered this excited speech, Carl dragged Franz upstairs into his room, where they talked as fast as their tongues could go, and got ready for lunch.

The whole school was in a ferment, and a delightful air of mystery pervaded it all. The five boys put on very important airs, and retired at all hours of the day to their rooms, under the excuse of composing, leaving the other boys in various states of curiosity and excitement. The boys worked very hard, for there was only a short time given them. Franz put his whole soul into his composition, and made himself almost sick over it. Raoul went about declaring, in his usual contemptuous manner, that he did not intend to kill himself over it, but secretly he worked with great industry.

One lovely moonlight night, as he sat by his window composing, for the moon was so bright he could see very well, he impatiently flung his pen down and muttered, "There is no use; I can never do it; this will never do!" and began angrily to tear up one of the music-sheets, when suddenly he stopped and raised his head and listened intently. Such a lovely melody, so soft and clear, rising and falling in the sweetest cadences, now growing louder and louder in a wild, passionate *crescendo*, and then dying slowly away!

For a moment, the boy remained silent; then, suddenly springing to his feet, he cried:

"It is Franz! I know it, for no one but he could write anything so beautiful. But it shall be mine, for it is the piece that will gain the prize! Ah! Franz, I play before you, and what I play shall be ——"

He stopped, and the moonlight streaming in at the window glanced across the room, and revealed a look of half triumph, half shame on his dark, haughty face. Why had he stopped? Perhaps



"FRANZ STOOD MOTIONLESS, LISTENING."

his guardian angel stood behind him, warning him against what he was about to do. For a moment, a fierce struggle seemed to take possession of the boy, between his good and evil spirits. But, alas! the evil conquered, and, sitting down, he wrote off what he had heard, aided by his wonderful memory; and, after an hour, he threw down the piece, finished. Then, with an exulting smile, he cried, "The prize is mine!" and, throwing himself on the bed, he fell into a troubled sleep.

The time had come at last for the great concert, and the boys were so excited they could hardly keep still; even Franz, whose cheeks glowed with a brilliant hectic flush, and whose eyes were strangely bright. Then came the time for them to start, and off they went to the concert-hall. The hall was crowded. The imperial family was there, together with the whole court, and box upon box, tier upon tier, were filled with the fairest and loveliest ladies and the bravest and handsomest officers of the realm. They were in full dress, and the uniforms of the officers and the beautiful dresses of the ladies, the sparkling and flashing of diamonds, and the waving and flutter of the dainty fans, made a very brilliant scene.

The boys peeped out from behind the curtain, and admired the beautiful hall, the like of which they had never seen before.

The concert began with an overture from the orchestra. Then came Fraulein the Prima Donna of the imperial opera, and then the boys. Carl came first, and played a brilliant, sparkling little piece, and was loudly applauded; next Gottfried and Johann, and then Raoul. When he stepped out upon the platform, his handsome face and fine form seemed to make an impression on the audience, for they remained perfectly silent. Raoul commenced. At first, Franz paid no attention to him, then suddenly he started. The melody flowed on; louder and louder, clearer and clearer it rose. Franz stood motionless, listening in strained, fixed attention, until at last, overcome with grief and astonishment, he sank upon the floor and cried out piteously, with tears streaming down his face:

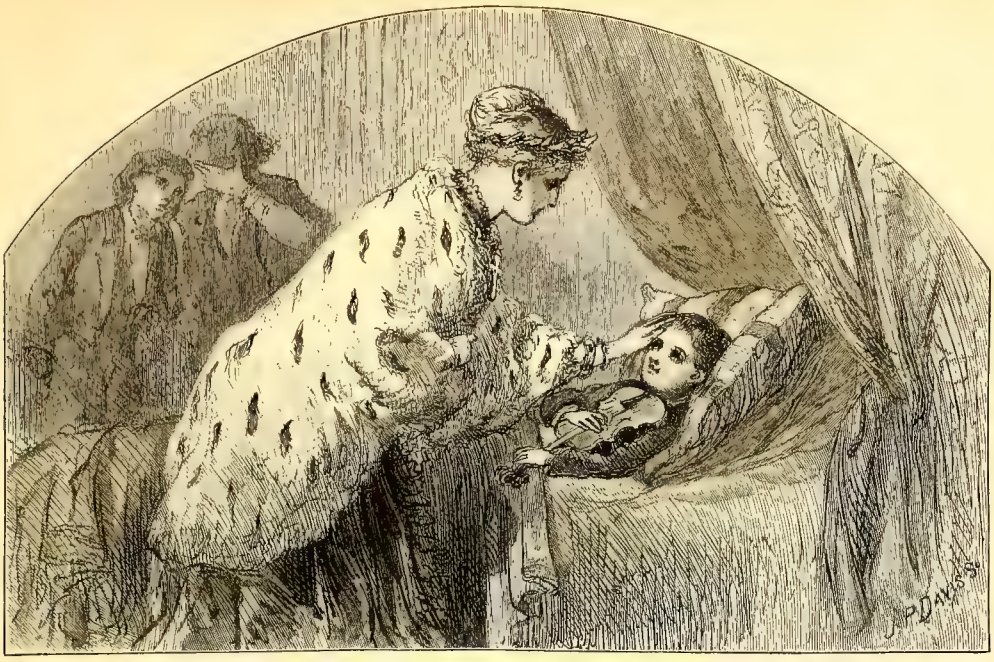
"Oh, Raoul! Raoul! how could you, could you do it—my own little piece that I loved so much? Oh, mother! mother!"—and, burying his head in his arms, he sobbed in an agony of grief.

He heard the burst of applause that greeted *his* piece—not Raoul's; he heard it all, but moved not until he heard Carl say:

"Come, Franz! It's time to go. They are all waiting for you; but I am afraid that Raoul has won the prize."

What should he do, he wondered? And then he thought perhaps the kind Father in heaven would help him. The mother had said to trust always in Him, and he would ask Him. So, breathing a little prayer in his heart, he walked calmly forth upon the platform.

At first, he trembled so, that he could hardly begin; then a sudden inspiration seemed to come to him—a quick light swept across his face. He raised the violin to his shoulder, and began.



"THE SWEET FACE OF THE EMPRESS BENT OVER HIM."

The audience at first paid no attention; but presently all became quiet, and they leaned forward in breathless attention. What a wonderful song it was!—for it was a song. The violin seemed almost to speak, and so softly and sweetly and with such exquisite pathos were the notes drawn forth, that the eyes of many were filled with tears. For it was pouring out all little Franz's griefs and sorrows; it was telling how the little heart was almost broken by the treachery of the friend; it was telling how hard he had worked to win, for the dear mother's sake; and it was telling, and the notes grew sweeter as it told, how the good God had not forsaken him. The boy seemed almost inspired; his eyes were raised to heaven, and his face glowed with a rapt delight, as he improvised his beautiful song. Not a sound was heard; it seemed as if all those great lords and ladies were turned to stone, so intense was the silence. His heart seemed to grow lighter of its burden, and the song burst into a wild, sweet carol, that rang rich and clear through the hall; and then it changed and grew so soft it could hardly be heard, and at last it died away.

For a moment the vast audience seemed spell-bound; then, all rising with one uncontrollable impulse, and breaking into a tempest of applause that rocked the building to its very foundations, they rained down bouquets on his head.

But the boy stood with a far-off look in his large and beautiful eyes, and then giving a little sigh, fell heavily to the floor.

Carl and the others rushed forward and carried the fainting boy into the anteroom. When he returned to consciousness, he found himself surrounded by a crowd of people; but, what seemed odd to him, he did not care anything about it, and he felt very happy to be so free from the pain that had always troubled him. He heard a voice say "Poor child!"—it seemed like Herr Bach's; and then he heard Carl say, in a sobbing voice, "Franz! dear Franz!" Why did they pity him, he wondered; and then it all came back to him—the prize, the violin, and Raoul.

"Where is the violin?" he murmured.

"It will be here in a moment," some one said.

Then he saw the pale, remorseful face of Raoul, who said: "Dear little Franz, forgive me!"

The boy raised his hand and pointed to heaven, and said, softly: "Dear Raoul, I forgive you!"—and then all the pain and bitterness in his heart against Raoul died out.

Some one said, "Is there no hope, Herr Doctor?"

"None!" replied a quiet voice.

Then he saw by his side a grand, stately lady. It was the Empress, Franz knew, and the glad thought came to him that he had now the prize at last, and now indeed the mother would be proud of him. The sweet face of the Empress, made

lovely by its look of tender pity, bent over him, and she kissed him and murmured, "Poor little one!" Then she placed the beautiful violin in his arms, and the thalers in his hands.

And so, with the famed violin and the bright thalers clasped close on his breast, the life-light died out of his eyes, and little Franz fell asleep.

So the wondrous swan-song was finished.

LONGITUDE ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY.

By John Keiller.



THE older readers of ST. NICHOLAS who were interested in the account of Greenwich, and Longitude Naught, given in the number for last June, would probably like to hear of what, with some reason, might be termed Longitude Naughty; because it often confuses the ideas of the passengers who now cross the Pacific Ocean from California to China, Japan and Australia, and also because, in a particular instance, it robbed a deserving man of his birthday.

Toward the close of the year 1859, I shipped as second mate in the barque "Moonshine," of Philadelphia, then in San Francisco harbor, bound to Hong Kong. She was all ready for sea when I went on board, and we were off next morning. We passed in sight of Honolulu on the nineteenth day, and at the end of another week's sailing, I had the dog-watch on deck from six to eight in the evening. While the captain and I were conversing, the cook and steward (the barque carried only one man to attend to both duties) came up from the cabin. He was a Philadelphia darky who had sailed with the captain for two or three years in the Atlantic trade, but this was his first voyage on the Pacific. As he passed along the deck, the captain said:

"Doctor" (the cook always was called "doctor" on board),—"doctor, this is Christmas Eve, and you must remember to give the men a duff, with plenty of raisins in it, for dinner to-morrow."—Duff is the ship-name for pudding.

Then turning to me, he said:

"You need not set them about any rigging work to-morrow; we will keep Christmas as well as we can."

The cook stood looking at the captain for a minute, then he said:

"How is dat, Captain Small? Dis is the 23d by my alm'nack, an' I neber seed no Christmas Ebe come on de 23d, sar. My burfday is the 24th, and many burfday ebenin's I 'se been roun' about Eighth and Chestnut street seein' Christmas Ebe."

"You 're right, doctor," said the captain; "this is the 23d, but to-morrow is going to be the 25th if this wind holds, and I rather think that that fact will make this Christmas Eve."

"Den whar is the 24th goin' to come in, Captain Small?" asked the doctor, in surprise.

"Well," said the captain, "nowhere, doctor. It 's a pity, but I think you are likely to lose your birthday. You 've been a sailor a long time, and have n't you ever heard of the place where you lose a day every year?"

"Yes, sar, I hab, but I thought it was an ole sailor yarn, but I 's sartain dis is de fust year I

neber had a burfday. But, anyways, I 'll gib de boys their plum duff to-morrow."

The breeze continued brisk, and we passed the meridian of 180° in the first part of the middle watch, and "sure sartain," as our darky said, the next day was the 25th, and our Christmas Eve had come on the 23d.

Now, if any young readers have not studied the subject of longitude, they will find it profitable and interesting to do so, and find out about this thing. Longitude is defined by imaginary lines, called meridians, drawn lengthwise over the earth's surface and meeting at its poles, thus dividing the surface of the globe into three hundred and sixty parts, or degrees, of longitude.

Of course, any one of these meridians might have been taken as the point to start from in calculating longitudes; but, since the English, as a people, held the highest position in astronomy, navigation, and chart-making, they naturally chose to represent the first meridian as drawn through their royal observatory at Greenwich, and it is now generally recognized as the first meridian; so that, as was stated in the article on Longitude Naught, all longitude is practically reckoned east or west from Greenwich. Now, as longitude is reckoned from the meridian of Greenwich, so the hours of time may be said to *begin again* at the meridian of 180°, which is exactly opposite, on the other side of the globe.

Longitude is calculated by time, and in this way: When a navigator wishes to know the longitude his ship is in, he finds (by observation of the sun or other heavenly bodies) the true time of day at the ship. He then compares this with the time at Greenwich, shown by his chronometer, and thus he gets his longitude in time, that is, in hours, minutes, and seconds, which he turns into degrees of longitude by multiplying by fifteen; for, as each of the earth's 360 meridians of longitude is rolled directly under the sun once in every twenty-four hours, then 360 degrees of longitude must be equal to twenty-four hours of time, or fifteen degrees of longitude to one hour of time.

There is no such thing as 24 o'clock, for we reckon twelve hours before noon and twelve hours after noon; and so, also, there is no 360th degree of longitude, but 180° east and 180° west, making *together* 360 degrees.

Now, the apparent noon, or twelve o'clock apparent time at any given place, is the time when the earth, by her rotary motion from west to east, rolls the meridian of that given place directly under the sun, and therefore the meridian of Greenwich comes under the sun one hour sooner than the meridian of 15° west. So, when it is twelve o'clock, or noon, at Greenwich or any other place on the meridian of longitude naught (for all places in the same longitude have the same time, no matter what their latitude may be), it will be eleven o'clock forenoon at all places in longitude 15° west, consequently, only ten o'clock forenoon in longitude 30° west, 9 o'clock forenoon longitude 45° west, and so on, counting back one hour of time for every fifteen degrees of longitude. Thus we find that, when we get across the Western Hemisphere to longitude 180°, we are twelve hours behind the time at Greenwich; or, when it is noon on January 1st at Greenwich, it is midnight, or just the commencement of January 1st, at the longitude of 180°. But, for the same reason, by the rotation of the earth from west to east, any place in 15° *east* longitude will come under the sun one hour *before* Greenwich; or, it will be one o'clock in the *afternoon* at those places when it is only noon at Greenwich, and so, counting across the Eastern Hemisphere, one hour ahead of Greenwich for every fifteen degrees of longitude, we come to the longitude of 180°, twelve hours *ahead* of Greenwich time.

Now, on January 1st, it is midnight, or the end of January 1st, say, for instance, one inch on the *west* side of meridian 180°. But we have just seen that, at that very same time (that is, noon, January 1st, at Greenwich), it is only the beginning of January 1st at, say, one inch on the *east* side of meridian 180°; so that there is twenty-four hours, or one whole day, difference in time between two persons supposed to be standing, one immediately on the east side, the other immediately on the west side of 180°; and so, while it is noon of January 1st with the one at the east, it would be within a few minutes of noon, January 2d, with the one at the west. Therefore, by stepping across the meridian, the day of the week and the date would be changed. The one who stepped from east to west would lose a day, and the other, stepping from west to east, would have two successive days of the same name and date, and so would gain a day.

But we have here used the words East and West as you use them every day, that is, as directions according to the points of the compass, and you must remember that if we reckon in that way at the meridian itself, then the *Western Hemisphere* lies to the *East* of the line, and the *Eastern Hemisphere* to the *West* of it. For, as your geographies tell you, the Eastern Hemisphere extends East *from Greenwich* over Europe, Asia, etc., to meridian 180°, and the Western Hemisphere reaches west from Greenwich over the Atlantic Ocean, the American Continents, and the Pacific Ocean, to the same meridian. So, suppose a passenger on a steamship from San Francisco to China goes below, and "turns in" or goes to bed, at nine o'clock on

the evening of February 21st, the ship being then in west longitude, and, say, thirty nautical miles this side of the meridian of 180°, and steaming at the rate of ten miles an hour; then, at three minutes before midnight, she will have sailed twenty-nine and a half miles, placing her half a mile on the *east* side of 180°, according to the compass, but, of course, still in *west* longitude. As we have seen, the time at Greenwich is then twelve hours *ahead* of the time in the vicinity of 180° *western* hemisphere; therefore, as it is February 21st near midnight at the ship, it will be February 22d near noon at Greenwich.

Now, suppose at this same moment a sailing ship is lying becalmed a mile from the steamer, to the *west* according to the compass, but of course in the *eastern* hemisphere. The time on board that sailing ship will be twelve hours *ahead* of *Greenwich*, or near midnight February the twenty-second, the whole of February the twenty-second having passed with them; while on board the steamship, February the twenty-second is just about to commence. Now the steamship steams across the meridian of 180°, and in a few minutes is alongside the sailing ship, both being in the Eastern Hemisphere. The steamship's time will now be the same as the ship's (for the latter has not moved from her position, being becalmed), and that time is the beginning of February the twenty-third, so that February the twenty-second is dropped from the calendar of the people on the steamer. In the morning, our passenger comes on deck, salutes the officer of the deck, and, being a patriotic American, asks:

"Do you make any celebration of Washington's birthday at sea?"

"Yes," replies the officer; "when it occurs, we load and fire the guns, and run the flag up."

"Then I suppose you will celebrate it to-day?"

"No, I think not," says the officer, "as Washington's birthday comes on the twenty-second, and this happens to be the twenty-third."

"Beg pardon," says the passenger, "but this is the twenty-second."

"It should have been, in the ordinary course of events, but we crossed the line of 180° during the night, and it is now the twenty-third," says the officer.

Our passenger, not having thought on this subject before, concludes to keep his diary by his own date, and, consequently, when he arrives at Yokohama, he finds he has got the wrong day of the week and the wrong date. He proceeds to Hong Kong and finds there, also, that he is a day behind, and, of course, he has to change his date, which he should have done when he crossed 180°. And should he return to the United States by the way of the Pacific Ocean, when he crosses 180° he must call two successive days by the same name and date. Therefore, it is said, we gain a day coming from China, and lose a day going there.

If this is not sufficiently clear to any boys or girls, let them place themselves on the west side of a table, put a globe on the table in front of them, and light a candle to represent the sun, placing it east of the globe. Now, let them suppose that time has not yet begun, and that they are going to mark the very first day, which may be called January the first, year one. We are told in the Bible that the evening and the morning were the first day. So if the evening was the first half of the day, time must begin at noon.

Now, let some one place the meridian of 180° on the globe directly opposite the candle, or sun, having the North Pole depressed toward the North, and with his right hand on the globe, revolve it from him, which is the way the earth revolves. It then will be seen that the Eastern Hemisphere comes under the sun first, and as each meridian rolls under the sun, all places on that meridian will have their first noon, or noon of January the first, year one. Likewise, when the globe has rolled half way round, the meridian of Greenwich will be under the sun, making it midnight where we started from, so that a person in, say, longitude 179° 59′ east, will have spent half of his first day.

Now, as the Western Hemisphere is rolled under the sun, giving all places there their first noon, it will be found that when longitude 179° 59′ west comes under the sun, a person living there will have *his* first noon, or noon of January the first, year one; but it now will be seen that the earth has only to roll two miles more of longitude, which occupies about eight seconds of time, to bring our first personage under the sun again, or to give him noon for the second time, which must be January the second, at noon; so that two persons, although within a mile of each other, if on different sides of the meridian of 180°, will always have a different date and a different day of the week. But all this, of course, is so only at the meridian of 180° and nowhere else.

THE LAZY PUSSY.

By Palmer Cox.



THERE lives a good-for-nothing cat,
So lazy it appears,
That chirping birds can safely come
And light upon her ears.

And rats and mice can venture out
To nibble at her toes,
Or climb around and pull her tail,
And boldly scratch her nose.

Fine servants brush her silken coat
And give her cream for tea;—
Yet she 's a good-for-nothing cat,
As all the world may see.

THE TEA-KETTLE LIGHT.

(A True Story.)

By Flora A. Sanborn.

IN a New Hampshire farm-house, about the beginning of the present century, there lived a boy who, according to the custom of his Bible-loving ancestry, had been named Joseph. Joe went to school only in the winter, after he was ten or twelve years of age; but he had learned the ordinary English branches so well, that his father and the neighboring farmers thought his education pretty nearly finished, especially as he was now seventeen years old. But the boy himself was not so easily satisfied. He delighted in gaining knowledge of every sort, and he constantly craved time and facilities for study.

Well, Joe was seventeen now, and winter was just coming on. The district school was about to begin, with an uncommonly well-qualified teacher, and Joe was very anxious to go; but his father had other plans.

"Joe," said he, one evening, "our barn must be built larger next year, and the whole roof 'll have to be shingled new, and we must get out the shingle this winter. We must get out enough, while we are about it, to sell some to buy flour with. We 've got to buy for the first time since I can remember, thanks to last summer's drought and the early frost, which have left us neither corn nor wheat. I 'll shave the shingles, but you must split them ready for me. You must get up the wood" (that big fire-place could consume more wood than a moderate-sized township would nowadays). "Besides, the fodder for the stock is uncommonly short, and there 's no grain for them; so it will be a tough job to get them through the winter alive. Altogether, we shall have a pretty busy winter, I calculate."

Joe thought a little before he replied. He felt the truth of all that his father had said, but he could not reconcile himself to the idea of giving up the winter schooling. He was not easily discouraged, and in a few moments he spoke up cheerfully:

"Father, I believe I can do the work and go to school too."

"Then you 'll have to command the sun and moon to stand still six or eight hours every day, and that 's more than ever Joshua undertook."

"I could command them easy enough, but the lazy fellows are in such a hurry to get to bed this cold weather, that I don't suppose they would obey me as well as they obeyed Joshua. But I 've been thinking it over, and I believe I can do it all without interfering with the sun and moon."

"I 'd like to know how?"

"Well, the timber is close by, and I can get up the wood Saturdays, and cut it nights and mornings, and help take care of the stock, too, if we get up early."

"That may all be, but when do you calculate to split the shingles for me?"

"Oh, I 'll do that after dark."

"But you can't see to work in the night."

"I believe I can see well enough to do that, if mother will let me split them here by the fire-place."

"What!" said his mother, "and have the house littered all over every evening, and all the racket besides? And you 'd batter the floor all up. No, Joe, that never will do."

"But, mother, I could keep the shingle-blocks here snug in the corner, and split them on this flat stone, and I don't think the noise will be very bad."

"Well, you can try it, for all I care, but I don't believe you can see well enough by fire-light. It 's precious few candles we have this year, and they must be kept for sickness and company."

"Of course he can't see to split shingles by fire-light," said his father, "and he could n't split enough evenings, s'posin' he *could* see."

"I can split pretty fast, you know, father," persisted Joe; "and I 'll make so bright a light with the splinters and shavings, that we wont want a candle."

A score of other objections was brought against Joe's project by his mother and sisters, and not a little ridicule; but by his promising, if he failed in his plan, to give up school, his father reluctantly consented, adding:

"I don't see any sense in it. You are ahead of all the school now, and what more you want, I 'm sure I don't know. And there 's another thing about it. If you are going to school, that coal-pit must be 'tended to straight off, unless you think you can do that, too, at night."

Thankful for the ground already gained, Joe felt equal to almost any undertaking, and asked:

"Can't we go about it to-morrow? There 's a moon."

"May be we can, if it is fair weather," was the response, and so the matter was settled.

Charcoal-pits are not now so common as they were before railroads and furnaces used up the wood faster than it grew, and before it was discovered what treasures of coal were hid in the Pennsylvania mountains, and under the rich soil of the Western states. Then the great question with many farmers was how to get rid of the forests on their farms. Clearing timber-lands formed the heaviest labor of many of our forefathers. The trees were cut down, and the logs best suited for lumber were drawn to a saw-mill, which was sure not to be far away in that land of abundant water-powers. Then, after the wood which was desirable for home use was drawn off, the whole tract of land was burned over. The next step was to cut the logs, which had been pretty well trimmed of their branches by the fire, into sticks from four to six feet in length, and stand them upon their ends, as closely as possible, around a tall stick driven into the ground where the center of the coal-pit was to be, and which had plenty of birch-bark and other kindlings piled about its base. Reaching outward from this mass of kindling-wood, two sticks, a few inches apart, were laid side by side on the ground, and upon them was placed a slab of wood, thus forming a narrow tunnel from the outside of the coal-pit to its very heart. When enough logs had been stood up for the ground tier, the remainder were piled on them around the tall pole in the middle, hemlock-boughs were packed thickly about the whole, and over all a light covering of earth was thrown. A small opening was always left at the top, and logs were usually laid lengthwise about the outside, near the base of the pile, with open spaces between them, to give the fire draft enough to insure it a good start. The whole structure looked more like a huge stack of earth than like a "pit,"—a name which was given it because sometimes the charcoal was burned in a large hole or broad trench in the ground, instead of being piled on the surface.

The next day, after the conversation about the winter's work and schooling, Joe and his father proceeded to build their coal-pit. It was made of white birch trees, which, strange to say, had not been even scorched when his father had burned off the clearing, and showed their white trunks as clean as ever. It usually is very dirty, disagreeable work to build a coal-pit, for all the wood has been charred more or less on the outside, and the soot smirches everybody who has any thing to do with it. But these white birches grew on a knoll in the clearing, and the wind, shifting a little, had carried the fire around the knoll instead of directly over it.

Birch-bark, besides being pretty, and so thin and white on the outside that it has sometimes been used for writing paper, contains an oil which renders it very inflammable, and makes it excellent for lighting fires. It kindles readily, and is often used for torches by fishing parties. It can easily be taken from the trees in large sheets, and out of these sheets the Indians make canoes, each light enough to be carried by one man from stream to stream, yet sufficiently strong to withstand the force of the wildest rapids.

While we have been talking about birch-bark, Joe has made his coal-pit ready to set on fire. To do this, he found a pole long enough to reach easily from the outside of the pit to the center, and having fastened some pieces of burning birch-bark to one end of it, he pushed it through the covered tunnel before described, quite to the mass of kindling at the foot of the central stick. The kindlings, of course, caught very readily, the bark on the wood caught also, and the whole pile threatened to burn to ashes very soon, instead of smouldering slowly to charcoal, as it ought to do. Joe saw that the openings for draft must all be shut up as soon as possible. So, having closed the chimney-hole at the top, he began banking up the base closely with earth. This compelled him to work on into the night; but, as a coal-pit must always be watched night and day, he did not mind this. A little hut had been made for him, containing a bed of the flat, springy, odorous boughs of the hemlock, upon which were spread some blankets; and he thought that if the weather was moderately agreeable and the moon shone, it was not an unpleasant event in a boy's life to help burn a coal-pit. After he had once got it to burning properly, he would only have to see that as the sticks inside burned off and settled, the earthy covering should not become broken, and fissures be left allowing too much draft to the fire within; also to watch that the pit was not stopped up too tightly, so as to put the fire out altogether. He knew how, by proper openings at the base, to draw the fire into any particular part of the pit where it might not be burning sufficiently. Joe was thinking all this over, while he was banking up his coal-pit. He had all the sides nearly done, it was quite dark, and the great black heap looked gloomy enough, when suddenly Joe heard a loud puff, and instantly it was as light as day all about him. He looked up and saw what seemed burning smoke pouring out of the apertures on the opposite side. These flames streamed up over the pile with a wonderful brightness. He examined more closely, and satis-

fied himself that there was no fire close to the surface of the pit, but the air around it and over it seemed to be on fire, as though the smoke had burst into a blaze after it got out. Convinced that the inside of the coal-pit was in no immediate danger, he began to marvel at and admire the brilliancy of the light; but he could not explain it. He thought of the burning bush which Moses saw all alone at Mount Horeb, and a feeling of awe crept over him. Sometimes the flames would almost die away, then shoot suddenly far up into the air; or, fanned by the wind, the unearthly blaze would leap into all manner of fantastic shapes, so that Joe had a most wonderful exhibition of fireworks all to himself in the dark New Hampshire forest.

After enjoying it for some time, he continued his work, and soon had the last side banked up. Then the mound of wood and earth seemed disenchanted, and behaved itself like any other sober coal-pit. Three or four days of burning made the pile nearly ready to "keel up." But, first, Joe had to probe it here and there with an iron bar, to ascertain whether it were burning evenly throughout. When the bar struck hard wood instead of coal, he made air-holes down through the coverings of earth, and boughs to draw the fire to that part. Finally, when satisfied that the wood had all become charcoal, all the air-holes were closed, and the coal-pit was then "keeled up",—that is, the hemlock was raked out, so as to shake the dry earth down into the fire. This quickly extinguished it, and the coal was now ready to be taken out and sold to the blacksmith; which was accomplished just in season to leave Joe at liberty to go to school.

With the welcome days at school came the long evenings of shingle-splitting. Joe worked diligently, and kept up so bright a light with the shavings and splinters, that the old farm-house seemed very cheerful. But he soon discovered that so many minutes were consumed in feeding the fire, that, when bed-time came, he had serious misgivings whether, in spite of all his exertions, there were enough shingles prepared for his father to shave the next day. On the morrow, he found that his doubts were well founded, and the next night it was little better, though he worked with redoubled energy, and though his mother occasionally paused in her knitting long enough to throw a handful of splinters on the fire in front of the enormous back log. That night, Joe's countenance was rueful, and his father smiled ominously as he glanced at the pile of shingles just before retiring.

Next day, Joe seemed to be in a brown study. He lost several of his precious school hours in increasing his stock of shingles. Altogether, he felt that unless light should dawn from some new quarter, his school must be given up. If there were only some way to secure a light which would cost nothing, and which would not take half his time to attend to, he could split the shingles easily. He wondered how the sun had shone with undiminished splendor for so many ages, and how the twinkling sparks of starlight contrived not to get lost in all the infinite space they shot through. He thought of the fox-fire and the Jack-o'-Lanterns which he had often seen in the woods. Then his mind wandered to the pillar of fire which guided a whole nation for years through those wonderful ancient Arabian nights. He recalled the story of the burning bush, which burned and was not consumed. If his splinters would only do that! This reminded him of his own unexplained illumination at the coal-pit, and here he paused in his work. His brow contracted, and he studied over some new thought as he did over the puzzles on the last pages in the arithmetic, which he was trying so hard to finish at school. What ever could have caused the beautiful light he saw? He never had heard of such a thing before. He had asked old men about it, but nobody could remember any similar appearance, or give any explanation of this. It could not have been smoke which burned, and it certainly could not have been steam. It must have been something that he could burn, if somehow he could get hold of more of it. With his diminished school hours, and with his abstraction, he did not solve many of the arithmetical riddles that day, and his parsing was so badly done, that the school-master wondered what had come over him.

On his way home from school, he had an errand at the house of a neighbor, named Wheeler, and in the course of a friendly chat, Mrs. Wheeler found out about Joe's difficulty. Her ready interest and sympathy drew him out, and he told her, also, of his strange night in the woods.

"What sort of wood was your coal-pit made of, Joe?" she asked.

"The white birch that grew on that knoll in the piece we cleared in October."

"Then the bark was all burned off, of course."

"No," Joe replied; "the wind carried the fire clean past the knoll, without so much as scorching it. So we had a poor burn, but we had a nice job, cutting and piling the birches in their clean white jackets, so we did n't much care."

"You are sure the light you saw did not come from the inside of the pit?"

"Oh, yes, quite sure. It was dark close to the coal-pit, but it seemed as though the steam from the green wood caught fire after it came out. But, of course, steam wont burn any more than water.

I wish it would. I 'd hang a tea-kettle of water on the crane, and after it began to boil I could set the steam on fire, and see to work nicely."

"That light must have come from the burning of something which chemists call gas," said the sensible woman, thoughtfully.

"And it must be that the gas came from the green birch-bark, and that the heat drove it off, and set it on fire," exclaimed Joe, suddenly. "Nobody else's coal-pit ever got bewitched, as old Mr. Clark said this one was, because nobody else ever cleared a piece of land and did n't burn the birch-bark."

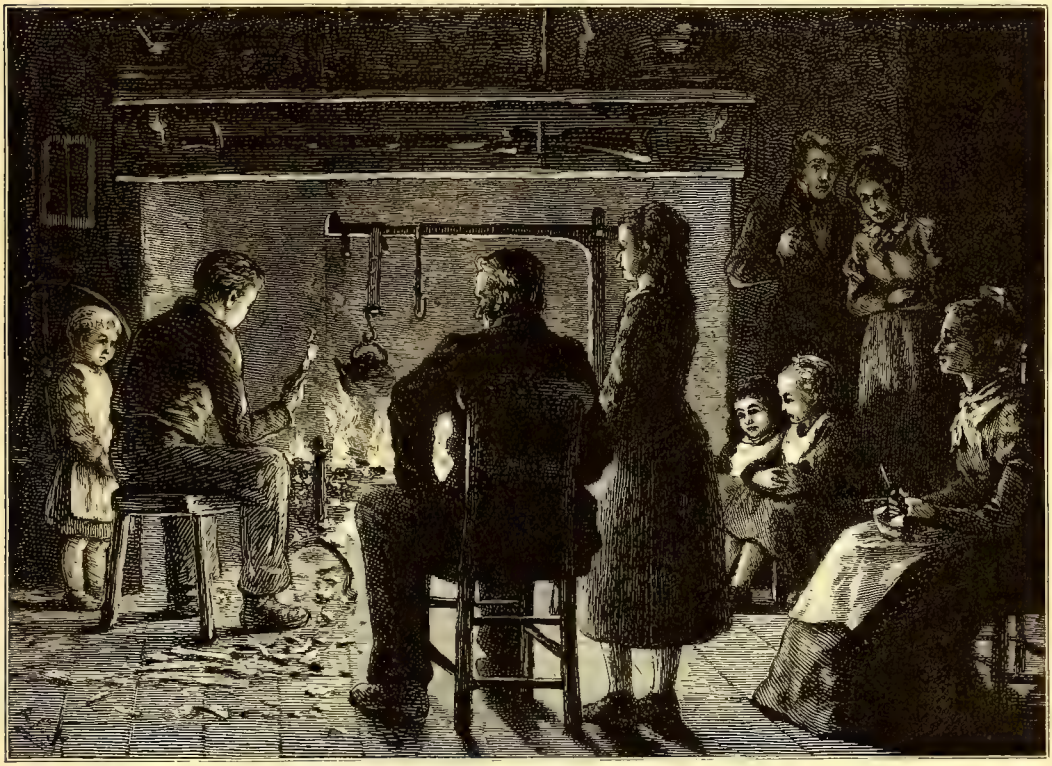
"No," said Mrs. Wheeler, reflectively; "witches don't infest coal-pits, that ever I heard of."

"Now," resumed Joe, with his brow all in a pucker, "can't I get a light from birch-bark up at the house somehow, if I try, as well as down in the woods when I did n't try at all? If I only could build a little green birch coal-pit in the house!"

"I 'm afraid you would have more coal than house if you should."

"Yes, I suppose we should, and I 'd have to split shingles for a house as well as a barn. But I believe there is a way to do it, if I only could study it out," declared our hero as he put on his cap.

Tramping homeward through the snow, Joe's wrinkled brow gradually smoothed itself out, and when he went in to supper, and saw the tea-kettle on the crane sending forth clouds of steam, which hissed and puffed and made the heavy iron cover dance, he was as smiling and cheerful as ever. His mother thought he smelled the "flap-jacks" she was cooking. So he did, perhaps; but his mind was so full of something else, that he was scarcely conscious of flap-jacks.



"HE CARRIED, WITH TREMBLING HANDS, A LIGHTED SHAVING TOWARD THE KETTLE."

As he was beginning his evening task, his father said to him:

"Now, Joe, that 's no kind of use. You can't do it, and I knew it all the time. I 've had to be busy a part of the time at something else, so far, and to-morrow your mother wants to go up to Uncle Gilmore's, and next day I must go to mill, so may be you can go to school the rest of this week and yet keep me in shingles; but then you see, yourself, that when I get to work in earnest, as I must next week, you 'll have to stay at home."

"Perhaps I shall," Joe replied. "I 've been afraid of it. But I want to try one thing more

first. Mother, is that old tea-kettle up garret good for anything?"

"I 'm going to sell it one of these days for old iron. It is n't of any use now to any one. It 's cracked down the sides, and all ready to fall to pieces. If you want something to put your gim-cracks in, you 'd better make a box, and let that smutty thing alone."

"No, if you please, mother. I 'd rather have that old cracked tea-kettle than anything else I know of just now."

"Very well," said his mother, "you can have it."

That night, Joe split shingles with all his speed, and coaxed his younger brothers and sisters to keep up the firelight for him, so that at bed-time he had a good supply prepared for his father. Saturday he spent in drawing loads of wood to the house. During these trips he secured a quantity of birch-bark, which he put carefully away. Just before night, he came down-stairs with his tea-kettle, and the girls shouted that Joe was going to set up housekeeping by himself, and that he had an old tea-kettle to start with. Little Moses tripped after him, and whispered:

"Are you going to make a mouse-trap of it, or what?"

"Wait a little bit," Joe whispered back, "and we 'll see."

His mother looked curious, but said nothing, until Joe began to stir up a batter in the pan she had been mixing her tea-biscuit in, asking, as he did so, how she made brown bread. This was too much for the good woman's curiosity, and she exclaimed:

"Why! What in the world, Joe? There 's plenty of rye and brown bread, of course; it 's Saturday night!"

"Yes, I suppose there is," Joe answered, quietly; "but I want brown-bread crust for a particular purpose."

The dough made, Joe came out of his mystery enough to remark that he was going to stop the cracks in his old tea-kettle, and then he disappeared into the wood-shed.

Lois called after him that if he did n't "grease his tea-kettle well, it would stick."

"He 's going to make a tea-kettle dumpling!" shouted Deborah.

But Joe, out in the cold wood-shed, kept plastering dough over the cracks in the tea-kettle. This well done, he began cutting into small pieces the birch-bark he had saved, so that it could be crowded closely into the tea-kettle. By the time he had filled it, supper was called, and Joe, going in, set his patched contrivance close by the fire.

"Well, Joe," laughed his mother, "what now? Are you going to turn blacksmith or baker?"

"Joe, Joe," piped Moses, "will you be a blacksmith or a bakesmith, mother says?"

"O, I am a shingle-splitter," said Joe, smiling back. "And I 'd like to be a lightsmith, too, pretty well, if I could."

After supper was cleared away, and the big kettle was taken off the crane, Joe hung on his tea-kettle, bread dough, birch-bark, and all, swung it over the fire, and sat down to watch the result of his operations.

"What is it, anyhow, Joe?" asked Moses.

"Why, don't you see? It 's an old tea-kettle."

"What you dot in it?" piped little Judith.

"Birch-bark, sis," responded Joe, laconically.

"Maple-bark is best to make ink of; is n't it, mother?" queried Debby.

"Yes, indeed, Joe, and you don't have to burn it,—only steep it, and put in a little copperas."

"I am not trying to make ink, mother," Joe answered, "though I must make some before long."

Then turning to his father, he said:

"You remember how the coal-pit we burned last week got 'bewitched,' don't you? Well, I think it must have been the green birch-bark, which I don't suppose ever before got piled into a coal-pit, that caused the light somehow, though I don't know how; and I am trying to see if birch-bark wont make a light here as well as there."

Joe spoke with a deprecating tone, for he knew his father's violent antipathy toward all "new-fangled notions."

"Well, you are a dunce, to be sure. Don't you suppose that if birch-bark had been good for anything but a torch, somebody would have found it out before this? Young folks, nowadays, think they know more than their fathers. It was n't so when I was a boy. You 'd better just put that tea-kettle out of the way and go to work."

The key-note had been struck by his father, and every voice in the household joined in making fun of him and his cracked kettle. Joe was irritated, of course, but was so full of his new idea that he had n't time to get angry, and he comforted himself with the belief that it might be his turn to laugh before long. Yet he knew he never would hear the last of it if his experiment failed. He watched it very anxiously. At last, his father imperatively ordered him to take his kettle away; but he was so earnest in his pleading for time to give his idea a fair trial that his mother interposed out of pity, and his father consented to let him alone, thinking he would thus be more convinced that he was following up a crazy notion.

So Joe, thankful for the respite, kept intently watching the flames reach up toward the queer, patched object on the crane, baking the dough-

cement harder, and concealing it with a deposit of soot. Soon a trace of steam issued from the spout, and became a new center of interest to him, and a new subject for chaffing by the merry circle of sisters.

"When the steam passes off the gas will begin to come," explained Joe, quietly. Then there was a new cause of alarm. Jane became more and more nervous—"fidgety," as her mother said—because company was coming, and her brother and his old tea-kettle "would be town-talk." This nearly stopped his proceedings, but he managed to save his machine a little longer, Jane's "young man" still delaying his expected coming; and as the clouds of steam began to grow less and less, with strange earnestness, that even the thoughtless little ones respected, Joe begged for only ten minutes longer, and warned Jane and her tongs away from interfering, in a tone so quietly stern, that she never thought of answering him, but sat down immediately.

The girls went to work on their grammar lesson, but soon got back to the kettle. Everybody's thoughts spun round that black, hissing object just now. They talked a good deal about it, but Joe did not appear to be listening. The steam had stopped entirely, and he was carrying a lighted shaving with trembling hands toward the spout of the kettle. A brilliant blaze suddenly lighted up the house.

"Hurrah!" cried Joe. "Sell your box of candles and buy yourself a new gown, mother. Hurrah for school and shingles all winter! Hurrah!"

"Why, Joe!" cried his mother, something sparkling in her eyes, "why, Joe, I did n't think it would burn *so;* but it does, and I 'm glad of it, too."

Little Moses and Judith skipped about from one corner to another, laughing to know that something was not hid there to catch them every time they ventured into the darkness. Joel came in just then to Jane's great satisfaction, though, perhaps, he did not help to a correct grammar recitation on Monday. Notwithstanding his presence, she did not seem very seriously alarmed for Joe's reputation. Joel looked on the blazing tea-kettle in amazement, and with some trepidation.

"May be it 's bewitched!" said he to Jane.

"O, I don't know what Joe 's been doing to it, I 'm sure," said the promising girl; "but I guess it is light enough to see to play cat's cradle," and so they tried it.

"Why, Joe, you 're a genius, instead of a dunce, I do declare!" cried Debby. "This is an invention, and no mistake."

"You are all acting like a parcel of dunces," declared their father, preparing to go to bed. "'Taint no great wonder that birch-bark should burn after its got afire, if it is in an old tea-kettle. It 'll all burn out in ten minutes."

"No, Debby, I 'm only a dunce," Joe replied; "but you will soon see that it will burn all the evening."

And it did. At bed-time the tea-kettle was taken from the crane and the blaze extinguished. The next evening it was hung on again,—this time without opposition,—and lighted after it got hot, no time being lost in waiting for steam to dry off. Joe split his shingles now without delay, and never was there a more diligent and happy fellow. Toward the end of the week the crust burned off the cracks in the kettle, whereupon the light became more brilliant than ever, for it streamed out from every crack as well as from the spout, and the black, old tea-kettle was clothed in a mantle of flickering fire. But Joe was afraid the shattered constitution of his favorite would hardly hold together under so much excitement. So, on Saturday, he plastered the cracks over anew, this time with clay, and filled it with a new stock of birch-bark.

And thus he worked by his tea-kettle light all winter.

The fame of Joe's invention was soon spread abroad, and everybody wondered, for there were not supposed to be so many new things under the sun in those days; and when something extraordinary did happen, it made a stir. Many were the inquiries from neighbors that Joe had to answer about his tea-kettle light, and at home, from some slight indications, which he was quick to perceive, he inferred that even his father and Jane were rather proud of him, as they surely had good reason to be.

Thus endeth the true history of the first of all the gas factories.

CROCUS.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

O THE dear, delightful sound
Of the drops that to the ground
From the eaves rejoicing run
In the February sun!
Drip, drip, drip, they slide and slip
From the icicle's bright tip,
Till they melt the sullen snow
On the garden bed below.
"Bless me! what is all this drumming?"
Cries the crocus, "I am coming!
Pray don't knock so long and loud,
For I 'm neither cross nor proud,
But a little sleepy still
With the winter's lingering chill.
Never mind! 'Tis time to wake,
Through the dream at last to break!"
'Tis as quickly done as said,
Up she thrusts her golden head,
Looks about with radiant eyes
In a kind of shy surprise,
Tries to say in accents surly,
"Well! you called me very early!"
But she lights with such a smile
All the darksome place the while,
Every heart begins to stir
Joyfully at sight of her;
Every creature grows more gay
Looking in her face to-day.
She is greeted, "Welcome, dear!
Fresh smile of the hopeful year!
First bright print of Spring's light feet,
Golden crocus, welcome, Sweet!"
And she whispers, looking up
From her richly glowing cup,
At the sunny eaves so high
Overhead against the sky,
"Now I 've come, O sparkling drops,
All your clattering pattering stops,
And I 'm very glad I came,
And you 're not the least to blame
That you hammered at the snow
Till you wakened me below
With your one incessant tune.
I 'm not here a bit too soon!"

BABIE STUART.

BY AGNES ELIZABETH THOMSON.

SHE was what the Scotch call a "bonnie babie." And when I look at those great, wondering, innocent eyes of hers, I cannot help saying to myself, over and over,

> "Surely she dreamed of many a fair, pure thing,
> Lilies, and snow, and birdlets white of wing."

I only wish I knew more about her than I do. But, truth to tell, historians have a provoking way of telling every little thing about all the horrors of a nation, the wars, and persecutions, and executions, and government jars, and things nobody can possibly take the least interest in,—nobody under ten, that is. It never seems to occur to the profound gentlemen to enter the palace doors, march boldly along till they come to the little people's corner, and there keep a strict record of all that is done and said.

But this much that I do know, you certainly shall hear.

I dare say in the good old times in which the "bonnie babie" lived,—gone by this two hundred years and more, now,—nobody ever thought of calling her by a name half as familiar or friendly as the Babie Stuart. For she was a royal princess of England, Her Royal Highness, the Princess Anne.

She was born in that great old London palace of St. James, in the year 1637, and on the seventeenth day of March, which, as you know, is St. Patrick's day—in the morning.

A gentleman writing to his friend the news about "Lunnon-town" at this time, mentions, among other things, the birth of the queen's little daughter. "The Irish ought to be pleased," he says, and perhaps they would have been, had they known what a dear little blossom it was.

Her father was that unhappy King Charles the First. You have read about him, no doubt, in your history books, and probably have learned to

pity him very much. His life was saddened by many a sorrow and many a care, and he was forced to pay dearly for the doubtful pleasure of wearing a crown. He was not bad at heart, and he died most royally and bravely; still, I cannot think his character quite as perfect as some people will paint it to you. He was sometimes weak, when he should have been strong, and he was not always so true to his friends and his people as he should have been.



BABIE STUART, DAUGHTER OF CHARLES I.

But there is no doubt that he loved his little sons and daughters with all the strength of his warm, loving heart.

It is pleasant to think of him bending over them, and calling them "Sweetheart," and other pet names, like any ordinary father. The queen, too, Henrietta Maria, was fond of her children; and so we can look through the palace clouds and fancy many a happy home-scene, after all. Before the dark days of trial and misfortune had fallen upon the king and her, she wrote that she was "the happiest woman in the world,"—happy as a queen, wife, and mother; and there is still treasured somewhere a faded and yellow old letter, which shows the bliss of the young mamma over her first little boy. She is extremely proud of "my son," and yet she winces, laughing the while, at his ugly, small face.

"He is so ugly that I am ashamed of him," she says; "but his size and fatness atone for his want

of beauty. I wish you could see the gentleman, for he has no ordinary mien. He is so serious that I cannot help deeming him far wiser than myself."

Whenever she could, she ran away from the tiresome ceremonies and grandeur of the court, up to the nurseries of her children. There she lulled her babies to rest with true motherly joy and tenderness, and sang out her happiness to these sleepy little birdies before she laid them down in their soft, warm nests.

Queen Henrietta Maria had a voice of wonderful sweetness and power. It used to fill the galleries of St. James's with melody when she sang the lullaby songs; but, royal though she was, the rules of court life would not allow her to use her voice excepting for her children's pleasure.

With all their power and distinction, queens are not as free in some respects as the commonest peasant within their realms, and it would have been counted a shocking breach of the royal etiquette had Her Majesty, the Queen of England, ventured so to humble herself as to sing for the entertainment of her Court.

She little guessed the adventures in store for some of her nestlings, nor the bitter blasts they were to encounter in their journey of life.

Not so with *our* Babie Stuart, however—quaint little sweetheart! The life of the pretty fledgling was very short; and being so short, let us hope it was bright with sunshine, and that it had plenty of daisies along the way.

An old writer has told us, in curious language, how the "little lady" was wise above her age, and how she died in her infancy when not full four years old.

"Being minded," he says, "by those about her to call upon God, even when the pangs of death were upon her, 'I am not able,' saith she, 'to say my long prayer' (meaning the Lord's Prayer), 'but I will say my short one, Lighten my eyes, O Lord, lest I sleep the sleep of death!' This done, this little lamb gave up the ghost."

Babie Stuart! though you lived so short a time and so far away, thousands of little ones, gazing upon your picture to-day, will take you to their hearts as a new playmate,—a royal, dainty little lady of four years, who, nestled in her parents' arms, wondered at the sights and sounds about her, very much as they wonder to-day.



I.—IT 'S SUCH WORK TO GO UP,—UP,—UP!



2.—BUT SUCH FUN TO GO DOWN,—DOWN,—DOWN!

GATHERING CAOUTCHOUC IN NICARAGUA.

By E. P. Lull.

Perhaps some of the young readers of St. Nicholas who see the many uses to which india rubber, or caoutchouc, is applied would like to know how it is gathered and brought to the manufacturers.

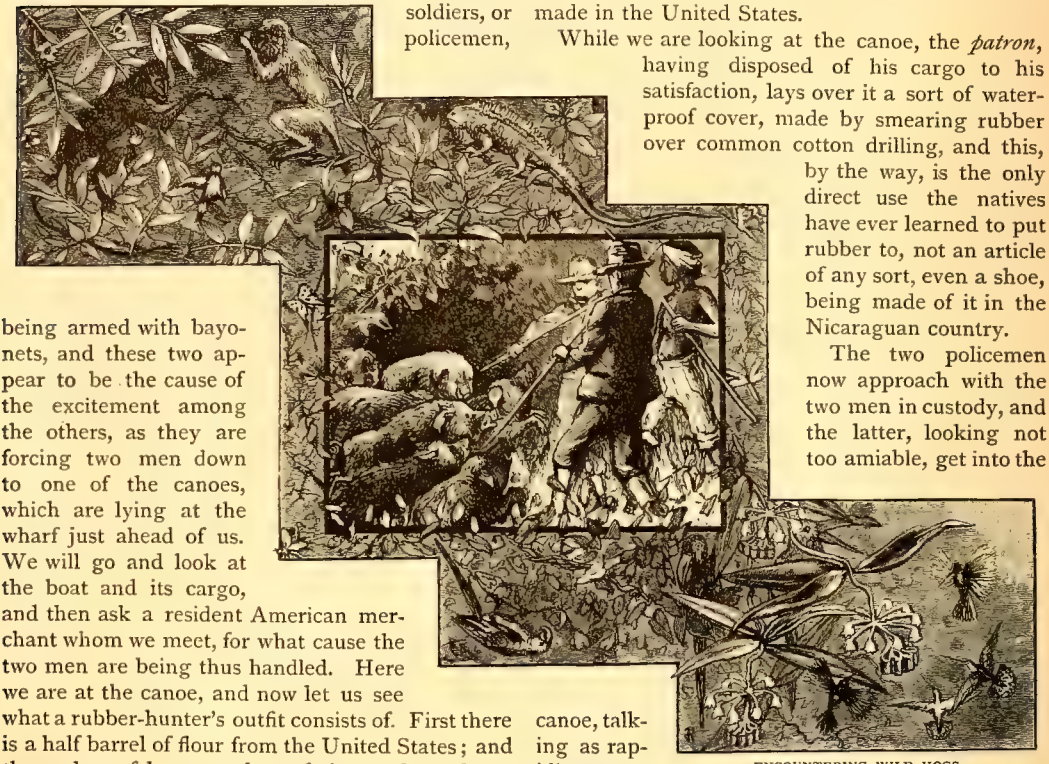
I suppose that almost all of you know that it comes from a tree. The india rubber tree, like the sugar-maple, yields its product in the form of sap; but if it were one-fourth as laborious to gather and prepare the sugar as it is to gather the rubber, we should see very little maple sugar. For rubber trees are not found in large numbers together, but one by one scattered thinly through a trackless forest, such as none of you have ever seen, unless you have been in the tropics. At first sight, that immense jungle seems utterly impenetrable, and, indeed, it often proves so, unless the traveler is weaponed with a strong-bladed *machete*, which I shall describe farther on.

The india rubber hunter generally has to work his way into the forest a long distance for each tree that he finds, and, after gathering the rubber, has to carry it on his back to his camp; and as there are no roads through the forests, the water-courses are his routes from camp to camp.

If you will get down your atlas and look for Nicaragua, you will see in the south-western part of the country a lake also called Nicaragua, and from the south-eastern end of the lake a river called the San Juan, that empties into the Caribbean Sea. On the banks of the San Juan, and of the little streams that flow into it, and on the borders of the lake at points accessible by canoes, are the camping places of the india rubber hunters, sometimes a hundred miles from any town or village. A rubber-party generally consists of three or more men, one of whom is called *patron*, which means the same as the English word foreman. Those of the hunters who speak English call him, by the every-day title of *boss*. The canoe is big enough to carry from fifteen to twenty men.

We will suppose ourselves at Greytown (also called San Juan del Norte), at the mouth of the San Juan River, and will walk down to the water-side, and look at some of the parties of rubber-hunters who are just leaving.

A short distance down the street, we suddenly come upon a group speaking Spanish, and gesticulating in an excited manner. Two of the party seem to be soldiers, or policemen, being armed with bayonets, and these two appear to be the cause of the excitement among the others, as they are forcing two men down to one of the canoes, which are lying at the wharf just ahead of us. We will go and look at the boat and its cargo, and then ask a resident American merchant whom we meet, for what cause the two men are being thus handled. Here we are at the canoe, and now let us see what a rubber-hunter's outfit consists of. First there is a half barrel of flour from the United States; and then a bag of beans; a bag of rice; a large lump of chocolate; a very large bunch of plantains; a coarse native cheese; some very dirty-looking brown sugar; a tin can of lard; a quantity of the peculiar beef of that country, dried in strips and sold by the yard. Each man has a blanket and a small pillow, and one or two pairs of leather sandals. A few cooking utensils, some cups made of the shells of a curious gourd that grows in Nicaragua, two shot-guns, several large, shallow, tin pans and the *machete*, constitute the remainder of the outfit.



ENCOUNTERING WILD HOGS.

I don't know whether I should better describe the *machete* as a huge butcher-knife or as a short heavy sword. It has a blade about two and a half feet long, very wide and heavy toward the point, the hilt usually made of horn and so shaped as to give the hand a good grip upon it. It is the inseparable companion of every Central American in the field or forest, or upon the road, and it really takes the place of many tools and implements that we should think almost indispensable. It is axe, hatchet, hammer, saw, hoe, rake, and scythe, and even spade and shovel; and if occasion requires, it is a formidable weapon. I have often wondered that it was not brought into use in our own country, particularly as nearly all the *machetes* that are found in Central America are made in the United States.

While we are looking at the canoe, the *patron*, having disposed of his cargo to his satisfaction, lays over it a sort of waterproof cover, made by smearing rubber over common cotton drilling, and this, by the way, is the only direct use the natives have ever learned to put rubber to, not an article of any sort, even a shoe, being made of it in the Nicaraguan country.

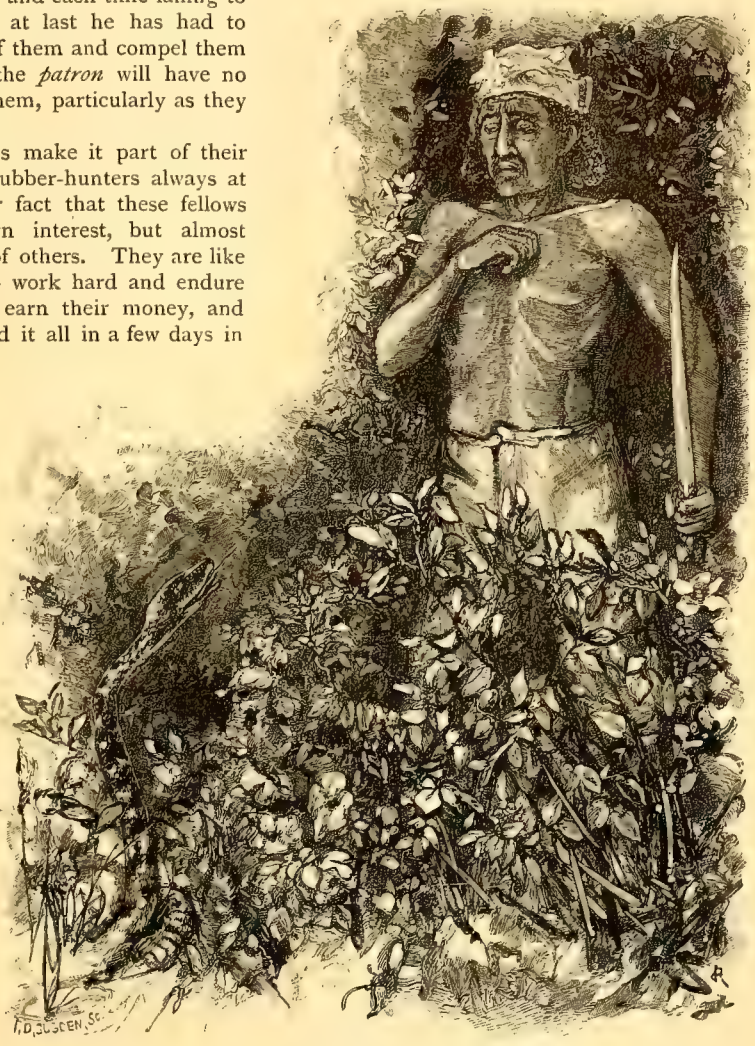
The two policemen now approach with the two men in custody, and the latter, looking not too amiable, get into the canoe, talking as rapidly as ever, while the policemen, and indeed most of the other men and women in the canoe and on the wharf, are also conversing excitedly, the only silent one being the *patron*, who quietly arranges seats to his taste, and then gives the word to shove off the canoe. Now comes a general exchange of hand-shaking and good-byes between the crew and the men and women on shore; and we are surprised to see that the leave-taking between the policemen and their late captives is quite as cordial as that between any of the others. The party are soon off; each man dips his large cedar paddle into the water, and the canoe darts out into the stream, the volley of "good-byes" continuing until she disappears into the tall grass that borders the channel leading up the river.

We now turn to our new acquaintance, the American merchant, and walk with him to his store. He tells us that the canoe which has just started is his property, and that the men are in his employ,—that they are "matriculated" to his house. That long word, as you possibly know, is, in this country, associated with entering college, and many

of you boys and girls are getting ready for that now; but we find that in Nicaragua it means bound to service for a certain time, or until a certain indebtedness is worked out. The merchant informs us that the party came in from the woods three weeks ago with a good lot of rubber, that they have spent all their money, and have gone in debt quite as much as they will be able to repay with the proceeds of this trip. So he has furnished them a new outfit, the value of which is also charged to them. The boat has been ready for three days, each day the crew promising him faithfully that they would start the next, and each time failing to keep their promise; and at last he has had to send the police after two of them and compel them to go. Once fairly off, the *patron* will have no difficulty in controlling them, particularly as they have no money left.

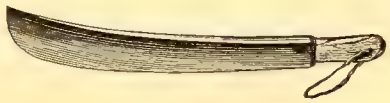
Many of the merchants make it part of their regular business to keep rubber-hunters always at work, it being a singular fact that these fellows rarely work in their own interest, but almost invariably in the employ of others. They are like a great many sailors who work hard and endure all sorts of privations to earn their money, and then, when paid off, spend it all in a few days in carousing and gambling. As it costs a large sum for canoe, provisions, &c., and as few of them ever save a cent of their money, they would be unable to go back into the woods if the merchants did not fit them out for the purpose. Indeed, after spending all they have made, they generally go in debt to their employer, until he refuses them another penny, and they are thus forced to start on the new trip.

As we enter the store, the merchant shows us some of the rubber which has been brought in. Part of it, we observe, is in large, round, flat cakes; these he tells us are called *tortillas* (the Spanish for cakes), and are the portions caught in the pans which we saw in the canoe. He next shows us some bundles made of ragged-looking strips of rubber; this is what flows down and solidifies on the bark of the trees, and is called *barucha*. He tells us that the bargain with the men is that all the *tortillas* they bring go to pay their indebtedness to the house, and should there be more than enough for that, they are paid in money for the surplus; but for the *barucha* they are paid in money, however much they may be in debt, and whether they have enough *tortillas* to pay all or not. This arrangement is necessary, because it very often happens that they do not get enough *tortillas* to pay off all they owe, and if they had no



THE RUBBER-HUNTER MEETS AN ENEMY.

hope of receiving money, they would sell their rubber to some small trader along the river, and run away, rather than return without money or a claim for it. Indeed, they often do sell a portion of their *tortillas*, and pretend not to have been as fortunate as they really have been. The small traders regard it as quite a piece of proper business enterprise when they can induce somebody else's men to sell them part of their "find," though I have



THE MACHETE.

observed that the most of them thought it a piece of shameful rascality when any one else practised the same thing upon them.

Having seen the rubber-hunters start upon their trip, we will now follow them to their camp; but as there is a comfortable stern-wheel steam-boat, of the American river type, that will carry us up the San Juan, we will take passage in her, say, to the mouth of the Poco Sol, where our particular party are going to hunt. This river empties into the San Juan from the Costa Rica side, about twenty miles from the head of the San Juan. When we reach the Poco Sol, we shall have to take a canoe, as the steamer cannot carry us as far up as we shall probably have to go to overtake our party.

After several hours' paddling, we come to the sought-for camp, though none of you will suppose it to be one when you first see it, so little does the hut look like anything you can imagine as a home for a number of men during a whole fortnight at a time. There is a sort of thatched roof, supported by four forked stakes driven into the ground; the thatch consists of the branches or fronds of palms and of wild plantains. The sides of the hut are all open, and there is not a sign of a bed. The rubber-hunters, as a rule, roll themselves up in their blankets, head and all, and sleep on the ground. As the nights are almost always quite chilly, the blankets are very necessary, and serve not only to keep the men warm, but also to protect them from mosquitoes. Sometimes, particularly in the rainy season, a bed is made by driving four short, forked stakes in the ground, laying short sticks across the head and foot, and, lengthwise upon these, poles side by side, until they form a very rough spring bottom, such as you would think very uncomfortable, particularly as there is nothing to take the place of a mattress. For cooking, they simply build a fire on the ground, sometimes setting three stones so as to support their kettle. Their beans, rice, dried beef, and any game or fish they can obtain, are boiled, and the plantains, while they last, are roasted in the ashes. These operations, with making chocolate, or coffee if they have it, and something which serves as bread with the flour, constitute their entire cooking. I am afraid it would take you a good while to learn to eat any of their messes, especially if you saw them prepared. The woods supply plenty of game, some of it very good, indeed. Wild hogs, tapirs, deer, armadillos, iguanas, squirrels, wild turkeys, ducks, pigeons, wood-hens, and numerous other animals and birds abound. The rivers contain many varieties of fish, and occasionally a manatee* is caught, when the natives think they have a great prize. So you see that the rubber-hunters are in no danger of starvation while in the woods, though some of you boys would think their old-fashioned shot-guns very poor things to hunt with.

On our arrival, we find one of the men just setting out for a tree that he knows the location of, having found it on a former trip; and those of you who don't mind scrambling through the thicket for three or four miles, can go with him. He will not mind showing it to us, as he knows we have come for curiosity only. He wears only a pair of stout, coarse-linen trousers, and even these he rolls up above his knees. On his feet he has sandals, and a cotton handkerchief is tied around his head. His *machete* in one hand and, probably, a staff in the other, complete his preparations.

We, in order to be comfortable, must be dressed in strong but light clothing, stout shoes, with canvas leggings, and we shall be wise to each wear a soft hat that we can pull well down over our ears. It will be well for each of us to carry a staff and a *machete*, too. We can cut the former as we go. We must also be very careful not to touch with our hands any tree, branch, vine, or plant, as we may grasp some stinging insect, or thorns which may not only be very sharp, but poisonous as well. I remember once, to keep from falling, seizing a bush called *chichicaste*, which filled my hand with minute thorns, each producing a sensation like the sting of a wasp. The severe pain lasted for about a quarter of an hour, but it was weeks before the thorns ceased to annoy me, being so small that I could not extract them. We may see on our way some wild animals and some very beautiful birds. Monkeys are in great abundance. One kind, called howling monkeys, make a noise which sounds more like the roar of a lion or tiger than anything else, and is quite startling the first time you hear it, though the monkeys themselves are harmless enough. Parrots, macaws, paroquets, toucans, and many other birds, are to be seen almost any day. There are also pumas (called the

* See illustrated article "The Manatee," ST. NICHOLAS, February, 1874.

American or maneless lion), ounces, and two or three varieties of tiger-cats; but all these are afraid of men, and generally keep well out of sight. We may come upon a band of wild hogs, which, if in any considerable number, will hardly deign to get out of our way; but instead of grunting like the domestic hog, will express their dissatisfaction by champing their jaws together.

We will let the hunter take the lead, as he has a keen eye for snakes. We shall find numberless insects, any amount of briers and thorns, and altogether it will be anything but a pleasant walk.

We shall not have gone far without realizing that the journey is a very difficult one, and without opening our eyes with amazement at the wonderful forest. There are multitudes of different kinds of trees growing close together, and some of them are enormously large, so large that in this country each one would be an object of curiosity. The rest of the trees range from these huge fellows down to the merest shoots, and from them hang perfect net-works of clinging vines of all sizes, from that of a kite-string to that of a good-sized cable. I have seen the vines from fifty to a hundred feet long, no larger than one of your fingers, but so tough and flexible that they are used by the natives for all purposes for which we would use ropes, cords, or string. They also are used for several other purposes, house-building, for instance, being one of them, though you might think it a stretch of the imagination to call their structure a house. But it is, at least, a habitation, and in the building of it there is not a single nail used, —the side, the ridge-poles and the rafters being tied in place with vines, and the thatch tied on to them with the same. The natives declare that the vines will last and be as good as ever after a nail, in their damp climate, would have rusted away. Whether that be true or not, it is well that they think so, for vines are to be had for the gathering, while nails are very expensive. Worse, if anything, than the vines in the forests, is the undergrowth, consisting of canes, bushes, weeds, several varieties of cactus and other thorn-bearing plants, Spanish bayonet and numerous plants very much like it. Some of them are very valuable for their fibers, but all are very difficult to travel through, being interlaced and matted together. You can readily believe it is no small labor to work your way along, to say nothing of the snakes, scorpions, tarantulas, and other disagreeable things that you may meet.

You would imagine that few men would be willing to undertake quite such severe work, but so large are the returns in money when a man is ordinarily successful, that plenty are ready to go, and indeed large numbers make it their only occupation, going into the woods, and remaining one, two, and even three months at a time, according to the luck they have.

All this we find out on our way through the tangle, following as closely as possible at the heels of our rubber-hunter. We are very hot and tired by the time we reach the tree, but we will sit down on anything we can find,—a stump or log,—while Juan, our hunter friend, proceeds to tap his tree, which, by the way, is the kind known to botanists as the *castilloa-elastica*.

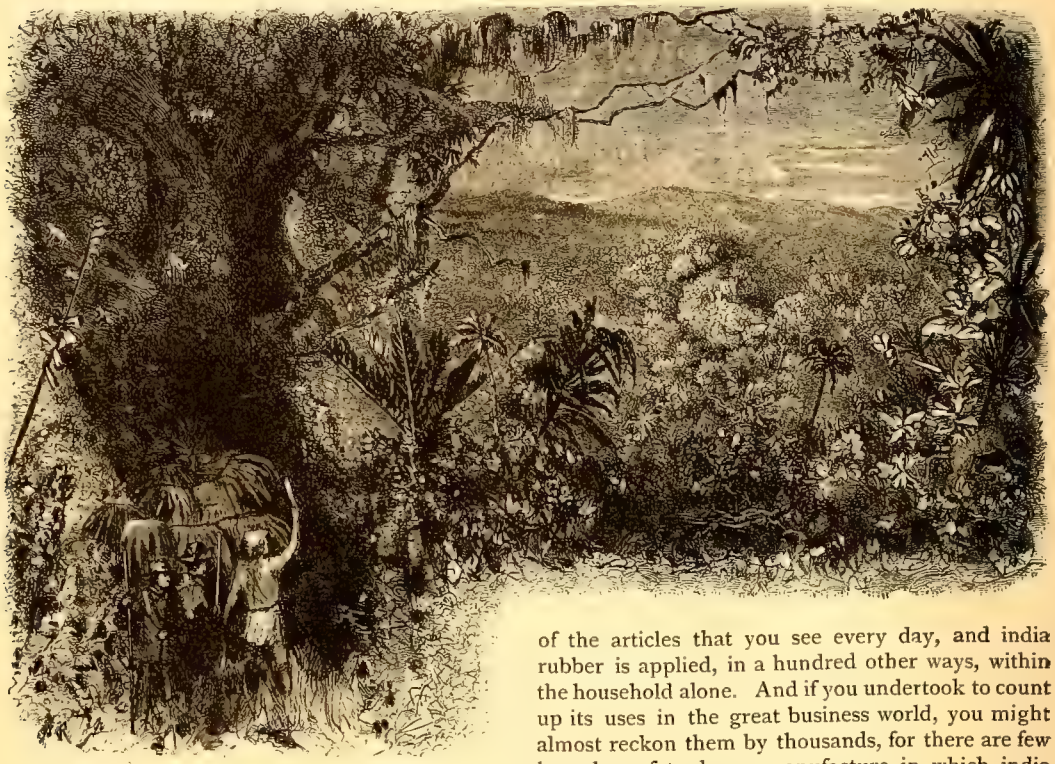
Juan makes with the *machete*, low down upon the trunk of the tree, two deep scores, inclining downward, and coming together at a very obtuse angle, just below which he secures a little gutter made of a piece of split cane. He now makes, higher up, other scores, all leading into the first two. Taking hold of some of the pendent vines, he manages to climb twenty or thirty feet high, scoring and mutilating the tree most fearfully. We conclude that with such treatment as this the tree will not last many seasons; judiciously tapped, it would yield twice a year for many years, but in order to get a little more each time, these improvident people cut the bark up so badly, that in a few seasons the tree is ruined.

The sap, or milk, begins to ooze out at once, and runs down into the pan placed to receive it, though we observe Juan is likely to obtain considerable *barucha* from the manner in which he has arranged his scores, and particularly from the height to which he has extended them. The appearance of the sap is like that of thick cream, and, if left to itself, it would be days before it became solid; but Juan soon finds a vine called *alchuca*, and sap of this vine he mingles with the milk; this has the effect of coagulating it, or making it solid, in a short time, so that in the course of a day it will be ready to be removed, though it will be some time longer before the *barucha* is hard enough to be stripped from the tree. Slowly the rubber, by exposure to the air, turns black, as you generally see it.

Each day the hunters look in all directions for new trees, sometimes succeeding and sometimes not. When they are satisfied that they have gathered all there is to be found within four or five miles of their camp, they seek a new camping-ground higher up the stream, and continue the same course until they have collected several hundred pounds apiece. If they are very fortunate, they may not be more than a month on the trip, which, however, often has to be extended to two or even three months. And during that time, the hunters see no one but themselves and, possibly, an occasional party of other hunters going to or coming from their work. And they have no amusements

except smoking and, perhaps, card-playing among themselves.

When they have collected a sufficient quantity, or when their provisions give out, part of the rubber is loaded into the canoe, and part tied by vines and towed after it. With the current of the river in their favor, the journey is made in good time,



IN THE JUNGLE

and without much labor, the party stopping occasionally to cook their meals, and tying up at night at any wood station or hut they may come to. Arrived at Greytown, their cargo is soon landed, their accounts settled with their employer, and a new season of carousing begins, which will soon rob them of all they have made. Meantime, the india rubber is being shipped off to the United States or to Europe, to be put to uses of which the men who gather it have no conception, and to be so changed into various forms, that they would never recognize it as the same material.

Let any city boy or girl try to name all the things, made of india rubber, that he or she can recall, and the list will quickly lengthen out to a surprising number. There are the boy's balls and foot-balls; the girls' dolls; the baby's rattle, and a score of miscellaneous toys; rubber boots, and overshoes; water-proof cloaks, coats, leggins; ink and pencil erasers, ink-stands, paper-knives, and elastic bands for the desk; combs; hat and umbrella covers; garden hose, gas-tubing for the drop-light, and so on. But these are only a few of the articles that you see every day, and india rubber is applied, in a hundred other ways, within the household alone. And if you undertook to count up its uses in the great business world, you might almost reckon them by thousands, for there are few branches of trade or manufacture in which india rubber is not employed in some form. There are rubber ammunition-bags, haversacks, gun-covers, bandages, and blankets; belting for machinery; rubber springs for cars; sheet-rubber for packing, and for use, also, in valves, pumps, etc.; piano-covers; matting for floors; rubber beds and bath-tubs; cushions and pillows; rubber trousers, stockings, and jackets for sportsmen; rubber gloves; and even a rubber gymnasium and health-lift.

And so, we see that while the thousands of busy people in New York or London, who use india rubber every day, never think of it as the *tortillas* or *barucha* of the lonely worker in the jungle, yet our Nicaraguan Juan, as he cuts his toilsome way to and from his rubber tree, a hundred miles from the smallest town, is doing a part in the great world's work, of which he, also, little dreams.

JACK AND JILL.*

By Louisa M. Alcott.

Chapter VII.

JILL'S MISSION.

The good times began immediately, and very little studying was done that week in spite of the virtuous resolutions made by certain young persons on Christmas-day. But, dear me, how was it possible to settle down to lessons in the delightful Bird-room, with not only its own charms to distract one, but all the new gifts to enjoy, and a dozen calls a day to occupy one's time?

"I guess we 'd better wait till the others are at school, and just go in for fun this week," said Jack, who was in great spirits at the prospect of getting up, for the splints were off, and he hoped to be promoted to crutches very soon.

"*I* shall keep my 'speller' by me and take a look at it every day, for that is what I 'm most backward in. But I intend to devote myself to you, Jack, and be real kind and useful. I 've made a plan to do it, and I mean to carry it out, any way," answered Jill, who had begun to be a missionary, and felt that this was a field of labor where she could distinguish herself.

"Here 's a home mission all ready for you, and you can be paying your debts beside doing yourself good," Mrs. Pecq said to her in private, having found plenty to do herself.

Now Jill made one great mistake at the outset,—she forgot that she was the one to be converted to good manners and gentleness, and devoted her efforts to looking after Jack, finding it much easier to cure other people's faults than her own. Jack was a most engaging heathen and needed very little instruction; therefore, Jill thought her task would be an easy one. But three or four weeks of petting and play had rather demoralized both children, so Jill's "speller," though tucked under the sofa pillow every day, was seldom looked at, and Jack shirked his Latin shamefully. Both read all the story-books they could get, held daily levees in the Bird-room, and all their spare minutes were spent in teaching Snowdrop, the great Angora cat, to bring the ball when they dropped it in their game. So Saturday came, and both were rather the worse for so much idleness, since daily duties and studies are the wholesome bread which feed the mind better than the dyspeptic plum-cake of sensational reading, or the unsubstantial *bon-bons* of frivolous amusement.

It was a stormy day, so they had few callers, and devoted themselves to arranging the album, for these books were all the rage just then, and boys met to compare, discuss, buy, sell and "swap" stamps with as much interest as men on 'Change gamble in stocks. Jack had a nice little collection, and had been saving up pocket-money to buy a book in which to preserve his treasures. Now, thanks to Jill's timely suggestion, Frank had given him a fine one, and several friends had contributed a number of rare stamps to grace the large, inviting pages. Jill wielded the gum-brush and fitted on the little flaps, as her fingers were skillful at this nice work, and Jack put each stamp in its proper place with great rustling of leaves and comparing of marks. Returning, after a brief absence, Mrs. Minot beheld the countenances of the workers adorned with gay stamps, giving them a very curious appearance.

"My dears! what new play have you got now? Are you wild Indians? or letters that have gone round the world before finding the right address?" she asked, laughing at the ridiculous sight, for both were as sober as judges and deeply absorbed in some doubtful specimen.

"Oh, we just stuck them there to keep them safe; they get lost if we leave them lying 'round. It 's very handy, for I can see in a minute what I want on Jill's face and she on mine, and put our fingers on the right chap at once," answered Jack, adding, with an anxious gaze at his friend's variegated countenance: "Where the dickens *is* my New Granada? It 's rare, and I would n't lose it for a dollar."

"Why, there it is on your own nose. Don't you remember you put it there because you said mine was not big enough to hold it?" laughed Jill, tweaking a large orange square off the round nose of her neighbor, causing it to wrinkle up in a droll way, as the gum made the operation slightly painful.

"So I did, and gave you Little Bolivar on yours. Now I 'll have Alsace and Lorraine, 1870. There are seven of them, so hold still and see how you like it," returned Jack, picking the large, pale stamps one by one from Jill's forehead, which they crossed like a band.

She bore it without flinching, saying to herself with a secret smile, as she glanced at the hot fire, which scorched her if she kept near enough to Jack to help him, "This really is being like a missionary, with a tattooed savage to look after. I have

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to suffer a little, as the good folks did who got speared and roasted sometimes, but I wont complain a bit, though my forehead smarts, my arms are tired, and one cheek is as red as fire."

"The Roman States make a handsome page, don't they?" asked Jack, little dreaming of the part he was playing in Jill's mind. "Oh, I say, is n't Corea a beauty? I 'm ever so proud of that," and he gazed fondly on a big blue stamp, the sole ornament of one page.

"I don't see why the Cape of Good Hope has pyramids. They ought to go in Egypt. The Sandwich Islands are all right, with heads of the black kings and queens on them," said Jill, feeling that they were very appropriate to her private play.

"Turkey has crescents, Australia swans, and Spain women's heads, with black bars across them. Frank says it is because they keep women shut up so; but that was only his fun. I 'd rather have a good, honest green United States, with Washington on it, or a blue one-center with old Franklin, than all their eagles and lions and kings and queens put together," added the democratic boy, with a disrespectful slap on a crowned head as he settled Heliogoland in its place.

"Why does Austria have Mercury on the stamp, I wonder? Do they wear helmets like that?" asked Jill, with the brush handle in her mouth as she cut a fresh batch of flaps.

"May be, he was postman to the gods, so he is put on stamps now. The Prussians wear helmets, but they have spikes like the old Roman fellows. I like Prussians ever so much; they fight splendidly, and always beat. Austrians have a handsome uniform, though."

"Talking of Romans reminds me that I have not heard your Latin for two days. Come, lazybones, brace up, and let us have it now. I 've done my compo., and shall have just time before I go out for a tramp with Gus," said Frank, putting by a neat page to dry, for he studied every day like a conscientious lad as he was.

"Don't know it. Not going to try till next week. Grind away over your old Greek as much as you like, but don't bother me," answered Jack, frowning at the mere thought of the detested lesson.

But Frank adored his Xenophon, and would not see his old friend, Cæsar, neglected without an effort to defend him; so he confiscated the gum-pot, and effectually stopped the stamp business by whisking away at one fell swoop all that lay on Jill's table.

"Now then, young man, you will quit this sort of nonsense and do your lesson, or you wont see these fellows again in a hurry. You asked me to hear you, and I 'm going to do it; here 's the book."

Frank's tone was the dictatorial one, which Jack hated and always found hard to obey, especially when he knew he ought to do it. Usually, when his patience was tried, he strode about the room, or ran off for a race round the garden, coming back breathless, but good-tempered. Now both these vents for irritation were denied him, and he had fallen into the way of throwing things about in a pet. He longed to send Cæsar to perpetual banishment in the fire blazing close by, but resisted the temptation, and answered honestly, though gruffly: "I know I did, but I don't see any use in pouncing on a fellow when he is n't ready. I have n't got my lesson, and don't mean to worry about it; so you may just give me back my things and go about your business."

"I 'll give you back a stamp for every perfect lesson you get, and you wont see them on any other terms;" and thrusting the treasures into his pocket, Frank caught up his rubber boots, and went off swinging them like a pair of clubs, feeling that he would give a trifle to be able to use them on his lazy brother.

At this high-handed proceeding, and the threat which accompanied it, Jack's patience gave out, and catching up Cæsar, as he thought, sent him flying after the retreating tyrant with the defiant declaration:

"Keep them, then, and your old book, too! I wont look at it till you give all my stamps back and say you are sorry. So now!"

It was all over before Mamma could interfere, or Jill do more than clutch and cling to the gum-brush. Frank vanished unharmed, but the poor book dashed against the wall to fall half open on the floor, its gay cover loosened, and its smooth leaves crushed by the blow.

"It 's the album! Oh, Jack, how could you?" cried Jill, dismayed at sight of the precious book so maltreated by the owner.

"Thought it was the other. Guess it is n't hurt much. Did n't mean to hit him, any way. He does provoke me so," muttered Jack, very red and shame-faced as his mother picked up the book and laid it silently on the table before him. He did not know what to do with himself, and was thankful for the stamps still left him, finding great relief in making faces as he plucked them one by one from his mortified countenance. Jill looked on, half glad half sorry that her savage showed such signs of unconverted ferocity, and Mrs. Minot went on writing letters, wearing the grave look her sons found harder to bear than another person's scolding. No one spoke for a moment, and the silence was becoming awkward when Gus appeared in a rubber suit, bringing a book to Jack from Laura and a note to Jill from Lotty.

"Look here, you just trundle me into my den, please. I 'm going to have a nap, it 's so dull to-day I don't feel like doing much," said Jack, when Gus had done his errands, trying to look as if he knew nothing about the fracas.

Jack folded his arms and departed like a warrior borne from the battle-field, to be chaffed unmercifully for a "pepper-pot," while Gus made him comfortable in his own room.

"I heard once of a boy who threw a fork at his brother and put his eye out. But he did n't mean to, and the brother forgave him, and he never did so any more," observed Jill, in a pensive tone, wishing to show that she felt all the dangers of impatience, but was sorry for the culprit.

"Did the boy ever forgive himself?" asked Mrs. Minot.

"No, 'm; I suppose not. But Jack did 'nt hit Frank, and feels real sorry, I know."

"He might have, and hurt him very much. Our actions are in our own hands, but the consequences of them are not. Remember that, my dear, and think twice before you do anything."

"Yes, 'm, I will," and Jill composed herself to consider what missionaries usually did when the natives hurled tomahawks and boomerangs at one another, and defied the rulers of the land.

Mrs. Minot wrote one page of a new letter, then stopped, pushed her papers about, thought a little, and finally got up, saying, as if she found it impossible to resist the yearning of her heart for the naughty boy:

"I am going to see if Jack is covered up, he is so helpless, and liable to take cold. Don't stir till I come back."

"No, 'm, I wont."

Away went the tender parent to find her son studying Cæsar for dear life, and all the more amiable for the little gust which had blown away the temporary irritability. The brothers were often called "Thunder and Lightning," because Frank lowered and growled and was a good while clearing up, while Jack's temper came and went like a flash, and the air was all the clearer for the escape of dangerous electricity. Of course Mamma had to stop and deliver a little lecture, illustrated by sad tales of petulant boys, and punctuated with kisses which took off the edge of these afflicting narratives.

Jill meantime meditated morally on the superiority of her own good temper over the hasty one of her dear playmate, and just when she was feeling unusually uplifted and secure, alas! like so many of us, she fell, in the most deplorable manner.

Glancing about the room for something to do, she saw a sheet of paper lying exactly out of reach, where it had fluttered from the table unperceived. At first her eye rested on it as carelessly as it did on the stray stamp Frank had dropped; then, as if one thing suggested the other, she took it into her head that the paper was Frank's composition, or better still, a note to Annette, for the two corresponded when absence or weather prevented the daily meeting at school.

"Would n't it be fun to keep it till he gives back Jack's stamps? It would plague him so if it was a note, and I do believe it is, for compo's don't begin with two words on one side. I 'll get it, and Jack and I will plan some way to pay him off, cross thing!"

Forgetting her promise not to stir, also how dishonorable it was to read other people's letters, Jill caught up the long-handled hook, often in use now, and tried to pull the paper nearer. It would not come at once, for a seam in the carpet held it, and Jill feared to tear or crumple it if she was not very careful. The hook was rather heavy and long for her to manage, and Jack usually did the fishing, so she was not very skillful, and just as she was giving a particularly quick jerk she lost her balance, fell off the sofa, and dropped the pole with a bang.

"Oh, my back!" was all she could think or say as she felt the jar all through her little body, and a corresponding fear in her guilty little mind that some one would come and find out the double mischief she had been at. For a moment she lay quite still to recover from the shock, then as the pain passed she began to wonder how she should get back, and looked about her to see if she could do it alone. She thought she could, as the sofa was near and she had improved so much that she could sit up a little if the doctor would have let her. She was gathering herself together for the effort, when, within arm's reach now, she saw the tempting paper, and seized it with glee, for in spite of her predicament she did want to tease Frank. A glance showed that it was not the composition nor a note, but the beginning of a letter from Mrs. Minot to her sister, and Jill was about to lay it down when her own name caught her eye, and she could not resist reading it. Hard words to write of one so young, doubly hard to read, and impossible to forget.

"DEAR LIZZIE: Jack continues to do very well, and will soon be up again. But we begin to fear that the little girl is permanently injured in the back. She is here, and we do our best for her; but I never look at her without thinking of Lucinda Snow, who, you remember, was bed-ridden for twenty years, owing to a fall at fifteen. Poor little Janey does not know yet, and I hope ——"

There it ended, and "poor little Janey's" punishment for disobedience began that instant. She thought she was getting well because she did not suffer all the time, and every one spoke cheerfully

about "by and by." Now she knew the truth, and shut her eyes with a shiver as she said, low, to herself:

"Twenty years! I could n't bear it; oh, I could n't bear it!"

A very miserable Jill lay on the floor, and for a while did not care who came and found her; then the last words of the letter—"I hope"—seemed to shine across the blackness of the dreadful "twenty years" and cheer her up a bit, for despair never lives long in young hearts, and Jill was a brave child.

"That is why Mammy sighs so when she dresses me, and every one is so good to me. Perhaps Mrs. Minot does n't really know, after all. She was dreadfully scared about Jack, and he is getting well. I 'd like to ask Doctor, but he might find out about the letter. Oh, dear, why did n't I keep still and let the horrid thing alone!"

As she thought that, Jill pushed the paper away, pulled herself up, and with much painful effort managed to get back to her sofa, where she laid herself down with a groan, feeling as if the twenty years had already passed over her since she tumbled off.

"I 've told a lie, for I said I would n't stir. I 've hurt my back, I 've done a mean thing, and I 've got paid for it. A nice missionary I am; I 'd better begin at home, as Mammy told me to," and Jill groaned again, remembering her mother's words. "Now I 've got another secret to keep all alone, for I 'd be ashamed to tell the girls. I guess I 'll turn round and study my spelling; then no one will see my face."

Jill looked the picture of a good, industrious child as she lay with her back to the large table, her book held so that nothing was to be seen but one cheek and a pair of lips moving busily. Fortunately, it is difficult for little sinners to act a part, and, even if the face is hidden, something in the body seems to betray the internal remorse and shame. Usually, Jill lay flat and still; now her back was bent in a peculiar way as she leaned over her book, and one foot wagged nervously, while on the visible cheek was a Spanish stamp with a woman's face looking through the black bars, very suggestively, if she had known it. How long the minutes seemed till some one came, and what a queer little jump her heart gave when Mrs. Minot's voice said, cheerfully: "Jack is all right, and, I de-



"TWENTY YEARS! OH, I COULD N'T BEAR IT!"

clare, so is Jill. I really believe there is a telegraph still working somewhere between you two, and each knows what the other is about without words."

"I did n't have any other book handy, so I thought I 'd study awhile," answered Jill, feeling that she deserved no praise for her seeming industry.

She cast a sidelong glance as she spoke, and seeing that Mrs. Minot was looking for the letter, hid her face and lay so still she could hear the rustle of the paper as it was taken from the floor. It was well she did not also see the quick look the lady gave her as she turned the letter and found a red stamp sticking to the under side, for this unlucky little witness told the story.

Mrs. Minot remembered having seen the stamp lying close to the sofa when she left the room, for she had had half a mind to take it to Jack, but did not, thinking Frank's plan had some advantages. She also recollected that a paper flew off the table, but being in haste she had not stopped to see what it was. Now, the stamp and the letter could hardly have come together without hands, for they lay a yard apart, and here, also, on the unwritten portion of the page, was the mark of a small green thumb. Jill had been winding wool for a stripe in her new afghan, and the green ball lay on her sofa. These signs suggested and confirmed what Mrs. Minot did not want to believe; so did the voice, attitude and air of Jill, all very unlike her usual open, alert ways.

The kind lady could easily forgive the reading of her letter since the girl had found such sad news there, but the dangers of disobedience were serious in her case, and a glance showed that she was suffering either in mind or body,—perhaps both.

"I will wait for her to tell me. She is an honest child, and the truth will soon come out," thought Mrs. Minot as she took a clean sheet, and Jill tried to study.

"Shall I hear your lesson, dear? Jack means to recite his like a good boy, so suppose you follow his example," she said, presently.

"I don't know as I can say it, but I 'll try."

Jill did try, and got on bravely till she came to the word "permanent"; there she hesitated, remembering where she saw it last.

"Do you know what that means?" asked her teacher, thinking to help her on by defining the word.

"Always—for a great while—or something like that; does n't it?" faltered Jill, with a tight feeling in her throat, and the color coming up, as she tried to speak easily, yet felt so shame-stricken she could not.

"Are you in pain, my child? Never mind the lesson; tell me, and I 'll do something for you."

The kind words, the soft hand on her hot cheek, and the pity in the eyes that looked at her, were too much for Jill. A sob came first, and then the truth, told with hidden face and tears that washed the blush away, and set free the honest little soul that could not hide its fault from such a friend.

"I knew it all before, and was sure you would tell me, else you would not be the child I love and like to help so well."

Then, while she soothed Jill's trouble, Mrs. Minot told her story and showed the letter, wishing to lessen, if possible, some part of the pain it had given.

"Sly old stamp! to go and tell on me when I meant to own up, and get some credit if I could, after being so mean and bad," said Jill, smiling through her tears when she saw the tell-tale witnesses against her.

"You had better stick it in your book to remind you of the bad consequences of disobedience, then perhaps *this* lesson will leave a 'permanent' impression on your mind and memory," answered Mrs. Minot, glad to see her natural gayety coming back, and hoping that she had forgotten the contents of the unfortunate letter.

But she had not; and presently, when the sad affair had been talked over and forgiven, Jill asked, slowly, as she tried to put on a brave look:

"Please tell me about Lucinda Snow. If I am to be like her, I might as well know how she managed to bear it so long."

"I 'm sorry you ever heard of her, and yet perhaps it may help you to bear your trial, dear, which I hope will never be as heavy a one as hers. This Lucinda I knew for years, and though at first I thought her fate the saddest that could be, I came at last to see how happy she was in spite of her affliction, how good and useful and beloved."

"Why, how could she be? What did she do?" cried Jill, forgetting her own troubles to look up with an open, eager face again.

"She was so patient, other people were ashamed to complain of their small worries; so cheerful, that her own great one grew lighter; so industrious, that she made both money and friends by pretty things she worked and sold to her many visitors. And, best of all, so wise and sweet that she seemed to get good out of everything, and make her poor room a sort of chapel where people went for comfort, counsel, and an example of a pious life. So, you see, Lucinda was not so very miserable after all."

"Well, if I could not be as I was, I 'd like to be a woman like that. Only, I hope I shall not!" answered Jill, thoughtfully at first, then coming out so decidedly with the last words that it was evident the life of a bed-ridden saint was not at all to her mind.

"So do I; and I mean to believe that you will not. Meantime, we can try to make the waiting as useful and pleasant as possible. This painful little back will be a sort of conscience to remind you of what you ought to do and leave undone, and so you can be learning obedience. Then, when the body is strong, it will have formed a good habit to make duty easier; and my Lucinda can be a sweet example, even while lying here, if she chooses."

"Can I?" and Jill's eyes were full of softer tears as the comfortable, cheering words sank into her heart, to blossom slowly by and by into her life, for this was to be a long lesson, hard to learn, but very useful in the years to come.

When the boys returned, after the Latin was recited and peace restored, Jack showed her a recovered stamp promptly paid by Frank, who was as just as he was severe, and Jill asked for the old red one, though she did not tell why she wanted it, nor show it put away in the spelling-book, a little seal upon a promise made to be kept.

CHAPTER VIII.

MERRY AND MOLLY.

NOW let us see how the other missionaries got on with their tasks.

Farmer Grant was a thrifty, well-to-do man, anxious to give his children greater advantages than he had enjoyed, and to improve the fine place of which he was justly proud. Mrs. Grant was a notable housewife, as ambitious and industrious as her husband, but too busy to spend any time on the elegancies of life, though always ready to help the poor and sick like a good neighbor and Christian woman. The three sons—Tom, Dick and Harry—were big fellows of seventeen, nineteen and twenty-one; the two first on the farm, and the elder in a store just setting up for himself. Kind-hearted but rough-mannered youths, who loved Merry very much, but teased her sadly about her "fine lady airs," as they called her dainty ways and love of beauty.

Merry was a thoughtful girl, full of innocent fancies, refined tastes and romantic dreams, in which no one sympathized at home though she was the pet of the family. It did seem, to an outsider, as if the delicate little creature had got there by mistake, for she looked very like a tea-rose in a field of clover and dandelions, whose highest aim in life was to feed cows and help make root beer.

When the girls talked over the new society, it pleased Merry very much, and she decided not only to try and love work better, but to convert her family to a liking for pretty things, as she called her own more cultivated tastes.

"I will begin at once, and show them that I don't mean to shirk my duty, though I do want to be nice," thought she, as she sat at supper one night and looked about her, planning her first move.

Not a very cheering prospect for a lover of the beautiful, certainly, for the big kitchen, though as neat as wax, had nothing lovely in it, except a red geranium blooming at the window. Nor were the people all that could be desired, in some respects, as they sat about the table shoveling in pork and beans with their knives, drinking tea from their saucers, and laughing out with a hearty "Haw, haw," when anything amused them. Yet, the boys were handsome, strong specimens, the farmer a hale, benevolent-looking man, the housewife a pleasant, sharp-eyed matron, who seemed to find comfort in looking often at the bright face at her elbow, with the broad forehead, clear eyes, sweet mouth, and quiet voice that came like music in among the loud masculine ones, or the quick, nervous tones of a woman always in a hurry.

Merry's face was so thoughtful that evening that her father observed it, for, when at home, he watched her as one watches a kitten, glad to see anything so pretty, young and happy, at its play.

"Little daughter has got something on her mind, I mistrust. Come and tell father all about it," he said, with a sounding slap on his broad knee as he turned his chair from the table to the ugly stove, where three pairs of wet boots steamed underneath, and a great kettle of cider-apple sauce simmered above.

"When I 've helped clear up, I 'll come and talk. Now, mother, you sit down and rest; Roxy and I can do everything," answered Merry, patting the old rocking-chair so invitingly that the tired woman could not resist, especially as watching the kettle gave her an excuse for obeying.

"Well, I don't care if I do, for I 've been on my feet since five o'clock. Be sure you cover things up, and shut the buttery door, and put the cat down cellar, and sift your meal. I 'll see to the buckwheats last thing before I go to bed."

Mrs. Grant subsided with her knitting, for her hands were never idle; Tom tilted his chair back against the wall and picked his teeth with his pen-knife; Dick got out a little pot of grease, to make the boots water-tight; and Harry sat down at the small table, to look over his accounts, with an important air,—for every one occupied this room, and the work was done in the out-kitchen behind.

Merry hated clearing up, but dutifully did every distasteful task, and kept her eye on careless Roxy till all was in order; then she gladly went to perch on her father's knee, seeing in all the faces about her the silent welcome they always wore for the "little one."

"Yes, I do want something, but I know you will say it is silly," she began, as her father pinched her blooming cheek, with the wish that his peaches would ever look half as well.

"Should n't wonder if it was a doll now," and Mr. Grant stroked her head with an indulgent smile, as if she was about six instead of nearly fifteen.

"Why, father, you know I don't. I have n't played with dollies for years and years. No; I want to fix up my room pretty, like Jill's. I 'll do it all myself, and only want a few things, for I don't expect it to look as nice as hers."

Indignation gave Merry courage to state her wishes boldly, though she knew the boys would laugh. They did, and her mother said in a tone of surprise:

"Why, child, what more can you want? I 'm sure your room is always as neat as a new pin, thanks to your bringing up, and I told you to have a fire there whenever you wanted to."

"Let me have some old things out of the garret, and I 'll show you what I want. It *is* neat, but so bare and ugly I hate to be there. I do so love something pretty to look at!" and Merry gave a little shiver of disgust as she turned her eyes away from the large greasy boot Dick was holding up to be sure it was well lubricated all round.

"So do I, and that 's a fact. I could n't get on without my pretty girl here, any way. Why, she touches up the old place better than a dozen flower-pots in full blow," said the farmer, as his eye went from the scarlet geranium to the bright young face so near his own.

"I wish I had a dozen in the sitting-room window. Mother says they are not tidy, but I 'd keep them neat, and I know you 'd like it," broke in Merry, glad of the chance to get one of the long-desired wishes of her heart fulfilled.

"I 'll fetch you some next time I go over to Ballad's. Tell me what you want, and we 'll have a posy bed somewhere round, see if we don't," said her father, dimly understanding what she wanted.

"Now, if mother says I may fix my room, I shall be satisfied, and I 'll do my chores without a bit of fuss, to show how grateful I am," said the girl, thanking her father with a kiss, and smiling at her mother so wistfully that the good woman could not refuse.

"You may have anything you like out of the blue chest. There 's a lot of things there that the moths got at after Grandma died, and I could n't bear to throw or give 'em away. Trim up your room as you like, and mind you don't forget your part of the bargain," answered Mrs. Grant, seeing profit in the plan.

"I wont; I 'll work all the morning to-morrow, and in the afternoon I 'll get ready to show you what I call a nice, pretty room," answered Merry, looking so pleased it seemed as if another flower had blossomed in the large bare kitchen.

She kept her word, and the very stormy afternoon when Jill got into trouble, Merry was working busily at her little bower. In the blue chest she found a variety of treasures, and ignoring the moth holes, used them to the best advantage, trying to imitate the simple comfort with a touch of elegance which prevailed in Mrs. Minot's back bedroom.

Three faded red-moreen curtains went up at the windows over the chilly paper shades, giving a pleasant glow to the bare walls. A red quilt with white stars, rather the worse for many washings, covered the bed, and a gay cloth the table, where a judicious arrangement of books and baskets concealed the spots. The little air-tight stove was banished, and a pair of ancient andirons shone in the fire light. Grandma's last and largest braided rug lay on the hearth, and her brass candlesticks adorned the bureau, over the mirror of which was festooned a white muslin skirt, tied up with Merry's red sash. This piece of elegance gave the last touch to her room, she thought, and she was very proud of it, setting forth all her small store of trinkets in a large shell, with an empty scent bottle, and a clean tidy over the pincushion. On the walls she hung three old-fashioned pictures, which she ventured to borrow from the garret till better could be found. One a mourning piece, with a very tall lady weeping on an urn in a grove of willows, and two small boys in knee breeches and funny little square tails to their coats, looking like cherubs in large frills. The other was as good as a bonfire, being an irruption of Vesuvius, and very lurid indeed, for the Bay of Naples was boiling like a pot, the red sky raining rocks, and a few distracted people lying flat upon the shore. The third was a really pretty scene of children dancing round a May-pole, for though nearly a hundred years old, the little maids smiled and the boys pranced as gayly as if the flowers they carried were still alive and sweet.

"Now I 'll call them all to see, and say that it is pretty. Then I 'll enjoy it, and come here when things look dismal and bare everywhere else," said Merry, when at last it was done. She had worked all the afternoon, and only finished at supper time, so the candles had to be lighted that the toilette might look its best, and impress the beholders with an idea of true elegance. Unfortunately, the fire smoked a little, and a window was set ajar to clear the room; an evil disposed gust blew in, wafting the thin drapery within reach

of the light, and when Merry threw open the door proudly thinking to display her success, she was horrified to find the room in a blaze, and half her labor all in vain.

The conflagration was over in a minute, however, for the boys tore down the muslin and stamped out the fire with much laughter, while Mrs. Grant bewailed the damage to her carpet, and poor Merry took refuge in her father's arms, refusing to be comforted in spite of his kind commendation of "Grandma's fixin's."

The third little missionary had the hardest time of all, and her first efforts were not much more satisfactory nor successful than the others. Her father was away from morning till night, and then had his paper to read, books to keep, or a man to see down town, so that after a hasty word at tea, he saw no more of the children till another evening, as they were seldom up at his early breakfast. He thought they were well taken care of, for Miss Bathsheba Dawes was an energetic, middle-aged spinster when she came into the family, and had been there fifteen years, so he did not observe, what a woman would have seen at once, that Miss Bat was getting old and careless, and everything about the house was at sixes and sevens. She took good care of him, and thought she had done her duty if she got three comfortable meals, nursed the children when they were ill, and saw that the house did not burn up. So Maria Louisa and Napoleon Bonaparte got on as they could, without the tender cares of a mother. Molly had been a happy-go-lucky child, contented with her pets, her freedom, and little Boo to love; but now she was just beginning to see that they were not like other children, and to feel ashamed of it.

"Papa is busy, but Miss Bat ought to see to us; she is paid for it, and Goodness knows she has an easy time now, for if I ask her to do anything, she groans over her bones, and tells me young folks should wait on themselves. I take all the care of Boo off her hands, but I can't wash my own things, and he has n't a decent trowser to his blessed little legs. I 'd tell papa, but it would n't do any good; he 'd only say, 'Yes, child, yes, I 'll attend to it,' and never do a thing."

This used to be Molly's lament when some especially trying event occurred, and if the girls were not there to condole with her, she would retire to the shed-chamber, call her nine cats about her, and, sitting in the old two-bushel basket, pull her hair about her ears, and scold all alone. The cats learned to understand this habit, and nobly did their best to dispel the gloom which now and then obscured the sunshine of their little mistress. Some of them would creep into her lap and purr till the comfortable sound soothed her irritation; the sedate elders sat at her feet blinking with such wise and sympathetic faces, that she felt as if half a dozen Solomons were giving her the sagest advice; while the kittens frisked about, cutting up their drollest capers till she laughed in spite of herself. When the laugh came, the worst of the fit was over, and she soon cheered up, dismissing the consolers with a pat all round, a feast of good things from Miss Bat's larder, and the usual speech:

"Well, dears, it 's of no use to worry. I guess we shall get along somehow, if we don't fret."

With which wise resolution, Molly would leave her retreat and freshen up her spirits by a row on the river or a romp with Boo, which always finished the case. Now, however, she was bound to try the new plan and do something toward reforming not only the boy's condition, but the disorder and discomfort of home.

"I 'll play it is Siam, and this the house of a native, and I 'm come to show the folks how to live nicely. Miss Bat wont know what to make of it, and I can't tell her, so I shall get some fun out of it, any way," thought Molly, as she surveyed the dining-room the day her mission began.

The prospect was not cheering; and, if the natives of Siam live in such confusion, it is high time they were attended to. The breakfast-table still stood as it was left, with slops of coffee on the cloth; bits of bread, egg-shells, and potato-skins lay about, and one lonely sausage was cast away in the middle of a large platter. The furniture was dusty, stove untidy, and the carpet looked as if crumbs had been scattered to chickens who declined their breakfast. Boo was sitting on the sofa, with his arm through a hole in the cover, hunting for some lost treasure put away there for safe keeping, like a little magpie as he was. Molly fancied she washed and dressed him well enough; but to-day she seemed to see more clearly, and sighed as she thought of the hard job in store for her if she gave him the thorough washing he needed, and combed out that curly mop of hair.

"I 'll clear up first and do that by and by. I ought to have a nice little tub and good towels, like Mrs. Minot, and I will, too, if I buy them myself," she said, piling up cups with an energy that threatened destruction to handles.

Miss Bat, who was trailing about the kitchen, with her head pinned up in a little plaid shawl, was so surprised by the demand for a pan of hot water and four clean towels, that she nearly dropped her snuff-box, chief comfort of her lazy soul.

"What new whimsey now? Generally, the dishes stand 'round till I have time to pick 'em up, and you are off coasting or careering somewhere. Well, this tidy fit wont last long, so I may as well

make the most of it," said Miss Bat, as she handed out the required articles, and then pushed her spectacles from the tip of her sharp nose to her sharper black eyes for a good look at the girl who stood primly before her, with a clean apron on and her hair braided up instead of flying wildly about her shoulders.

"Umph!" was all the comment that Miss Bat made on this unusual neatness, and she went on scraping her saucepans, while Molly returned to her work, very well pleased with the effect of her first step, for she felt that the bewilderment of Miss Bat would be a constant inspiration to fresh efforts.



MOLLY LOO ENJOYING A QUIET SULK.

An hour of hard work produced an agreeable change in the abode of the native, for the table was cleared, room swept and dusted, fire brightened, and the holes in the sofa covering were pinned up till time could be found to mend them. To be sure, rolls of lint lay in corners, smears of ashes were on the stove hearth, and dust still lurked on chair rounds and table legs. But too much must not be expected of a new convert, so the young missionary sat down to rest, well pleased and ready for another attempt as soon as she could decide in what direction it should be made. She quailed before Boo as she looked at the unconscious innocent peacefully playing with the spotted dog, now bereft of his tail, and the lone sausage with which he was attempting to feed the hungry animal, whose red mouth always gaped for more.

"It will be an awful job, and he is so happy I wont plague him yet. Guess I 'll go and put my room to rights first, and pick up some clean clothes to put on him, if he is alive after I get through with him," thought Molly, foreseeing a stormy passage for the boy, who hated a bath as much as some people hate a trip across the Atlantic.

Up she went, and finding the fire out felt discouraged, thought she would rest a little more, so retired under the blankets to read one of the Christmas books. The dinner-bell rang while she was still wandering happily in "Nelly's Silver Mine," and she ran down to find that Boo had laid out a railroad all across her neat room, using bits of coal for sleepers and books for rails, over which he was dragging the yellow sled laden with a dismayed kitten, the tailless dog, and the remains of the sausage, evidently on its way to the tomb, for Boo took bites at it now and then, no other lunch being offered him.

"Oh dear! why can't boys play without making such a mess," sighed Molly, picking up the feathers from the duster with which Boo had been trying to make a "cocky-doo" of the hapless dog. "I 'll wash him right after dinner, and that will keep him out of mischief for a while," she thought, as the young engineer unsuspiciously proceeded to ornament his already crocky countenance with squash, cranberry sauce and gravy, till he looked more like a Fiji chief in full war-paint than a Christian boy.

"I want two pails of hot water, please, Miss Bat, and the big tub," said Molly, as the ancient handmaid emptied her fourth cup of tea, for she dined with the family, and enjoyed her own good cooking in its prime.

"What are you going to wash now?"

"Boo—I 'm sure he needs it enough," and Molly could not help laughing as the victim added to his brilliant appearance by smearing the colors all together with a rub of two grimy hands, making a fine "Turner" of himself.

"Now, Maria Louisa Bemis, you aint going to cut up no capers with that child! The idea of a hot bath in the middle of the day, and him full of dinner, and croupy into the bargain! Wet a corner of a towel at the kettle-spout and polish him off if you like, but you wont risk his life in no bath-tubs this cold day."

Miss Bat's word was law in some things, so Molly had to submit, and took Boo away, saying, loftily, as she left the room:

"I shall ask father, and do it to-night, for I will *not* have my brother look like a pig."

"My patience! how the Siamese do leave their things round," she exclaimed, as she surveyed her room after making up the fire and polishing off Boo. "I 'll put things in order, and then mend up my rags, if I can find my thimble. Now, let me see," and she went to exploring her closet, bureau and table, finding such disorder everywhere that her courage nearly gave out.

She had clothes enough, but all needed care; even her best dress had two buttons off, and her Sunday hat but one string. Shoes, skirts, books and toys lay about, and her drawers were a perfect chaos of soiled ruffles, odd gloves, old ribbons, boot lacings and bits of paper.

"Oh, my heart, what a muddle! Mrs. Minot would n't think much of me if she could see that," said Molly, recalling how that lady once said she could judge a good deal of a little girl's character and habits by a peep at her top drawer; and Molly went on, with great success, to guess how each of her school-mates kept her drawer.

"Come, missionary, clear up, and don't let me find such a glory-hole again, or I 'll report you to the society," said Molly, tipping the whole drawerfull out upon the bed, and beguiling the tiresome job by keeping up the new play.

Twilight came before it was done, and a great pile of things loomed up on her table, with no visible means of repair,—for Molly's work-basket was full of nuts, and her thimble down a hole in the shed-floor, where the cats had dropped it in their play.

"I 'll ask Bat for hooks and tape, and papa for some money to buy scissors and things, for I don't know where mine are. Glad I can't do any more now! Being neat is such hard work!" and Molly threw herself down on the rug beside the old wooden cradle in which Boo was blissfully rocking, with a cargo of toys aboard.

She watched her time, and as soon as her father had done supper, she hastened to say, before he got to his desk:

"Please, papa, I want a dollar to get some brass buttons and things to fix Boo's clothes with. He wore a hole in his new trousers coasting down the Kembles' steps. And can't I wash him? He needs it, and Miss Bat wont let me have a tub."

"Certainly, child, certainly; do what you like, only don't keep me. I must be off, or I shall miss Jackson, and he 's the man I want," and, throwing down two dollars instead of one, Mr. Bemis hurried away, with a vague impression that Boo had swallowed a dozen brass buttons and Miss Bat had been coasting somewhere in a bath-pan; but catching Jackson was important, so he did not stop to investigate.

Armed with the paternal permission, Molly carried her point, and oh, what a dreadful evening poor Boo spent! First, he was decoyed upstairs an hour too soon, then put in a tub by main force and sternly scrubbed, in spite of shrieks that brought Miss Bat to the locked door to condole with the sufferer, scold the scrubber, and depart, darkly prophesying croup before morning.

"He always howls when he is washed; but I shall do it, since you wont, and he must get used to it. I will not have people tell me he 's neglected, if I can help it," cried Molly, working away with tears in her eyes—for it was as hard for her as for Boo; but she meant to be thorough for once in her life, no matter what happened.

When the worst was over, she coaxed him with candy and stories till the long task of combing out the curls was safely done; then, in the clean nightgown with a blue button newly sewed on, she laid him in bed, worn out, but sweet as a rose.

"Now, say your prayers, darling, and go to sleep, with the nice red blanket all tucked round so you wont get cold," said Molly, rather doubtful of the effect of the wet head.

"No, I wont! Going to sleep *now!*" and Boo shut his eyes wearily, feeling that his late trials had not left him in a prayerful mood.

"Then you 'll be a real little heathen, as Mrs. Pecq called you, and I don't know what I shall do with you," said Molly, longing to cuddle rather than scold the little fellow, whose soul needed looking after as well as his body.

"No, no; I wont be a heevin! I don't want to be frowed to the trockindiles. I will say my prayers! oh, I will!" and, rising in his bed, Boo did so, with the devotion of an infant Samuel, for he remembered the talk when the society was formed.

Molly thought her labors were over for that night, and soon went to bed, tired with her first attempts. But toward morning she was wakened by the hoarse breathing of the boy, and was forced to patter away to Miss Bat's room, humbly asking for the squills, and confessing that the prophecy had come to pass.

"I knew it! Bring the child to me and don't fret. I 'll see to him, and next time you do as I say," was the consoling welcome she received as the old lady popped up a sleepy but anxious face in a large flannel cap, and shook the bottle with the air of a general who had routed the foe before and meant to do it again.

Leaving her little responsibility in Miss Bat's arms, Molly retired to wet her pillow with a few remorseful tears, and to fall asleep, wondering if real missionaries ever killed their pupils in the process of conversion.

So the girls all failed in the beginning; but they did not give up, and succeeded better next time, as we shall see.

(To be continued.)

RIDING ON THE RAIL.

By H. F. King.



Clickety, clackety, how the wheels run!
Crickety, crackety, is n't it fun
Rushing through bridges and over the streams,
Seeing the country like so many dreams!

Bumpity, bumpity, bang, on each rail!
How the car shivers through mountain and vale!
Now on the hill-side, and now on the plain,
Running the same in the sunshine or rain.

Chunkety, chunkety, chunkety, chunk!
Bandbox and passenger, bundle and trunk,
All on the single train speeding away
Faster than antelopes bounding in play.

Jigglety, jogglety, bumpity, bump,
Crickety, crackety, humpity, hump,
Rattlety, battlety, clickety, clang,
Whistlety, ringity, here we stop, bang!

SNOW-FLAKES.

BY MARY N. PRESCOTT.

"COME," said the Snow-flakes, "it 's time we should rally,
To tuck up the roots of the grass,
To shine on the hill-top and whiten the valley
And touch the world up as we pass.
All the huts that are ruined and ugly
Let us change into marble halls,
We will cover the naked hedges up snugly,
And festoon the ragged stone walls.
We will build our drifts on the king's highway,
Mimic the shape of star or feather,
We will silently waltz the livelong day,
Or sculpture garlands together.
Never, outside of the spider's loom,
Shall be spun such laces as ours,
And never, after the summer's bloom,
Shall be seen such wonderful flowers."

CHY LUNG, THE CHINESE FISHERMAN.

BY FANNY M. OSBORNE.

CHY LUNG lived quite alone by the sea, in a small hut left him by his father, who, with his mother, had died long ago, full of years, honest and kindly people, but never well to do. Chy Lung followed in his father's footsteps, and in his grandfather's, and his grandfather's father's, and, like them, was a fisherman.

He had been carefully reared, and was a virtuous youth. He performed all the religious rites which had been taught him; he observed all feast days, and he never yet had allowed the new year to find him with debts unpaid. Though toiling for their daily bread, and used to many privations, his parents had found some time for the education of their only son. He knew something of Chinese literature, was a good arithmetician, and was seldom without his volume of Confucius, of whose life and maxims he was exceedingly fond.

His occupation was a never-ending pleasure to Chy Lung. While he was waiting to draw his nets, he sat on the shore and listened to the sound of the waves, and watched and wondered at the craft in the dim distance, and sometimes even made verses about the strange lands he could almost see; for Chy Lung was a bit of a poet, and liked composing verses almost as well as reading them; and when he drew in his nets, he watched for the haul with the same eager curiosity he had felt as a child. Such strange creatures came from the depths of the sea; great fishes fit for the market; things with big eyes, and ugly wide mouths, which it was necessary to kill, as they devoured everything that came in their way smaller than themselves; thousands of little silvery minnows that were either dried on strings and hung in festoons on the walls of the hut, or thrown back into the water until they should attain a larger growth.

The pleasant monotony of Chy Lung's life remained unchanged for a long while, until one morning, for the first time, the sea failed him, and refused him her treasures. The first failure only occasioned surprise; but when the second morning Chy Lung cast his nets in vain, things began to wear a more serious aspect, for it was each day's gain that supplied each day's food.

The third morning he rose betimes and hastened out to try once more. With the deepest anxiety he drew in his nets; it was easy work—for they were empty.

Chy Lung sat for a long time, looking disconsolately at the empty nets, and apparently deep in

thought. He had need for reflection, for he had only two small fishes wherewith to stay the pangs of hunger, which by this time had begun to make themselves felt most unpleasantly. At last, he rose, and hanging out his nets to dry, went homeward.

Scraping together the last of his fuel, he cooked and ate the smaller of the two fish with a ravenous appetite. In the preparation of the other he took greater pains. When it was browned to a nicety he placed it upon his best dish, and after changing his blouse for a fresh one, he started for the temple, there to lay the fish as an offering before the idol called the God of Plenty.

As he entered the door of the temple a pungent and aromatic smell of incense met his nostrils, mixed with the odor of scented woods, and of the baked meats, which had been brought as offerings. Curious and elaborate carvings adorned the walls; silken banners heavily embroidered hung from the ceiling. The idols sat in a row on a dais beneath a canopy. Some held fans, some had double faces; all were hideous, and none showed the least concern when the savory dishes were carried away from beneath their very noses for the entertainment of the priests in an inner apartment. They all kept their seats, and moved neither hand, foot, nor eyebrow, and there they are still sitting to this day.

Chy Lung pushed impatiently toward the God of Plenty, before whom he laid his humble offering. He prostrated himself before the idols, and then, rising, he threw what are called the lucky sticks. He frowned, and murmured to himself that his hand had slipped, threw them again, and, stooping upon his hands and knees, studied them anxiously. But the lucky sticks that day proved most unlucky for Chy Lung; they prophesied naught but grief and disaster.

He rose, left the temple, and stood for some time outside the door lost in thought. An old story came into his mind, told by his mother, of a time when the fisheries had failed altogether, when strong men starved to death, and little children perished in their mothers' arms. He was faint and giddy with fasting; his imagination was fevered. Weird tales of his childhood returned to his memory, and that of the Sorcerer of the Sea was as vividly clear to him as when he heard it first at his grandfather's knee.

He stepped quickly forth into the street with a cry, "Oh, I am so young to die, so young and strong! If what I feel is but the beginning of starvation, what must be the final pangs? Would that I could meet the Sorcerer of the Sea! I would kneel at his feet, and beseech him until he should help me for pity's sake!"

He looked up and down the street; no door stood open; there was no cross street; and yet, suddenly, a ragged old man appeared before him, lean and bent with age.

"Who art thou, old man?" cried the fisherman, with an involuntary shudder. "Why do you stop and look at me? Go on! I have nothing for you. But, no, no!" and he fell at the beggar's feet. "I meant not what I said. Forgive me, forgive and help me, or I die!"

For he knew him now! There was a certain air about him which showed him to be the Sorcerer of the Sea!

"Rise, strange youth," said the old man. "I understand you not. It is for me to ask, and for you to give. What can any but a madman expect from a beggar like this?" And he shook his rags in the air.

"Give me something to eat. Give me some good fortune, I implore you!" cried Chy Lung; "see, I cling to your robe, and here I shall cling until you have granted my petition."

"You are a bold youth," said the beggar, and, even as he spoke, he was gone. Chy Lung looked up and down the street, rubbed his eyes, and looked again; but no living thing was in sight. It seemed a dream until his eyes fell upon his hand, in which he still held a piece of the beggar's dress, which, thin and rotten, had given way in his frantic grasp. At least he had this.

He slept that night with the rag in his breast, but his sleep was troubled and full of ugly dreams. At day-break he rose to go down to the sea to throw his nets. "I will drop with them a bit of the rag," he thought. As he did so, he felt his heart beat thickly, and his blood quicken with excitement.

When it was time to draw the nets, they pulled heavily; he forgot his hunger and his weakness, and hauled with an energetic force that soon brought them to land. They might well have taxed a stronger arm than his; for they were full of the largest and finest of fish!

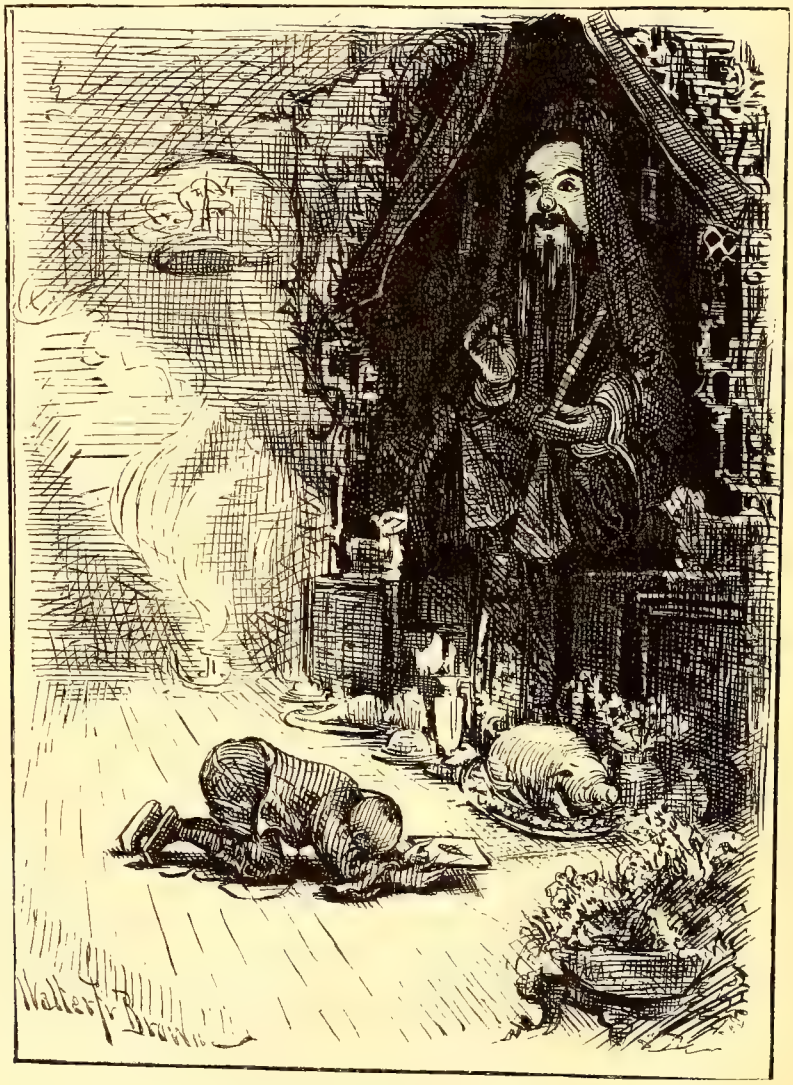
When he had joyfully loaded his baskets, and balanced them at each end of a long pole which he slung across his shoulders, he started for the market-place with a long and swinging trot.

Though it was early morning, many people were already there, who had come betimes that they might have their choice of the fresh vegetables and fruit with the dew yet upon them, and the fish still flapping the sea-water from their glittering sides.

Chy Lung was at once surrounded by a crowd of purchasers, and disposed of his fish without delay. He returned home joyfully, his money in his bosom. Never before had he earned so much in a single day. He began to consider himself a

prosperous man, and fell to building castles in the air. As he laid away his rice and provisions, he glanced about the hut which had been his home for so long. It looked smaller and meaner than

market-place, and again the people crowded about him; but not to buy. On the contrary, they began to scold and abuse him in the most dreadful way, and every moment the noise increased.



CHY LUNG BRINGS AN OFFERING TO THE TEMPLE.

he had thought. He determined to build a new one, soon. It should be made of bamboo, and there should be matting on the floor, and he would have many other things which he felt, for the first time, to be necessary.

In the morning he went early to cast his nets; but now he had no misgivings, and threw in the scrap of rag with an air of confidence. Again his nets were filled to bursting; again he went to the

"What is it? I do not understand," he cried, in astonishment; for at first the angry hum of voices confused his hearing.

A heavy-browed woman stepped forward.

"Thief and deceiver that thou art!" cried she. "We bring our money, good and hardly earned; we buy of thee food for our families and our little children; but our children go hungry to bed, and we are beaten by our husbands because there is no

meal prepared at their return; we trudge home through the sun and dust; we open our baskets; what do we see? *Nothing! They are empty!* The fish we bought have vanished! Now make good our loss, or it shall fare badly with thee!"

The fisherman was deeply troubled.

"It is some strange mistake," said he. "To each who yesterday bought of me a fish which afterward disappeared, I will now give another, and a better, and a finer one, for I have had a good haul to-day."

Still threatening, and but partially appeased, a number of the villagers came forward and had their baskets refilled. Chy Lung's panniers were emptied as quickly as before, but he carried home no money in his blouse, and built no castles in the air that night.

When daylight came, he tried his nets once more, with the same result. As he approached the market-place his steps became slower, and his air doubtful. He trembled as he listened to the angry roar of a multitude.

The moment he appeared, the crowd rushed forward.

"Thou hast tricked us again!" they cried, "thou infamous fisherman! We will touch no more of thy vile and bewitched fish! Return to us our money!"

Chy Lung, amazed and terrified, emptied all the money he had left, upon the ground, but it fell short of the amount required.

The crowd moved nearer with menacing gestures, and, as he dropped his pole and ran for his life, it followed him with raging fury. An oyster-shell struck him on the temple, followed by a stone; missiles of every sort came flying from every direction.

"Ah, I am lost!" he cried. "Thou Sorcerer of the Sea, it is to thee I owe my danger; why comest thou not to save me?"

Suddenly an old man, in beggar's rags, was waving back the multitude with an air of authority which none seemed able to dispute. Those foremost in the ranks were thrown to the ground by the wild rush of the mob behind. In a second they were all sprawling upon the ground, a confused heap of arms, legs, baskets and queues.

"Save yourself while you may," said the stranger. "I will amuse the fools for a moment."

As he spoke, he dipped his forefinger into some mud by the way-side and drew upon a white wall figures in outline. The people who had arisen to their feet fell back appalled; for now a wonderful thing took place: as the old man's hand was raised from the drawing of each figure, it moved, a living thing, grimacing and gesticulating at the open-mouthed crowd of astonished gazers.

One figure after another became thus possessed of vitality, each more grotesque in shape than the last. They leaped, they nodded, they bowed, they seemed to crack their shadowy fingers in the air; and every moment their gestures became swifter and more extravagant, until a cry of fright burst from the mob, and they turned and fled like one man; for one of the figures, crowded off the end of the wall, showed in strong relief against the bright sky, still capering madly.

The beggar smiled, took a handful of rags from his breast, wiped away the remaining figures, and disappeared as suddenly as they.

All this time Chy Lung had stood spell-bound; now he, too, turned to flee; but not alone. For, as he fled, the outline figure fled with him; when he stopped, it stopped; when he hurried on again, it was still beside him, against a white wall, or the bright sky, showing close behind him and throwing its arms aloft in derisive mirth.

From that time it accompanied him in all his wanderings. For now he became a wanderer. Chy Lung, who had been so proud of his honest independence, begged his bread from door to door, while the figure followed and laughed at him.

Some weeks had elapsed when he found himself far from his native town, hungry, foot-sore and weary. As he stood in the street a laborer passed by, from whom he begged a handful of rice. The man looked at him in surprise.

"I wonder," said he, "that a man like you, strong and able, should so demean yourself. Why do you not work?"

"That I would do gladly," said the fisherman; "but what work, and where? I do not understand tilling the soil; I am only a fisherman."

"In that case," cried the man, "there is some hope for you. You see the tops of those pagodas in the distance? Well, just beyond lie the estates of a great mandarin, and I heard but this morning that his steward was inquiring for a fisherman. Make haste, that you may be the first to apply."

Chy Lung did make haste, and was engaged upon trial. Here, surrounded as he was with all the comforts of life, pursuing an avocation that suited him, he might have passed many years of peace and quiet, but for the annoying presence of the outline figure, which still continued to show itself to him whenever it had a chance. He soon began to long for any change that might distract his thoughts, and was quite pleased when the time drew near for the Feast of Lanterns.

Preparations had already begun. Acrobats, jugglers, and theatrical performers were journeying toward the mandarin's residence from all parts of the empire. Immense paper dragons, with fire spouting from their nostrils, guarded the garden

gates; the trees bore strange luminous fruits; grotesque lanterns hung from every projection; a display of fire-works that should rival the sun was near completion; singing kites, cunningly devised with lanterns at their tails and strings stretched across their bodies, through which the wind played, sent down strains of harmony, now here, now there, now low, now high; flowers bloomed, and tinkling fountains cooled the air. Everything was arranged upon a scale of the utmost magnificence. In the store-house were pigs ready for roasting whole, dried oysters, piles of curious-looking fungi, edible birds'-nests for soup, packages of tea beyond all price, sweetmeats of every kind, preserved ginger, melons, delicious and of great variety,—everything, in fact, and much more than was necessary for the feast of a great mandarin.

The day arrived at last. Guests began to come in, the road was filled with coolies carrying sedan chairs curtained with silk, and numbers of gayly dressed people walked about the beautiful and extensive gardens, admiring all they saw.

It was with difficulty that Chy Lung could tear himself away from the entrancing sight; but he needs must, for time was flying apace, and there was still the fish to be caught for the evening banquet. When he drew in the nets, to his horror they were quite light and empty. He dared not go back without the expected fish. He sat looking at his nets, as they lay upon the sands, in helpless distress. Unwonted gestures on the part of the outline figure at last attracted his attention. It was seen against a white chalk cliff, and was gesticulating violently, and seemed pointing toward his heart. He remembered the sorcerer's charm, and wondered vaguely if he had lost it. No; there it was, still in his bosom. The figure pointed to the nets. The temptation was too great to be resisted. His life would be forfeited if he failed, so he hurriedly threw back the nets, with a piece of the beggar's rag in them.



"THE OUTLINE FIGURE FLED WITH HIM."

Now the nets came up heavy indeed. He pulled harder and harder until they were landed. What



"THE NETS CAME UP HEAVY."

was his amazement and dismay, instead of fish, to behold two beautiful mermaidens struggling in the meshes. He unloosed one, who sprang into the sea with a flap of a shining tail. She soon rose again, and swimming to a rock a short way distant, wept aloud and called piteously to the fisherman to release her sister. He was at first inclined to do so; but he remembered, with a thrill at his heart, how late it had grown, how his head would surely be cut off if he failed to bring a fish for the great feast in the evening. "She is half fish, anyway," he said. "I will take her, and then they cannot say I brought them nothing."

In vain the mermaiden implored his mercy, and told of her mother waiting for her in the gardens of the sea; in vain did she plead her youth and sex, and offer him a ransom in priceless jewels from

her mother's treasury, if he would put her back into the sea from which he had taken her.

"You cannot," she said, "be such a monster as to wish to have me cooked as a fish! No man could be so hard-hearted as to condemn me to such a fate."

"Have you fish enough?" said the cook, when Chy Lung found him.

"Oh, yes!" said the young fisherman. "I have a fine one, and it is so large and heavy that half of it will be quite enough for the feast."



AT THE FEAST OF LANTERNS.

"I am indeed sorry," replied the fisherman; "but you must know that my own life is at stake. To save it, I must take you to the kitchen. I don't believe they will cook you, but I am bound to take something."

So saying, Chy Lung put the mermaiden in a great bag and carried her to the kitchen. There was no one there, and he laid the bag on the floor and went to look for the cook.

But when they came into the kitchen, the bag was empty.

"Where is the fish?" cried the cook.

"I do not know," said Chy Lung, frightened. "Some one must have put it into the pot which is boiling over the fire."

"We shall see," said the cook; and he raised the lid. A gust of steam escaped which he blew away with his breath, while he plunged a long

pointed stick several times into the cauldron; it contained nothing but hot water. Turning upon the fisherman, he struck at him savagely with the stick, crying: "Ah, ha! dearly shall you pay for



"AH, HA!" SAID THE COOK.

this practical joke! I will see to it that your head is not upon your shoulders by this time to-morrow."

The mermaiden was safe enough, but very unhappy. She had rolled out of the bag, and through the kitchen door upon a smooth little lawn, which sloped down to a fish-pond. Into this pond she plunged, and concealed herself beneath the water.

Now, indeed, Chy Lung looked upon himself as doomed to die; but owing to the cook's multiplicity of duties, no charge was brought against him until the following morning, when a formal complaint was made. He had already made his escape, but it was impossible for him to get very far away, as he would be instantly apprehended if he ventured outside of the mandarin's grounds, for a cordon of guards surrounded them, with orders to allow no one to pass either in or out, except at the public gates.

The beach, which was within the grounds, was a bleak and lonely place, for which none cared to leave the gardens; besides, it was whispered that strange noises mingled with the sound of the waves. Some imagined they heard groans and sobs, as of a strong man weeping; others declared, on the contrary, the voice was plaintive, and of an unearthly sweetness, and that it seemed to be singing the saddest of songs.

To these superstitions the fisherman owed his safety; it was not by ghosts the shore was haunted. In a cleft under the chalk cliff Chy Lung had hidden himself, venturing out only at midnight to feed upon the scraps thrown aside by careless hands. Every night, too, the mermaiden sat on the rock, and bemoaned her sister. Her pitiful lamentations showed a grief so intense and enduring, that Chy Lung's heart was soon wrung with remorse. Throwing himself upon the sands, he joined his sobs with hers. Her gentle heart was touched by his sorrows. She spoke to him, and asked why he was hiding like a wild beast. When she heard his story, she felt compassion for his miserable state, and though she could not forget the sister she had lost, this gentle creature forgave her murderer, and sought in her fashion to ameliorate his condition. She often swam to the beach with beautiful things from her garden to adorn his little cavern: sea-weed braided into baskets, and filled with pearls and amber; golden coins that had been brought her from sunken ships, with which she paved the damp rock under his feet; branches of coral, both red and white, and shells and pebbles of brilliant hues. Sometimes she sang, but in so melancholy a strain that her voice pierced to the fisherman's soul, and made him sadder than he was before.

After a while her visits grew rare and brief, for her mother was lonely without her, and would not let her go. At these times, Chy Lung fell into the habit of crawling up to the garden to hide under the shrubbery, hoping to find at least momentary forgetfulness of his miseries by watching the happiness of others.

One evening, after the guests had retired, and the lanterns were extinguished, so that the fisherman could wander at will without fear of molestation, he was leaning listlessly against a tree, near the fish-pond, when he was startled by a voice near at hand.

"Fisherman!" it said. "Listen to me!"

He turned hastily toward the pond, and, as the words were repeated, he perceived that they came from some one speaking just beneath the surface of the water.

"What is it you want of me, and who are you?" he asked in a whisper.

"I am the mermaiden you caught in your net, and cruelly tore from her family," the voice replied. "Escaping by mere chance from the captivity in which you placed me, I managed to reach this pond, where I have been concealed for many days. Do you wish to keep me here, or is your heart less hard than it was when you dragged me from the sea?"

"My heart is not hard at all," answered Chy Lung. "I have suffered greatly on account of the injury I did to you, and I am sure I repent it most

heartily, for myself as well as for you and for your poor sister, who continually mourns your loss."

"You do repent it!" exclaimed the mermaiden. "If that is so, why not repair the injury? why not restore me to my home and to my family?"

"I will do it!" cried Chy Lung, "I will do it this very instant," and, wading a short distance into the pond, he seized the outstretched hands of the mermaiden and drew her ashore; then, seating her upon his shoulder, he ran rapidly to the sea, and soon the sad song of the sister could be heard, as she sat upon a rock near the beach.

"It is my sister! my dearest sister!" cried the mermaiden on Chy Lung's shoulder. "Throw me into the sea, that I may join her!"

Chy Lung accordingly ran into the waves and tossed the mermaiden into the water. She swam rapidly to the rock, and in a moment the two sisters were folded in each other's arms.

"Who could have hoped for such happiness?" cried she who had been carried away. "Come, my sister, we must leave this place, never to return; all the unhappiness of our lives we have found here." And she turned away, without a glance toward the fisherman, but her gentler sister besought forgiveness for him.

"He is hunted for his life," she explained. "See! his only home is this damp cave. All his wrong-doings have been caused by the Sorcerer of the Sea. Yonder creature," pointing to the outline figure, which was grinning and skipping on the white side of the cliff, "stays with him all the time and puts selfish ideas into his head."

"As to that," said the other, "I know enough of the habits of mortals to feel sure that the contents of the cave will buy any man's life, and place him in what station he chooses. As for this creature, behold!" and she smiled rather contemptuously as she swam near the shore and erased the outline figure from the cliff with a handful of damp seaweed; then, clasping her sister in her arms, they both floated out to sea, and Chy Lung never saw them again.

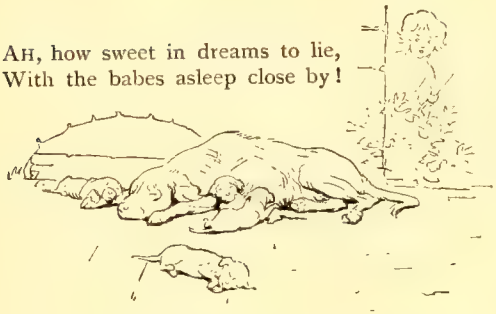
The mermaiden spoke truthfully when she foretold that the treasure of the cave would pay for a man's life. It did that for Chy Lung, and more; it made him a man of wealth and standing besides. And when he saved the mandarin's daughter from drowning, and it was discovered that she had long cherished an affection for the handsome fisherman, her father offered him her hand in marriage.

Some of Chy Lung's day-dreams came to pass, after all. He had a fine house and everything he needed; and, when children grew up around him, he often amused himself by fishing, and listened to the voices of his boys and girls as they exclaimed at the wonders of the sea. He told them many stories of his youth, but he never mentioned the Sorcerer of the Sea, nor told how he caught a mermaiden when he expected to pull in a fish.



"THEY EXCLAIMED AT THE WONDERS OF THE SEA"

A NAUGHTY BOY.

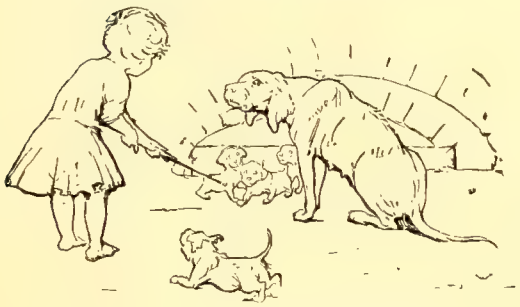


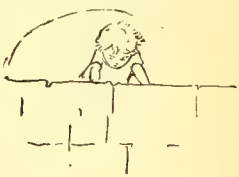
AH, how sweet in dreams to lie,
With the babes asleep close by!

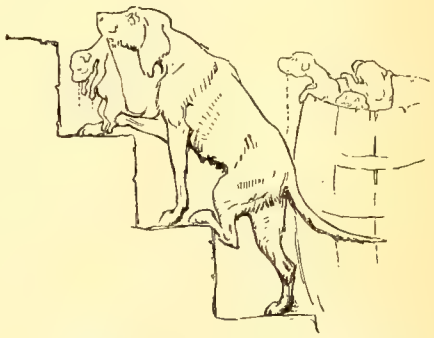


'I am coming, children, dear.
Shiver not, for help is near."

And how bitter when our rest
Is broken by unwelcome guest!







Horror! They have tumbled all!
In the water-butt they 'll fall!

"Here we go, dear, up! up! up!
Safe I 'll bear each precious pup."





"Pretty darlings! warm and dry,
Soon in dreams again we 'll lie."

THE DISADVANTAGES OF CITY BOYS.

By Washington Gladden.

Not having much else to do, I have taken to thinking much of late about the boys of our cities. For one who lives in a city, that is not a very strange thing to do; a good many boys are in sight as one walks about; you find them not only in the school-houses and the school-yards, but on the corners of the streets, and in the alleys and the vacant lots; and whenever a ball-match is about to begin in the Park, you see crowds of them faring eagerly that way.

Here and there you find boys at work: there are cash-boys and news-boys and office-boys and messenger-boys and shop-boys and boot-blacks and garbage-boys,—some very honest and manly little chaps, too, in that unpoetic branch of business. Indeed, there are quite a good many boys in every city who are hard at work every day, helping to support themselves, and perhaps their mothers, too.

But, besides these boys who work, there are not a few who have a great deal of time on their hands. Some of the school boys study out of school, but most of them, I fear, do not; and these, especially the high school boys, have much the largest portion of their waking hours to spend either in play or in idleness, or in what is much worse than either play or idleness. Many of these are the sons of wealthy or well-to-do people; many others are children of the poor. They sleep say eight hours of the twenty-four, and this part of their time is well improved; when they are asleep they are all very good boys. Then they are in school four-and-a-half or five hours; that makes, say thirteen hours; and they spend, perhaps, two hours at their meals, and on their way to and from school, making fifteen hours; and that leaves nine hours which those of them who do not study out of school have to spend in amusing themselves. One whole work-day in every week is a holiday, and that is devoted wholly to play or idleness. About thirteen weeks of every year are vacation weeks, and in these there is nothing at all to do. Now let us figure it up. One-quarter of the working time of every year is vacation time. Of the three-quarters left, one-sixth is holiday time, and one-sixth of three-quarters is one-eighth; a quarter added to an eighth is three-eighths. Of the five-eighths of the working time left, about three-fifths is spent in idleness or diversion, and three-fifths of five-eighths is three-eighths; this added to the three-eighths we had before makes three-fourths,—three-quarters of the working time of every year spent in fun or in idleness.

Even those boys who study an hour or two out of school, on school days, but who have no other work to do, have fully half of the working time of every year for their own amusement.

Now, I like to see boys playing, and I would deny myself a great many things rather than have my boys forced to work as constantly as I did, and with so little respite for fun as I had when I was a boy; but, after all, it seems to me that it is a grave question whether a boy who spends three-quarters, or even half, of the working time of every year in amusing himself is not carrying it a little too far; whether, indeed, such a life as this is the kind of life that a boy ought to be leading from his tenth to his eighteenth year; whether this is the best way for him to fit himself for the serious work of life. And because this seemed to me so grave a question, I thought I would see what light could be thrown upon it by experience. "If this is the best kind of life to fit a boy for success," I said to myself, "then, doubtless, we shall find that the men who now stand at the head of affairs lived this kind of life when they were boys." And I thought I would try to find out whether this was true of the men in my own city who stand at the head of affairs. The city of Springfield, Massachusetts, in which I live, is a fair sample of American cities. It is not one of the largest class, but is one of our oldest towns; it was founded only sixteen years after the Pilgrims landed, and we who live here think that in wealth and enterprise and respectability and culture it compares favorably with the other cities of the land. And I thought that if we could find out how the active and prominent men of this one city were trained, it might help to solve the question we are considering. Accordingly, I prepared the following circular:

"My Dear Sir: I desire to find out, for the benefit of the boys, how the leading men of this city spent their boyhood. Will you be kind enough to tell me,

"1. Whether your home during the first fifteen years of your life was on a farm, in a village, or in a city; and,

"2. Whether you were accustomed, during any part of that period, to engage in any kind of work when you were not in school?

"I should be glad, of course, to have you go into particulars as fully as you are disposed to do; but I do not wish to tax your patience, and I shall be greatly obliged for a simple answer to these two questions."

I sent out one hundred of these to all the presidents of the banks and of the insurance companies,

to the chief managers of the railroads, to the heads of the most important manufacturing companies, to the leading merchants in the principal lines of trade, to leading lawyers and physicians, to the chief editors of the newspapers, and to the principals of the schools. I tried to pick out one hundred men who could fairly be said to stand at the head of the financial, commercial, professional and educational interests of the city, and to them I sent my circular. No less than eighty-eight of these busy gentlemen were kind enough to answer my questions,—some of them briefly, most of them quite fully. And it turned out, as I suspected, that these men did not in their boyhood live the kind of life that we have been talking about. Here is a summary of the returns:

Of these eighty-eight men, twelve spent the first fifteen years of their life in the city, twelve in villages, and sixty-four were farmers' boys.

But of the twenty-four who lived in villages and cities, six were practically farmers' boys, for they lived in small villages, or on the outskirts of cities, and had the same kind of work to do that farmers' boys have. One of these village boys says:

"I learned to hoe, dig, and mow; in fact, I was obliged to work, whether I liked it or not. In winter I went to school, and worked nights and mornings for my board."

Another says: "I used to work away from home, some on a farm in the summer and fall. In the winter, when going to school, we three boys used to work up the wood for winter use."

One of the city boys says: "Up to my fifteenth year, I was required to do the chores of the house, milk and drive cows to pasture, saw the wood, etc., which occupied nearly all of my hours and gave me little time to play."

Another says: "My father kept many horses, and several cows, and out of school hours I was expected to do chores, look after the cows, cut wood, and, in vacations, lend a hand at taking care of horses and teaming, which I did."

Two others tell substantially the same story.

Now these, we shall all allow, were about the same as farmers' boys, and we may as well add them to that list, and that will make it up to seventy, so that seventy out of eighty-eight,—almost four-fifths of all these men,—had the training of farm-life.

And what is farm-life for a boy? If you could read all of these letters, you would get a pretty clear idea of what it is like. I can tell you very shortly about what it means. It means work, steady work, hard work, all the year round, with few holidays and few leisure hours. From about seven to ten years of age, these farmers' boys, who are now bank presidents and merchants and lawyers and doctors, were accustomed to go to school about three months in the winter and three months in the summer; but out of school hours, and during vacations, there was always work for them to do: gardens to weed, cattle and sheep and pigs and chickens to care for, fire-wood to saw and split and pile and carry into the house, hay to stir and rake, corn to husk and shell,—plenty of work, and they were set at it and kept at it, most of them, from the time that they were seven or eight years old. After they were about ten, they stopped going to school summers; they were wanted at home to work; so that, from about ten to fifteen, they had three or four months of schooling every winter, during which time they did many chores mornings and evenings, while all the other nine months of the year were devoted to work, with little respite.

I am permitted to give you one or two extracts from these letters, which will show you how these farmers' boys spent their time:

"For the first eighteen years of my life," says one of them, "I lived on a farm, and, as soon as I was old enough, attended school for about five months during the fall and winter, and, until I was ten years old, a summer school, taught by a lady, about three months. When attending school, I had work to do, both night and morning—what was called chores; and when not attending school, I worked with my father on the farm, commencing early, and working without any let-up, except for meals, until sunset, frequently staying in the field as long as we could see during the haying season. The only holidays or vacations I knew anything about were Thanksgiving and the Fourth of July."

Another writes: "I worked from sunrise to sunset, when out of school. When in school, morning, noon and night I had to feed the cattle and cut the wood, and Saturdays I went into the woods to chop wood, for which," he adds—and perhaps it is easier for some of us older ones than it is for the boys to feel the force of his devout words—"for which I thank my Heavenly Father."

"I was born and reared on a farm," writes another, "working summers mostly, and going to school winters, from the time I was eight years old until I was fifteen. After that, I worked upon the farm with my father and brothers, when at home vacations, until I commenced the practice of law."

"I think I began to weed in the garden," writes another, "when not more than eight years old. I drove the cow to pasture, and, at the age of ten or twelve, milked the cow, carded the oxen, and fed the pigs. I think we burned twenty cords of wood a year, and it was my business always in winter to have a good stock on hand, piled up in the back room. Shelling corn on the edge of an iron shovel was also one of the duties to be per-

formed, frequently as a stint (generally pronounced stent) in the half days when there was no school. With riding horse to plow in the summer, before school hours, I had a busy life of it."

Another of these gentlemen says: "I had very little time for play or recreation. My school was more than half a mile distant, and when I was twelve or thirteen years of age, I was always required to come home to dinner if the weather and the going were fair. We had just one hour's intermission, and in that hour in winter I would travel home and do about ten to fifteen minutes' work at the barn, when that was needed; if that was not needed, I was required to spend about the same length of time chopping wood at the door. After traveling that mile and a quarter, eating dinner, and working ten minutes, I would get back to the school-house, and have sometimes five or eight minutes for snow-balling or other play before the afternoon session began."

Some of these boys knew what it was to have a day or a half day, once in a great while, for fishing, or hunting, or berrying. During the long winter evenings, there was sport for them in coasting or in skating, with now and then a friendly game of "I spy," with neighbor boys, after dark, around the barn and the straw-stacks, and occasionally the rare excitement of a husking-bee, or a spelling-match, or a singing-school. It was not all drudgery, and for these occasional hours of fun they had a keen relish. But, after all, life with them meant, as I said at first, hard and steady work from the beginning to the end of the year.

Now, how was it with the eighteen city and village boys that are in our list? Did they have an easy time of it? Five of them did, as they testify; five of them had no work in particular to do, but one of the five says that he studied law when out of school, and that was not exactly play. The rest of the eighteen were poor boys,—not paupers, by any means, but children of the humbler classes, many of them in narrow and needy circumstances, —and though they lived in cities or villages, they were accustomed from their earliest years to hard work.

"Was generally employed," says one, "during the summer months and in vacations in doing any kind of work that offered."

"Always had some daily work to do," says another.

"When not in school, I was engaged in work."

"Nearly all my time was occupied in work when not in school."

"Was employed in my father's wood-working shop when not in school."

"I was accustomed to work in my father's printing-office."

"After twelve years of age I attended school in the winter only, working in a woolen-mill the rest of the time."

These are sample cases.

Four of the city boys were newsboys. One of them says: "The last year I was 'connected with the press,' I earned one hundred dollars before breakfast."

Another: "I have paid my own way since eight years of age, without any assistance except my board, from my eighth to my eleventh year."

"When I was fourteen years old," says another of these city boys, "I worked out summers, attending school winters, paying for the schooling by acting as janitor. During vacations I did any odd jobs I could find to do, earning sometimes a dollar a day, and sometimes thirty to fifty cents, but never refusing to work on account of price, thinking half a loaf better than no bread. I would leave play any time for a paying job, although I was very fond of play, and good at it, too. I recall that, on the morning I was to go to take my first lesson in the business that was to be my occupation for eighteen years, I drove to pasture the cows which I had engaged to drive for ten cents a week, and then, donning my best clothes, reported for duty."

I think that you can now see pretty clearly what sort of training the boys had who are now at the head of affairs in Springfield. Seventy of them were country boys, trained by the severe discipline of farm life; thirteen of them were city and village boys who found it necessary to work when they were not in school, and who had but little leisure for play; five only of the eighty-eight were boys who had nothing particular to do.

But while these boys were growing and working, hoeing the corn, tending the lathes, carrying the newspapers, a great many boys were growing up in this same city of Springfield. They were the sons of the merchants and the bankers and the lawyers and the doctors of that day. They went to school, and they spent the time out of school in amusing themselves, as boys of their class are apt to do. Where are they? Only five boys *of this class* are heard from among the eighty-eight solid men of my city. Where are the rest of them? They were here on the ground; they ought to have stepped into the places of influence and prominence in which their fathers stood. What has become of them?

"Perhaps," you are saying, "they are leading men in other cities. A prophet is not without honor save in his own country; perhaps they have found better openings elsewhere than they could find at home, and are as successful and prosperous as their fathers were." Some of them are, no

doubt, but the number of these must be very small. For you notice that we find in Springfield only five men out of eighty-eight *who came from this class.* Ninety-four and a half per cent. of these men from whom we have heard were either farmers' boys or poor and hard working town boys. They did not come from rich or well-to-do families anywhere. They are not the sons of merchants or bankers in Hartford, or Worcester, or Northampton. If we found at the head of affairs in Springfield a goodly number of the sons of such men, who had come from other cities, then we might easily believe that the boys of this class who were raised in Springfield, were in similar positions in other cities; but this is just what we do not find; and since we have no reason to suppose that Springfield is at all exceptional, we must believe that a very small number of boys of this class are in leading positions anywhere, and that those Springfield boys whose fathers stood where the men from whom we have been hearing now stand, have stepped down and out; that they are either occupying subordinate positions to-day, or else—and this is true of many of them—that they have gone to ruin.

Now, why is it that these farmers' boys and these poor men's sons have gone right up to the front, and taken the places that by inheritance belonged to the others? Is it because farmers' boys have more brains than city boys? Is it because poor men's sons are smarter than rich men's sons? No; we are not going to admit anything of the kind.

Is it because the farmers' boys and the poor men's sons are morally superior to the sons of the well-to-do people in the cities? No; I do not think that this is true either. The class of boys of which I am talking are not, in their early years, exceptionally immoral. There are bad specimens among them, of course; but there are quite as many, in proportion, in those classes out of which these successful men have come. There is a great deal of vice, and animalism, and iniquity, among country boys. And many of these fellows who grow up in the homes of the well-to-do people of the cities are as manly and ingenuous and right-hearted as any boys in the world. Why is it, then, that the great majority of them fall behind in the race of life?

The reason is a very simple one. They are not trained to work when they are young, and therefore they are beaten at every point by the boys who are trained to work. Pretty nearly all the prizes of life are carried off by the men who have learned to work. And the boys who are compelled by circumstances to learn this lesson, are perfectly sure, in this country, to outstrip those who have not learned it.

I heard, the other day, not from him, but from one who knew him well when he was a boy, a very good story of one of the best known and most prosperous of these business men. He was a farmer's boy; and when he was about ten years old he went out for the first time with the men into the potato field to help in hoeing the potatoes. It was a large field, and the soil was stony, and there were many weeds, and the progress was slow. After they had been at work for some time, the boy lifted himself up, and looked around upon the few rows that were hoed, and then over the wide field, upon which so small a beginning had been made, and said, with a sigh:

"Can this field of potatoes ever be hoed?"

Well, the work went on, and after a good while the last row was finished. It had been a long and tedious job, but it was done. By and by it was necessary to hoe the potatoes the second time, and the boy was summoned to help. He had not been at work very long when he straightened up, this time with a very different comment:

"This field of potatoes," he said, "has been hoed once, and it can be hoed again."

There it is—the whole philosophy of it. The boy had learned a most salutary and precious lesson. He had learned that it was possible to accomplish a long and difficult and disagreeable task by settling right down to it, and keeping at it, hill by hill, and row by row—hour after hour, and day after day—until it was done. He had learned the value of patience and persistence and steadiness. That is the lesson that a farmer's boy has a good chance to learn, and that every boy is likely to learn who has any grit in him, and who is forced to face the hard fact of poverty. Any boy who has learned that lesson well has good promise of the future; to any boy who has not learned it, the education of the schools is worthless, and money is a curse.

You see, then, boys, that those of you who belong to the class of which I first began to speak,—those of you who are not obliged to do any regular work, and who have half or more than half of all your working time in which to amuse yourselves—are not, after all, in a very favorable position. You are sometimes talked to about your advantages; but the fact is that you are laboring under great disadvantages.

It is an immense disadvantage to you that you are not learning, in these years when the habits of life are formed, the habit of steady, patient, plodding work.

It is a disadvantage to you that you have so much time for play; many of you get the idea that the staple of life is play: your heads are so full of it that you cannot do justice to your studies; any task becomes irksome to you; and you lose the power of application and the habit of persistence.

The abundance of amusements within reach of a city boy whose parents are in fair circumstances is a great obstacle in his way. Such amusements, indulged in to the extent that they are by the majority of boys of this class, debilitate the mind, instead of refreshing it, and unfit the boy for the serious business of life.

The free access to the city libraries and the circulating libraries is, I fear, a great disadvantage to many of you. It need not be, if you make the right use of them; but if you read almost wholly for amusement, as many of you do—if you read only novels, and sensational tales of travel—then your reading has exactly the same effect upon your mind that your other amusements have; the result of it is, that you lose your mental grip, and find yourselves unable to do any patient, vigorous mental work.

Another of your disadvantages is, that you have too much money to spend—or, if you have not much, that what you have comes easily—with little or no effort or sacrifice on your part. You have not much chance of learning the cost of money. Money costs work, and any large amount of it costs prudence and frugality; that is the rule, to which there are few exceptions. You are not likely to prove exceptions to the rule when you go out into the world, and it is a pity that you should seem to be exceptions now. You think, perhaps, that your fathers get considerable money without seeming to work very hard; but you forget that it was by years of hard work, with small earnings and small savings, that your fathers, most of them, gained the power, and the knowledge, and the credit, and the capital that enable them now to reap large rewards with comparative ease. You are not going to do, off-hand, what it has cost them a life-time to learn how to do. And it is a great misfortune to you that your money, be it much or little, is so easily gotten; you do not realize the price that must be paid for money, and you throw it away in a reckless fashion; as the wise man says, it comes lightly, and is soon diminished.

One of the prosperous gentlemen from whom we have been hearing writes thus to me:

"I remember well the first money I ever earned. I worked for a neighboring farmer six months for two dollars per month. I was then quite young, and during the long summer days I was sometimes a little discouraged; but then the thought would come to me of the exceeding great reward which would be mine at the end of the six months, and I labored on, performing, I am now inclined to believe, six months of as honest and faithful work as any I have since done. Certain I am, that I have never received for any six months since, while at work for others or engaged in business for myself, any remuneration which seemed quite equal to that I then received."

That boy learned a lesson that was of incalculable value to him; it is a lesson that country boys and poor boys are very often compelled to learn, and that many of you do not seem to have the chance of learning; and this is a tremendous disadvantage to you.

So, then, you see that what people call your advantages are really your disadvantages; for, while you are having a good time here, hanging on the fences, sunning yourselves in the vacant lots, watching the ball-games, or joining in laughing over the minstrel shows or the Pinafores, reading the novels and the story papers, spending your money for little luxuries, the poor boys and the country boys are learning to work, learning to put themselves right down to hard tasks, learning that disagreeable things can be done by sticking to them, learning, in their small gains, what a costly thing money is, learning the great and profitable lessons of labor and patience and frugality and steadfastness. And so, when you and they start out together in the great arena of the world's work, they go right past you, and the first you know you are nowhere, and the work of the world and the prizes of industry and skill and power are in their hands.

You often see two young men beginning together in business, with equal chances and equal abilities, the only difference between them being, that one of them has learned during his boyhood what work means, and the other has not. Presently, this last one finds that there is much that is disagreeable and confining and tedious about his work; that much is required and little is given for it; and he gives it up and is off in search of something pleasanter. It is not easy to find; and so he tries one thing after another, sticking to nothing long, and getting no mastery of anything. His gains are therefore small, but his wants are many; his expenses exceed his income; he is always in debt, and by and by he gets utterly discouraged. Luck is all against him, he says, it is no use to try, and he sinks down into helpless poverty, or perhaps plunges into vice or crime. A great many of the forgers and defaulters come from this class. The other young man, meantime, sticks to his work. He knows that work is not always agreeable, but he is not going to let the task conquer him; he will conquer the task. He has done it before, and can do it again. Success does not come all at once, but he can wait as well as work. And it comes to him by and by. He does not need to go in search of it; promotion seeks him. Prosperity does not need to be run after; it follows.

Now, boys, you are thinking by this time that,

for those of you who are so unlucky as not to be obliged to earn your own living, there is a dubious outlook. Well, I have only been giving you the facts. I did not invent these facts; I have simply reported them as honestly as I could, and you certainly can afford to look them in the face. I want to guard you, however, against one or two wrong inferences.

You must not infer that all the country boys who come to the cities become rich and influential men. There are tens of thousands of them who become paupers; there are tens of thousands of them who come to the city because they do not like to work, and because they imagine that city folks have an easy time of it. They come to grief, of course, and it serves them right.

Neither must you infer that all poor boys in the cities become leading merchants and leading lawyers. Tens of thousands of them are growing up to be paupers and criminals.

Neither are you called upon to believe that these boys from whom we have heard liked the severe and confining labor at which they were kept in their boyhood. Some of them disliked it less than others did, no doubt; but most of them did hard work, not because they enjoyed it, but because they were compelled to do it.

What these facts and figures teach is simply this: that a boy in city or in country, who is trained to work, who gets the discipline of will that comes with that training, has eighteen chances of succeeding in life, when the boy who has not had this training has one chance.

They teach also, and this is the fact that I want you all to notice, that you cannot afford to go with the majority of your class, unless your class greatly changes its habits; that if you do about as the other fellows of your class do, you will come out about where the other fellows of your class come out—and that is nowhere—crippled, beaten, distanced in the race of life.

Well, then, is there no chance for you? Yes; there is a splendid chance, if you will only seize it. Here are five men who have succeeded—who have come up to tell you their story. They had your disadvantages, but they have made men of themselves—successful, worthy, influential gentlemen. All honor to them! What they have done you can do. And if the boys of this generation will look the facts in the face, and see what the conditions of successful manhood are, the next census, thirty years from now, will tell a different story.

Can anything be done to give boys in the city a better chance?

Yes; there are some things that can be done, and that must be done. Our system of education must be modified so as to provide industrial as well as mental training. The education of the hands, the education of the eye, the education of the judgment, the education of the will, that a boy gets by learning to work, are of more consequence to him in future life than arithmetic and geography and grammar. These last are of great importance, but those first are of greater importance; and it is a poor system of education that makes no provision for them.

It is *habits* rather than methods of industry, however, that you need to learn; and many of you will find some opportunities of learning these about your own homes, if you will look for them. There is considerable work of one kind or another that boys can do—that some boys do—in connection with the house or the garden or the grounds; and if you will shoulder this, and do it well and faithfully, the exercise and the training will be very profitable to you, and may be very helpful to your parents.

Furthermore, there is plenty of chance for you to do faithful, mental work; and this, if you will take hold of it with a will, may be almost as valuable training for future usefulness as manual labor could be.

To begin with—there is your every-day school work, to which some of you might give a good deal more time, with great profit. If you will take the studies that you like least, and go at them with the determination to master them—if you will put yourselves right down to the disagreeable parts of your school work with steady patience, and hold yourselves to them till they are thoroughly done, you will get in such victories as these a discipline of will that is almost as good as you would get in hoeing a stony potato-field. Besides, there are lines of reading or of study that you could take up in connection with your school work in which you would find the best kind of discipline. If the boy who now spends almost all his afternoons in the park, or visiting boy-friends, and almost all his evenings at his club, or at the music hall, and who fills in the intervals of leisure with Fireside Library stories, will make up his mind to give at least two solid hours of every day to the reading of some instructive book—doing it of his own accord, doing it thoroughly, not fooling around two hours with the book in his hand, but holding his attention right to it, whether he is specially interested in it or not, till he comprehends it, and fixes it in his mind—that will prove to him a most valuable training. The boy who can do a thing like this can make a man of himself. He is not the kind of chap that will be elbowed off the track by country boys, nor by anybody else.

Of course, you ought to have a chance to play. A boy likes to play, and a school-boy needs to

play. I should wish my boys to have at least two hours every day of good, wholesome, vigorous out-door sport; so much as that would not hurt them, I am sure—though that is a great deal more than I had. But I am equally sure that all those city boys who really expect to hold their own in the great competitions of the world must give less time to idleness, and play and foolish reading, and put their minds and their wills in training for the serious work of life.

THE LEGEND OF THE GROUND-HOG.

By William M. Pegram.



A Ground-hog climbed up to the mouth of his hole
Just to take a sly peep at the weather;
And right careful was he not to venture too far,
For he said "I've some foes, and I know who they are;"
But he thought he would like to know whether
The long, cheerless winter was certainly o'er,
Or whether 't would linger for six weeks or more.

He peeped slyly out—'t was a dull, cloudy day,
And the prospect was dismal and gloomy;
But it suited him well, for he bolted right out,
And the way that he frolicked and gamboled about
Showed a liking for places more roomy
Than the close and contracted, though snug little hole,
In which he 'd been sleeping as blind as a mole.

What a queer look he had! You 'd have thought so, I 'm sure,
Had you caught but a glimpse of the fellow;
Out of four little paws, you 'd have noted but three
That were black, for the fourth was as white as could be,
While his fur was of mixed gray and yellow;

And right lanky was he with a famishing maw,
For he could n't eat dirt and he would n't eat straw!



He rose with an appetite, doubtless you 'll think,
'T was exactly his own way of thinking;
So he made up his mind that he 'd soon have his fill,
To a garden hard by started off with a will,



And the sight that he saw set him blinking;
For a splendid repast to his taste there he found
In the winter fruit scattered all over the ground.

He had only just taken a nibble or two
When he noticed a chill wind a-blowing;
And lo, and behold! he could scarce trust his eyes,
For a clear azure streak showed itself in the skies,
And soon the bright sun, too, was showing;
His shadow he saw, and with piteous dole
He cried, "Out too soon! I must back to my hole!"
—And for six weeks thereafter 't was snowing!



AMONG THE LAKES.

(A Farm-house Story.)

By William O. Stoddard, Author of "Dab Kinzer," etc.

Chapter XIII.

In city or country, it is all the same, Monday is always "washing day."

Aunt Keziah Merrill was a person who was apt to begin that sort of work early in the morning, and on that particular Monday she had a woman come over from the village to help Ann, so that, by the middle of the forenoon, all the lines that were stretched between the trees and fence-posts in the back yard were white and pink and check with the fruit of the wash-tub.

"It 's a big washing," said Susie, as she stood on the piazza with Roxy. "Are all those little stockings yours, Roxy?"

"No," replied Roxy. "Some of 'em are Chub's. One day there was a chair left under the line and the Shanghai rooster jumped upon it and he pulled all my stockings off the line."

"What did he do that for?"

"I don't know. Piney said he was a poor heathen Chinee, and didn't know any better. But then, he crowed about it."

"Are we all going walking this morning?"

"I guess not. Uncle Liph and Mother and Grandpa are going out riding, by and by. But Aunt Keziah and Cousin Mary are going with us."

"I 'am glad of that. Only I hope we wont meet any bad sheep."

"There aint any. We 've got the only one there is."

And Roxy seemed almost inclined to be proud of the fact.

It was not long before Aunt Keziah called them in to see if they were ready for their walk, and then, with Chub toddling on ahead of them, they all marched through the front gate and up the road for a little stroll.

They had not gone far when they saw a strange-looking group in front, who seemed to be friends to Chub, for Mary exclaimed:

"Where is Chub running to? What queer people! Does he know them?"

"Those? Oh, they 're Indians from the Reservation. It 's Piney's friend, Hawknose John, that he was talking of. The little one is The Woodchuck, and the two women are squaws."

"The tall man has picked up Chub. He wont hurt him?"

"Hurt him? No! I only hope he has n't any maple sugar in his pocket. He 's always giving the child something of the kind."

They had quickened their pace, and were pretty near the little squad of Onondagas. Roxy, herself, tripped on ahead, but Susie was quite contented to take hold of her grown-up sister's dress and walk beside her. The two squaws had each a burden to carry, for on each pair of shoulders, tightly held in a blanket, in spite of the hot day, there nestled a brown-faced bit of a baby.

"Oh, the pappooses!" exclaimed Roxy. "See them, Susie."

"How funny they are!"

"I should think they 'd melt under those blankets, this hot day," said Aunt Keziah, "but they don't. Indians take naturally to blankets."

Mary was really interested in the pappooses, and the two squaws smiled very pleasantly, but did not say a word, as the ladies patted their dusky babies.

"How boy like new bow?" said Hawknose John. "Break window yet?"

"No, John," said Aunt Keziah, "but he shot a pickerel. Biggest one I 've seen in a year."

"Good. Boy make Indian, some day."

"What will you take for your pappoose, John?" said Aunt Keziah, with a sly look at Mary.

"Potatoes," said John, gravely. "All can carry in big bag."

"That 's what you made me give you for Piney's bow," laughed Aunt Keziah. "I wont make any more bargains with you. You might carry off the farm."

"Good," said Hawknose John. "S'pose did. Indian own him all once. Trade him to Aunt Keziah's grandfather for blanket and old gun. All tree, den. Plenty deer. Plenty Onondaga. Indian no pick berry and trade bow for potatoes. Keep bow to kill deer."

"He is n't so far wrong, Mary. Your great grandfather used to trade a good deal with the Indians."

"But, Aunt Keziah," said Roxy, "we don't want any Indian babies at our house, do we?"

"Why not, Roxy?" said Mary. "That 's a real pretty one."

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Susie, "buy it and we 'll take it with us to the city."

"We never could grow it up at our house, anyhow," objected Roxy.

"Would n't it eat?" asked Susie. "Not even if you gave it milk? Could n't Piney tame it for you?"

But Hawknose John's squaw had been listening, and she now broke out into a merry fit of laughter as she shook her head and pulled her blanket tighter around her little one. She had not said a word, for that would have been contrary to Indian customs, in the presence of her husband, but both she and the other squaw started off down the road, followed pretty quickly by Hawknose John and The Woodchuck.

It would not do to make too long a walk of it, if only for Chub's sake, and after Aunt Keziah had led them to the top of a little hill, and showed them the next lake, in the distance, they made the best of their way home. The children, indeed, were glad enough to follow Chub's example and have a nap, for they had been up and busy since early that morning, and it was now almost noon.

CHAPTER XIV.

THAT Monday afternoon, Grandfather Hunter and Uncle Liph and Aunt Sarah and Piney's mother went for a drive in the carry-all. Mary Hunter went back to her room, after dinner, for another look at her papers and magazines.

Aunt Keziah had a great deal to do about the house, and Roxy and Susie got hold of some old picture-books, a great heap of them, more than they could have gone through in one day.

Bi was left to himself, therefore, for Piney would not be home till nearly four o'clock, and so he took his cousin's advice, got out his rod and fishing-tackle, and started for the lake. When at last Piney did come home, he asked where Bi was, and when Aunt Keziah told him, he said: "I 'm glad of it. I 'm going right upstairs to my room."

"Why, Piney, you 're not sick?"

"Almost sick of algebra. One of these problems has just about stuck me. I can't make it go, and I wont give it up. What if it was given to me on Examination day? Besides, I wont be beaten, any way, by a lot of mere equations and roots and things."

"That's you, Piney, my boy," said Aunt Keziah, earnestly. "Never do you give up, so long as you live."

Aunt Keziah was one of the people who do not give up very easily, and Piney's rosy face looked a good deal as if he were another.

But all that while Bi had been having the boat to himself, and the lake, too, for that matter.

Somehow, after he found himself floating off

alone, he did not seem to care whether he caught any fish or not..

"Don't believe they bite much at this time of day," he said to himself, as he leaned over and looked down into the water. "Besides, it 's better fun to paddle along and see things."

It was a quiet kind of fun, but there was plenty of it and it did not call for any very hard work. The scow slipped along over the water quite easily. Now and then, Bi stopped rowing entirely, and just let her float. Away up over his head, a great hen-hawk was sailing around in wide, slow circles, watching the earth for prey of some sort. Some crows were cawing from the opposite shore. On a dead limb of a tree, that leaned from the nearest bank, a kingfisher sat peering down into the water. A little farther on, he could see three good-sized snapping-turtles, sunning themselves on the same half-sunken log. Twice, already, he had seen a musk-rat put his nose above water, and he had wondered what it could be.

"There," he suddenly exclaimed, "that pickerel sprang clear out of the water. Must have been after a fly. Is n't this great, now? Why, I 'm drifting away down the lake."

So he was, and that did not mean going very far, for the lake was but little more than a mile long, and hardly more than half as wide. It was very irregular in shape, and there was quite a stretch of marsh, with bushes and flags growing all over it, at the southern end.

That was where Piney had told him there was always good rabbit shooting in winter, and he pulled away to have a look at it.

Pretty soon he came to a sort of opening, and he steered the scow right in. It grew narrower, till it was little more than a hundred feet wide.

"I know what it is," he exclaimed, at last. "This is where the river goes out. I 'll push right on down."

It was grand fun. Bi had hardly ever felt more excited. It seemed to him a good deal as if he had discovered that river, and he thought of Hendrick Hudson, and De Soto, and Christopher Columbus, and John C. Fremont, and a great many other explorers.

"What fun it would be to find the north pole," he said to himself. "Only I 'd like to go there on a June day, and be sure of getting back in time for supper."

But it was soon very plain to Bi that he had got out into the river, for the water now ran pretty fast, and was shallow, especially in some places.

"Wonder if this would n't be a good place to fish," he said to himself. "I 'll try it, anyhow. It 's a wonderfully lonely place."

Bi had hit it. That was one of the best fishing-grounds around the lake, at that time of day, and he was fairly delighted with his success. To be sure, he caught a great many shiners, not more than eight inches long, and bull-heads and pumpkin-seeds. Then, up came a sucker that weighed more than a pound. Then, some very good yellow perch, and the largest bull-head he had seen since he came. And then he was puzzled, for his next capture was an eel. Such a wriggler!

Hardly was the eel over the side of the boat before it had itself all tangled up in the line, and it seemed to have no idea of lying still to have the hook taken out of its mouth.

"I never want to catch another," said Bi. "Be quiet, wont you! There,—I 've got my foot on him."

That was about the only way he could have done it, and the moment the hook was out, the eel seemed to get over all the bottom of the scow, every which way, in a twinkling.

"They 're good to eat," he said; "but I wish I knew how to bait my hook so they would n't touch it."

That was one thing he did not know, however, and it is to be doubted if even Piney could have told him; and three times more, before he pulled up the anchor of his boat, he had to bother ever so long in taking off an eel. He hurt his fingers a little, too, on some of his bull-heads, but he did not mind that much.

About five o'clock, Bi started home. Roxy and Susie were at the landing, waiting for him. They had wearied of their picture-books, and had come out for a romp.

"Cousin Bi!" shouted Roxy, "it 's almost supper-time, and I was afraid you 'd lost yourself."

"O, no," said Bi, as he pulled to the landing, "I did n't lose myself. I caught some fish. What do you think of that?" asked Bi, as they looked into the boat.

"Why, you caught some eels," said Roxy. "Look at 'em, Susie; they 're just like snakes, and they 'll slip right away from you."

"They 're dreadful creatures," said Susie.

"Wait, Bi," said Roxy; "I 'll run to the kitchen for a pan."

"O yes, please do," he said; but she was off like a little curly-headed flash, and was back again by the time he had fastened his boat, and began to pick over his fish.

"How can I ever pick up those eels!" he exclaimed.

"O, Piney picks 'em right up," said Roxy. "It 's just as easy."

"How does he do it, I 'd like to know?"

"Why, anybody knows that. He just gets his hands all covered with sand, and then the eels

don't slip. It 's because they slip so, that you can't catch 'em. That 's all."

"Sand! And I never thought of that. Of course it 'll do."

And it did, but, even with sand to help him, Bi declared he would rather be set at some other kind of work than picking up eels.

"The horrid things," said Susie, "they wont lie still now they 're dead."

CHAPTER XV.

TUESDAY and Wednesday passed pleasantly, but very quietly, at the farm-house.

The older people from the city had come there to rest, and were inclined to take it, now they were there, while the younger ones found plenty to amuse themselves with, out-of-doors.

Every now and then Roxy would say, "Wait till Piney's vacation comes," but just what would happen then, she never attempted to tell.

He, himself, was wrestling all the while with his preparations for Examination. So much, that he told Kyle Wilbur he had had no chance to practice his piece at all.

"I 've worked at mine," said Kyle, "I dreamed I was blown up, last night, and what do you think it was?"

"Can't guess," said Piney.

"Why, I 'd looked around for my father, to ask if I 'd got to stay on the burning deck, and I rolled out of bed, thumped my head on the floor, and woke up the folks."

A good many calculations had been made on what was to be done with that Thursday. Piney had determined to give up his books, at last, and devote himself to his cousins, all day long.

"We 'd have a haying time," he said to Mary, "but the clover field is all in, and they wont begin cutting the big meadow till next week. Then I 'll show you some fun. Bi and I are going to the upper lakes. May be gone all day."

But when the people at the farm-house awoke on Thursday morning, it was not the sunshine that awakened them. Not a bit of it.

It was the heavy patter of rain on the shingles of the roof, and the moment Aunt Keziah looked out of her window, she said:

"I thought so. It wont clear up before the middle of the afternoon, if it does then."

And, at the breakfast table, Roxy said to Susie:

"I don't know what on earth we 'll do with you all to-day. Aunt Keziah says it 's awful to have so many people rained in at one house."

"So it is," said Aunt Sarah. "Elizabeth, what shall we do with the children? Picture-books?"

"I 'll fix 'em," said Piney. "We 'll make a good day of it."

"What can you do?" asked his mother.

"Do? Why, Mother, there 's the garret. There 's more fun in it than we could use up in a week. May we have the garret, Aunt Keziah?"

"Have it? Why, you may turn it all out on the roof, if you 'll only keep the children out of the kitchen and out of mischief. Take Bi and Mary up there, too, and find them something to play with."

Both Bi and Susie had looked at the rain ruefully enough, that morning, and Roxy had been in real distress about her guests, but the mention of the garret set their spirits all in motion again. Even Cousin Mary had seemed a little blue, till she heard her aunts and her mother discussing the relics of ancient times, which Piney invited them all to explore.

"You 'd better wear your old clothes," he said. "The garret has as much dust in it as there is on the south road. We 'll be a nice-looking lot before we get through with it."

Roxy was inclined to wonder, a little, for the garret had been a sort of forbidden ground to her and Chub. It was an enchanted island that they were rarely permitted to land on, and then, not to stay long.

"Oh, Susie," she exclaimed, "I 'd rather play in that garret than anywhere else in the world. We must take our dolls up there."

"Our dolls? What for?"

"Oh, to dress 'em up. There 's just the splendidest lot of old clothes you ever saw!"

And so, not a great while after breakfast, Piney led the way, and called on the rest to follow. Back, through the dining-room and sitting-room and into the kitchen.

"This is the old part of the house," he said to Bi. "The stairs go up into the garret from that door in the corner."

"Why, is it only in the second story!"

"The house has n't more than that, anywhere. But you never climbed steeper stairs in your life."

"That 's a fact," said Bi, when the door was opened. "They 're more like a ladder."

"I 'll look out for Chub," said Cousin Mary. "What a pokerish flight of stairs! Were they always as bad as this?"

"Great-grandfather Hunter had nothing but a ladder," said Piney. "The old log-house that stood here was a kind of fort. The Indians attacked it once."

"In the Indian war?" asked Mary.

"O, no, it was n't war, exactly, but they quarreled with him. They were pretty near neighbors then. All around him, and no Reservation."

"It 's a wonder there was any *pre*servation," said Mary, as she slowly climbed the stairs, and helped Chub to clamber beside her.

If the stairs were pokerish, so was the garret. To be sure, there were two windows at the back, and there had been two more in front, but the latter had been darkened forever when the front part of the house was built, and the others had not been washed for many a long day, and were glazed with small panes of greenish, old-fashioned glass. The ceiling was the roof, with the rafters all uncovered, and the rain was now pattering dismally on the shingles.



THE PROCESSION FROM THE GARRET.

"Cousin Mary," exclaimed Roxy, "can you spin? Aunt Keziah can. That 's a spinning-wheel."

"Why, there are three or four of them," said Mary. "And that must be part of an old loom. Mother says grandmother Merrill, that 's Aunt Keziah's mother, made all the linen and woolen cloth she used till she was forty years old."

"Yes," said Roxy, "and she made the beautiful rag-carpet in the dining-room. Piney says it 's a regular B'ustles carpet."

"O, but, Bi," shouted Piney, as she pulled something out of a corner, "do you see that?"

"Why, it 's a cavalry saber. It 's a good deal crookeder than they make 'em now."

"Crooked as a scythe. That came from a trooper in Burgoyne's army."

"Did he have any cavalry?"

"Can't say. But, then, there 's the sword. Here 's another."

This was a straight-pointed sword, with a three-cornered blade and no edge.

"It 's a sticker," said Bi.

"It 's what the British infantry sergeants used to wear. Tip-top for toasting bacon on."

"But, Piney, what a gun that is! I never saw such a long barrel. And the end flares out like a young bugle."

"That 's a bell-muzzled fowling-piece. Our folks used them on the British at Bunker Hill. They 're great for ducks and geese. Put in any amount of shot."

"I 'd say you could," said Bi.

Roxy was whirling one of the great, wooden spinning-wheels, to Susie's intense delight, and Chub was pulling all sorts of queer things out of odd corners.

"What 's in those chests?" asked Bi.

"Grandmother's clothes," said Roxy, "and my great-grandmother's, and lots of other things. Some of them are pretty nice, too."

"O, Piney!" shouted Roxy, "open them all

right away, please, and let Susie and me dress our dolls."

"All right," said Piney, and in a few minutes more the floor was covered with ancient treasures of millinery and dress-making.

Mary Hunter had quite enough of her father's liking for antiquities to take an interest in such matters, and she helped the children dress their dolls in a way that might have made a cat laugh.

There were cases of old account-books and papers of all sorts. Bushels of old letters. Old hats and bonnets. One large, hair-covered trunk, was almost full of old tools, and Piney and Bi ransacked them with a will. Hour after hour went past, till Piney suddenly exclaimed: "Now, cousin Mary, let 's all dress up and go down-stairs."

"What fun!" said Mary. "We 'll dress the children, too, and carry the dolls with us."

So they did, and a wonderful set of Guys they made of themselves. Perhaps the funniest figure, except the dolls, was Chub, in an old army uniform coat, that almost covered him up.

As for Mary,—in a green silk dress of her great-grandmother's and a coal-scuttle bonnet, and with a yellow sash around her waist, and huge, dirty "elbow-gloves" on,—all she needed was a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles, that Piney fished up for her out of the tool-chest. When they were all ready, the one remaining difficulty was to get down those steep and narrow stairs without falling. Bi and Piney managed it for them, however, in spite of the queer toggery they had on, although Bi had girded himself with the saber, and Piney was armed with the straight sword and the big fowling-piece.

Mary carried Roxy's great rag-doll in her arms, and there had never before been such a procession seen in that house, as they made when they went through the kitchen into the dining-room.

Nobody was there, and Mary said, half choking with laughter:

"They must all be in the front parlor. Let 's march right in."

"Forward march," said Piney.

They were all there, sure enough.

Grandfather Hunter and Uncle Liph and Aunt Sarah and Piney's mother and Aunt Keziah, and, besides them, there was a tall, pleasant-looking gentleman, who sprang to his feet as the procession entered, exclaiming:

"Bless me!"

There was no help for it; everybody had to laugh. Even the strange gentleman laughed, although Roxy said, afterward, she was sure she saw him trying not to.

But Mary Hunter forgot she was carrying the rag-baby, for she dropped it on the floor, and said: "Mr. Sadler! when did you come?"

And he stepped forward very politely, and said: "I wanted to see your father on some important business. Came in by the stage, and had myself driven right over. It 's a rainy day, Miss Hunter."

CHAPTER XVI.

MARY HUNTER said something or other, not very distinctly, as she stooped to pick up the rag-baby; but when she arose, she stepped forward in a very stately way, with it in her arms, and sat down in a big rocking-chair.

All the rest were in fits of laughter over the children. Roxy said:

"Uncle Liph, don't you see? Susie and I are both our grandmothers."

"What a mess you must have made in that garret," remarked Aunt Keziah, but Piney said:

"Yes, it 's dreadful. The dust wont settle in a week. Bi, how does that hat feel? It is n't exactly a city hat."

"No," said Bi. "I wonder where it was made?"

"It must feel like a helmet," said Uncle Liph.

"What 's a helmet?" asked Roxy.

"It 's an iron hat. When you come to see me, I 'll show you one."

"An iron hat!" exclaimed Roxy. "How they must have hurt."

"But then they did n't wear out," said Susie, "and they did n't bend if anybody sat down on 'em."

"It 's pretty near dinner-time," said Aunt Keziah. "Mary, my grandmother never came to dinner with her bonnet on."

"Then I 'll go and put mine away," said Mary.

"Come on, Bi," said Piney. "If my face is as dusty as yours, we 'd both better try some soap and water."

That was what the children needed, too, very much, indeed, and they were all marched out of the parlor, not forgetting the dolls.

Piney and Bi were back in the parlor before the rest, and when Mary Hunter came in, Piney whispered: "Is n't she pretty, Bi? I never saw her look so well before."

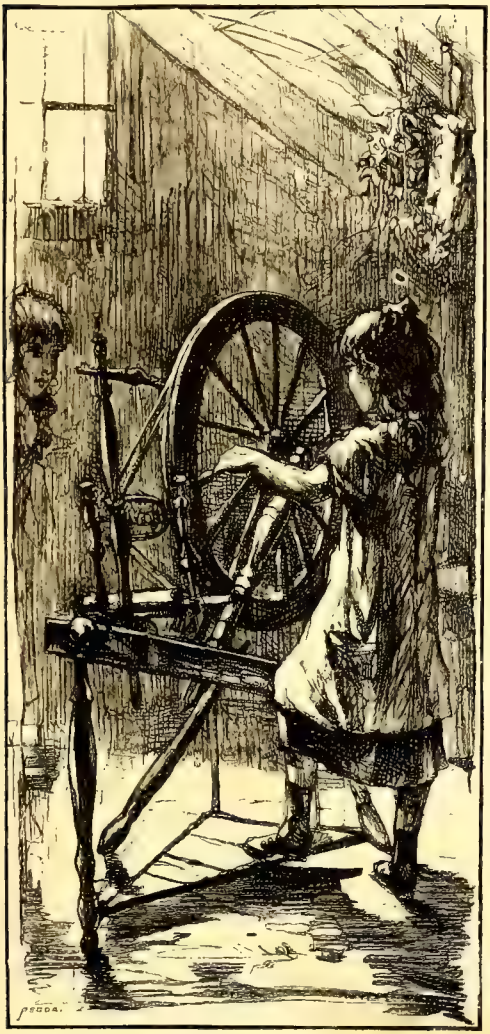
That was a merry dinner party, in spite of the rain that was still pouring down over everything out-of-doors. Uncle Liph seemed to be in high spirits, and Grandfather Hunter told a story of how the ladies and gentlemen were dressed on his wedding day.

The people around the table seemed ready to laugh at anything, but Piney was a little sober over the prospects for the rest of the day.

What should he contrive for amusement?

He need not have troubled himself about Roxy

and Susie and Chub, for they were almost ready to leave their pie, to get back to their dolls and their wonderful new, old dresses. Mary herself began to help them, after dinner, but Aunt Sarah made her stop and go to the parlor to play and



"ROXY WAS WHIRLING ONE OF THE SPINNING-WHEELS."

sing. That was after Mr. Sadler had had a talk about "business" with Uncle Liph.

"Is it anything serious?" Aunt Sarah had asked, when Uncle Liph met her in the hall, and he had said, with a queer smile:

"A trifle serious, my dear, but not very bad. I think we must keep Sadler here for a few days. I 'll talk with you about the business, by and by."

Aunt Sarah smiled, too, as if she were glad there was nothing serious, and glad to have Mr. Sadler visit at the farm-house.

"Bi," said Piney, as soon as he saw how nicely everything was going on without his help, "let us have a game of chess. I 've a set of men, and a board."

"I 'm ready. Chess is just the thing for a rainy day."

So they played, in a corner of the back parlor, until, about the middle of the afternoon, there was a sound of giggling and of rustling silk on the hall stairs, and Piney said:

"Checkmate in two moves, Bi. Let 's see what 's up."

"All right," said Bi. "You can beat me, anyhow. I must get me a book and study up my games."

Something was about to happen, and Roxy was at the bottom of it. Piney felt sure of that, but he could not have guessed what it was. A little while before, Roxy had suddenly dropped her doll, exclaiming: "Oh, Susie, I have n't practiced my piece since you came."

"Your piece? What 's that?"

"Oh, for the exhibition, next Saturday! Did n't you know I went to school to the academy?"

"Why, you don't go with Piney?"

"Sometimes I do; but not in the last week. I don't go reg'lar, but I 'm to speak my piece reg'lar."

That was about it, for Roxy had arranged the matter for herself a few weeks before with the young lady "principal" of the girls' department of the academy.

"Well," said Susie, "speak it now, and Chub and I 'll hear it."

"Yes, but I don't mean here. I 'll dress up and go and speak it in the parlor to all the folks."

"How will you dress up? Is it that kind of a piece?"

"It 's 'The Breaking Waves,'" said Roxy, "and it 's the best piece in the world. Aunt Keziah wanted me to learn another, but I wanted 'The Breaking Waves.'"

"I never heard it," said Susie.

"Did n't you? Don't they know it in the city? Well, Cousin Mary left that green silk dress on the floor in her room, and she threw the big bonnet away into the corner."

"Are the spectacles there?"

"No; they 're scattered out in the hall, I guess. But I don't want them; I only want the dress and the bonnet."

Susie was quite ready to help in an affair of that kind, and Chub danced all around them while Roxy was putting on the things. She was almost hidden under so much dress and bonnet, and Susie

said: "Long trails are just the fashion, but you 'll have the longest trail in all the world."

Very likely she had, for a lady of her size.

The older people had once more seated themselves in the front parlor, just as Roxy and Susie and Chub came down the stairs, and Mr. Sadler was spreading out some new music on the piano. It was some he had brought with him, and he was saying:

"That 's old, but it 's pretty. It 's 'The Rainy Day'—" here he was interrupted by the voice of Roxy, in the middle of the room behind him:

"The breaking waves dashed high,
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;
And the heavy nigh tongue dark,
The hills and waters sore—"

But at that point poor Roxy was interrupted by peals of laughter all around the room.

Roxy looked behind her.

"Chub, you naughty boy, get off from my trail. You make them all laugh. It 'll spoil my piece."

For there he was, "tetering" on the skirt of the green silk on his tiptoes, and poking out his little hands in imitation of Roxy's gestures.

Then she turned around and tried to go on, but Chub only stepped off the train to come in front of her, and put his fat little face away inside of the scoop-shovel bonnet. And then, all that the rest could hear, was something about "the wild New England shore."

Then Roxy herself began to laugh, for it was all too funny for anything, but she was a little vexed about her piece, and she said: "Mamma, I could say it if Chub would keep away."

"Come here, Chub," said his mother.

"O, yes," exclaimed Cousin Mary, "do let us have the whole of it. Go on, Roxy, dear."

"I 'll go on," said Roxy, "but I guess you could n't speak very well, with somebody poking his face under your bonnet."

Still, Roxy felt encouraged to go on, and she recited the whole of "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers," with only here and there a few changes in the words. And I think that if one of the veritable Pilgrims had tried to recite it, with that dress and bonnet on, he probably would have skipped some of the words, or changed them.

(To be continued.)

THE LITTLE PEASANT.

BY R. S. CHILTON.

(See Frontispiece.)

UNSTRUNG by her heart's first sorrow,
In the dawn of her life she stands,
With listless fingers holding
A vacant nest in her hands.

The grass at her feet no longer
Is bright with the light of the skies,
As downward she looks through the tear-drops
That stand in her heaven-blue eyes.

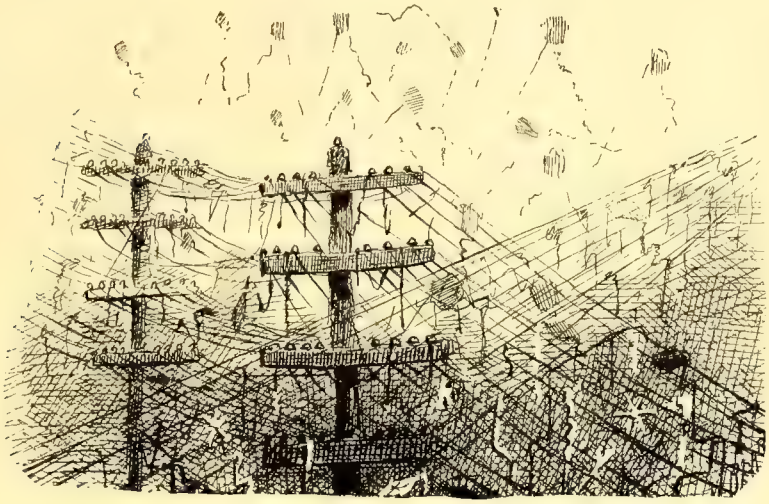
For the nest, so cold and forsaken,
Has taught her the lesson to-day,
That the dearest of earthly treasures
Have wings and can fly away.

Yet she clings to the empty casket,
And sighs that no more is left,—
As a mother clings to the cradle
Of its dimpled treasure bereft.

Alas for the early shadows
That fall about our way,
When the beautiful light has vanished,
And the hill-tops are cold and gray!

KITE TIME.

By Daniel C. Beard.



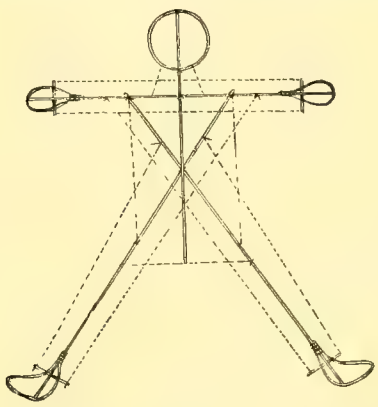
It is a pleasant sensation to sit in the first spring sunshine and feel the steady pull of a good kite upon the string, and watch its graceful movements as it sways from side to side, ever mounting higher and higher, as if impatient to free itself and soar away amid the clouds. The pleasure is, however, greatly enhanced by the knowledge that the object skimming so bird-like and beautifully through the air is a kite of your own manufacture. I propose to tell you how to make some new kinds of kites, and the first and chief of these is the



MAN KITE.

Man Kite.

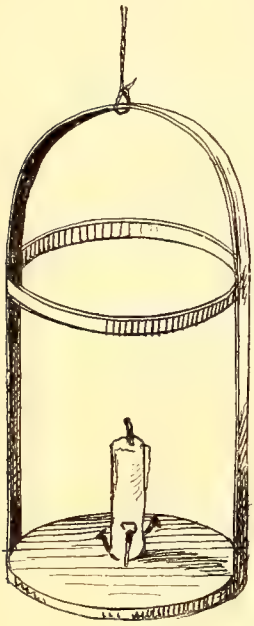
To make this you will require four sticks, some rattan and some tissue paper. In regard to his size, I would suggest that the larger the man is, the better he will fly. Now let us suppose you are going to make this fellow four feet high. First, cut two straight sticks three feet nine inches long; these are to serve for the legs and body; cut another straight stick two and one-half feet in length for the spine, and a fourth stick, three feet five inches long, for the arms. For the head select a light piece of split rattan,—any light, tough wood that will bend readily will do,—bend this in a circle eight inches in diameter, fasten it securely to one



FRAME OF MAN KITE.

end of the spine by binding it with strong thread, being careful that the spine runs exactly through the center of the circle. Next find the exact center

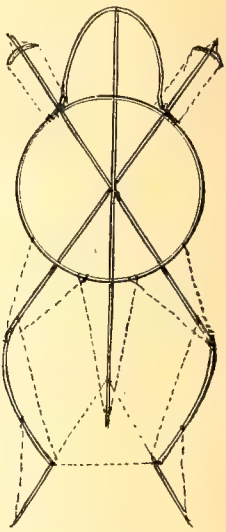
of the arm-stick, and with a pin or small tack fasten it at this point to the spine, two inches below the chin. After wrapping the joint tightly with strong thread, lay the part of the skeleton which is finished flat upon the floor, mark two points upon the arm-sticks for the shoulder-joints, each seven inches from the intersection of the spine and arm-stick, which will place them fourteen inches apart. At these points fasten with a pin the two long sticks, that are to serve for the body and legs. Now cross these sticks as shown in diagram, being careful that the terminations of the lower limbs are at least three feet apart; the waist-joint ought then to be about ten inches below the arm-stick. After taking the greatest pains to see that the arm-stick is perfectly at right angles with the spine, fasten all the joints securely. Upon the arms bind oblong loops of rattan, or of the same material as the head-frame. These hand-loops ought to be about three inches broad at their widest parts, and exact counterparts of each other. The loops for the feet must approach as nearly as possible the shape of feet, and these, too, must be exactly alike, or the kite will be "lopsided," or unequally balanced. Now cut two sticks three inches long, and two others four inches long, for the ends of sleeves and bottoms of trousers; fasten them on as shown in the illustration.



FRAME OF LANTERN.

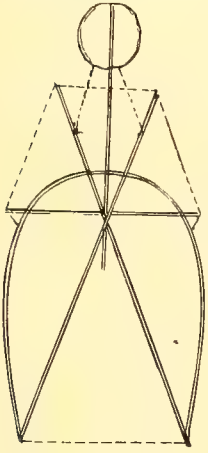


FROG KITE.



FRAME OF FROG KITE. (SEE PAGE 425.)

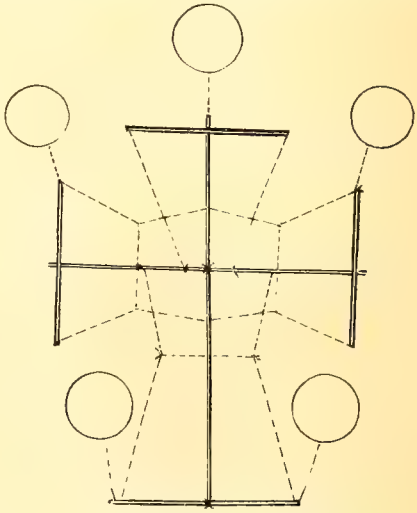
Now the strings must be put on, as shown by the dotted lines in the diagram, at equal distances from the spine and about seven inches apart. Tie two strings to the arm-sticks, extend them slantingly to the head, and fasten them. Take another thread and fasten to the top of cross-stick of right arm, pass it over and take a wrap around the spine, continue it to top of cross-stick upon left arm, and there tie it. Fasten another string to bottom of cross-stick on right arm, draw



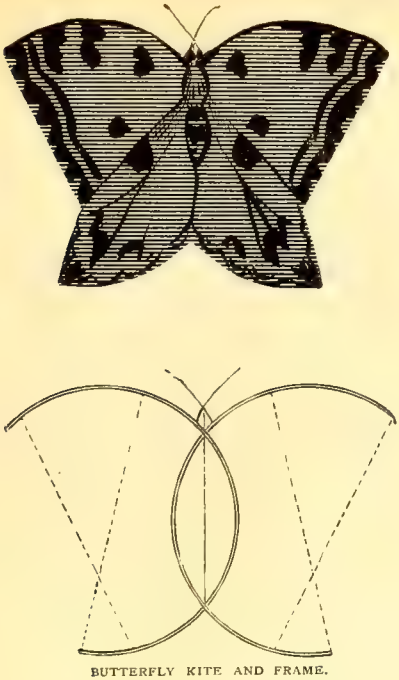
FRAME OF WOMAN KITE.



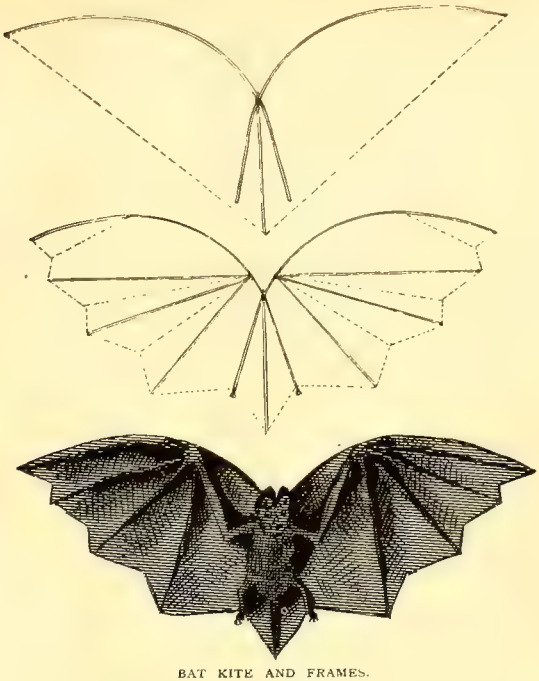
WOMAN KITE. (SEE PAGE 425.)



FRAME SHOWING CONSTRUCTION OF BALLOON KITE.

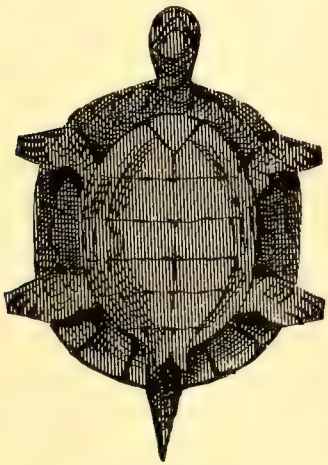


BUTTERFLY KITE AND FRAME.

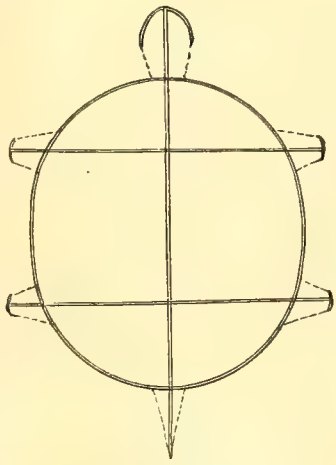


BAT KITE AND FRAMES.

it tight and wrap it on spine four inches below intersection of arm-stick, pass it on to the bottom of cross-stick on left arm, draw taut and fasten it. Tie the body-string at the right shoulder-joint, drop the thread down to a point exactly opposite the termination of spine upon the right leg, take a wrap, and draw the line across to point upon left leg exactly opposite, bind it there, then bring it up to left shoulder-joint and tie it. For the trousers, fasten a string at a point on right arm-stick, eleven inches from the intersection of spine, extend it down in a straight line to inside end of cross-stick of left limb and fasten it there. Tie another string at a point one inch and a half to the left of spine upon right arm-stick, extend it down in a straight line to outside end of cross-stick of left limb. Go through the same process for right leg of trousers, and the frame-work will be complete.



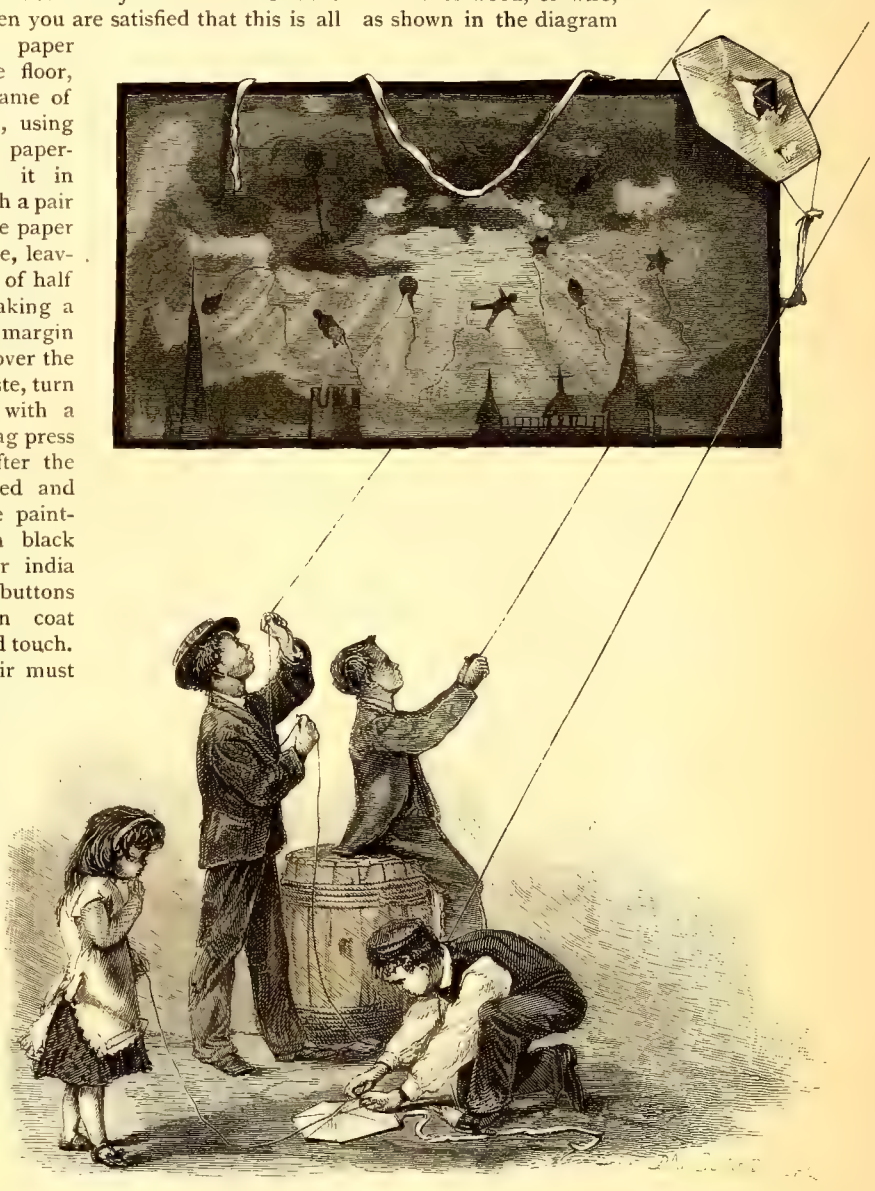
TURTLE KITE.



FRAME OF TURTLE KITE.

Now paste some sheets of tissue-paper together, red for the trousers, hands and face, blue for the

coat, and black, or some dark color, for the feet. In pasting, do not make the seams, or overlaps, of the paper more than half an inch wide, and measure the paper so that the coat will join the trousers at the right spot. When you are satisfied that this is all right, lay the paper smoothly on the floor, and place the frame of the kite upon it, using heavy books or paper-weights to hold it in place. Then with a pair of scissors cut the paper around the frame, leaving a clear edge of half an inch, and making a slit through the margin at each angle; cover the margins with paste, turn them over, and with a towel or an old rag press them down. After the kite is all pasted and dry, take a large paint-brush, and with black marking-paint or india ink, put in the buttons and binding on coat with a good broad touch. The face and hair must be painted with broad lines, so that they may be seen clearly at a great height. Follow this rule wherever you have to use paint upon any kind of kite.



KITE TIME.

THE MOVING STAR

is a paper lantern attached to the tail of any large kite. A Chinese lantern will answer this purpose, although it is generally so long and narrow that the motion of the kite is apt to set fire to it.

To make a more suitable lantern, take a circular piece of light board five inches in diameter, drive three nails in the center, just far enough apart to allow a candle to fit between them firmly. Make of rattan or wire a light hoop of the same diameter as the bottom-piece; fasten these to a strap or handle of wood, or wire, as shown in the diagram on page 422, and cover the body of the lantern with red tissue paper.

This lantern, fastened to the tail of a large kite that is sent up on a dark night, will go bobbing around in a most eccentric and apparently unac-

countable manner, striking with wonder all observers not in the secret.

The Woman Kite,

though differing in form, is made after the same method as the man kite, and with the aid of the diagram on page 422, any boy can build one if he is careful to keep the proper proportions, making the width at the hips a little less than half the height.

The costume given in the illustration may be varied according to fancy, with the same frame-work. A Dolly Varden or a Martha Washington costume can be made. A blue overskirt and waist covered with stars, and a red and white striped skirt, give us Columbia or a Goddess of Liberty.

If you have been successful in making the foregoing kite-patterns, you can try your skill in the manufacture of the

Frog Kite.

This should be at least two feet high. It is hardly necessary to go into the details of this kite, as the diagram on page 422 shows Mr. Frog's anatomy complete. By carefully following the construction according to the diagrams, the average boy will, with a little ingenuity, be able to build this, or in fact any of the kites here given, for accompanying each illustration is a complete plan of the frame-work,—the solid lines representing the sticks, the dotted lines the strings. Care must be taken to select pliable wood, and make the parts that require bending thinner than the rest of the stick. In some parts of these new-fashioned kites, especially if they be made on a small scale, thin strips of rattan or whalebone will answer better than wood. By the last diagram on page 422, you can make a kite which will carry up five air-balloons.

Kite-Tails.

Kites can be made without tails, but it is not their natural condition, and as tailless kites are not easy to fly, all these new ones should be furnished with tails.

A tail made of string, weighted with bunches of different colored paper tied at regular intervals, is popular with many boys, but on account of its liability to become tangled with the kite string or twisted up in bunches, it is never used by the accomplished kite-flyer.

The most graceful, serviceable, and practical kite-tail is made of rags torn in strips of from one to two inches in width, according to the size of the kite. This mention of the size of a kite recalls an incident of my boyhood:

I remember, when quite a small boy, building an immense man kite, seven feet high. It was a gorgeous affair, with its brilliant red nose and cheeks, blue coat, and striped trousers.

As you may imagine, I was nervous with anxiety and excitement to see it fly. After several experimental trials to get the tail rightly balanced, and the breast-band properly adjusted, and having procured the strongest hempen twine to fly it with, I went to the river-bank for the grand event.

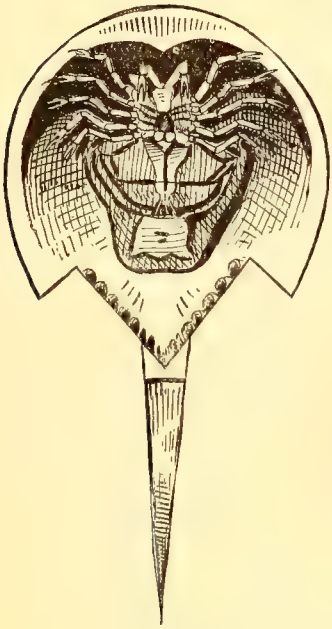


THE MOVING STAR.

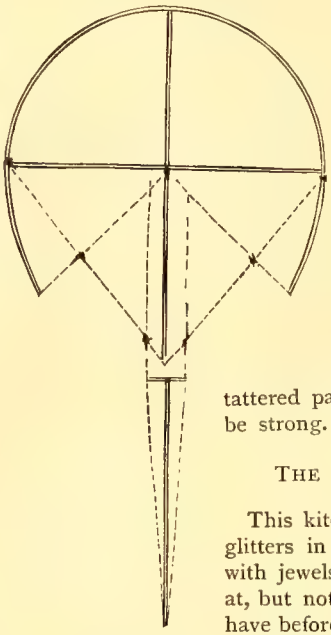
My man flew splendidly; he required no running, no hoisting, no jerking of the string to assist him. I had only to stand on the high bank and let out the string, until my fingers were almost blistered, so fast did the twine pass through my hands. People began to stop and gaze at the queer sight, as my man rose higher and higher, when, suddenly, my intense pride and enjoyment was changed into something very like fright.

The twine was nearly all paid out, when I found that my man was stronger than his master, and I could not hold him! Imagine, if you can, my dismay. I fancied myself being pulled from the

bank into the river, and skimming through the water at lightning speed, for, even in my fright, the idea of letting go of the string did not once occur to me. However, to my great relief, a man standing near came to my assistance, just as the stick upon which the twine had been wound, came dancing up from the ground toward my hands. So hard did the kite-giant pull, that even the friend, who had kindly come to the rescue, had considerable trouble to hold it. The great kite, swinging high in the blue sky, attracted quite a crowd, and I felt very grand about my new flying-man; but my triumph was short-lived. The tail made of rags was too heavy to bear its own weight, and breaking off near the kite, it fell to the ground, while my kite, freed from this load, shot up like a rocket, then turned, and came headlong down with such force, that dashing through the branches of a thorny locust-tree, it crashed to the ground, a mass of broken sticks and tattered paper. So you see, kite-tails should be strong.



THE KING-CRAB KITE.

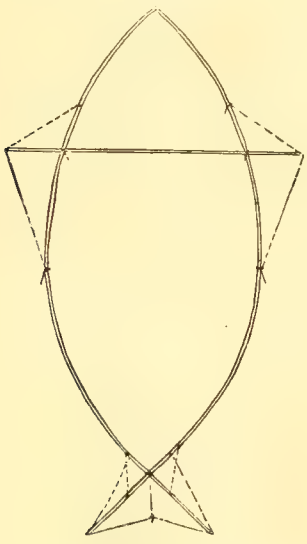


FRAME-WORK.

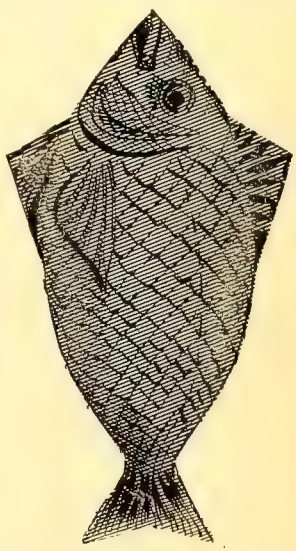
THE DECORATIVE CHINESE KITE.

This kite is a most resplendent affair, and glitters in the sunlight as if it were covered with jewels. It is rather complicated to look at, but not very difficult to make. The one I have before me was made in China.

The top or horizontal stick (B, 1—2) is three feet long, half an inch wide, and one-eighth inch thick. The face can be simplified by using a loop, as in the man kite. Two more loops, as shown in the diagram (B), will serve as frames for the wings. Paper is pasted upon this, and hangs loose like an apron in front below the cross-stick

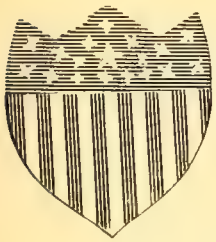


FRAME OF FISH KITE.

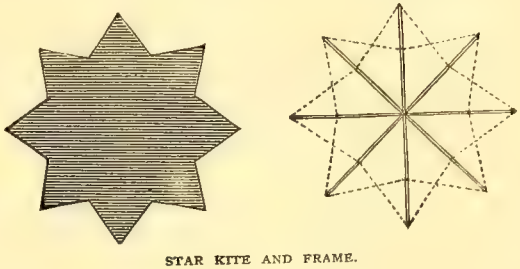


FISH KITE.

(B, 1—2), cut long enough to cover the first disk of the tail-piece, as shown in the finished kite (A). This head-piece is ornamented with brilliant colors, bits lar tuft is fastened by a string to the opposite end to balance it. The breast-band is made like that upon an ordinary kite; the cross-strings, being



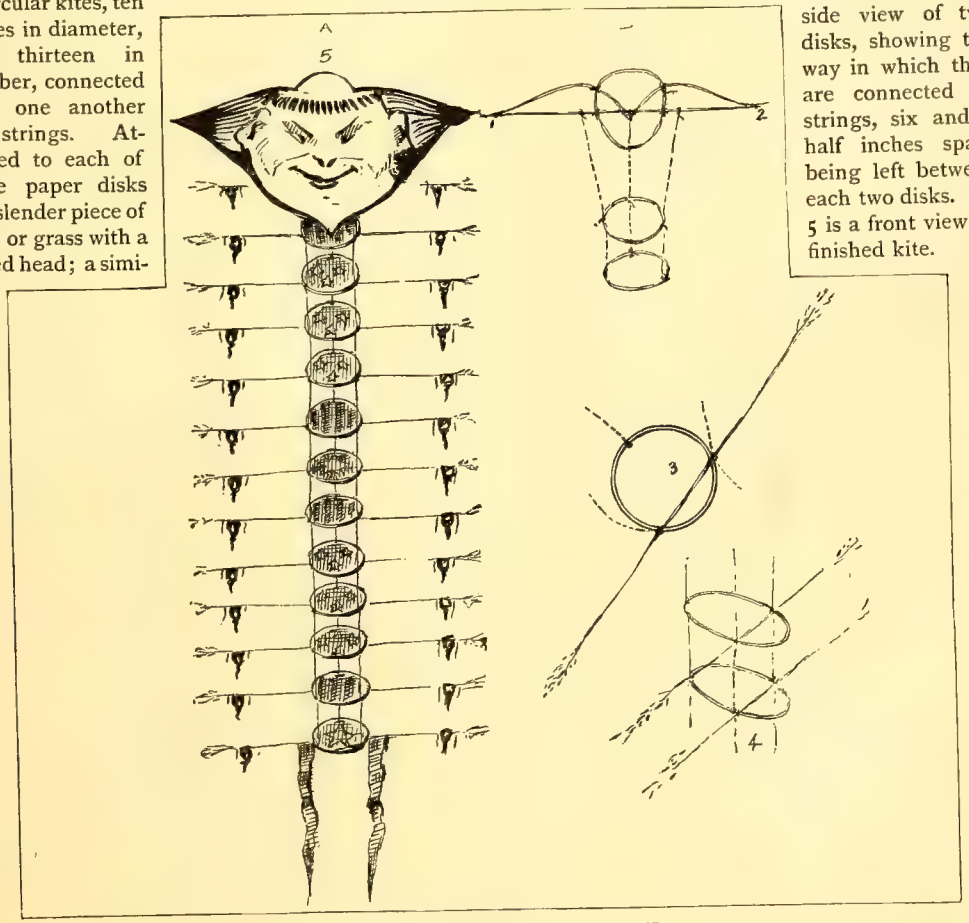
LIBERTY-SHIELD KITE AND FRAME.



STAR KITE AND FRAME.

of looking-glass pasted on or attached with strings, so that they dangle loosely, etc.; this makes the top rather heavy, as, in fact, it ought to be, for then it serves to balance the tail, which, in this instance, actually is the kite. This is a succession of circular kites, ten inches in diameter, and thirteen in number, connected with one another by strings. Attached to each of these paper disks is a slender piece of reed or grass with a tufted head; a similar tuft is fastened by a string to the opposite end to balance it. The breast-band is made like that upon an ordinary kite; the cross-strings, being attached to the face at the top and bottom, intersect each other about opposite a point between the eyes.

Diagram B 3 represents a single disk for tail, showing where the reed and strings are attached. B 4 is a side view of two disks, showing the way in which they are connected by strings, six and a half inches space being left between each two disks. A 5 is a front view of finished kite.

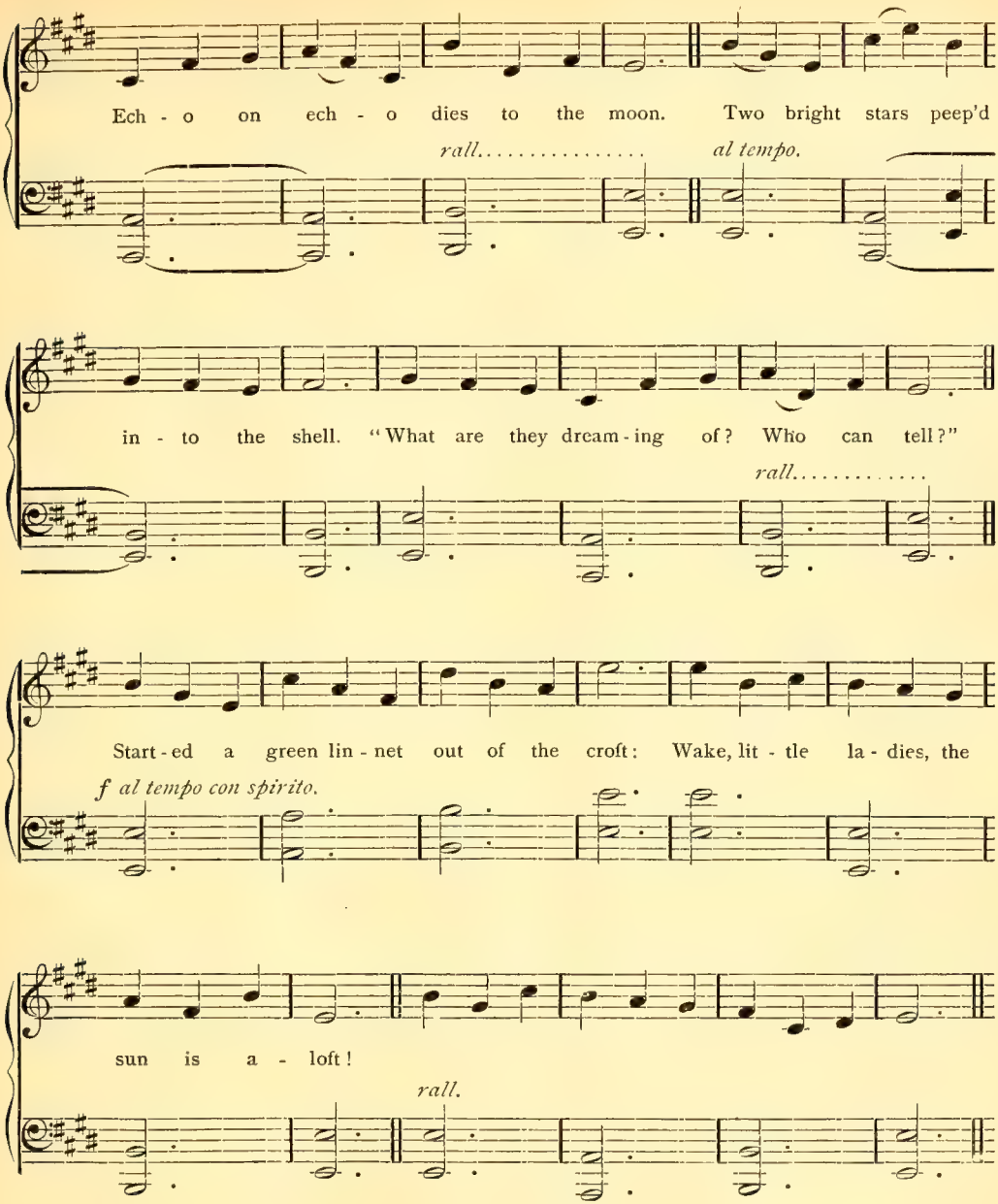


CHINESE KITE AND PARTS OF THE FRAME.

MINNIE AND WINNIE.

Words by ALFRED TENNYSON. Music and Words written for ST. NICHOLAS.




Ech - o on ech - o dies to the moon. Two bright stars peep'd
rall.
al tempo.
in - to the shell. "What are they dream - ing of? Who can tell?"
rall.
Start - ed a green lin - net out of the croft: Wake, lit - tle la - dies, the
f al tempo con spirito.
sun is a - loft!
rall.

THE CITY CHILD.

Words by ALFRED TENNYSON. Music by Mrs. ALFRED TENNYSON.



GOATS WITH LONG HAIR.

By L. G. Morse.

Did you ev-er see goats climb the mount-ains? They run up the rock-y sides and a-long such lit-tle, nar-row places, that it seems, ev-er-y min-ute, as if they would sure-ly roll off and be killed at the next step. They will stop high, high up on a spot, where there does not seem to be e-nough ground for their feet to rest up-on, and look a-round them as qui-et-ly as if they were stand-ing in a field, and be-gin to nib-ble the bits of grass near by. They are not at all a-fraid.

Little boys and girls, who live near, look up at them a-way up—ever so high—and wish that they could climb as fast and well. Some-times, if you saw a goat in such a place, you might won-der how he could move at all; but, sud-den-ly, you would see him draw back his horn-y head, bend his fore legs un-der his bod-y, and spring through the air from one rock to an-oth-er, com-ing down, at last, safe and sound, up-on a ledge as nar-row as the one he had left. But it would be more fun for you to see them in the fields, where they can skip and play near you.

They are in a field in the pict-ure; but one of them is look-ing at the mount-ains, I think. You can see how long and thick their hair is. Those goats ly-ing down would make nice, soft pil-lows for your heads.

But these goats are not like those that you have seen at home. You would have to go far a-way, to the oth-er side of the world, to a place called An-go-ra, to find goats with long, silk-y, curl-y hair like that. The hair of the cats, dogs and rab-bits, as well as of the goats that live at that place, is very fine and soft.

It is ea-sy to make any goat tame and gen-tle. If you were to pet and feed one for a few days, it would soon fol-low you a-bout, like "Ma-ry's lit-tle lamb." They are al-most al-ways ver-y po-lite, too; if you of-fer them e-ven an old piece of pa-per, they do not sniff at it and turn a-way their heads, as dogs, or cats, or most oth-er pets would; but they take it pret-ti-ly and eat it up, as if they were much o-bliged to you for it.

Did you ev-er taste goat's milk? It is ver-y nice, and good for lit-tle ba-bies. Sick peo-ple oft-en drink it, be-cause it is bet-ter for them than cow's milk. Once I knew two lit-tle girls, named An-nie and Ma-rie, who went a-cross the big sea in a ship. Their pa-pa bought two goats,



THREE ANGORA GOATS.

which were put in a pen on board of the ship, and so went all the way with the lit-tle girls. An-nie and Ma-rie had some of their milk ev-er-y day, and they fed their pret-ty goats with bread.

The goats were named "Muff" and "Tuf-ty," and they were so glad when the lit-tle girls came to see them, that they would lick their hands and frol-ic as much as they could in the lit-tle pen. When An-nie and Ma-rie left the ship, they gave Muff and Tuf-ty to a poor wom-an, who led them home for her own lit-tle chil-dren to pet.

BABY'S JOURNEY.

By Laura E. Richards.



Hop-pet-y, hop-pet-y, ho!
Where shall the ba-by go?
O-ver dale and down,
To Lim-er-ick town,
And there shall the ba-by go.

Hop-pet-y, hop-pet-y, ho!
How shall the ba-by go?
In a coach and four,
And pos-si-bly more,
And so shall the ba-by go.

Hop-pet-y, hop-pet-y, ho!
When shall the ba-by go?
In the aft-er-noon,
By the light of the moon,
And then shall the ba-by go.

Hop-pet-y, hop-pet-y, ho!
Why shall the baby go?
To learn a new jig,
And to buy a new wig,
And that 's why the ba-by shall go.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

"MARCH," said one of the Red School-house children, in a composition which I afterward heard the Little Schoolma'am reading to Deacon Green, —"March is a windy month, because it is the month for flying kites." And he was right. March is more interested in kites than you think, my lads. It loves a good tussle with one as much as you do. It plays with it, and teases it, at first, but that is only its way. In a moment, if the kite is worth anything, and the boy at the other end is alert, you 'll see business.

"Look sharp, there!" says March, along the string, telephone-fashion.

"Aye! aye!" says the boy; and off goes the kite—up, up, up, higher, steadier, with a long, firm sweep, and a resolute pull, which grows steadier as she grows smaller in the blue distance—steadiest and strongest when she is a mere speck. And dear old March jerks at the boy's coat, knocks his hat off, rolls and laughs with joy in the dry old grass, and, in every possible way, shows its honest interest in the sport.

Yes, the school-boy was right. Now for our budget. Talking of flying things makes me feel like giving you a bit of a sermon on

THE DAY-FLY.

DEACON GREEN sends this little tale about a day-fly, which is an insect that lives but one day. He says: "There 's something in it for your ambitious youngsters, if they look carefully."

At the court of Kaliph Musa-al-Hadi lived an Arabian Sage who understood the languages of all animals. One fine evening, he observed on the leaves of a bush a colony of day-flies. One of these little creatures sat on a leaf apart, thinking aloud and saying:

"The wisest ancients of our race have handed down the prophecy that the world would not last longer than eighteen hours. I fear they spoke the truth. For even during my lifetime the sun has sunk nearer to the sea. Soon he must fall into the flood, his light will go out, the earth will be in darkness, and all things will perish.

"Yet what a long life mine has been! I have seen whole generations rise, flourish, and pass away.

"And what have I gained by all my care and labor? What does it profit me that I fought for my race, freed them, counselled them, trained them? Nothing remains to me but fame. They tell me, indeed, that my fame is very great and glorious; but of what use is glory if the sun is to be put out so soon, and if the world is to return, presently, to chaos? Ah!" sighed the venerable day-fly, and just then the light of the sunset flashed upon him a ruby glow,—"if I could but count on a fame that should last thirty or forty hours——!"

Here the Arabian Sage interrupted him, saying: "As if the sun would not rise upon another day!" and he laughed softly at the strain in which the short-lived insect had been talking; but, quickly checking himself, he added: "Yet, after all, it is much the same with mankind; and what great difference is there, in the end, between hours and years?"

WHISTLING BUOYS.

THESE whistlers are never still, and they do little else but whistle.

Yet they are not two-legged boys; indeed, they have no legs at all. They are merely floats moored near to rocks or shoals, or along channels, and fitted with whistles. The up-and-down motion of the waves sets agoing a little machine that forces air into a close box. From this box the air cannot escape without blowing the whistle, and thus warning shipmen of danger. This it does in night and fog, as well as in bright weather; and the rougher the water, the more surely will the machine work.

So, nowadays, storms which used to have nothing but peril for the sailor, may be used to make less doubtful his safe entry into port.

PIGEONS THAT HELP DOCTORS.

HERE 'S pleasant news about my friends, the carrier pigeons.

It seems, there is a country doctor in England who takes several of these wise birds with him when visiting his patients. If medicine is needed, he writes on a piece of paper what is wanted, giving the patient's address; then he ties the paper to the pigeon, and lets it go. The bird flies right to the doctor's house; the physic is made up then and there, by an assistant, and is sent off at once to the sick person, thus saving a deal of precious time.

If the doctor fears there may be a serious change in his patient's condition before the time set for the next visit, he leaves a bird, to be sent back to him with a message in case of need.

Useful creatures, these carrier pigeons,—a sort of winged and feathered telegraph!

RED RAIN.

SCARCELY had your Jack closed his February budget, in which there was mention of red snow, when one of his gray-beard scientific "youngsters" sent in this information about red rain:

Says he: "There is red rain as well as red snow, and it has been known to fall upon vessels sailing near the west coast of Africa, and also, but seldom, upon countries in the south of Europe. It is a grayish and reddish dust, mingled with rain, and the color seems to be due to oxide of iron, which is iron rust. But where on earth this comes from no one has found out, and men who know about such things, think it does n't come from anywhere on earth, but from somewhere beyond."

He adds: "Once, when red rain was falling in

Italy, red snow was falling on the Alps." Now, this may account for our Sierra Nevada red snow also; but then, again, it may not, and in a matter like this, it is well to bear in mind that "one does n't always know what he has n't found out."

KEDREVNIK.

THE Trailing Cedar, my polite young friends, is an example of "handsome is that handsome does." The Russians call it Kedrevnik, and of all queer trees, it is about the queerest, for it never stands erect, but grows under the snow, covering the ground with a net-work of gnarled, twisted and interlocking trunks, and generally choosing to grow on the most desolate plains and mountain-sides. It is almost the only fire-wood in its cheerful home, north-eastern Siberia, and without it men could n't live there.

What puzzles your Jack is, that men should ever even try to live in such a dreary country as that must be.

SEA ROBINS.

A SEA ROBIN is—— but what *is* a sea robin, my profound young ichthyologists?

"Why, it 's a bird, of course, Mr. Jack," says Master Johnny So-and-so, jumping up smartly.

But your Jack once heard the Little Schoolma'am say to Deacon Green: "Little Johnny sometimes knows more to-day than he will know to-morrow."

So, my plodders, let us be careful. And, now, look at this picture.



BUTTERFLIES AND SEA ROBINS.

In it you can see some sea robins, and also some winged creatures that live in the air. But the question is,—Which are which? For there seem to be butterflies in the water as well as in the air!

Well, the fact is, that sea robins are fishes, and they have very large front or pectoral fins, marked with black and bright yellow; so, when the creatures go sailing through the water with their wing-like fins spread out, they have the look of butterflies, especially if seen end first. Some of them are as big as robins, and perhaps that is why they got their name. They like to stay at the bottom of the sea, where they find the shell-fish, on which they live; and there you probably will find them, if you pay them a visit. The Little Schoolma'am says that, some time ago, she saw some sea robins, with other fishes, in a big sea-water tank, which was in the great Aquarium at New York.

SOME PRETTY "HOW D' YE DO'S?"

DEAR JACK: Your other chicks may like to know this, which I have just read, about queer ways of greeting among foreign nations.

Moors gallop on their horses to meet a stranger, as if they were going to ride him down; then they stop suddenly, and fire a pistol over his head. Arabs of high rank kiss each other on the cheek, inquire many times about the health of one another, and then kiss their own hands. In the desert, the Arabs, when they meet, shake hands six or eight times.

In the Society and Friendly Islands, it is the polite thing to rub noses together. In some of the South Sea Islands, where people dress very scantily, the most courteous thing a man can do to his friend, on meeting, is to throw a little cold water over him,—a cool, but cordial, greeting.

In Japan, the inferior, meeting a superior, takes off his sandals, kneels down, and rocks slowly back and forth, saying: "Augh! augh!" which means "Do not hurt me!" In Siam, if an inferior meets one of higher rank, he throws himself prostrate on the ground. An attendant then goes to see if there is anything disagreeable about him. If there is, he is kicked out of the great man's road; but, if there is not, the attendant raises him and lets him go on his way.

In America, one says, "How d' ye do?" The other, without answering, says, "How d' ye do?" And they pass on.

K. R. B.

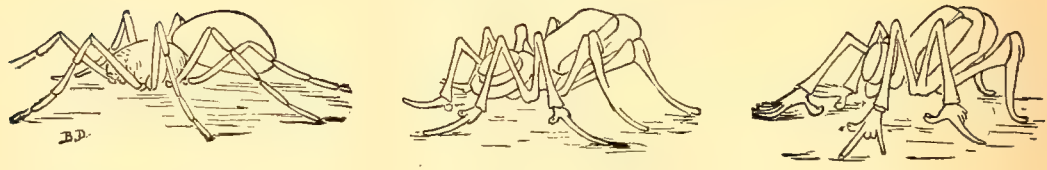
FLOWERING WITHOUT ITS ROOT.

ON the mountains of California grows a very wonderful flower. It is a twining hyacinth which climbs up some bush or other till it has reached the top, and, after resting a while to make sure it has a good hold, breaks loose from its root, and goes on to spread out its lovely pink blossoms just as though nothing curious had happened. It carries on the business by itself, in fact, blooming and seeding all alone for weeks and months, in spite of the sun that burns by day and the air that chills by night. This seems a little strange, my dears, but the information comes from a good source. However, it will do no harm to look further into the matter, especially if you happen to be on the spot.

MISS MOFFAT'S DREAM.

Miss Moffat saw a spider,
Who came and sat beside her,
And it frightened Miss Moffat away.

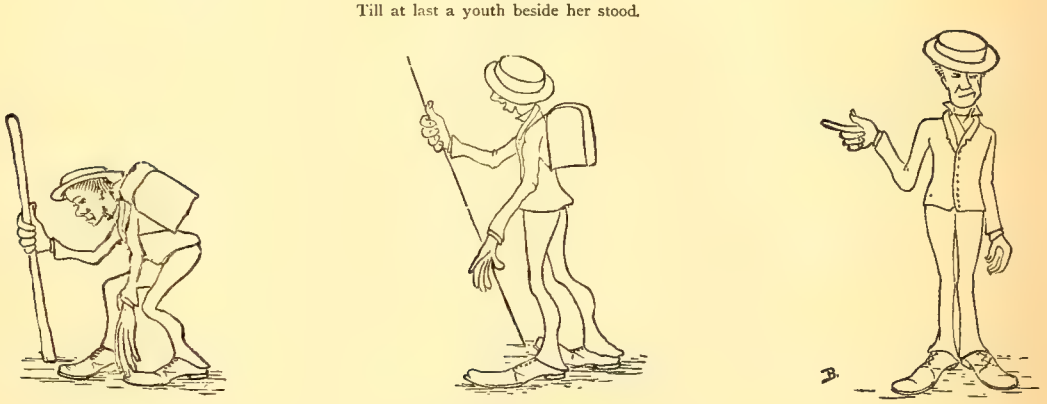
But she dreamed that night of a still greater fright.



For the spider grew and grew and grewd,



Till at last a youth beside her stood.



Poor Miss Moffat
Awoke with a scream;—
And that was the end
Of her terrible dream.

THE LETTER-BOX.

To those of our readers who are surprised at seeing the song of "The City Child" printed a second time in St. Nicholas, we must explain that the present is the corrected or revised version, which was received from Mr. Tennyson after our February number was printed. He writes us that the music is composed by Mrs. Tennyson; so, you see, this pretty little song is sent you, as it were, directly from the poet's own fireside,—the words of the Laureate set to music by his wife.

Our "open-air paper" this month will, we hope, prove a source of practical pleasure to both boys and girls, for who does not enjoy flying or watching a graceful kite? Mr. Beard, who wrote the article and drew the pictures for you, says that he himself has made and practically tested all the kites described, and that he believes a bright boy can easily make any one of them. We hope that all the boys and girls to whom the "Snow Fort" and "Snow Building" papers brought real delight in January and February, will find the "Kite Time" article exactly the thing for this windy month of March. There are other good papers in preparation, and each will appear just when you are ready for the particular kind of work or play which it describes.

A New Short Dialogue.—To all the boys and girls who have asked for a good piece to speak as a dialogue, we would say: We think you will find what you want in the poem entitled "Quite a History," printed on page 348 of our February number. By changing "Philander" to Amanda" you make the questioner's speeches suitable for a girl. The chanc s for gesture and elocution are capital. The speakers might be dressed in old-time costumes. You can tell by the punctuation and the sense where each speech begins and ends.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the January "Letter-Box" I saw a description of a four-legged chicken, and, as I had one, two summers ago, I thought that you might like to hear about it, too. I think that it was even more wonderful than R. H. S's., because it had the extra legs come from one joint, which came from under its wing, and so it had three legs on one side, and one on the other. It died a melancholy death, being stepped on by one of its relatives. G. S. W.

Montclair, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will some of the readers of the "Letter-Box" please tell me when Australia was discovered?—Yours affectionately, LOUIS B. P.

BESSIE C. BARNEY asks where originated the expressions "as bold as brass," "at sixes and sevens," and "ducks and drakes." Who will answer her?

IN answer to M. V. D.'s question in the January "Letter-Box," O. C. Turner sends seven words,—Cion, Coercion, Epinicion, Internecion, Ostracion, Pernicion, and Suspicion. Agnes L. Taylor, J. W., and A. H. S. send each six of these; "Wilmington," G. Meade Emory, Ernest W. Clarke, and Geo. G. Hall, send each five of them: Daisy E. Eastlake, "Tranquillity," A. C. Averill, and Mary and Annie Chamberlaine with Etta Williams, send three each; and "Punch and Judy," S. G. C., and Bessie and her Cousin," send two each.

BEAN-BAG GAME.

DIVIDE the party into pairs, all standing in two opposite lines, as in "Virginia Reel" or "Contra Dance." Each side chooses a captain, and the captains choose an umpire, who sits at the end of the lines by a table between the captains.

Each side has five bean-bags. The bags are of two colors;—say, five red and five blue. All the red bags are piled on the table before one of the captains, and the blue ones are heaped in front of the other.

At a word of command from the umpire, each captain picks up bag after bag from his (or her) own heap, and passes them one by one to the next player of the line, who takes it with one hand, and with the other passes it on to the third player. In this way, every bag is passed down the line, from player to player, until it reaches the end, when it must be laid on a chair, picked up, and passed back again, up the line to the captain, who throws it on the table. When the captain receives back the last bag, he holds it up high, for the umpire to see.

The side which first gets all its bags back to its captain scores one point; and there are ten points to a game. The interest is increased by offering a prize to the winning side.

HERE is an epitaph written by a little boy of nine years:

Here lie the bodies of three tadpoles.
If you go to the pond you can catch them in shoals.
They were treated as well as tadpoles could be,
And yet they all died ungrateful-ly!

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was told, lately, of a pretty little thing which would give an air of dainty freshness to any room in city or country homes, during the days of winter and early spring, when we are longing for out-door greenness. So I thought other readers of the "Letter-Box" might like to know of it also. Perhaps most of us have tried growing grass seed in a pine cone set in a wine-glass of water, and very successfully, too; but this plan is different.

Take a round plate,—any size desired,—put either sand or moss upon it for a foundation, place in the center the largest cone, grouping around it other cones, graded according to size. If all are alike, then heap up the foundation in the middle, letting it slope down toward the edge. When the cones are in place, sprinkle sand carefully, so as not to bury the tiny ones, should there be any. Then moisten the pyramid, and scatter freely over it either grass or flax-seed; I prefer flax-seed. If put on the mantel, above the furnace register, or near a stove, and turned, now and then, so that all sides may have an equal amount of heat, the seeds will soon sprout, and the effect is said to be very beautiful when the cone has become a mass of green. The plants grow so rapidly, if kept warm and moist, that the cone gardens will be far more satisfactory than many more elaborate affairs.

Or if one should happen to have a rather flat hanging-basket, and arrange the cones in the same way,—always mounding up the sand in the center,—and planting lycopodium between the cones and around the edges, to be twined according to taste, I am sure it would make a lovely addition to a library or "living-room."

Of course, in the city, the difficulty is to obtain the cones, but there may be some which have been gathered in summer ramblings; or if there are no "country cousins" who would take such slight trouble as to mail a box of them, there are generally some of the market people who, for a mere trifle, will furnish such things.

A city friend of mine gets the prettiest partridge-berry vines (mitchella) in this way, and these very vines would make a bright edging for our plate.

My "dish-garden,"—for which I sent a recipe to the "Letter-Box" last year,—has done wonderfully this season, so many new ferns have sprung up, and the partridge-berries are as fresh-looking as possible. I believe the "secret" is in putting the plate near the stove every night, so that the roots are kept warm, while the glass prevents the moisture from escaping. And, before many weeks, I expect to be rewarded for my care by the pure, snowy blossoms on the mitchella.

HANNAH SHEPPARD.

FANNIE E. LEWIS.—The piano-forte was invented early in the eighteenth century, but by whom is not certain. The honor of being the first inventor is claimed for Bartolomeo Cristofali, of Padua, Italy, some time before the year 1711; for Marius, a Frenchman, in 1716; and for Schröter or Schrœder, a German, in 1717.

THE BROTHER OF A SUBSCRIBER: "Bric-à-brac" is pronounced in English as if spelled "brick-a-brack," and this is according to Webster. In French, the pronunciation is similar; but the i is like ee, short, and the last a is like a in father, also short.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please ask in the "Letter-Box" why is it that when a flat-iron is hot it smooths the clothes better than when it is cold?—Your constant reader, JOSHUA C. HUBBARD.

SIDNEY STEINER: The original limits of Virginia were not exactly defined. The name was first given, by Queen Elizabeth, to the region (now North Carolina) discovered in 1584, by persons sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh. Later, all the country in North America between 35° N. and 45° N. was known as Virginia. In 1607, the first colony was founded on the James River, by persons belonging to "The London Company of Merchant Adventurers." In 1609, this Company's territory, named Virginia, was described in the grant as comprising all that tract of country which extends from two hundred miles north of Old Point Comfort, to two hundred miles south of it, and from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific.

Knoxville, Tenn.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish to ask, through the "Letter-Box," for a good book to teach me to draw, and where I can get it. I have had but one drawing-book in my life, and it was a small one.—Yours truly, J. B.

A good guide in learning to draw is the "Vere Foster Complete Course." It is arranged in easy grades through the various kinds of drawing, and the designs given to copy were made by some of the best artists of Great Britain. These drawing-books are sold separately, and can be ordered through any bookseller. The American publishers are Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

A LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM sends the "Letter-Box" this composition, written by a little boy ten years old, all by himself:

This composition is going to be about a five-gallon crock, that I fell into. I fell into it last night. It stood in the corner of the kitchen, and they were going to put three thousand pickled onions in it,—if it would hold 'em, but it would n't. It would n't hold more than three hundred. I went into the kitchen with Wallace to read. I was going to sit on the crock to read. I was n't looking, because I was reading, so I thought the crock was bottom-side up. But when I sat down, I went right in, and my knees went up to my forehead. I was near smothered,—all that was out of the crock was my arms and heels! I could n't scream, for my coat was over my face; but I struggled and kicked a good deal. I could n't see, either; but one of my hands caught the pump-handle, and it made so much noise that Mamma heard it. She was standing on the other side of the kitchen, so she turned around, and saw my heels kicking. She waited awhile —I should think about fifteen minutes—before she came to help me, and I could hear her laughing. Then, when she came to me, she could n't pull me out. So she tipped over the crock, and I came out upon the floor. Then I stood up, and picked up my book. When I

fell into the crock, I let it drop on the floor. When I slipped in, I thought I was going down into the cellar. I went into the library after this, and did n't try to read in the kitchen any more. After I went to bed, I heard Papa laughing, and I know Mamma was telling him about how I fell. EDDIE DUFFY.

THE publishers of a capital book, full of information for boys and girls, wish to be able to give, in its future edition, a satisfactory answer to a simple question, and have requested us to say that they will present a copy of the book to the boy or girl who first sends the required satisfactory answer to ST. NICHOLAS. The question is this: What becomes of the dirt which the chipmunk throws out of his hole, or that he does not throw out? No dirt can be found, and yet, how does he make his hole without throwing out dirt?

Now, young folks, who will be the first? We leave the decision in the hands of those who make the offer; but, as this magazine is published in the interest of boys and girls and not of the publishers referred to, we shall print neither the name of the book nor of the house that issues it. The question is worth answering, though, and the book is worth the trouble. As Jack-in-the-Pulpit would say,—the matter is worth looking into.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to tell you about my white mice and a cat. My uncle brought me seven white mice, and I let them run around in a large box. Next door, a little girl has a cat, and it comes over here very often. One day I missed some of my mice and thought that the cat had eaten them. I put the rest in a glass box, and let them run about the room very often. Two weeks after I missed four more, and was sure of the cat. I gave the other mouse away. One day, the little girl came running over and told me to come and see her kittens. I went with her, and there in the garret, in an old basket, lay the cat and my six mice! When I took them out, the cat cried and mewed so that the little girl gave me the cat to take home with me. And now pussy and her mice live in a basket by the stove, and uncle has promised the girl six mice like mine.—Ever a reader, A. M.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps some of your readers will be interested in the following true story.—Yours, A. L. A. SMITH.

Once an Englishman and a Frenchman were boasting about their native languages. One said English was best, and had most words from the same root, and most words with similar meanings. But the Frenchman objected, and made the following verse in proof:

"Quand un cordier, cordant, veut corder une corde,
Pour sa corde corder, trois cordons il accorde;
Mais, si un des cordons de la corde décorde,
Le cordon décordant fait décorder la corde."

The Englishman then set his wits to work, made a translation of the Frenchman's rhyme, and, adding two stanzas on the same subject, went off triumphant. Here is the Englishman's rhyme:

"When a twister a-twisting will twist him a twist,
For the twisting his twist, he three twines doth entwist;
But if one of the twines of the twist do untwist,
The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth the twist.

"Untwisting the twine that untwisted between,
He twirls with his twister the two in a twine;
Then twice having twisted the twines of the twine,
He twisteth the twine he had twisted in twain.

"The twain that in twining before in the twine,
As twines were intwisted, he now doth entwine;
'Twixt the twain intertwisting a twine more between,
He, twirling his twister, makes a twist of the twine."

THE answer to Geo. H.'s question in the January "Letter-Box" is that "Maoris" is a New Zealand word, meaning "native," and is the name given to themselves by the inhabitants the earliest European discoverers found there. Answers were received from Nellie De Graff—Charlie W. Jerome—Mary H. J.—Lamira G.—Alla D.—Paul A. Conn—Hubert S. W.—Maude A.—Arthur Meggett—L. B. P.—Lottie Durand—Frank Skinner—Annie M. Foulks—Susie N. Swain—Annie H. Wright—Blanche Howards—Harry M. Edwards—R. Townsend McKeever—Alice C.—Nellie Niccolls—C. M. Andrews—Virgie R. F.—A. H. S.—Constance M. Gerry—Louise G. Hinsdale Carrol L. Maxcy—J. T. K.—W. F.—Agnes E. Kennedy—Gertrude Abbott—L. P. Waddell—"Pickwick"—F. J.—Amia McEwen—Martin W. Sampson—Gertie Gaylord—Martha H.—"A Reader"—Chas. P. Johnston—Chas. Ernest Hall—Netta Van Antwerp—S. Fanny Waterhouse—Louisa Jackson—M. F.—Edith Chubb—Gussie A. Smith—"Fannie"—Bertha D. Allen—Maria Hoydel—Jas. A. Parker—A. C. Averill—and Florence Cleaves, who adds, "the alphabet of the Maoris has only fourteen letters, A, E, H, I, K, M, N, O, P, R, T, U, W, and Ng, and is well adapted to poetry." M. A. B. and Caroline A. C. have misread, "Mœris" for "Maoris."

THIS letter comes to us from a young member of the only American family in Poitiers:

Poitiers, France.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought perhaps you would like to hear something about this old town of Poitiers, as it is quite interesting.

The cathedral is very large, and one side of it bears the marks which Coligny's cannon made, when he fired upon the city, three hundred years ago. On the side of the hill, opposite the cathedral, there is a high, pointed rock, behind which Coligny stood to command the Protestant army.

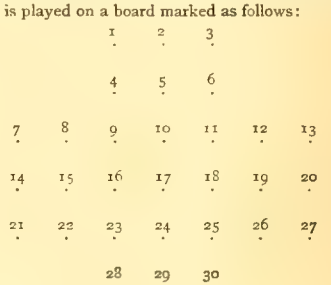
Notre Dame is a very old church, on the Place du Marché. In this church there is an image of the Virgin, of which this curious story is told, which your readers may believe or not, as they choose: One night, when the English were encamped around the city, the keeper of one of the gates made an arrangement with an English officer to give him the keys of the city at midnight, and let the army in. But when the gate-keeper went to get the keys, they were nowhere to be found. When daylight came, and people went to mass, they saw the keys in the hands of this image of the Virgin. It is said that in the night the Virgin appeared to the enemy, and frightened them so much, that they began to kill each other, and the French marched out and won the battle. In memory of this deliverance, there is, every year now, a procession, in which the image is carried to that gate, where there are religious ceremonies. Near the Cathedral there is a very old building, called the Temple of St. John, said to have belonged to the Knights Templar.

The Blossac is a park situated on the ancient ramparts, commanding a fine view of the river Clain, and the hills beyond. There is much more to tell about this strange old city, but it would make my letter too long, so I must close.

From your friend and constant reader, P. K.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Being much pleased with a game called "solitaire," I thought some of your other friends might like a problem, and I send you one, as I owe much for the pleasure you have given me.

The game is played on a board marked as follows:



Problem: Place pennies or checkers on the numbers 3, 4, 5, 8, 16, 18, 24 and 21, and proceed to move either at right angles or diagonally, jumping a man at each move, so as to leave but one man.

Answer: 4 to 6, takes 5; 3 to 11, takes 6; 11 to 25, takes 18; 25 to 23, takes 24; 8 to 24, takes 16; 24 to 22, takes 23; 21 to 23, takes 22; and leaves one. BENJ. T. DELAFIELD.

THE following letter comes from a Western State, where the boys must go into business very early in life, if G. H. M. is a fair sample:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy, ten years old; and, when I was four, my mother and I went to New-York to visit my grandfather, and he gave me one dollar. When I came home, my father told me he would give me a heifer for the dollar and a year's work for five cents a day. I said all right; and, after the year's work was done, my father sold the cow, and, giving me the money, I bought a four-year-old cow. After a while the cow had a calf; he grew to be a yearling. By this time the cow had another calf. The first calf grew to be a two-year-old, and I traded him for another cow. The first cow had a calf again, and he grew to be a yearling; and the second cow had a calf. I sold two of the yearlings for twenty-three dollars, and, besides, I had six dollars. I put this money to interest for ten cents on a dollar a year. After a while my grandfather sent me six dollars. I bought the finest cow and calf my father had. I sold the first cow for twenty-seven dollars, I bought two pigs for three dollars, and now I have traded my stock so that I have two cows, two calves, two pigs, a pony and saddle, and twenty-four dollars besides,—all in six years.—Yours truly, G. H. M.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

THREE SQUARE WORDS.

I. 1. A PRECIOUS stone of many hues. 2. A valuable timber tree. 3. The name of a girl, meaning "Grace." 4. Part of a book. II. 1. A circle. 2. A metal. 3. Another name for a girl. 4. An insect. III. 1. A large assemblage of persons, generally in regular order. 2. One of the United States. 3. Evil deeds. 4. A throw.

GRACE AND HER COUSIN.

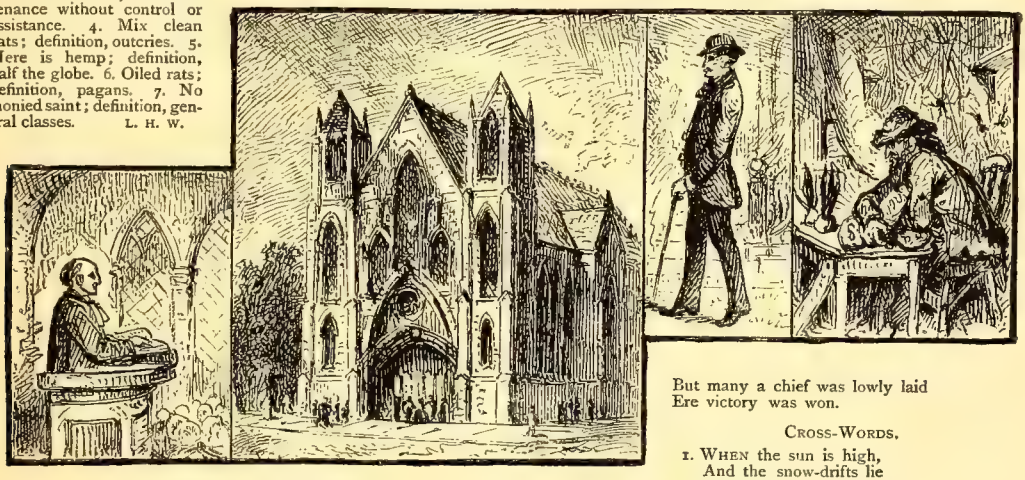
EASY BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD disloyalty, and leave the pride of mankind. 2. Behead a course, and leave to stretch and strain. 3. Behead to drench, and leave a tree of a certain kind. 4. Behead a quality belonging to all substances which can be weighed, and leave a number. 5. Behead an implement of warfare, and leave a sign of a thought. 6. Behead small numbered cubes, and leave a product of hard frost. D.

ANAGRAMS FOR OLDER HEADS.

IN each of the following anagrams, the letters used are just those which spell the words defined, neither more nor fewer.

1. A nigger on a colt; definition, pertaining to a religious assembly. 2. Anointed priest; definition, the act of foreordaining events. 3. Ended in pence; definition, self-maintenance without control or assistance. 4. Mix clean oats; definition, outcries. 5. Here is hemp; definition, half the globe. 6. Oiled rats; definition, pagans. 7. No monied saint; definition, general classes. L. H. W.



ILLUSTRATED METAGRAM.

THE four pictures in the above illustration stand for four words, each of which, reading in the order of the pictures from left to right, is spelled with all but one of the letters that make up the preceding word. What are the four words? CYRIL DEANE.

DIAMOND REMAINDERS.

BEHEAD and curtail the five words first defined, and leave a diamond.

1. A beverage. 2. A place where a fire may be made. 3. Persons indispensable to theaters,—even without the second letter of the required word. 4. Vapor. 5. What all men are apt to do.

Diamond: 1. In elephant. 2. A small animal much disliked by good housewives. 3. A person who puts things down carefully. 4. A plant whose chief use was first made known in China. 5. In ardent. H. H. D.

A DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

INITIALS.

THEY came from Oriental realms
And from the far Pacific strand,
They came from England's castles old,
And from the vine-clad Southern Land.
Monarchs proud and statesmen hoary,
Students grave and warriors bold,
Lovely Anglo-Saxon maidens
With red lips and locks of gold;
Fair Columbia's happy children,
Pilgrims from the golden West,
One and all to *me* came bringing
Every rarest gift and best.
And they gazed upon my temples,
And they worshiped at my shrines,
And they bent before my columns
Flashing with historic lines;
And they viewed my gallant armies,
Saw their banners proudly wave,
Still recalling that Great Leader
Who his laws to Europe gave;
Then I decked them with my colors
Ere they took their homeward flight,
And adorned each child of genius
With a glittering order bright.

FINALS.

I vanished, and my people wept!
A fair land mourned its queen,
Kings threw aside their coronets,
And shield and helm were seen.
Then crowded vessels slowly sailed
Forth toward the rising sun;
But many a chief was lowly laid
Ere victory was won.

CROSS-WORDS.

1. WHEN the sun is high,
And the snow-drifts lie
No longer in the vale;
When the blue-bird sings
As she plumes her wings,
Or spreads her azure sail;
When blossoms fair
Beyond compare
With rose-mist veil the earth,
When all rejoice
That Winter's voice
Is hushed in glad Spring's mirth;
Then *I* come, ever pitiless,
With keen and shining blade,
O, violet blue and daisy bright,
Your grave too oft I 've made.

2. A lovely girl with strange, dark eyes,
Stands by the lonely shore,
Awaiting fondly, tenderly,
One who returns no more.

3. Drops as diamonds bright,
Widening waves of light,
Gleaming and glancing,
Singing and dancing,
Then finding rest
In Ocean's breast.

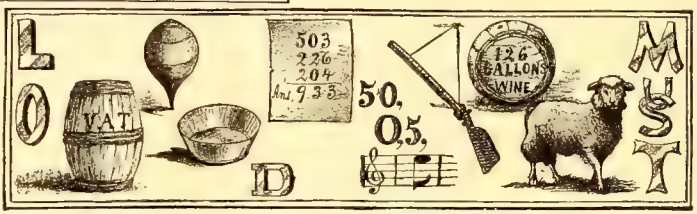
4. A famous Empress of the Orient
Who curious chess-men once to Charlemagne sent.

5. With cimeter, and turban green,
Adorned with jewel bright,
I dash forth to encounter him,
Proud England's bravest knight. M. I. S.

PICTORIAL PUZZLE.



THESE three pictures represent a couplet which urges a boy to be studious.



WHAT AM I?

I HAVE feet, but no legs and no toes. My feet are in constant use, yet I can neither run nor walk; and I am neither quadruped nor biped, though I have been known to stand upright. I have hands, fingers, and nails, but no arms. Part of me is attached to nearly every dwelling-house, to a prison or a church; and part of me, nay, my whole also in former times, too often beat a lad. Men might use me as an arm of offense, for want of a stouter weapon, but my right place and use are in peaceful commerce.

EASY DISENTANGLEMENTS.

IN each of the following groups, all the letters given are to be arranged so as to spell the word defined. Thus: CAERSU; found on a tea-table. Answer, saucer.

1. PAPOLE; a city of Turkey in Asia. 2. NEGRAD; a home for beautiful, silent friends. 3. PIGSPINK; a favorite pastime among girls. 4. SLYPE; a hurt dog does it. 5. RUBASUT; a sweet-scented, much-hunted flower. 6. PENISAL; a dog of a certain kind. P. F.

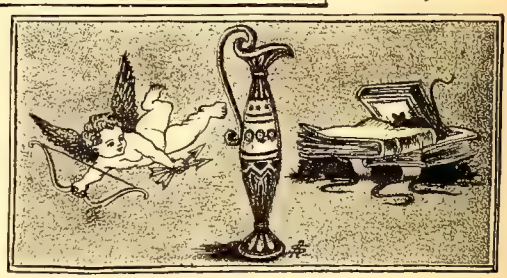
AMPUTATED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

— A L L O —
— L I G H I E R —
— A V E —
— A R E —
— A R T —

IN this example, the initials and finals are to be found and added, to complete the cross-words, each of which is given without the beginning or the ending letter. When read in connection with each other, the words spelled by the initials and finals name peculiar features of the weather during late winter or early spring. T.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM a famous motto and contain twenty six letters. My 1, 2, 4, 3, 5, 6 is loosed. My 7, 8, 13, 14, 19, 20 is bound. My 9, 10, 11, 26, 22 is old. My 21, 24, 15, 23 is a lost object. My 18, 25, 16 is a number composed of three numerals all alike. My 17, 12 is in certainly. C.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN FEBRUARY NUMBER.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.—Tripoli. (Triple-E.)

PICTORIAL RIDDLE.—One shows the leaves, and the other leaves the shows.——NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Mango-tree.

ENIGMA.—Tassel.——EASY ENIGMA.—Boy.

EASY WORD-SQUARE.—1. Corn. 2. Ohio. 3. Riot. 4. Note.

A PROVERB AMONG PROVERBS.—Better eat gray bread in your youth than in your age.——RIDDLE.—A fence.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC.—Initials: Neap. Centrals: Olio. Finals: Tide. Initials and Finals connected: Neap-Tide. Across: 1. Not. 2. Eli. 3. Aid. 4. Poe.

SQUARE WORD.—1. Tomato. 2. Orator. 3. Martin. 4. Attila. 5. Toilet. 6. Ornate.——CHARADE.—Omelet. (O-me-let.)

NUMERICAL DIAMOND.—1. C. 2. CUb. 3. CuBit. 4. BIt. 5. T.

WORD SYNCOPATIONS.—1. M-use-um. 2. S-top-ped. 3. T-hank-ed. 4. No-ma-d. 5. Mo-nit-or. 6. Car-can-et.

ANAGRAM.—St. Valentine. 1st Stanza: Linnet, stave. 2nd Stanza: Talents (di) vine. 3rd Stanza: Nettles, vain. 4th Stanza: St. Valentine.——PUZZLE.—Love.

TWO SQUARES.—

I.				II.			
	C	A	M	E	D	R	O	P
	A	M	E	N	R	O	P	E
	M	E	N	D	O	P	E	N
	E	N	D	S	P	E	N	T

GEOGRAPHICAL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—New York, New York. 1. NankiN. 2. EriE. 3. WarsaW. 4. YoughioghenY. 5. OhiO. 6. RochesteR. 7. KeokuK.

PROVERB ENIGMA.—Faint heart never won fair lady.

ANSWERS TO THE WORD-MAKING PUZZLE IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 25, from Henry and Charles,—Claire H. Pingrey—O. C. Turner—"The Stowe Family"—"J. W."—Bessie and her Cousin, all of whom made all the words correctly, and from Florence E. Pratt, 22—Pierre Jay, 5—William C. McLeod, 5—A. M. C., and L. L. C., 24—"Kew," 8—Daisy E. Eastlake, 6—Willie S. Conant, 13.

ANSWERS TO OTHER PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 20, from Henry and Charles, 16 (all)—Carrie Adler, 1—Jennie, Cyddie, Eddie, 1—Eddie C. Smith, 8—Barney L. Biggin, 12—Reta S. McIlvaine, 4—Bessie and her Cousin, 12—Harry S. Myers, 1—"Uncle Ned," 1—Virginie Callmeyer, 6—Ethel Bangs, 2—Christie and Harry, 1—J. Wendel Bollman, 3—A. H. S., 1—A. Castle Postley, 2—Mollie Marcus, 8—George and Joe Lathrup, 1—"Diamond and Pearl," 4—"Prince," 2—Jennie Heard, 2—Gertrude and Wallie H., 1—Gustav and Albert Tuska, 2—J. B. Cooke, 1—De Witt C. Weld, Jr., 10—F. J. Reynolds, 1—Carrie and Edith Townsend, 3—Carroll L. Maxcy, 6—Weston Bayley, ? 1—Lizzie L. Van Liew, 7—Ella L. Bryan, 1—Lizzie H. D. St. Vrain, 7—Netta Van Antwerp, 5—M. R. B., 1—F. W. S., 2—Grace, 7—Lancelot M. Berkeley, 6—"Bunny," 2—"Blanke Family," 9—Clare, 3—Claire H. Pingrey, 11—Jessie K. Bancroft, 1—Charles Howes Hammond, 1—Walter E. Lewis, 9—Asa T. Hascall, 6—Willie F. Dix, 3—W. and C. Van Kleek, 7—Laleah Fanny and Miller, 8—Algie Hayden, 2—Belle and A. H. Laidlaw, 7—William C. McLeod, 3—M. F., 2—Annie Reynes, 7—Sumner S. Bowman, 1—Florence E. Pratt, 9—S. G. Atkinson, 5—Lillian A. and Edith M. Peck, 2—Frank P. Nugent, 1—H. and B., 9—Alice C. Boyd, 2—Jessie D. Shuler and Emma W. Myers, 6—"Chenery," 7—"Jeanie," 3—Lulu Crabb and Gracie Hewlett, 5—O. C. Turner, 13—Sallie R. Marshall, 3—Bessie C. Barney, 2—Daisy E. Eastlake, 8—T. Bolenius, 3—"Luna," 10—"The Stowe Family," 14—John W. Kirby, 1—"Riddlers," 4—Hattie and Clara, 7—Warren Wolfsberger, 5—"Grace," 2—Mary Speiden, 4—Daisy B. Hodgsdon, 1—Agnes Luther, 4—Robert Allen Gally, 5—"Flyaway," 4—Nellie DeGraff, 12—William L. Stiles, 1—Ida Cohn, 7—Lucy E. Wollaston, 2—"J. W.," 10—Edward Vultee, 8—"Fannie," 1—Tom Reed, 5—Kitty C. Atwater, 10—Georgie and Carleton Woodruff, 2—A. M. C., and L. L. C., 5—"Santa Claus," 1—M. H. I., 8—Mollie Donohoe, 3—Lottie A. Averill, 10—"Three Guessers," 6—Willie S. Conant, 10—"Kew," 15—"Impatieus," 14. The numerals denote the number of puzzles solved.

ANSWERS TO DECEMBER PUZZLES were received late from Dycie Wurden, and S. Moon, England, and from Tom Spear, Oakland, Cal.



A BURIAL AT SEA.

[See Page 498.]

ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. VII. APRIL, 1880. NO. 6.

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AN ADVENTURE ON AN EGG-VÄR.

BY MRS. C. A. STEPHENS.

JAN lived with his father, Christoph Jansen, his good mother, Ilse, and his wee sister Ilse, her mother's namesake, in a little hut on the southern coast of Iceland.

This hut would have looked very odd to the boys and girls of New England. It was built of layers of stones, up three or four feet from the ground, with turf between the layers to keep out the cold. Then above this was a sloping roof of wood covered with turf, which, in these long sunny days of June, had sprouted up thick with grass, making it resemble a green hillock more than a human dwelling. And, indeed, their only ewe—a present to little Ilse from her Uncle Gotthard, who lived inland and owned flocks of sheep and cows—would often climb the family mansion, and, clinging with her sharp hoofs to the turf, nibble a breakfast with much contentment.

Christoph Jansen was a fisherman, and spent the greater part of his time in his boat, setting fishing nets, or gathering in quantities of haddock and cod-fish, and preparing them to dry on the beach. And he constantly had to keep a sharp eye over his game, for if left unwatched, the pilfering ravens, not unfrequently, would come in large flocks and devour whole "catches" at once.

But the business from which the fisherman derived most profit was from his egg-vär. And first I must explain to some of you just what an egg-vär is.

All along the west coast of Norway and the southern coast of Iceland there are numerous islands, some of them situated at a considerable distance from the main-land, but others within a bow-shot of it. These islands are of two kinds, many of them being nothing more than high masses of rock, while others are flat, or nearly so. The former are called *holme*, the latter *vär*.

Upon these vär the eider-ducks congregate in large numbers for laying eggs and rearing their young; for when nesting on the main-land they are much disturbed by the cunning Arctic fox, who is as great an epicure in his cold, northern haunts as is the red fox in New England. It would not be unreasonable to suppose that his appetite, from the colder climate in which he lives, would be considerably the keener,—and the young eiders, or the rich eggs which he deftly cracks with a stroke of his paw, make one of the daintiest meals Reynard can procure.

Yet Nature teaches the defenseless bird that she can, at least, protect herself against this one of her many enemies by nesting in places impossible for him to reach.

The high price set upon the feathers of the eider-duck renders these islands very valuable, and they have been in the possession of Icelandic and Danish families for many generations.

More than twenty-five years ago, Iceland exported between four and five thousand pounds of eider-down in a single year, and as great care has been taken to promote an increase of the supply, the amount sold has probably more than doubled since then. The true "down" is worth from three to four dollars per pound, and it is said that enough down for a bed coverlet would not weigh more than a pound and a half.

The laws of the country are very strict in relation to the ownership of the islands, and the poacher, if caught, is punished with a fine of thirty

dollars, for the seizure of a single duck. Even an egg cannot be stolen with impunity.

But the vär-owners have other poachers to deal with, for whom the law has no terrors,—the raven and the great sea-eagle. These birds of prey make sad havoc among the young eiders, in spite of the vigilance used in protecting them,—the eagle sometimes even carrying off the old ducks themselves.

Christoph Jansen's vär was but a short distance from the main-land, and was looked after entirely by the fisherman's wife and Jan, now eleven years old.

"Now be off, good Jan, for it is getting late," said Mother Jansen, as the boy was about to set off to the vär one evening early in June, "and be quite sure, my son, not to disturb the old eiders, and do not forget to cut the notches," she added.

"Let little Ilse go too, mother," pleaded Jan, who did not like always going alone.

"*Nai, nai,*" returned Mrs. Jansen, "Ilse is but a wee thing; she would stumble over the rocks. And have ye forgot the raven that perched on the gable only yesterday? I fear, Jan, he boded us ill!" * and she gazed solemnly at the tiny, blue-eyed fairy playing with a string of blown egg-shells, then away across the dancing waves, whither Christoph had been gone since early dawn to fish. "However," she added, seeing Jan's disappointment, "thou art a careful boy, my Jan, and, since I must go to the beach to help your father when he comes in, she may go with you. But mind and let nothing befall her; lead her carefully over the cliffs."

"*Ja! ja! jeg vil!*" (Yes! yes! I will!) cried the delighted boy; and, attired in an eider-skin jacket and scarlet cloth hood, baby Ilse went laughing and skipping toward where the boat was drawn up on the rocky beach, Jan following, with the basket and big bag on his arm.

Lifting little Ilse into the boat, Jan rowed across the narrow strip of water separating the island from the main-land.

The sun was yet high, although it was nearly eight o'clock in the evening, and as they approached the island they floated amid whole flocks of the eider drakes, shining white in the sunlight, plunging and flapping, and sending the spray sparkling high in the air.

"Now, Ilse," said Jan, after tying his boat to a stone, "cling to my back and I 'll be your pony," and climbing the path that wound over and about the ridge of low lava cliffs which ran through the length of the island, he went galloping across the flat on the farther side.

Ah! here was a sight fit to set any Yankee boy's heart fluttering! The very ground was covered with ducks, each on its own nest; and it would have been difficult to walk about without treading upon their great brown backs; for the birds were very tame and would not stir at Jan's approach, and would even allow him to take the eggs and down from the nests without seeming in the least disturbed.

Hitherto, they had given the boy much trouble in laying about in any spot they chose and in places where the eggs frequently were broken, and where the down was matted and spoiled with the yolks of the broken eggs.

To remedy the evil, he had set himself to work before the laying season began, and with good-sized stones had built little inclosures, about a foot and a half square and one foot high, on the southern, or most sheltered, part of the island. He then had gathered moss from a bog a little back from the shore, on the main-land, and boating it across to the island, had filled these squares half full with the moss, and formed it into shapely nests.

The ducks had taken to them wonderfully, though some of the younger and more timid ones would still crawl far into the crevices between the rocks, where it was impossible to get the down and eggs without the assistance of a "hook," which Jan always carried with him—a pole three or four feet long with a curved iron at the end.

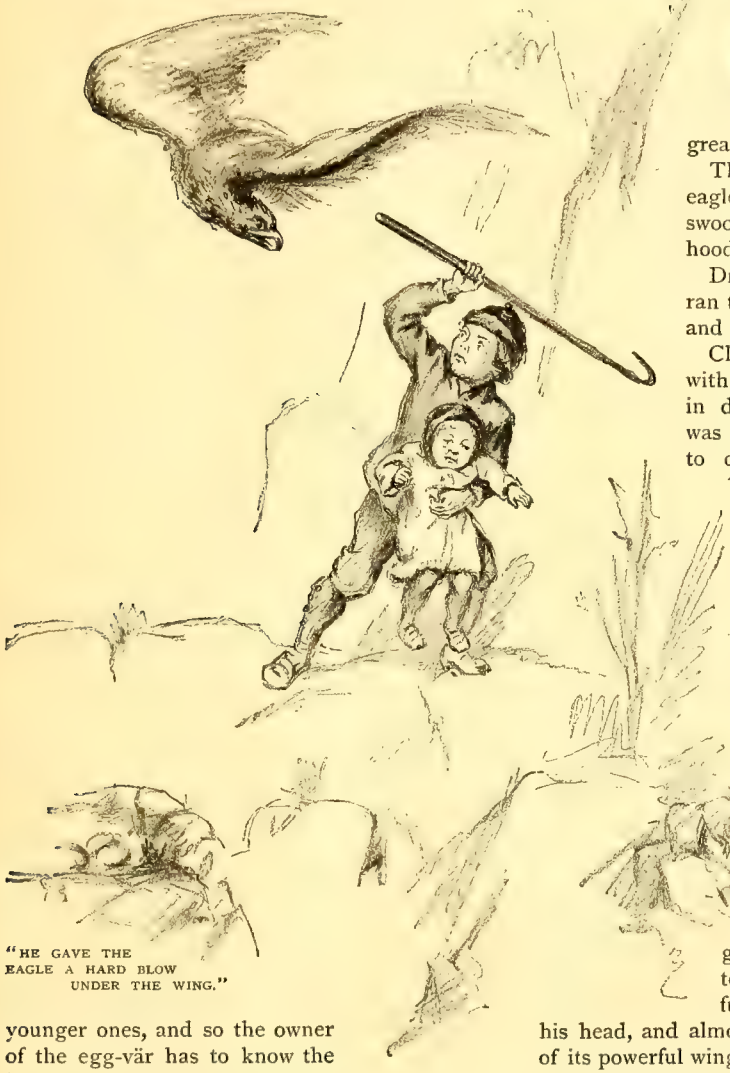
The method of obtaining the eggs and down, though profitable, would seem to you very cruel. It is this: After lining her nest with the soft down from her body, the eider-duck lays from five to seven greenish-brown eggs. No sooner are they laid than she is taken from her nest and its contents confiscated. Again the duck plucks her down to line the nest anew, and continues laying—this time not more than two or three eggs. But her peace is soon disturbed, and she is once more left with an empty nest.

By this time the down on her own body has become nearly or quite exhausted, and she calls upon her mate to assist, which he does, plucking his breast amidst loud quackings at the cruelty and injustice of the whole thing.

Now, indeed, the eider must be left to lay the remaining eggs, and pursue her maternal instincts in quiet, for if the nest should again be disturbed, it would be abandoned by the discouraged pair for a spot on some other island.

*In the Northern, or Scandinavian, mythology, the raven was consecrated to the god Odin, who, as Icelandic tradition relates, had two ravens, which he loosed every morning, bidding them go abroad and gather tidings of what was going on, even at the farthest corner of the earth. On returning at night, they would perch upon his shoulders and chatter the news into his ears. Hugin was the name given to one, Mumin to the other, the former signifying Spirit, the latter Memory. And now, many of the Icelanders believe that ravens in general understand what is passing at a distance, and events which are to occur in the future; and if a raven happens to perch upon the house-top, the people think that the death or ill-fortune of some member of the family is sure to follow.

Jan went from nest to nest removing the ducks, and filling his basket and bag, carefully notching the stake of dwarf birch *(Betula nana)* which was driven down beside each nest to indicate the number of times it had been rifled; for the older ducks begin to lay earlier in the season than the younger ones, and so the owner of the egg-vär has to know the history of each nest.



"HE GAVE THE EAGLE A HARD BLOW UNDER THE WING."

As his load grew heavier and more difficult to carry, he sat little Ilse upon a large, flat, lava rock, bidding her not to get down while he went his rounds to the farther end of the island, where the shyer ducks, disdaining all his attempts to tame them, and lure them to comfortable homes, had crept into some large crevices, depositing their eggs and down far beyond the reach of Jan's arm.

Scarcely had he dragged the eggs out with his hook and laid them in the basket, and stuffed the down into the bag,—which, though almost as light as air, assumed enormous proportions, and was as elastic as a rubber ball,—when suddenly he heard a great outcry from the ducks, and saw them all rise from their nests and go flapping, hissing, and quacking toward the water, beneath which they all plunged in a great tumult, crying and splashing.

The next moment a huge sea-eagle, circling low over the island, swooped down toward the red-hooded baby on the rock.

Dropping basket and bag, Jan ran toward them, swinging his hook and shouting wildly.

Clutching the little girl's clothes with his talons, the eagle succeeded in dragging her off the rock, and was now flapping laboriously as if to carry her toward the beach.

Her piteous cries of "Jan! Oh, Jan!" were muffled by the broad wings of the eagle.

As Jan came close up to them, he dashed his hook at the fierce-looking bird, which loosed its hold, and lightly lifting itself a few feet, soared so closely above his head, that Jan could hear its great beak snap close beside his ear.

Seizing little Ilse's arm, the boy made off with her over the difficult ground, stopping every few steps to beat off the eagle, now wrathfully diving and flapping upon his head, and almost stunning him with the blows of its powerful wings.

Jan's only thought was for Ilse. The eagle's sharp talons pierced through his jacket at every swoop, but he staggered bravely on, hoping to get over the cliffs to the boat and in sight of home.

"*Gaae skyndepa, Ilse! gaae skyndepa!*" (run faster, Ilse! run faster!) cried Jan, striving in vain to keep the angry bird at bay with his hook.

"*Jeg kan ikke, god Jan!*" (I can't, good Jan)

panted the little girl, and Jan hastily lifted her in his arms.

Contesting every step, he had nearly gained the



PURSUED.

crest of the ridge when the buffetings of the savage bird upon his head became so furious and bewildering that Jan was forced to stop.

Exhausted, but still brave and determined, he stood Ilse beside him, and grasping the hook with both hands, set upon the eagle desperately.

Back and forth he stumbled over the rocks, beating at the bird, which, lightly rising and falling, adroitly eluded the attack, till at last, as it swooped down toward him, he gave it a hard blow directly under the left wing.

It was effectual. The sharp hook clung fast, and in the sudden short struggle which followed, both boy and bird tumbled to the foot of the cliff on which they had been battling.

Poor, brave Jan! He was now, indeed, vanquished as well as his enemy, and could not reply to Ilse's entreaties to come up to her.

After a time the child slid down the path to where he lay, and, conscious that something terrible had happened to him, began to pat his face and hands, and call between her sobs, "*Tale Ilse, Jan! Tale Ilse!*" (speak to Ilse, Jan! Speak to Ilse!).

It was late when Christoph and mother Ilse returned from the "drying ground," and, not finding the children at the hut, they were filled with alarm. Taking his boat, Christoph hastily set off to the island, and before long he came upon them; Ilse, exhausted with crying, lying asleep on the unconscious boy's neck. Her yellow locks and white down jacket were stained with the blood from an ugly wound on Jan's head, cut by the sharp lava rocks upon which he had fallen.

But Jan did not die. Between mother Ilse's careful nursing and the ministrations of the kind old priest, living not far away, he was, after many weeks, able to sit in the now waning sunlight and amuse baby Ilse; but it was too late for the egg-vär again that year.

I must not forget to mention that, at Jan's request, his father carried the skin of the sea-eagle to Reykjavik, where he went to dispose of his year's stock of fish and down, and sold it for seven rix dollars to an English naturalist at that port. The eagle probably spreads its wings today in some London museum.





THE HAPPY BUD.

By Eudora May Stone.

A BUD droops low on a grassy lea,—
She does not know what her fate will be;
So she waits, and longs, and sips the dew,
And sings the song that I sing to you:

"I am so small,
And the world so wide,—
The trees are so tall
That whisper and call
By the brooklet's side,
That I could not see,
Should I open my eyes,
The sunny lea,
Or the waters free,
Or the beautiful skies.

"So foolish I seem,
And the world so wise,
That I cannot dream
What flower will gleam
When I greet the skies.

"But though I 'm so small,
And the world is so wide,—
Though the trees are so tall
That whisper and call
By the brooklet's side,—
I 'll do my best
To be sweet and bright!
And I 'll work and wait
For a worthy fate,
Till I find the light."

O happy bud on the grassy lea!
Filled with the beauty that is to be;
Well may she trust to the sun and dew,
As she sings the song that I sing to you.



GETTING ACQUAINTED.

JACK AND JILL.*

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DEBATING CLUB.

"LOOK here, old man, we ought to have a meeting. Holidays are over, and we must brace up and attend to business," said Frank to Gus, as they strolled out of the school-yard one afternoon in January, apparently absorbed in conversation, but in reality waiting for a blue cloud and a scarlet feather to appear on the steps.

"All right. When, where, and what?" asked Gus, who was a man of few words.

"To-night, our house, subject, 'Shall girls go to college with us?' Mother said we had better be making up our minds, because every one is talking about it, and we shall have to be on one side or the other, so we may as well settle it now," answered Frank, for there was an impression among the members that all vexed questions would be much helped by the united eloquence and wisdom of the club.

"Very good; I 'll pass the word and be there. Hullo, Neddy! The D. C. meets to-night, at Minot's, seven sharp. Co-ed, etc.," added Gus, losing no time, as a third boy came briskly round the corner, with a little bag in his hand.

"I 'll come. Got home an hour earlier to-night, and thought I 'd look you up as I went by," responded Ed Devlin, as he took possession of the third post, with a glance toward the school-house

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to see if a seal-skin cap, with a long, yellow braid depending therefrom, was anywhere in sight.

"Very good of you, I 'm sure," said Gus, ironically, not a bit deceived by this polite attention.

"The longest way round is sometimes the shortest way home, hey, Ed?" and Frank gave him a playful poke that nearly sent him off his perch.

Then they all laughed at some joke of their own, and Gus added: "No girls coming to hear us tonight. Don't think it, my son."

"More 's the pity," and Ed shook his head regretfully over the downfall of his hopes.

"Can't help it; the other fellows say they spoil the fun, so we have to give in, sometimes, for the sake of peace and quietness. Don't mind having them a bit myself," said Frank, in such a tone of cheerful resignation that they laughed again, for the "Triangle," as the three chums were called, always made merry music.

"We must have a game party next week. The girls like that, and so do I," candidly observed Gus, whose pleasant parlors were the scene of many such frolics.

"And so do your sisters and your cousins and your aunts," hummed Ed, for Gus was often called Admiral because he really did possess three sisters, two cousins, and four aunts, besides mother and grandmother, all living in the big house together.

The boys promptly joined in the popular chorus, and other voices all about the yard took it up, for the "Pinafore" epidemic raged fearfully in Harmony Village that winter.

"How 's business?" asked Gus, when the song ended, for Ed had not returned to school in the autumn, but had gone into a store in the city.

"Dull; things will look up toward Spring, they say. I get on well enough, but I miss you fellows dreadfully," and Ed put a hand on the broad shoulder of each friend, as if he longed to be a school-boy again.

"Better give it up and go to college with me next year," said Frank, who was preparing for Boston University, while Gus fitted for Harvard.

"No; I 've chosen business, and I mean to stick to it, so don't you unsettle my mind. Have you practiced that March?" asked Ed, turning to a gayer subject, for he had his little troubles, but always looked on the bright side of things.

"Skating is so good, I don't get much time. Come early and we 'll have a turn at it."

"I will. Must run home now."

"Pretty cold loafing here."

"Mail is in by this time."

And with these artless excuses the three boys leaped off the posts, as if one spring moved them, as a group of girls came chattering down the path. The blue cloud floated away beside Frank, the scarlet feather marched off with the Admiral, while the fur cap nodded to the gray hat as two happy faces smiled at each other.

The same thing often happened, for twice a-day the streets were full of young couples walking to and from school together, smiled at by the elders, and laughed at by the less susceptible boys and girls, who went alone or trooped along in noisy groups. The prudent mothers had tried to stop this guileless custom, but found it very difficult, as the fathers usually sympathized with their sons, and dismissed the matter with the comfortable phrase: "Never mind; boys will be boys." "Not forever," returned the anxious mammas, seeing the tall lads daily grow more manly, and the pretty daughters fast learning to look demure when certain names were mentioned.

It could not be stopped without great parental sternness and the danger of deceit, for co-education will go on outside of school if not inside, and the safest way is to let sentiment and study go hand in hand, with teachers and parents to direct and explain the great lesson all are the better for learning soon or late. So the elders had to give in, acknowledging that this sudden readiness to go to school was a comfort, that the new sort of gentle emulation worked wonders in lazy girls and boys, and that watching these "primrose friendships" bud, blossom and die painless deaths, gave a little touch of romance to their own work-a-day lives.

"On the whole I 'd rather have my sons walking, playing and studying with bright, well-mannered girls, than always knocking about with rough boys," said Mrs. Minot at one of the Mothers' Meetings, where the good ladies met to talk over their children, and help one another to do their duty by them.

"I find that Gus is more gentle with his sisters since Juliet took him in hand, for he wants to stand well with her, and they report him if he troubles them. I really see no harm in the little friendship, though I never had any such when I was a girl," said Mrs. Burton, who adored her one boy and was his confidante.

"My Merry seems to be contented with her brothers so far, but I should n't wonder if I had my hands full by and by," added Mrs. Grant, who already foresaw that her sweet little daughter would be sought after as soon as she should lengthen her skirts and turn up her bonny brown hair.

Molly Loo had no mother to say a word for her, but she settled matters for herself by holding fast to Merry, and declaring that she would have no escort but faithful Boo.

It is necessary to dwell a moment upon this new amusement, because it was not peculiar to Harmony Village, but appears everywhere as naturally

as the game parties and croquet which have taken the place of the husking frolics and apple bees of olden times, and it is impossible to dodge the subject if one attempts to write of boys and girls as they really are nowadays.

"Here, my hero, see how you like this. If it suits, you will be ready to march as soon as the doctor gives the word," said Ralph, coming into the Bird-Room that evening with a neat little crutch under his arm.

"Ha, ha, that looks fine! I 'd like to try it right off, but I wont till I get leave. Did you make it yourself, Ral?" asked Jack, handling it with delight, as he sat bolt upright, with his leg on a rest, for he was getting on capitally now.

"Mostly. Rather a neat job, I flatter myself."

"I should say so. What a clever fellow you are! Any new inventions lately?" asked Frank, coming up to examine and admire.

"Only an anti-snoring machine and an elbow-pad," answered Ralph, with a twinkle in his eye, as if reminded of something funny.

"Go on, and tell about them. I never heard of an anti-snorer. Jack better have one," said Frank, interested at once.

"Well, a rich old lady kept her family awake with that lively music, so she sent to Shirtman and Codleff for something to stop it. They thought it was a good joke, and told me to see what I could do. I thought it over, and got up the nicest little affair you ever saw. It went over the mouth, and had a tube to fit the ear, so when the lady snored she woke herself up and stopped it. It suited exactly. I think of taking out a patent," concluded Ralph, joining in the boys' laugh at the droll idea.

"What was the pad?" asked Frank, returning to the small model of an engine he was making.

"Oh, that was a mere trifle for a man who had a tender elbow-joint and wanted something to protect it. I made a little pad to fit on, and his crazy-bone was safe."

"I planned to have you make me a new leg if this one was spoilt," said Jack, sure that his friend could invent anything under the sun.

"I 'd do my best for you. I made a hand for a fellow once, and that got me my place, you know," answered Ralph, who thought little of such mechanical trifles, and longed to be painting portraits or modeling busts, being an artist as well as an inventor.

Here Gus, Ed, and several other boys came in, and the conversation became general. Grif, Chick and Brickbat were three young gentlemen whose own respectable names were usually ignored, and they cheerfully answered to these nicknames.

As the clock struck seven, Frank, who ruled the club with a rod of iron, when Chairman, took his place behind the study table. Seats stood about it, and a large, shabby book lay before Gus, who was Secretary, and kept the records with a lavish expenditure of ink, to judge by the blots. The members took their seats, and nearly all tilted back their chairs and put their hands in their pockets, to keep them out of mischief, for, as every one knows, it is impossible for two lads to be near each other and refrain from tickling or pinching. Frank gave three raps with an old croquet-mallet set on a short handle, and with much dignity opened the meeting.

"Gentlemen, the business of the club will be attended to, and then we will discuss the question, 'Shall girls go to our colleges?' The secretary will now read the report of the last meeting."

Clearing his throat, Gus read the following brief and elegant report:

"Club met, December 18th, at the house of G. Burton, Esq. Subject: 'Is summer or winter best fun.' A lively pow-wow. About evenly divided. J. Flint fined five cents for disrespect to the Chair. A collection of forty cents taken up to pay for breaking a pane of glass during a free fight of the members on the door-step. E. Devlin was chosen secretary for the coming year, and a new book contributed by the chairman."

"That 's all."

"Is there any other business before the meeting?" asked Frank, as the reader closed the old book with a slam and shoved the new one across the table.

Ed rose, and glancing about him with an appealing look, said, as if sure his proposition would not be well received: "I wish to propose the name of a new member. Bob Walker wants to join, and *I* think we ought to let him. He is trying to behave well, and I am sure we could help him. Can't we?"

All the boys looked sober, and Joe, otherwise Brickbat, said, bluntly: "I wont. He 's a bad lot, and we don't want any such here. Let him go with chaps of his own sort."

"That is just what I want to keep him from! He 's a good-hearted boy enough, only, no one looks after him, so he gets into scrapes, as we should if we were in his place, I dare say. He wants to come here, and would be so proud if he was let in, I know he 'd behave. Come now, let 's give him a chance," and Ed looked at Gus and Frank, sure that if they stood by him he should carry his point.

But Gus shook his head, as if doubtful of the wisdom of the plan, and Frank said gravely: "You know we made the rule that the number should never be over eight, and we cannot break it."

"You need n't. I can't be here half the time, so I will resign and let Bob have my place," began Ed, but he was silenced by shouts of, "No, no, you shan't!" "We wont let you off!" "Club would go to smash, if you back out!"

"Let him have my place; I 'm the youngest, and you wont miss me," cried Jack, bound to stand by Ed at all costs.

"We might do that," said Frank, who did object to small boys, though willing to admit this particular one.

"Better make a new rule to have ten members, and admit both Bob and Tom Grant," said Ralph, whereat Grif grinned and Joe scowled, for one lad liked Merry's big brother and the other did not.

"That 's a good idea! Put it to vote," said Gus, too kind-hearted to shut the door on any one.

"First, I want to ask if all you fellows are ready to stand by Bob, out of the club as well as in, for it wont do much good to be kind to him here and cut him at school and in the street," said Ed, heartily in earnest about the matter.

"I will!" cried Jack, ready to follow where his beloved friend led, and the others nodded, unwilling to be outdone by the youngest member.

"Good! With all of us to lend a hand, we can do a great deal; and I tell you, boys, it is time, if we want to keep poor Bob straight. We all turn our backs on him, so he loafs 'round the tavern, and goes with fellows we don't care to know. But he is n't bad yet, and we can keep him up, I 'm sure, if we just try. I hope to get him into the Lodge, and that will be half the battle, wont it, Frank?" added Ed, sure that this suggestion would have weight with the honorable Chairman.

"Bring him along; I 'm with you!" answered Frank, making up his mind at once, for he had joined the Temperance Lodge four years ago, and already six boys had followed his example.



EXCITEMENT IN THE DEBATING CLUB. [SEE NEXT PAGE.]

"He is learning to smoke, but we 'll make him drop it before it leads to worse. You can help him there, Admiral, if you only will," added Ed, giving a grateful look at one friend, and turning to the other.

"I 'm your man!" and Gus looked as if he knew what he promised, for he had given up smoking to oblige his father, and kept his word like a hero.

"You other fellows can do a good deal by just being kind and not twitting him with old scrapes, and I 'll do anything I can for you all to pay for

this," and Ed sat down with a beaming smile, feeling that his cause was won.

The vote was taken, and all hands went up, for even surly Joe gave in; so Bob and Tom were duly elected, and proved their gratitude for the honor done them by becoming worthy members of the club. It was only boys' play now, but the kind heart and pure instincts of one lad showed the others how to lend a helping hand to a comrade in danger, and win him away from temptation to the safer pastimes of their more guarded lives.

Well pleased with themselves,—for every genuine act or word, no matter how trifling it seems, leaves a sweet and strengthening influence behind,—the members settled down to the debate, which was never very long, and often only an excuse for fun of all sorts.

"Ralph, Gus and Ed are for, and Brickbat, Grif and Chick against, I suppose?" said Frank, surveying his company like a general preparing for battle.

"No, sir! I believe in co-everything!" cried Chick, a mild youth, who loyally escorted a chosen damsel home from school every day.

A laugh greeted this bold declaration, and Chick sat down, red but firm.

"I 'll speak for two, since the Chairman can't, and Jack wont go against those who pet him most to death," said Joe, who, not being a favorite with the girls, considered them a nuisance, and lost no opportunity of telling them so.

"Fire away, then, since you are up!" commanded Frank.

"Well," began Joe, feeling too late how much he had undertaken, "I don't know a great deal about it, and I don't care, but I do *not* believe in having girls at college. They don't belong there, nobody wants 'em, and they 'd better be at home darning their stockings."

"Yours, too," put in Ralph, who had heard that argument so often he was tired of it.

"Of course; that 's what girls are for. I don't mind 'em at school, but I 'd just as soon they had a room to themselves. We should get on better."

"*You* would if Mabel was n't in your class and always ahead of you," observed Ed, whose friend was a fine scholar, and he very proud of the fact.

"Look here; if you fellows keep interrupting, I wont sit down for half an hour," said Joe, well knowing that eloquence was not his gift, but bound to have his say out.

Deep silence reigned, for that threat quelled the most impatient member, and Joe prosed on, using all the arguments he had ever heard, and paying off several old scores by sly hits of a personal nature, as older orators often do.

"It is clear to my mind that boys would get on better without any girls fooling 'round. As for their being as smart as we are, it is all nonsense, for some of 'em cry over their lessons every day, or go home with headaches, or get mad and scold all recess, because something 'is n't fair.' No, *sir*; girls aint meant to know much, and they can't. Wise folks say so, and I believe them. Have n't got any sisters myself, and I don't want any, for they don't seem to amount to much, according to those who do have 'em."

Groans from Gus and Ed greeted the closing remarks of the ungallant Joe, who sat down, feeling that he had made somebody squirm. Up jumped Grif, the delight of whose life was practical jokes, which amiable weakness made him the terror of the girls, though they had no other fault to find with the merry lad.

"Mr. Chairman, the ground I take is this: girls have not the strength to go to college with us. They could n't row a race, go on a lark, or take care of themselves, as we do. They are all well enough at home, and I like them at parties, but for real fun and go I would n't give a cent for them," began Grif, whose views of a collegiate life were confined to the enjoyments rather than the studies of that festive period. "I have tried them, and they can't stand anything. They scream if you tell them there is a mouse in the room, and run if they see a big dog. I just put a cockroach in Molly's desk one day, and when she opened it she jumped as if she was shot."

So did the gentlemen of the club, for at that moment half-a-dozen fire-crackers exploded under the chair Grif had left, and flew wildly about the room. Order was with difficulty restored, the mischievous party summarily chastised and commanded to hold his tongue, under penalty of ejectment from the room if he spoke again. Firmly grasping that red and unruly member, Grif composed himself to listen, with his nose in the air and his eyes shining like black beads.

Ed was always the peace-maker, and now, when he rose with his engaging smile, his voice fell like oil upon the troubled waters, and his bright face was full of the becoming bashfulness which afflicts youths of seventeen when touching upon such subjects of newly acquired interest as girls and their pleasant but perplexing ways.

"It seems to me we have hardly considered the matter enough to be able to say much. But I think that school would be awfully dry and dismal without—ahem!—any young ladies to make it nice. I would n't give a pin to go if there was only a crowd of fellows, though I like a good game as well as any man. I pity any boy who has no sisters," continued Ed, warming up as he thought of his own, who loved him dearly, as well they might, for

a better brother never lived. "Home would n't be worth having without them to look after a fellow, to keep him out of scrapes, help him with his lessons, and make things jolly for his friends. I tell you we can't do without girls, and I 'm not ashamed to say that I think the more we see of them, and try to be like them in many ways, the better men we shall be by and by."

"Hear! hear!" cried Frank, in his deepest tone, for he heartily agreed to that, having talked the matter over with his mother, and received much light upon things which should always be set right in young heads and hearts. And who can do this so wisely and well as mothers, if they only will?

Feeling that his sentiments had been approved, and he need not be ashamed of the honest color in his cheeks, Ed sat down amid the applause of his side, especially of Jack, who pounded so vigorously with his crutch that Mrs. Pecq popped in her head to see if anything was wanted.

"No, thank you, ma'am, we were only cheering Ed," said Gus, now upon his legs, and rather at a loss what to say till Mrs. Pecq's appearance suggested an idea, and he seized upon it.

"My honored friend has spoken so well that I have little to add. I agree with him, and if you want an example of what girls *can* do, why, look at Jill. She 's young, I know, but a first rate scholar for her age. As for pluck, she is as brave as a boy, and almost as smart at running, rowing, and so on. Of course, she can't play ball,—no girl can; their arms are not made right to throw,—but she can catch remarkably well. I 'll say that for her. Now, if she and Mabel—and—and—some others I could name, are so clever and strong at the beginning, I don't see why they should n't keep up and go along with us all through. I 'm willing, and will do what I can to help other fellows' sisters as I 'd like to have them help mine. And I 'll punch their heads if they don't," and Gus subsided, assured, by a burst of applause, that his manly way of stating the case met with general approval.

"We shall be happy to hear from our senior member if he will honor us with a few remarks," said Frank, with a bow to Ralph.

No one ever knew whom he would choose to personate, for he never spake in his own character. Now he rose slowly, put one hand in his bosom, and fixing his eye sternly on Grif, who was doing something suspicious with a pin, gave them a touch of Sergeant Buzfuz, from the Pickwick trial, thinking that the debate was not likely to throw much light on the subject under discussion. In the midst of this appeal to "Me lud and gentlemen of the jury," he suddenly paused, smoothed his hair down upon his forehead, rolled up his eyes, and folding his hands, droned out Mr. Chadband's sermon on peace, delivered over poor Jo, and ending with the famous lines:

> "Oh, running stream of sparkling joy,
> To be a glorious human boy."

Then setting his hair erect with one comprehensive sweep, he caught up his coat-skirts over his arm, and, assuming a parliamentary attitude, burst into a comical medley, composed of extracts from Jefferson Brick's and Lafayette Kettle's speeches, and Elijah Pogram's Defiance, from "Martin Chuzzlewit." Gazing at Gus, who was convulsed with suppressed merriment, he thundered forth:

"In the name of our common country, sir, in the name of that righteous cause in which we are jined, and in the name of the star-spangled banner, I thank you for your eloquent and categorical remarks. You, sir, are a model of a man fresh from Natur's mould. A true-born child of this free hemisphere. Verdant as the Mountains of our land; bright and flowin' as our mineral Licks; unspiled by fashion, as air our boundless perearers. Rough you may be; so air our Barrs. Wild you may be; so air our Buffalers. But, sir, you air a Child of Freedom, and your proud answer to the Tyrant is, that your bright home is in the Settin' Sun. And, sir, if any man denies this fact, though it be the British Lion himself, I defy him. Let me have him here!"—smiting the table, and causing the ink-stand to skip,—"here, upon this sacred altar. Here, upon the ancestral ashes cemented with the glorious blood poured out like water on the plains of Oshkosh. Alone I dare that Lion, and tell him that Freedom's hand once twisted in his mane, he rolls a corse before me, and the Barraboo Eagles of the Great Republic scream, Ha, ha!"

By this time the boys were rolling about in fits of laughter; even sober Frank was red and breathless, and Jack lay back, feebly squealing, as he could laugh no more. In a moment, Ralph was as meek as a Quaker, and sat looking about him with a mildly astonished air, as if inquiring the cause of such unseemly mirth. A knock at the door produced a lull, and in came a maid with apples.

"Time 's up; fall to and make yourselves comfortable," was the summary way in which the club was released from its sterner duties, and permitted to unbend its mighty mind for a social half hour, chiefly devoted to whist, with an Indian war-dance as a closing ceremony.

CHAPTER X.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB.

WHILE Jack was hopping gayly about on his crutches, poor Jill was feeling the effects of her second fall, and instead of sitting up, as she hoped to do after six weeks of rest, she was ordered to lie

on a board for two hours each day. Not an easy penance, by any means, for the board was very hard, and she could do nothing while she lay there, as it did not slope enough to permit her to read without great fatigue of both eyes and hands. So the little martyr spent her first hour of trial in sobbing, the second in singing, for just as her mother and Mrs. Minot were deciding in despair that neither she nor they could bear it, Jill suddenly broke out into a merry chorus she used to hear her father sing:

"Faut jouer le mirliton,
Faut jouer le mirlitir,
Faut jouer le mirliter,
Mir—li—ton."

The sound of the brave little voice was very comforting to the two mothers hovering about her, and Jack said, with a look of mingled pity and admiration, as he brandished his crutch over the imaginary foes:

"That 's right! Sing away, and we 'll play you are an Indian captive being tormented by your enemies, and too proud to complain. I 'll watch the clock, and the minute time is up I 'll rush in and rescue you."

Jill laughed, but the fancy pleased her, and she straightened herself out under the gay afghan, while she sang, in a plaintive voice, another little French song her father taught her:

"J'avais une colombe blanche,
J'avais un blanc petit pigeon,
Tous deux volaient, de branche en branche,
Jusqu' au faîte de mon dongeon:
Mais comme un coup de vent d'automne,
S'est abattu là, l'épervier,
Et ma colombe si mignonne
Ne revient plus au colombier."

"My poor Jean had a fine voice, and always hoped the child would take after him. It would break his heart to see her lying there trying to cheer her pain with the songs he used to sing her to sleep with," said Mrs. Pecq, sadly.

"She really has a great deal of talent, and when she is able she shall have some lessons, for music is a comfort and a pleasure, sick or well," answered Mrs. Minot, who had often admired the fresh voice, with its pretty accent.

Here Jill began the Canadian boat-song, with great vigor, as if bound to play her part of Indian victim with spirit, and not disgrace herself by any more crying. All knew the air, and joined in, especially Jack, who came out strong on the "Row, brothers, row," but ended in a squeak on a high note, so drolly, that the rest broke down. So the hour that began with tears ended with music and laughter, and a new pleasure to think of for the future.

After that day Jill exerted all her fortitude, for she liked to have the boys call her brave, and admire the cheerful way in which she endured two hours of discomfort. She found she could use her zither as it lay upon her breast, and every day the pretty music began at a certain hour, and all in the house soon learned to love and listen for it. Even the old cook set open her kitchen door, saying pitifully: "Poor darlint, hear how purty she 's singin', wid the pain, on that crewel boord. It 's a little saint she is. May her bed above be aisy!"

Frank would lift her gently on and off, with a kind word that comforted her immensely, and gentle Ed would come and teach her new bits of music, while the other fellows were frolicking below. Ralph added his share to her amusement, for he asked leave to model her head in clay, and set up his work in a corner, coming to pat, scrape, and mold whenever he had a spare minute, amusing her by his lively chat, and showing her how to shape birds, rabbits, and queer faces in the soft clay, when the songs were all sung and her fingers tired of the zither.

The girls sympathized very heartily with her new trial, and brought all manner of gifts to cheer her captivity. Merry and Molly made a gay screen by pasting pictures on the black cambric which covered the folding frame that stood before her to keep the draughts from her as she lay on her board. Bright birds and flowers, figures and animals covered one side, and on the other they put mottoes, bits of poetry, anecdotes, and short stories, so that Jill could lie and look or read without the trouble of holding a book. It was not all done at once, but grew slowly, and was a source of instruction as well as amusement to them all, as they read carefully, that they might make good selections.

But the thing that pleased Jill most was something Jack did, for he gave up going to school, and stayed at home nearly a fortnight after he might have gone, all for her sake. The day the doctor said he might try it if he would be very careful, he was in great spirits, and limped about looking up his books, and planning how he would astonish his mates by the rapidity of his recovery. When he sat down to rest, he remembered Jill, who had been lying quietly behind the screen, while he talked gayly with his mother, busy putting fresh covers on the books.

"She is so still I guess she is asleep," thought Jack, peeping round the corner.

No, not asleep, but lying with her eyes fixed on the sunny window, beyond which the bright winter world sparkled after a fresh snow-fall. The jingle of sleigh-bells could be heard, the laughter of boys and girls on their way to school, all the pleasant stir of a new day of happy work and play

for the rest of the world, more lonely, quiet, and wearisome than ever to her since her friend and fellow-prisoner was set free and going to leave her.

Jack understood that patient, wistful look, and, without a word, went back to his seat, staring at the fire so soberly, that his mother presently asked: "What are you thinking of so busily, with that pucker in your forehead?"

"I 've about made up my mind that I wont go to school just yet," answered Jack, slowly lifting his head, for it cost him something to give up the long-expected pleasure.



JILL MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

"Why not?" and Mrs. Minot looked much surprised, till Jack pointed to the screen, and making a sad face to express Jill's anguish, answered in a cheerful tone: "Well, I 'm not sure that it is best. Doctor did not want me to go, but said I might because I teased. I shall be sure to come to grief, and then every one will say, 'I told you so,' and that is so provoking. I 'd rather keep still a week longer. Had n't I better?"

His mother smiled, and nodded as she said, sewing away at much-abused old Cæsar, as if she loved him: "Do as you think best, dear. I always want you at home, but I don't wonder you are rather tired of it after this long confinement."

"I say, Jill, should I be in your way if I did n't go to school till the first of February?" called Jack, laughing to himself at the absurdity of the question.

"Not much!" answered a glad voice from behind the screen, and he knew the sorrowful eyes were shining with delight, though he could not see them.

"Well, I guess I may as well, and get quite firm on my legs before I start. Another week or so will bring me up if I study hard, so I shall not lose my time. I 'll tackle my Latin as soon as it 's ready, mother."

Jack got a hearty kiss with the neatly covered book, and mamma loved him for the little sacrifice more than if he had won a prize at school. He did get a reward, for, in five minutes from the time he decided, Jill was singing like a bobolink, and such a medley of merry music came from behind the screen, that it was a regular morning concert. She did not know then that he stayed for her sake, but she found it out soon after, and when the time came did as much for him, as we shall see.

It proved a wise decision, for the last part of January was so stormy Jack could not have gone half the time. So, while the snow drifted, and bitter winds raged, he sat snugly at home amusing Jill, and getting on bravely with his lessons, for

Frank took great pains with him to show his approbation of the little kindness, and, somehow, the memory of it seemed to make even the detested Latin easier.

February First, fair weather set in, and Jack marched happily away to school, with Jill's new mittens on his hands, mamma nodding from the door-step, and Frank ready to give him a lift on the new sled, if the way proved too long or too rough.

"I shall not have time to miss him now, for we are to be very busy getting ready for the Twenty-second. The Dramatic Club meets to-night, and would like to come here, if they may, so I can help?" said Jill, as Mrs. Minot came up, expecting to find her rather low in her mind.

"Certainly; and I have a basket of old finery I looked up for the club when I was rummaging out bits of silk for your blue quilt," answered the good lady, who had set up a new employment to beguile the hours of Jack's absence.

When the girls arrived, that evening, they found Mrs. Chairwoman surrounded by a "strew" of theatrical properties, enjoying herself very much. All brought such contributions as they could muster, and all were eager about a certain tableau which was to be the gem of the whole, they thought. Jill, of course, was not expected to take any part, but her taste was good, so all consulted her as they showed their old silks, laces, and flowers, asking who should be this, and who that. All wanted to be the "Sleeping Beauty," for that was the chosen scene, with the slumbering court about the princess, and the prince in the act of awakening her. Jack was to be the hero, brave in his mother's velvet cape, red boots, and a real sword, while the other boys were to have parts of more or less splendor.

"Mabel should be the 'Beauty,' because her hair is so lovely," said Juliet, who was quite satisfied with her own part of the "Queen."

"No, Merry ought to have it, as she is the prettiest, and has that splendid veil to wear," answered Molly, who was to be the maid of honor cuffing the little page, Boo.

"I don't care a bit, but my feather would be fine for the 'Princess,' and I don't know as Emma would like to have me lend it to any one else," said Annette, waving a long white plume over her head, with girlish delight in its grace.

"I should think the white silk dress, the veil, and the feather ought to go together, with the scarlet crape shawl and these pearls. That would be sweet, and just what princesses really wear," advised Jill, who was stringing a quantity of old Roman pearls.

"We all want to wear the nice things, so let us draw lots. Would n't that be the fairest way?" asked Merry, looking like a rosy little bride, under a great piece of illusion, which had done duty in many plays.

"The 'Prince' is light, so the 'Princess' must be darkish. We ought to choose the girl who will look best, as it is a picture. I heard Miss Delano say so, when the ladies got up the tableaux, last winter, and every one wanted to be 'Cleopatra,'" said Jill, decidedly.

"You choose, and then if we can't agree we will draw lots," proposed Susy, who, being plain, knew there was little hope of her getting a chance in any other way.

So all stood in a row, and Jill, from her sofa, surveyed them critically, feeling that the one Jack would really prefer was not among the number.

"I choose that one, for Juliet wants to be 'Queen,' Molly would make faces, and the others are too big or too light," pronounced Jill, pointing to Merry, who looked pleased, while Mabel's face darkened, and Susy gave a disdainful sniff.

"You 'd better draw lots, and then there will be no fuss. Ju and I are out of the fight, but you three can try, and let this settle the matter," said Molly, handing Jill a long strip of paper.

All agreed to let it be so, and when the bits were ready drew in turn. This time fate was evidently on Merry's side, and no one grumbled when she showed the longest paper.

"Go and dress, then come back, and we 'll plan how we are to be placed before we call up the boys," commanded Jill, who was manager, since she could be nothing else.

The girls retired to the bedroom and began to "rig up," as they called it; but discontent still lurked among them, and showed itself in sharp words, envious looks, and disobliging acts.

"Am I to have the white silk and the feather?" asked Merry, delighted with the silvery shimmer of the one and the graceful droop of the other, though both were rather shabby.

"You can use your own dress. I don't see why you should have everything," answered Susy, who was at the mirror, putting a wreath of scarlet flowers on her red head, bound to be gay since she could not be pretty.

"I think I 'd better keep the plume, as I have n't anything else that is nice, and I 'm afraid Emma would n't like me to lend it," added Annette, who was disappointed that Mabel was not to be the "Beauty."

"*I* don't intend to act at all!" declared Mabel, beginning to braid up her hair with a jerk, out of humor with the whole affair.

"*I* think you are a set of cross, selfish girls to back out and keep your nice things just because you can't *all* have the best part. I 'm ashamed

of you!" scolded Molly, standing by Merry, who was sadly surveying her mother's old purple silk, which looked like brown in the evening.

"I 'm going to have Miss Delano's red brocade for the 'Queen,' and I shall ask her for the yellow-satin dress for Merry when I go to get mine, and tell her how mean you are," said Juliet, frowning under her gilt-paper crown as she swept about in a red table-cloth for train till the brocade arrived.

"Perhaps you 'd like to have Mabel cut her hair off so Merry can have that, too?" cried Susy, with whom hair was a tender point.

"Light hair is n't wanted, so Ju will have to give hers, or you 'd better borrow Miss Bat's frisette," added Mabel, with a scornful laugh.

"I just wish Miss Bat was here to give you girls a good shaking. Do let some one else have a chance at the glass, you peacock!" exclaimed Molly Loo, pushing Susy aside to arrange her own blue turban, out of which she plucked the pink pompon to give Merry.

"Don't quarrel about me. I shall do well enough, and the scarlet shawl will hide my ugly dress," said Merry, from the corner, where she sat waiting for her turn at the mirror.

As she spoke of the shawl her eye went in search of it, and something that she saw in the other room put her own disappointment out of her head. Jill lay there all alone, rather tired with the lively chatter, and the effort it cost her not to repine at being shut out from the great delight of dressing up and acting. Her eyes were closed, her net was off, and all the pretty black curls lay about her shoulders as one hand idly pulled them out, while the other rested on the red shawl, as if she loved its glowing color and soft texture. She was humming to herself the little song of the dove and the donjon, and something in the plaintive voice, the solitary figure, went straight to Merry's gentle heart.

"Poor Jilly can't have any of the fun," was the first thought, then came a second that made Merry start and smile, and in a minute whisper, so that all but Jill could hear her: "Girls, I 'm not going to be the 'Princess.' But I 've thought of a splendid one!"

"Who?" asked the rest, staring at one another, much surprised by this sudden announcement.

"Hush! Speak low, or you will spoil it all. Look in the Bird-Room, and tell me if that is n't a prettier 'Princess' than I could make?"

They all looked, but no one spoke, and Merry added, with sweet eagerness: "It is the only thing poor Jill *can* be, and it would make her so happy, Jack would like it, and it would please every one, I know. Perhaps she will never walk again, so we ought to be very good to her, poor dear."

The last words, whispered with a little quiver in the voice, settled the matter better than hours of talking, for girls are tender-hearted creatures, and not one of these but would have gladly given all the pretty things she owned to see Jill dancing about well and strong again. Like a ray of sunshine the kind thought touched and brightened every face; envy, impatience, vanity and discontent flew away like imps at the coming of the good fairy, and with one accord they all cried:

"It will be lovely; let us go and tell her!"

Forgetting their own adornment, out they trooped after Merry, who ran to the sofa, saying, with a smile, which was reflected in all the other faces: "Jill, dear, we have chosen another 'Princess,' and I know you 'll like her."

"Who is it?" asked Jill, languidly, opening her eyes without the least suspicion of the truth.

"I 'll show you;" and taking the cherished veil from her own head, Merry dropped it like a soft cloud over Jill; Annette added the long plume, Susy laid the white silk dress about her, while Juliet and Mabel lifted the scarlet shawl to spread it over the foot of the sofa, and Molly tore the last ornament from her turban, a silver star, to shine on Jill's breast. Then they all took hands and danced round the couch, singing, as they laughed at her astonishment: "There she is! There she is! Princess Jill as fine as you please!"

"Do you really mean it? But can I? Is it fair? How sweet of you! Come here and let me hug you all!" cried Jill, in a rapture at the surprise, and the pretty way in which it was done.

The grand scene on the Twenty-second was very fine, indeed; but the little tableau of that minute was infinitely better, though no one saw it, as Jill tried to gather them all in her arms, for that nosegay of girlish faces was the sweeter because each one had sacrificed her own little vanity to please a friend, and her joy was reflected in the eyes that sparkled round the happy "Princess."

"Oh, you dear, kind things, to think of me and give me all your best clothes! I never shall forget it, and I 'll do anything for you. Yes! I 'll write and ask Mrs. Piper to lend us her ermine cloak for the king. See if I don't!"

Shrieks of delight hailed this noble offer, for no one had dared to borrow the much-coveted mantle, but all agreed that the old lady would not refuse Jill. It was astonishing how smoothly everything went after this, for each was eager to help, admire and suggest, in the friendliest way; and when all were dressed, the boys found a party of very gay ladies waiting for them round the couch, where lay the brightest little "Princess" ever seen.

"Oh, Jack, I 'm to act! Was n't it dear of the girls to choose me? Don't they look lovely? Are n't you glad?" cried Jill, as the lads stared and

the lasses blushed and smiled, well pleased at the frank admiration the boyish faces showed.

"I guess I am! You are a set of trumps, and we 'll give you a first-class spread after the play to pay for it. Wont we, fellows?" answered Jack, much gratified, and feeling that now he could act his own part capitally.

"We will. It was a handsome thing to do, and we think well of you for it. Hey, Gus?" and Frank nodded approvingly at all, though he looked only at Annette.

"As king of this crowd, I call it to order," said Gus, retiring to the throne, where Juliet sat laughing in her red table-cloth.

"We 'll have 'The Fair One with Golden Locks' next time; I promise you that," whispered Ed to Mabel, whose shining hair streamed over her blue dress like a mantle of gold-colored silk.

"Girls are pretty nice things, are n't they? Kind of 'em to take Jill in. Don't Molly look fine though?" and Grif's black eyes twinkled as he planned to pin her skirts to Merry's at the first opportunity.

"Susy looks as gay as a feather-duster. I like her. She never snubs a fellow," said Joe, much impressed with the splendor of the court ladies.

The boys' costumes were not yet ready, but they posed well, and all had a merry time, ending with a game of blind-man's-buff, in which every one caught the right person in the most singular way, and all agreed as they went home in the moonlight that it had been an unusually jolly meeting.

So the fairy play woke the sleeping beauty that lies in all of us, and makes us lovely, when we rouse it with a kiss of unselfish good-will, for, though the girls did not know it then, they had adorned themselves with pearls more precious than the waxen ones they decked their "Princess" in.

(To be continued.)

THE FARMER WHO BECAME DRUM-MAJOR.

Peggy and Meggy tell the story in their own way

BY JOEL STACY.



Peggy: OUR father worked upon a farm,
He wore a linen smock;
Meggy: 'T was gathered to a yoke on top,
And hung down like a frock.

Peggy: Oh, he was very meek,
And mother used to scold him,
Meggy: And he would always do
Exactly what we told him,—
Peggy: *Ex-actly* what we told him.

Meggy: His shoulders had a little stoop
Which mother tried to cure:
Peggy: She used to say his shambling walk
She scarcely could endure.

Meggy: But he played the fiddle well,
And sang on Sunday sweetly;
Peggy: He beat the time for all,
And knew the tune completely,—
Meggy: Yes, knew the tune com-*pletely*.

Peggy: When mother called, "Come, John!" he came,
And smiling, chopped the wood;
Meggy: He drew the water, swept the path,
And helped her all he could.

Peggy: He used to romp with Meg and me,
Meggy: Yes, and with Polly Wentels,
Peggy: But oh, my sakes! That was before
He put on regimentals!
Meggy: Yes, put on regimentals!

Peggy: For, oh, a big militia-man,
One evening, after tea,
Meggy: Came in and coaxed our father dear
To join his company.

Peggy: For men were very scarce
That summer in our village,
Meggy: And so they all prepared
They said for war and pillage.
Peggy: Just think! for war and pillage!

Meggy: Well, after that he dropt the smock,
He stood up stiff and straight;
Peggy: And when we called for wood and things,
We always had to wait.

Meggy: Still, he was rather meek,
And mother still could scold him;
Peggy: He nearly always did
Exactly what we told him,—
Meggy: *Ex-actly* what we told him.

Peggy: But soon he had a big mustache,
He stalked about the farm;
Meggy: He went to drill three times a week,
And could n't see the harm.

Peggy: At last he told our mother
A thing that did enrage her.
Meggy: "*Rid-dic-u-lus!*" she said,
"For you to be *drum-major!*"
Peggy: For *him* to be drum-major!

Meggy: He wore a splendid soldier coat,
He bore a mighty staff;
Peggy: But oh, he lost his gentle ways,
And would n't let us laugh.

Meggy: He grew so very fierce
He soon began to scold us,
Peggy: And then *we* had to do
Exactly what *he* told us!
Meggy: *Ex-actly* what he told us!

Peggy: We used to run and hide away—
Meggy: *You* did—not *I*, dear Peg!
Peggy: Why, yes, you often did it, too,
Now don't deny it, Meg!



Meggy: He scared us 'most to death,
He walked just like a lion;
Peggy: And when he coughed out loud
He set us both a-cryin'!
Meggy: Yes, set us *both* a-cryin'!

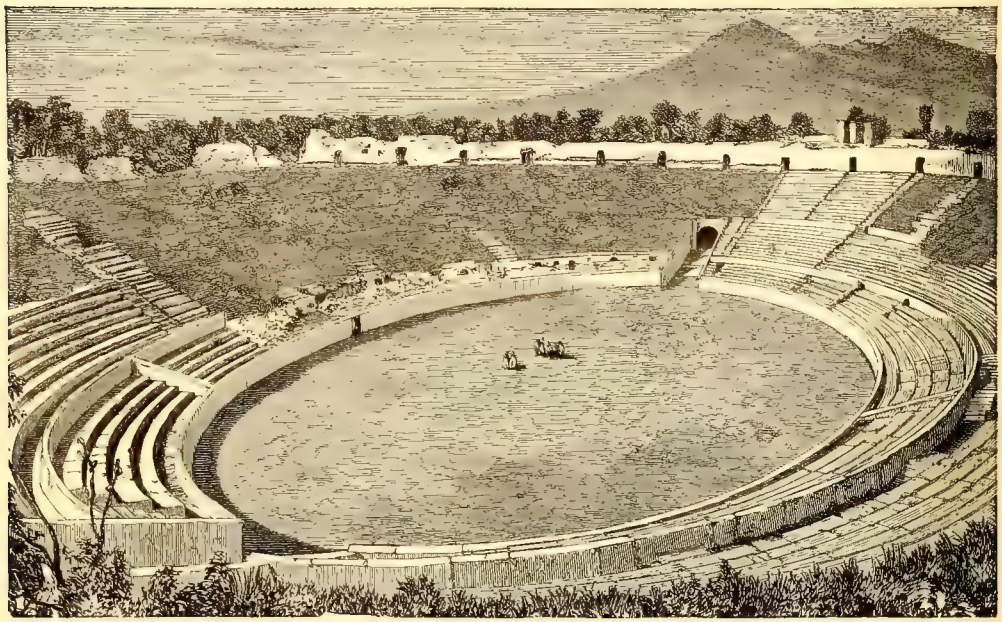
Peggy: He would n't play, he would n't work,
The weeds grew rank and tall;
Meggy: The pumpkins died: we did n't have
Thanksgiving Day at all.

Peggy: The farm is spoiled. It is n't worth,
Ma says, a tinker's wager.
Meggy: Now was n't it a dreadful thing
For him to turn drum-major?
Both: A savage, awful, stark and stiff, ridiculous drum-major!



A DEAD CITY.

By Margaret Bertha Wright.



THE AMPHITHEATER AT POMPEII.

LAST October a little American boy, named Charley, with his mother and sister, lived for three weeks at the foot of a mighty volcano, and just beside a dead city, renowned all over the world for the appalling manner in which it died.

They lived in a queer, rough little country inn, such as young American readers who never have been in Southern Europe can scarcely picture to themselves.

Just across the road from this little "hotel," as it was called, and between it and the dread volcano, whose smoke ever rises against the blue sky, while at night its red glare illumines the darkness, was the dead city. It is shut in from the road by high embankments of earth, and is guarded day and night by quite an army of men, lest some injury of robbery or fire happen to the buildings. At one place in this embankment is the gate of entrance, where people pay two francs admission fee, and are then escorted all over the city by one of the regular guides in a white uniform. Nobody is allowed to visit this city without a guide, except by permission of the Director, at Naples. But Charley's mother had this permission, and the three spent nearly all their time wandering about and making pictures among the shattered walls and overthrown columns of buried and excavated Pompeii. It became in time as familiar to them as their native city.

Eighteen hundred years ago, Pompeii was prosperous and beautiful, having been newly rebuilt after an earthquake that had thrown down all the old, time-stained buildings, and left room for the showy, many-columned houses, with magnificent mosaic pavements and brilliantly frescoed walls, that arose speedily there. This city had been rebuilt not more than sixteen years, and everything in it was still bright and new, when the great calamity fell upon it which makes it almost as much spoken of to-day as it was spoken of nearly two thousand years ago.

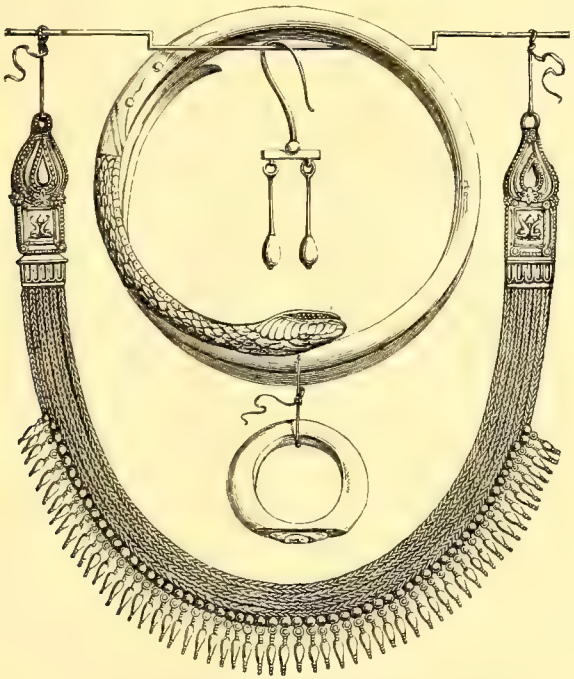
One summer afternoon, little children were merrily at play around the beautiful fountains that tinkled in every garden; mothers were busy with needle-work in the cool shadow of the pillared courts; slaves were preparing dinners in hundreds of kitchens; men were in their offices or thronging the public places; and the streets were filled with gay and brilliant crowds running in and out of the tempting shops, chatting with one another, coming from the baths, hastening to give or take lessons

on the lute or lyre, to make visits or purchases, just as people are doing in Broadway to-day. Suddenly, in the height of this gay scene, a storm arose. It was a more appalling storm than you can imagine, for the darkness was that of the blackest night, while not rain fell, but showers of red-hot stones, and a deluge of blistering ashes. Horrible sulphur-fumes burst forth from the earth and strangled many people before they could escape, while an awful thunderous roar, as if the heavens were being rent asunder, beat and boomed over the doomed city. This awful storm endured for three days and three nights. When it ceased, there was no longer any bright, beautiful city, there were no longer any laughing children, any happy mothers, and busy crowds. Nothing was there, but a great piled-up waste of black ashes and stones, with two thousand dead people buried below.

For seventeen hundred years this city lay buried. Ordinary earth gradually gathered over the ashes, grass grew there, shrubs, vines and lofty trees. Houses were built upon it, farms were bought and sold, cattle grazed and men plowed, sowed and harvested for centuries, ignorant that many feet below was a dead, beautiful city. It had been dead so long that the world had quite forgotten that it ever had lived.

But it chanced, after seventeen hundred years, that a peasant, in digging a well upon his farm, dug straight down into a house where were many beautiful statues and valuable utensils of bronze, which were thus brought up again to the day. This discovery created much excitement, and the government officers at once caused excavations to be made. The work has been going on ever since, so that now about two-thirds of the city has been brought to view, while one-third is still covered with green fields and vegetable gardens.

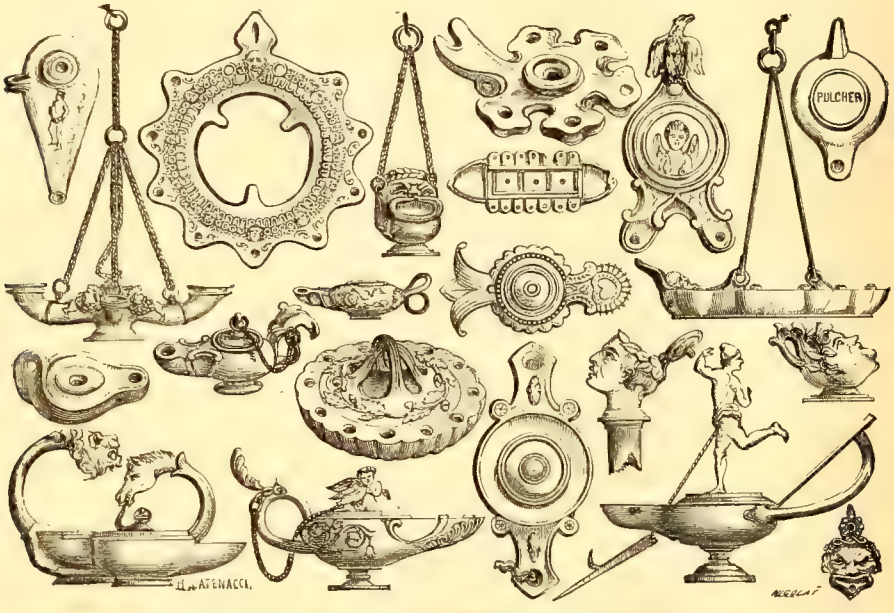
When Charley first walked in Pompeii through silent and deserted streets, in the shadow of gaping and roofless walls, he was as hushed and quiet as if in a church. Scarcely was he willing even to slip over the mosaic thresholds, upon which is sometimes an inlaid bear, a dog, or a word of welcome. "I don't like to go in. I should think the people who lived here would object to our prying about," he said, when his mother sought the cause of his unusual reserve. And then his mother knew that he felt what she did,—an impression of nearness in time and sympathy of feeling with the long, long dead inhabitants, a feeling which she never had for the dead dwellers in the imperial ruins of Rome,—even for those who lived much nearer to our day than any who once walked the



OLD GOLD JEWELRY FOUND IN THE RUINS OF POMPEII.

streets of Pompeii, for in Rome one sees relics only of great personages and rulers. In Pompeii we are brought close to the life of people like ourselves.

They wandered about for hours, thinking and speaking of the Pompeians as if they had died only a year or two ago, and as if these beautiful lower rooms, with perfectly preserved Mosaic floors and still brilliant frescoes upon the walls, these bedrooms, these dining-rooms, these marble courts with their unbroken pillars and dry fountains, had but recently been in the use and service of their owners. Charley entered the wine and oil shops, and even dipped his hand into the immense jars, sunk into the marble counters, which once held



HOUSEHOLD UTENSILS AND ORNAMENTS DUG UP AT POMPEII.

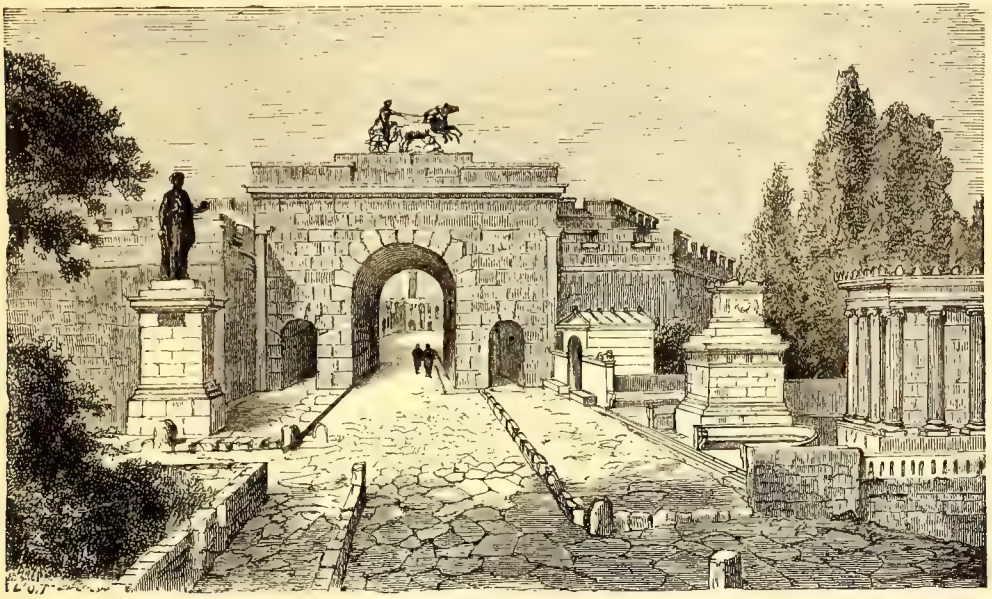
the oil and wine, but now were half full of rain-water. He tried to read the painted advertisements upon the street-wall, calling upon the people to vote for some citizen who was running for office, and he stood in the midst of a roofless but magnificent temple, where heathen deities had fallen in the universal ruin.

"Do you see this table, dear?" said his mother, calling his attention to a marble table in one of the dwellings, its curved legs sculptured with snarling dogs. "Can you realize that this table has stood here since the story of Christ was new, and people talked of the new religion perhaps over this very table?"

Charley had lived long enough in Italy to have learned much about the gods of old Greece and Rome,—that is, of old Italy and, of course, Pompeii,—and it was only necessary for him to know that the old Pompeians were Pagans, to know that they worshiped beautiful Venuses, Apollos, and a whole imaginary world of imaginary deities. He was a little puzzled when he saw the ruins in Pompeii of a temple to a goddess called Isis, with little chambers still existing, where the cunning priests pulled strings and spoke in disguised voices to make the easily deceived people believe that the goddess worked miracles. Isis was not a Greek or Roman divinity, but one worshiped in far-off Egypt, where were the pyramids and the sphinx, and Charley could not understand why her temple should be in Italy among the believers in other gods; but when he had read Bulwer's story, "The Last Days of Pompeii," he understood that there were many Egyptians,—merchants and sailors,—who came sailing over the Mediterranean to Pompeii with the wealth of their land to sell, and that they wished to worship their own goddess in this foreign land, just as the Chinese in California build their Joss-houses and worship their Joss within the sound of church-bells.

In other rooms, he saw the prints in the wall where human skeletons were found pressed into the very stone. In the bakers' shops, he saw standing yet large hand-mills, with which slaves ground the wheat into flour. He saw, also, the kitchens,—their walls almost always painted with serpents, boars' heads, joints of meat, and vegetables,—where dinners were cooking when the

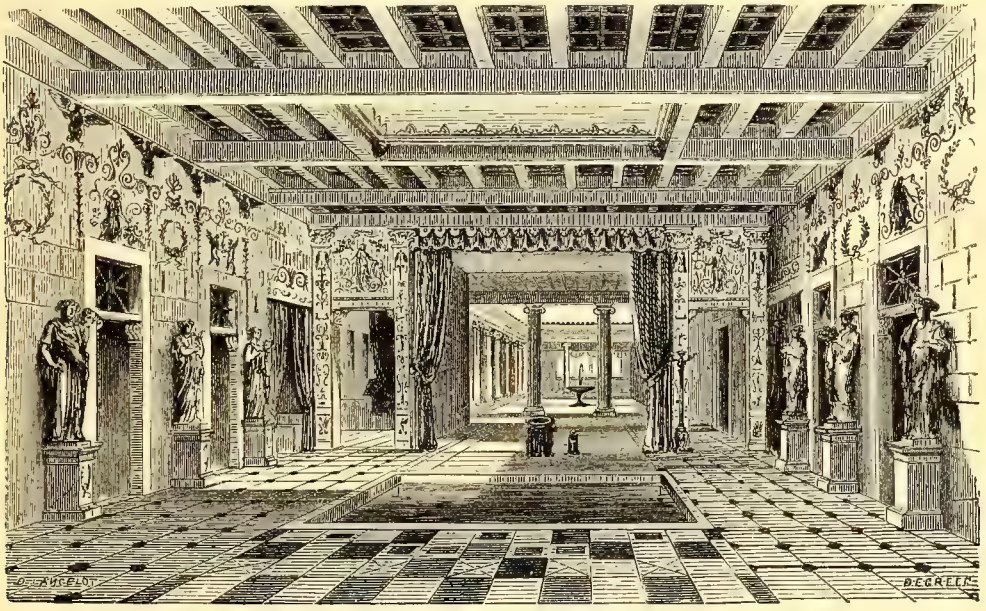
great darkness fell, and where were found, seventeen centuries afterward, charred roasts of meats,



A STREET IN POMPEII.

burnt fowls, loaves of bread, black and hard but perfect in shape, and blackened fruit and vegetables, which Charley saw afterward in the museum.

Just outside the ancient walls of the city was a long street leading away to Herculaneum—another and smaller town buried by the same volcanic erup-



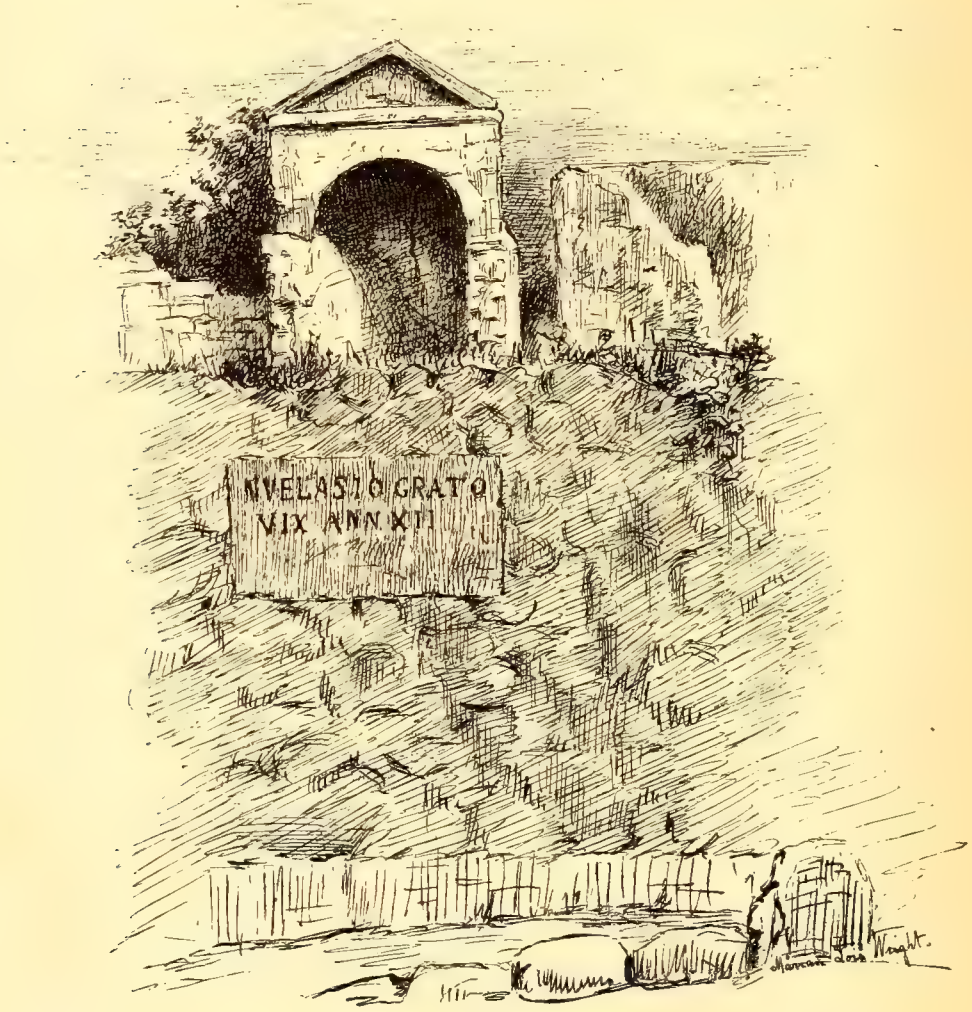
THE INTERIOR OF A POMPEIAN HOUSE.

In this museum, besides household utensils and jewelry, he saw skeletons of men and women that

had been dug out of the ashes, and also skeletons of horses, donkeys, cats, dogs, and fowls.

tion. In those days, it was the custom to bury the dead, not in single graves in consecrated cemeteries

as we do now, but to burn the bodies and gather the ashes into vases, which were then entombed, whole families together, in splendid marble sepulchers by the public road-side. These tombs were sometimes as large as houses, and Charley has seen one near Rome large enough to have been used as a fortress, and thus to have seen many battles, although, originally, it was "only a woman's grave." This Herculaneum road was called the Street of Tombs, and the ashes of Pompeii's dead had rested there for many years before Pompeii was destroyed.



A TOMB IN POMPEII OF A BOY TWELVE YEARS OLD.

When the storm came, it fell here also. But the houses of the dead escaped. They stand yet, broken and defaced, upon each side of the Street of Tombs; and there, high up from the lava-paved road, is a little sepulcher, empty and broken, with a slab set into the rubble-work wall below it, which tells that here was buried

N. VELASIO GRATO,
VIX ANN XII.

"Lived twelve years!" said Charley, when his mother translated the inscription for him. "Just three years longer than I have lived! Perhaps

he died two thousand years ago; but for all that he seems to himself only twelve yet!"

Then he asked, thoughtfully: "What was America like when this little Italian boy died?"

"A wide, lonely world toward the setting sun, where only wild red-men and strange animals roamed," answered his mother, "a beautiful, teeming world of which no white man had ever dreamed, and of which no white man would hear for centuries upon centuries."

CHILDHOOD'S GOLD.

By Lucy Larcom.

THEY need not go so far away,
Through heat and cold, to hunt for gold;
They might beside us sit or stray,—
Our hands are full as they can hold.

Gold? Gold is poured out of the sky
From rise of sun till day is done;
With falling leaves it flashes by;
In liquid gold the rivers run.

'T was scattered all the way from school,
In stars and bells adown the dells:
We children gathered aprons full,
Where little Dandelion dwells.

And yellow Cowslip to our feet
Came, like a king, his hoard to bring;
And Columbine, with nod so sweet,
Shook gold upon our path,—gay thing!

What goblet glistens with such wine
As the bee sups from buttercups?
What gold beads on the wet grass shine,
Sparkling to breezy downs and ups!

Our homes are sweet upon the hills,
Where love is sure, and life is pure,
And sunshine every season fills:
How can a country child be poor?

No robber scares our midnight hours;
No coffers cold our treasures hold:
Dewdrops and sunbeams, stars and flowers,—
Gold! Gold! Who shares our childhood's gold?

WHAT HAPPENED TO JANÁN.

BY M. A. ADGATE.

HER name was really Jane Ann. But you never would have known it; for every one who called her by any name at all, called her Janán, with a decided emphasis on the last syllable. So much of an emphasis, indeed, that it might have reminded a casual hearer of the "ca-nán, ca-nán" of the farmers, with which they called home the flocks of sheep scattered over the hills of the wild region in which Janán lived.

For her home was upon the western shore of Lake Champlain,—not the southern portion of it, where the little towns and villages stand not many miles apart, and the green shores of Vermont seem hardly more than a stone's throw away, —but farther north, where the lake widens into a broad expanse of blue, and where the Vermont shores are so far distant, that nothing can be distinctly seen from the New York side, except the great shining dome of Vermont University, at Burlington, which serves as a land-mark for many miles around.

The face of the country, at this point, is very wild and broken. Great rocks, which in almost any other place would be called mountains, but which here are dwarfed by the neighboring Adirondacks, rise abruptly from the water's edge. The railroad, completed not long since, creeps along a narrow road-bed, blasted from the side of the cliffs, with the wall of rock, rising a hundred feet above, on one side, and the water, dashing against its foot, a hundred feet below, on the other. This coast is covered with a stubby growth of timber, mostly pine. Farther inland, a mile or two, are well-cultivated, prosperous farms. But the sparsely settled shore is inhabited by wood-choppers or fishermen, who live a precarious, hand-to-mouth sort of existence, in the midst of the wildness and beauty of scenery for which this region is famous.

Janan's father, Peter Brown, belonged to this class. He was an American by birth, and what the country people round about called "shif'less." The mother bore very much the same character, and consequently, the large family of tow-headed children had learned to take care of themselves, and to expect cold, hunger, and hard knocks. There were seven of them, and Janan was the fourth. Their home was a small, unpainted house, which had grown gray with age. Originally it had been surrounded by a fence, inclosing a small garden patch, which had been cleared, but had been only partly cultivated, as shown by its few sickly corn-stalks and potato-tops; and the fence had departed long ago,—probably because it was easy to split into kindling wood,—and a solitary fence post, here and there, was the only sign to show that such a fence ever existed.

The house stood not far from the railroad track, in a little valley, between high rocks. There were two or three other houses of the same description in the valley. Each one poured forth its group of whooping, shouting children, who played, quarreled, and fought together, almost as ignorant and wild as young savages. Sometimes the noise of their brawlings would bring the mothers of the respective families to the scene of the disturbance, to punish or sympathize, as the case might be. Sometimes they fought it out among themselves, until the weaker yielded, after which there was quiet, until some fresh cause of trouble arose.

Janan took an active part in the public affairs of the valley. And on the very morning upon which our story opens, had been engaged in a battle with the children of the neighbor who lived just below, and the struggle had resulted disastrously to herself. Enraged and furious, she finally sprang from the others, dashed past her own door, not heeding the call that came to her from within, and began to climb the steep ledge, that rose high above her. Janan was a good climber, and before many minutes, reached the summit of the rock, and threw herself down upon its flat surface, pausing to take breath.

Before we go any further, I would like to describe her to you, as she looked that day. She was thirteen years old, but small for her age. Her features were irregular, but not unpleasant to look upon. Her skin was tanned, until she was nearly as dark as an Indian. Janan deemed a bonnet a superfluity, and never wore one, except when she went where such a covering was absolutely required. The sun, while it had darkened her face, had produced a contrary effect upon her hair, and had burnt and bleached it, until she really deserved the name of "tow-head." Her clothing consisted of little excepting a dress of faded calico. Her feet were bare, and just now she was digging her naked toes viciously into the dry moss at the edge of the rock, where she had thrown herself down, and was angrily soliloquizing:

"Them Pickenses aggervate me more 'n anything I ever did see! The chicken 's dead! The

one Lyddy giv' me to grow up and be an old hen. That last stone Jim Pickens threw killed her deader 'n—deader 'n anything. I hate 'em; I hate 'em all! I would n't lift my finger to help one of 'em. And I *never* will!"

Here Janan paused, and looked down into the valley, but all was quiet, so she went on again:

had some effect upon Janan; for she presently raised her head, and looked about her. It was a lovely day, in early June,—the most delightful season in these latitudes, when Nature robes herself in new and tender green. The lake spread a broad, glittering expanse before her. Away to the north, a white sail danced upon its blue.



"THE TRAIN WAS SO TERRIBLY NEAR!" [SEE PAGE 467.]

"To think they should be so mean! That little chicken! Never hurt one of 'em! And 't was the only thing I 've got that I reely cared for."

Janan's tears gushed forth, and she laid her face down, talking angrily to herself and sobbing between the words.

But neither sorrow nor anger can last forever, and the sweet influence of the morning may have

Everything seemed so fresh,—so new,—the world might have been made that very morning; and Janan forgot her anger, and began talking to herself again, as she usually did, for lack of a better listener:

"How nice everythin' looks this mornin'! Yes, everythin' but me! But I 'd like to look nice, too. I 'd like to be somebody. How 'm I ever goin' to

if I allus live here? So many of us, we can't have nothin'. If I only looked diff'rent I could do somethin'. Strawberries are 'most ripe. I could pick 'em, and take 'em to the village to sell, I s'pose. But who 'd buy berries of such a lookin' cretur' as me?"—and Janan looked down at her faded dress and brown hands, regretfully.

"How 'm I ever goin' to keep my dress lookin' any way, I wonder. Pete broke the handle off the flat-iron last week, and how I 'm goin' to iron anythin', I don't know. I 'd like to learn somethin', too. I know how to read some, a'ready. I know what I 'd like to do, and I could do it, too, if I only had some clothes. I'd like to go to the village, and hire out to some lady to take care of her baby. I could do that kind of work; I know I could. But there! what 's the use o' talkin'? I can't get clothes, and I can't go to the village, and I can't go to school! I wish I could! I wish somethin' would happen! Nothin' ever happens to me."

Janan was fast giving way to her bad feelings again, when she saw a carriage driving slowly up the steep roadway, which wound around the foot of the rocks below her, and yet some distance above the railroad track.

"Who can that be, I wonder, comin' along this rough road? Must want somethin' pretty bad, to come over this road for it. I know who 't is!" she continued, as the carriage turned in such a way that she could see two ladies occupying the back seat. "It 's Miss Parker, the lady that gives away so much. She 's allus ridin' round in queer places, and givin' things to queer folks. I wish she 'd give me somethin'!"

The carriage passed out of sight again, and just then Janan spied her old enemies, the Pickens family, who had come out upon the railroad track, and were building miniature houses with sticks and stones.

"They 're allus playin' on the track! Some day somethin' 'll happen to 'em! It 's most time for the mornin' express, too. Them Pickenses allus hang round where they 've no biz'ness. I wonder if I 'd better go down and tell 'em it 's train time. I s'pose they 'd slap me, if I did. I wont go near 'em!"

Nevertheless, Janan kept a watchful eye on the "Pickenses," and could not help feeling relieved, when she saw them finally leave their play, and start lazily homeward.

And now, a thin, blue thread of smoke was seen away to the southward, and a dull rumble, that seemed to come from the depths of the earth, heralded the approach of the "mornin' express."

Janan sprang to her feet, her discontented look replaced by one of eager interest, as she quickly swung herself down from the high ledges of rock, toward the track. She always liked to be near the trains when they passed. It gave her such an idea of power, to see the long line of cars dragged by the mighty giant, to whom time and space seemed nothing. And then, it was almost the only link connecting her with the outside world. The brief glimpse of a face, which she sometimes obtained as the cars were thundering past, was enough to give her a sense of companionship, which lasted for a long time.

Meantime, the carriage Janan had seen reached the summit of the hill, and brought into view the scene which had so comforted the child.

"Stop the horses, coachman," said Miss Parker (for it was really the lady of numerous and eccentric charities of whom Janan had spoken), "and let us get out and enjoy this."

The two ladies left the carriage, and walked slowly along the edge of the bank, on the carpet of thick, green moss.

"How beautiful all this is!" said Miss Parker's companion. "I do not believe there is a finer scene, even on Lake George."

"Yes," answered Miss Parker; "I often tell New York people that if Lake George were not so near, Lake Champlain would be better appreciated. I, for one, am loyal to my home, and it always pleases me to bring my friends to the lake on such a morning as this, when everything appears at its best."

"We are quite near the railroad track," she continued; "the track is down in that hollow, and there is a train which will pass us in a moment more."

The train was very near them. An instant more, and it would dash round the short curve which hid it from their view. Just then, Miss Parker felt her companion grasp her arm, and turning, followed her horror-struck gaze, until she saw on the track, twenty feet below them, a child of perhaps two years, playing with some bits of sticks and stones, all unconscious of the horrible fate which seemed certain to overtake him.

"What can we do?" gasped Miss Parker, in a husky whisper. "There is no time——."

But at that moment the ladies saw, running down the track, with all the speed of which her slight frame was capable, a little girl, whose faded dress and white hair streamed behind her as she ran, exerting every muscle in a terrible race for life or death.

It was Janan. She had come down the bank, and taken her position where she could see the cars pass.

Looking casually along the track, in the direction of the approaching train, she saw the youngest of the Pickens family, who had not gone home

with the rest, after all, still at play with his house-building. He was close by the curve, and could not see the engine until it was upon him.

Janan forgot her quarrels, forgot everything, except that she must save the unconscious child, who kept on with his play.

"I 'm 'fraid I can't!" she thought to herself, as she sprang forward, with all the energy within her concentrated upon that one purpose. It seemed so far—and the roar of the train was so terribly near! What if she should trip and fall. The thought made her sick with fear. Why did n't the child hear? Would she never reach him? Still, the train had not come in sight around the curve. There might be time. Two minutes ago, she had said: "I would n't lift a finger to help one of 'em!" But now,—oh, she must save him,—if she could! What if she should be too late? She strained onward more swiftly, yet so slowly, as it seemed, and called shrilly:

"Tom! Tom!"

The child turned to her his chubby brown face, all smiles and dimples,—as the engine came thundering toward him. A hoarse whistle sounded in quick gasps; and there was the sudden clanging of a bell.

At last, little Tom saw his danger. With a piercing cry, he threw up his arms. He would have fallen, but Janan reached forward as she ran, and grasped him tightly by the shoulder. Then she turned to drag him out of the engine's path.

Too late!

The rushing monster lifted them from their feet, and whirled them up and off the track.

The engineer stopped his train as soon as possible, and the conductor and one or two others came up to see what damage had been done, and what reparation could be made.

When Miss Parker told him she would see that the children were cared for, and were restored to their homes, he thankfully accepted her offer, and rejoined his train with an exclamation of impatience, in regard to people who let their "young uns" run on the track.

At Miss Parker's directions, Johnson, the coachman, set out for the houses, not far off, to find at which of them the children belonged, and to inform their parents of the accident.

Miss Wait ran quickly down to the little brook, in the hollow, and filled a drinking cup with water, which she brought to Miss Parker, who sprinkled it lightly on Janan's forehead. Its cool touch soon produced an appearance of returning consciousness, and before long, Janan opened her eyes, and looked with wonder at the strange faces above her. A moment more, and her features contracted with pain, and she closed her eyes.

"Are you very much hurt, my dear," said Miss Parker, kindly, as she bent over her.

"I don't know" said Janan, faintly, "it 's in my shoulder,—and my arm."

Just then, Johnson appeared in sight, accompanied by the mothers of the children, with as many others as happened to be within hearing, when he carried the news of the accident.

At the sight of Janan, lying white and helpless on the grass, they broke out into noisy exclamations of sorrow; but seemed to have no idea of what should be done for her. Miss Parker quietly assumed the direction of everything, and Janan was soon carried, in Johnson's strong arms, up the steep bank, and home, where she was laid upon her mother's bed, and then the crowd of lookers-on was banished.

"Now," said Miss Parker, "I want you, Johnson, to drive to the village as soon as possible, and bring back Doctor Miles. Miss Wait can go with you, and I will remain here until the doctor comes."

"Will it not be better for me to stay here, instead of you? I am stronger, and more accustomed to the care of the sick," said Miss Wait.

"No," replied Miss Parker, "I shall not leave her until I know the extent of her injuries."

So Miss Wait and Johnson drove back to the village as rapidly as possible, and Miss Parker sat by Janan's bedside and fanned her, or occasionally moistened her lips with water.

She lay very still, with her eyes closed; and a faint moan, now and then, was the only complaint she made.

Once, as she opened her eyes wide, and looked at Miss Parker, the lady came closer to her and said: "It was a noble, a brave thing to do! Not many of us would be willing to risk our lives as you did."

And she stooped, and pressed a kiss softly upon Janan's forehead.

The little girl smiled a pleased and happy smile, and said:

"I 'm so glad! But I had to do it, you know. For I 'd been quarrelin' with 'em all the mornin', and when I saw little Tom on the track, I thought if I did n't save him, 't would be most as bad as if I 'd murdered him."

"There, don't try to talk any more," said Miss Parker; and Janan closed her eyes, and tried to be as patient as possible, under the severe twinges of pain, which would force the moans from her in spite of herself.

After what seemed a long time, Johnson came back, bringing the doctor. An examination showed that Janan's arm was broken, and her shoulder badly bruised.

She bore the painful operation of setting the arm with heroic endurance, comforted by Miss Parker's expressions of sympathy.

After the arm was set, and she was comfortable in bed again, the doctor told her not to feel discouraged, for she would be well before very long. That cheered her considerably, for, in her ignorance, she had thought, perhaps, she never could use her arm again. So she bade Miss Parker good-bye, with a smile on her face.

"I shall come and see you to-morrow," said the lady as she left her, "for I shall feel very anxious to know how you are."

When Miss Parker reached home, she said to Miss Wait:

"It is wonderful what courage that child has. She bore that painful operation with more calmness than most grown people would have shown; and think of her risking her life for that little fellow! She is quite an uncommon child, I am sure."

And she told Miss Wait what Janan had said of her motive in saving the little boy.

She sat lost in thought for some minutes, and then began:

"I am resolved to do something for her! She shall have a year's schooling at any rate! If her arm is well enough, when the schools open in the fall, she shall come here, and board with old Mrs. Miller, and go to school for a year. After that, we shall be able to find something else for her."

Miss Parker kept her promise to Janan, and went back to see her the next day, and the next, also. And, in fact, there were not many days during the summer that she did not visit her. And many were the delightful little remembrances which she left behind,—one day, a bouquet of beautiful hot-house flowers, of such brilliance as Janan had never dreamed of; the next, a basket of delicious fruit, of which the name even was strange to Janan; or a picture of angels, with great white wings, to hang at the foot of her bed, and be with her, even in her dreams. And as she grew stronger, Johnson brought, one day, a bright, chintz-covered lounge, which Miss Parker thought would be a pleasant change from the bed, and which seemed to Janan the most delightful and desirable resting-place in the world.

She lay upon her lounge, one hot afternoon in August, looking abstractedly at its bunches of crimson rosebuds, and thinking that all these pleasant events in her life must come to an end, as she was fast getting well. Just then, Miss Parker came in. She held in her hand a cluster of white lilies, which filled the room with their perfume, as she gave them to Janan.

"You are almost well now, and I shall not feel anxious about you any more," she said, "so you must not expect to see me here quite so often."

The large tears gathered in Janan's eyes and rolled slowly down her cheeks; but she did not say one word.

Then Miss Parker, sitting down by the lounge, took her hand in her own, and told her what plans she had made. How Janan was to begin school in a few weeks, and how she was to board with a worthy widow lady, whom Miss Parker knew, and who would teach her many things she could not learn in school. How she was to have a whole year of school, and after that, was to be assisted to help herself.

Lost in wonder and delight, Janan could find no words in which to thank her kind friend, but Miss Parker read her joy and gratitude in her beaming eyes.

So something really "happened" to Janan, after all. And the June day, which opened with so many hopeless longings, proved to be the turning-point in her life.

We must have one more glimpse of her. It is nearly two years since the eventful June day. Janan has had her year of school, and has obtained a position as child's nurse. And in the neat and tidy young girl, with brown hair and fair complexion, who is known in the village as Jenny Brown, it would be hard to recognize the Janan of former days.

In her own home, the change in Jenny's affairs was regarded with much wonder. And her father was wont to dispose of the matter by saying:

"Janan allus was the lucky one of the family; none of the rest of 'em would 'a' gone and got run over by the engine, with Miss Parker stan'in' right by to pick 'em up."



AN EASTER CARD.—DRAWN BY ADDIE LEDYARD.

THE BELL-BUOY.

By Mrs. B. L. Merrill.

Out in the open sea stood an old spirit of evil called General Ledge, who held his head high above the level of the water. He was hard featured and cross-grained, and his brow was furrowed into a constant frown; which was truly the most appropriate expression he could wear, as his only object in life was the destruction of sailors and their craft. To these he was a powerful enemy, backed as he was by the strongest of allies,—the sullen fog, the dark, cloudy nights, the fierce winds and the raging waves. It was the fog's business, and also the cloudy nights', to veil the sailors' eyes and cause them to lose their way; it was the winds' to drive their vessel toward the rock, who would no sooner feel her approach than he would thrust his long, sharp ribs through her, making way for the waves to possess themselves of her, and drag her, together with her cargo and crew, down into the bottom of the ocean. Old General Ledge and his wicked army corps had destroyed in this manner so many human lives, that at last the good light-house keeper at Fairy Point resolved to put an end to their mischief; so he moored a bell-buoy near the old rock to ring, whenever the storm should rage, a warning to the seamen to keep off.

A fine sturdy fellow was the bell-buoy, with an iron body, a loud iron tongue, and long chain arms with iron hands, that stretched so far they could grapple the ocean-bed and hold him in one place upon the water. So soon as the light-house keeper had found the buoy's anchors were fast to the spot where he had cast them off, he addressed to him these parting words:

"Bell-buoy, I have made you good and strong, and able to hold out long and stanchly against the enemies by whom you are surrounded. Here is your post of duty; never flinch from it; whatever betide, stand fast by the seamen and their craft."

And the bell-buoy, proud of his daring mission, promised himself that he would.

But, so soon as the man had left him, he began to feel lonely and sad. To be sure, the waters were smiling then in the daylight, but the man at the light-house had told him they were treacherous; the winds were absent, but he knew they visited often and he must expect them soon; moreover,

only a little way off, scowling at the bell-buoy, stood the wicked old General Ledge, ever grim and threatening, even while at rest from his naughty sport in the very face of the cheery old Sun.



THE BELL-BUOY AND GENERAL LEDGE.

"Never mind," thought the bell-buoy, "I shall save many a costly ship, and many a goodly crew, and the memory of my useful deeds will cheer me in my loneliness."

Soon after, the fog-veil spread, and the flying winds drove the high waves before them; then the buoy bestirred himself and tolled at the top of his voice, so that every coming ship might hear:

"Bear away! Bear away! Here stands old General Ledge ready to shatter you in pieces."

Strange to say, between his ding and dong, the strain of a soft voice reached him out of the distance:

"Toot! Toot!" chimed in the distant voice; "Keep off! Keep off! Hard by in the water crouches a wicked old reef ready to stave you in pieces."

This was the call of the fog-horn at Mastenhead.

"Ah!" thought the bell-buoy, "that is the voice of a kindred spirit, whose life-work is the same as mine; if I could only be near it, I would never be lonely and sad."

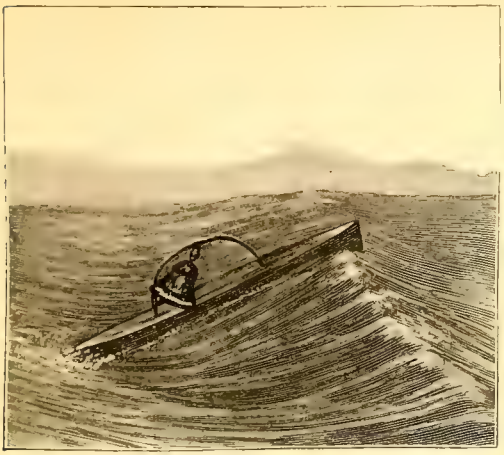
He leapt frantically on the wave, and loosened one of his anchors, making ready to drift in the direction whence came the voice, when, suddenly, he heard the whistle of a steamer in distress growing louder and plainer each moment, as if bearing



THE FOG-HORN GIVES THE ALARM.

quickly toward the ledge. This woke the bell-buoy from his selfish dream, he bounded back, and grappled bottom again with the anchor he had dragged, and, rocking wildly, he tolled as loud as he could till after the steamer's whistle had long been muffled by the distance.

Then he thought of all the cruel mischief



that might have followed, if he had listened to his heart and drifted away to the fog-horn, and ever after he held quite fast to his post, though he often felt lonely and sad. "At least," thought he, "we live the same life, though apart, our voices chime often together, and our efforts unite in the same good, noble cause."

But it was so hard for him to keep away from the fog-horn whenever he heard her voice, that a little weak spot in his left side cracked, and though at first the wound was almost imperceptible, the wary winds espied it and twitted him with it, and the passing waves chafed it, till they wore it wide enough for them to creep through and take possession of the sinking buoy.

But even while the waters were closing around him, the bell-buoy was happily unconscious of his fate, for a beautiful vision filled his mind, in which all the craft he had rescued passed before him with their grateful crews looking out at him over the railings, waving their caps and cheering at the top of their voices: "God bless the faithful bell-buoy!"

THE "DEAR LITTLE DEER."

By Olive Thorne Miller.

So THE parrot called her, and I think he was right; for, although shaped like a common-sized deer, she was not more than eight inches high. You can see her picture here, and it is a true one; it was drawn from the little creature herself.

Perhaps it is the most rare and curious animal that was ever brought to our country, and I must tell you her story; but first I will say that this deer family is not a new discovery. It has long been known to the book-makers, though it is so shy and swift to fly from men, and so cunning in hiding among thick grass and shrubs that very little is known of the habits of the family in its native woods.

They live in India and the islands near, and they have almost as many names as they have inches of height. They are called musk-deer, though they have no musk; mouse-deer, though they are not in the least like a mouse; and moose-deer, though still less like a moose. All these names are supposed to arise from the different ways in which people pronounce the Dutch name for mouse. But that is not all. Some call them the *Napu*, many call them the pigmy musk, and the books complete the list with *Moschus-meminna*.

An old writer says of it: "There is a creature in this land (Ceylon) no bigger than a hare, though every part rightly resembleth a deer; of a gray color, with white spots and good meat."

Good meat! Ah, that 's their misfortune! The good meat which they carry on their bones is the cause of their being hunted with dogs, caught in traps, and killed by a stick thrown against their legs, when they come into a garden at night to feed on the young sweet-potatoes.

They have no horns, and the skull is shaped something like that of a rat, with very long and strong tusks. It is said by some writers that, when chased by animals, they will leap into the air, catch on to the branch of a tree by their tusks, and hang there till all is safe. Whether this is true or not, it is certain that they do make wonderful jumps; though when hunted by men and dogs, they run for a hollow log, or for the water, where they quickly swim out of the reach of hunters.

No animal—not even a cat—can be more graceful than these little creatures; and, like Pussy, too, they can, if they like, give a sharp bite. They are of a glossy red-brown color, though now and then one is found of a snowy white. That happy deer who is white is at once adopted as a pet, and never, never thought of as "meat."

They have large black eyes, full of expression,

and liquid as a gazelle's are said to be, and their legs are no bigger than a common lead-pencil, with the daintiest little black hoofs you can imagine.

The babies of this pretty family are about the size of very young kittens; and, if taken before they learn to be afraid of people, they are easily tamed, and are interesting pets about a house.

Now, I 'll tell you about the one in the picture, whose name was Joan. She was born in the island of Sumatra, and, when quietly feeding one day with three companions, had the misfortune to be seen by a dog. Now, a dog is the worst enemy of the whole deer family, and of course the four took to their fleet little heels, and in a few minutes were all safely hidden in a nice hollow log, where they crouched in the dark, trembling at the fearful bark of their big noisy enemy outside.

But, as it happened, the dog had a master behind him, and the master came up and dragged the whole party, more dead than alive, out of their retreat. They are very cunning, and they pretended to be dead; but that did not deceive the hunter. He carefully secured them, and carried them off to the city of Singapore, where he hoped to sell them.

Passing through the street, an American sailor, whose ship lay in the harbor, saw the pretty, strange creatures, and—after the fashion of sailors—bought them to carry home, though he had to pay for them with his watch.

The strange new home of the timid little family was the ship "Janet," bound for New York, and the bed of the small passengers was made in a cozy corner of the captain's cabin, under his bunk—which is the sailor word for bed, you know. There were four of them, as I said, and their owner gave them the not very descriptive names, Jack and Jill, Darby and Joan. The vessel sailed, and their long voyage of more than four months began.



THE LITTLE DEER

There was another resident of the captain's cabin, a pet parrot, who at once struck up an intimacy with the new-comers, evidently welcoming them as society in his lonely life. Finding that they were not to be hurt, the deer, after a while,

grew quite at home, and Poll was on the most affectionate terms with them. He delighted to perch on their backs or their heads, and to talk to them, calling each by its own name, or, all together, his "dear little deer."

During the long voyage, there was one tragic affair. One day, Poll was much pleased to find added to the family of four, two little deer babies. They were about as big as very young kittens, though they did not look like Pussy's babies, having long legs, like all their family. This was an event, to be sure, in a dull, tedious voyage, and Poll was very much interested in the little strangers. He stood nearly all the time perched on a box where he could see them, turning his wise head first one side and then the other, examining them curiously, and calling them also, most affectionately, his "dear little deer."

This happy state of affairs came to a sad end, by means of the babies' father. Why he did that dreadful thing, nobody knows, of course. Whether he thought life in a ship was worse than an early death, or whether he was jealous of the attention they had, that strange parent—you 'll be horrified to hear—put an end to their short lives by biting off their legs with his sharp front teeth!

This was a grief to Poll, but it was only the beginning of sorrows. When the "Janet" reached Sandy Hook, it was winter, and cold is fatal to delicate natives of the south. The little family were provided with the warmest of bedding, to keep them comfortable; but, while the captain was on deck, two of them wandered away from their quarters and died of cold.

Poor Poll took this to heart; he sat disconsolately on his perch and mourned in silence. But when they reached New York, and another of the family died of cold, the bird evidently made up his mind that all was over. He retired to his own corner of the cabin, became very low-spirited, and utterly refused to speak. It did not even arouse him to see the last one go away, which she did, in a market-basket. To this green-coated philosopher the world seemed, no doubt, a hollow mockery,—a fleeting show.

The only survivor of the pretty family—the widowed Joan—had become accustomed to life in a ship; but a basket was new and strange, and when she reached the home of the gentleman who had bought her, she was more timid than ever. She hardly dared to stand up, but crouched, always ready to run in an instant.

Then she had new acquaintances to make. These were, first, the dog, of whose intentions she was always suspicious—with good reason. Perhaps even worse was the cat,—a fearful monster in her eyes,—who, it must be admitted, showed the greatest eagerness to catch her, no doubt with the desire to make a meal of her, as Pussy's big cousin, the tiger, does of the little deer's cousins, in countries where they both are wild.

Besides the two animals who made life a terror to her, there was a new variety, of human kind, to get used to. On the ship were only men, and she had learned that they would not hurt her; but this new species, with long, rustling skirts, she did not understand, and what she did not understand always frightened her. She was in a constant state of nervous watchfulness.

When called by her master,—who named her Nan—she would come to him and allow him to caress her, even showing her affection by licking his hand like a dog; but the slightest noise would send her like a flash across the room behind a table or chair, to hide, and the slamming of a door would make her spring two or three feet into the air. Her tiny feet made no noise on the carpet, and her motions were so rapid, she seemed to fairly glide over it like a spirit.

It was not meant that this beautiful pet should die, like her unfortunate relations, with cold. So her home was made in a basket in the warm room of the house-mistress, where she could never feel a chill, nor be in danger from dog or cat, however savage, though she was not confined to this room, but ran all over the house. She lived upon vegetables, which her sharp teeth cut like a knife; parsnips, carrots, sweet-potatoes, and cabbage were on her bill of fare.

She was the most quiet of pets, though when fed she had a sort of low whistle; and sometimes she would utter a whinnying cry, which in Borneo is considered by the natives an evil omen, so portentous that a newly married pair, on hearing the sound, will at once separate, being sure that the marriage would prove unfortunate.

This attractive little deer lived some days in the new home, and the whole family had become much attached to her, hoping by summer to make her so much at home that she would run about everywhere, and also to teach the dog and cat that she was a pet, and not to be touched. But their hopes were dashed one morning to find her dead in her basket.

It may have been the food, for, in her native woods she ate berries and fruits; or possibly a chill, or some sudden terror which had startled her sensitive nerves. Whatever the cause, poor little Joan was at rest.

There is—or there was, a few months ago—in a window on Maiden Lane, in New York, a group of Mouse Deer, stuffed and standing up like life.

Spring Time.

By Mary Gordon.



"Oh, the Spring has come," chirped the dear little birds
I. As they opened their drowsy eyes,
And shook out the fans in their pretty tails,
And turned up their heads to the skies.



"'T is time now to look for a place to build"—
So Robin engaged an elm tree.
II. The black Crow she spoke for a tall pine's top,
Where high in the world she might be.



The Sparrow took lease of an old ox-track
With grasses to thatch it all o'er.
III. "I like a low cottage," she said to herself,—
"With a daisy to nod by the door."



The Swallow she fancied the corner lot
Of the barn, 'neath the sloping eaves;
IV. The Oriole sought for a graceful twig,
Where her cradle could rock with the breeze.



"The Spring has come," said each little flower
As she stirred in her damp, brown bed;
V. First Snowdrop peeped in her neat white cap,
Then modestly hung down her head.



"Do I hear Sir Robin?" said Crocus white,
"I am certainly late," cried she;
VI. Then popped out her head from under the clothes,
And looked straight into the tree.



The May-Flower woke, and she drew from the moss
On which she had pillowed her head,
VII. Her small waxen phials of odorous sweets
To perfume her soft, lowly bed.



"'T is darksome down here," moaned Violet blue;
But when she crept out to the sky,
VIII. She had to slip back just behind a green leaf,
'T was so bright for her tender young eye.



"These rich, golden beams," said Buttercup gay,
"I will take to my dairy brown,
IX. And churn them and pat them in bright little balls,
The green of my young buds to crown."



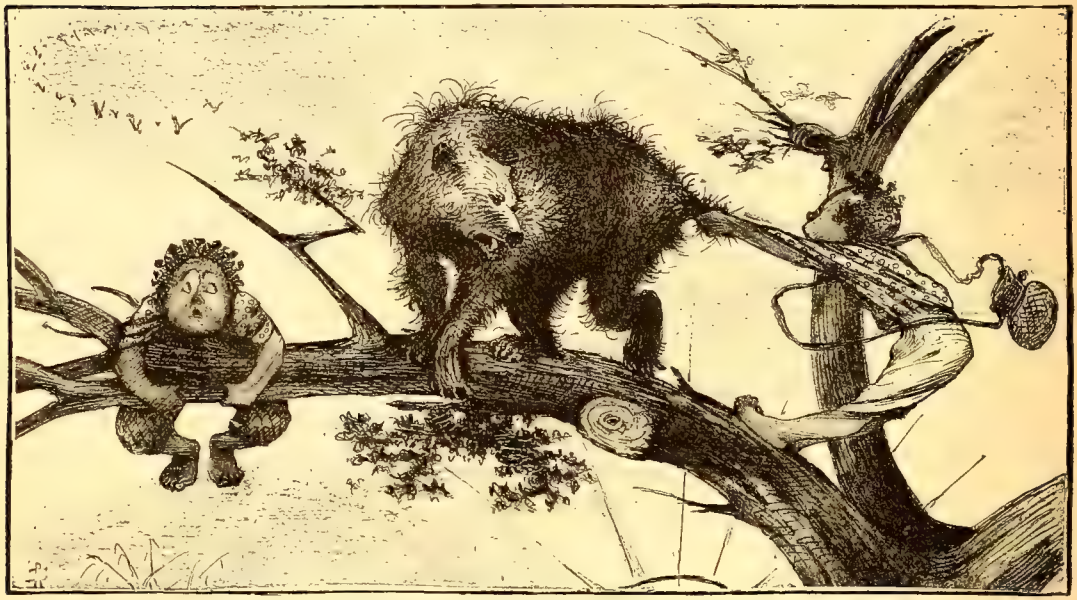
"O, there is a bee!" cried Miss Clover, so red,
"He 's buzzing because I 'm not up;"
X. So she sprang into sight with her sweet honey jars,
And asked Mr. Bee in to sup.



A busy time is this fresh, bright Spring
For Birdie and Bee and for Flowers;
XI. There 's work for each in its own little world,
And joy just the same as in ours.

THE MAJOR'S BIG-TALK STORIES. No. I.

BY F. BLAKE CROFTON.



"MANGO SEIZED THE BEAR FIRMLY BY THE TAIL."

IN this story, the Major recounts an incident of his African travels, which is just nothing at all compared with certain other matters and events which have come to the knowledge of that remarkable man.

MY negro gardener came to me one evening in great alarm, and stated that his twin sons, Mango and Chango, had taken out his gun that morning, and had been missing ever since. I at once loaded my rifle, loosed my Cuban blood-hound, and followed the man to his hut. There I put the dog upon the boys' scent, following on horseback myself.

It turned out that the young scamps had gone on the trail of a large bear, though they were only thirteen years old, and their father had often warned them not to meddle with wild beasts. They began their adventure by hunting the bear, but ended, as often happens, in being hunted by the bear: for Bruin had turned upon them, and chased them so hard that they were fain to drop the gun and take to a tree.

It was a sycamore of peculiar shape, sending forth from its stem many small, but only two large, branches. These two were some thirty feet from the ground, and stretched almost horizontally in opposite directions. They were as like each other as the twin brothers themselves. Chango took refuge on one of these, Mango on the other.

The bear hugged the tree till he had climbed as far as the fork. There he hesitated an instant, and then began to creep along the branch which supported Chango. The beast advanced slowly and gingerly, sinking his claws into the bark at every step, and not depending too much upon his balancing powers.

Chango's position was now far from pleasant. It was useless to play the trick—well known to bear-hunters—of enticing the animal out to a point where the branch would yield beneath its great weight, for there was no higher branch within Chango's reach, by catching which he could save himself from a deadly fall,—thirty feet sheer.

Three more steps, and the bear would be upon him, or he would be upon the ground. Brave as the boy was, his teeth chattered.

At this moment, Mango, nerved to heroism by his brother's peril, moved rapidly from the opposite limb of the tree. Stepping behind the bear,

he grasped with one hand a small higher bough, which extended to where he stood, but not to where his brother lay; with the other hand, he seized the animal firmly by its stumpy tail. The bear turned to punish his rash assailant; but, angry as he was, he turned cautiously. It was no easy task to right-about-face on a branch which already had begun to tremble and sway beneath his weight.

Chango was saved, for the bear evidently had transferred his animosity to Mango, whom he pursued, step by step, toward the extremity of the other limb. But Chango was not the boy to leave his brother and rescuer in the lurch. Waiting until the enraged brute was well embarked upon Mango's branch, he pulled its tail, as he had seen his brother do before. Again Bruin turned awkwardly, and resumed the interrupted chase of Chango.

The twins continued their tactics with success. Whenever the bear was well advanced on one limb, and dangerously close to one twin, the other twin would sally from the other limb and pull his tail. The silly animal always would yield to his latest impulse of wrath, and suffer himself to be diverted from the enemy who was almost in his clutches.

After two hours of disappointment, he learned his mistake. He was now, for the tenth time, on Chango's branch, and very near Chango. In vain Mango dragged at his hinder extremity: he kept grimly on till Mango, forced to choose between letting go the brute's tail or the higher branch which enabled him to keep his feet, let go the former.

Chango could now retreat no farther, and he was hardly a yard beyond the bear's reach. The branch was swaying more than ever, and the beast seemed quite aware that he might tax its strength too far. After a pause, he advanced one of his fore feet a quarter of a yard. To increase the bear's difficulty in seizing him, the terrified boy let himself down and swung with his hands from the bough.

He was hanging in suspense between two frightful deaths. His heart was sinking, his fingers were relaxing.

Then the deep baying of a hound struck his ear, and his hands again closed firmly on the branch. In a moment, a blood-hound and a horseman sprang through the underwood.

Chango held on like grim death,—held on till he heard the sharp report of a rifle ringing through the air; held on till the falling carcass of the bear passed before his eyes; held on till I had climbed the tree, crawled along the branch, and, grasping his wearied wrists, assisted him to get back to the fork of the tree, and rest a bit.

If that bear only had understood in time that a boy in the hand is worth two in the bush, he might have lengthened his days and gone down with honor to the grave!

HOW BO-PEEP'S SHEEP WERE FOUND.

By Geo. J. Varney.

"It 's drifted even full between the top of the house and the bank, and the sheep have n't come!" shouted Johnny, as he looked into the house, after breaking a path to the barn.

"Sheep 's in big snow-d'ift, I dess," wisely asserted little Jamie.

"I 'm afraid they have run off and got lost, so we 'll never see 'em again," mourned Bo-peep.

"May be they have found a sheltered place in the bushes somewhere," replied Johnny.

"Not much shelter out-of-doors from such a storm as this has been," said the mother, softly, as she cast an anxious glance out upon the snow-covered world.

The loss of their sheep, or even of three or four lambs, would be a serious matter to this fatherless family; for the sale of the lambs and wool, and of the butter and eggs from one cow and a score of hens, was all they had to live upon, excepting what Johnny and Bo-peep earned picking blue-berries on the plains, in summer, and cranberries on the meadow, for a neighbor, in the autumn. They had a few acres of land, from which Johnny usually raised vegetables enough for the family, and cut hay sufficient for the cow and sheep. But the flock had increased, and this season the hay was falling short.

Only late in the day, before the storm, the sheep had been let out to nibble the coarse, green herbage that appeared in numerous patches, where the snow had melted away between the pines on the neighboring plains. It was usually Bo-peep's busi-

ness to watch them, and so it was on this occasion. But a little before dark she came running into the house, very much out of breath, exclaiming:

"Mother, the sheep are just as ugly as they can be! They would n't follow me, and when I tried to drive them home, they ran back, every way, and I could n't get them home, at all,—not one of 'em."

"Don't worry yourself, dear," said her mother; "sit down in the rocking-chair and rest. Johnny will go after them as soon as he comes."

Johnny did go after them, but—as we have already learned—without success; and so the sheep were out in the greatest snow-storm of the season.

"All this comes because Bo-peep got vexed with the sheep, and left 'em," said Johnny.

"We hope that she will learn to be more patient," replied their mother, stroking Bo-peep's head.

"Had n't you better run over to Mr. Brown's, Johnny, and see if the sheep did n't go in there?"

After shoveling a path to the well, and preparing more wood for the fire, Johnny went.

"No," said Mr. Brown, in reply to Johnny's question; "the sheep have n't been here, and I have n't seen or heard anything of 'em. When 'd they go away?"

Johnny told him how they happened to be lost.

"Don't you worry about 'em. They 're in the bushes, somewhere. They 'll trample the snow down around 'em, so as to get at the bushes. If 'twas only among birch and beech bushes, now, those sheep would get along well enough,—but among these saplin' pines—I don' know. I hope that the wolves, they tell of down river, wont be prowlin' around this way. They 're dreffful cre'tur's to kill sheep."

Johnny started for home, feeling more hopeless and sad than when he had come. It was now certain that the sheep and young lambs were stuck in the snow somewhere on the woody plains. Johnny had intended to search the thickets on his way home; but when he left the ridge along which the road ran, the deep snow so clogged and bound him, that he made but little progress, and was at length forced to go home without the least token of the missing flock. Bo-peep cried when she heard Johnny's report, and her mother could scarcely keep back the tears when she thought that if they should lose their flock, they could not make the payments due on their little homestead.

The larger part of the next day was spent by Johnny in going from hill to hill, and in climbing trees, where he peered into every vista, and listened to every sound,—if, by good fortune, he might catch a glimpse of a fleece, or the faintest bleating of sheep or lamb. Several times he did hear bleats, but so smothered that he could not tell whence they proceeded, or so distant that he supposed they came from a neighbor's flock.

The day after the storm had been warm, and this was warmer still, melting the snow away in some spots; but toward night the wind changed, and the air grew very cool; and Johnny hastened home to do up the evening chores.

By day-break the next morning he was out-of-doors. He found, as he had expected, a crust upon the snow firm enough to bear him. Having milked the cow and fed the hens, he sat down with his mother to their breakfast; then, after brief devotions, he sallied out upon the piny plains.

The poor birds, which had come in numbers during the warm days when the snow was off, were now chilled and nearly famished. Johnny could see them, now and then, searching about in the great trees and in the thickets for the least morsel of food. Several times he caught sight of rabbits, hopping about the copses, or sitting, with long ears erect, and large, wondering eyes, as if to inquire and hear "why in the world the boy was staring about in these woods."

Now a fish-hawk sailed slowly over, high in air; and, yonder, a straggling flock of crows hurried toward some unseen point, for some unknown purpose.

Everything looked so cheerful when he started, that Johnny had confidently expected success; but, as noon drew nigh, the softening crust yielded more and more under his feet, and he grew weary and despondent. He had searched in an ever-widening circle about the spot where the sheep were last seen,—but not a track nor token of them had yet been discovered.

Hungry and weary, he turned toward home, with a choking feeling in his throat, and sometimes with misty eyes.

Though he now broke through the crust at every step, the snow was rarely more than knee-deep; but there was a snowy gully to cross, in the bottom of which ran, usually, a small rivulet, now a deep stream. A fallen tree enabled him to cross this without a wetting. The top led him into a spur of the main gully,—deep, narrow, and shaded by great pines. This had been drifted full of snow, which, owing to its shaded position, had thawed but little. Johnny threw himself flat upon the mass, and began to crawl along, thinking that thus he would not sink, as he must if he stood upon his feet.

Between him and the fringe of bushes some twenty feet distant, marking the edge of the bank, the snow had sunken away in a saucer-like cavity; and in the very center of this appeared a small

opening. Johnny feared there was a spring, or quagmire, underneath, into which he might fall; he therefore turned to make a wide circuit of the spot.

Too late! He suddenly found the snow breaking away beneath him, and before he could throw himself upon a firmer part, or grasp a bough, he found that he was falling rapidly down, together with a great mass of snow. Confused and blinded, amid the snowy avalanche, for some moments he could not discern where he was. He was not in the water; but there was rapid movement of living creatures under the loose snow his fall had thrown over him. Lambs bleated in affright; and Johnny perceived that he had tumbled into the midst of a flock of sheep.

They had come into this shady hollow for shelter from the storm, and been buried under the drifting snow. The warmth of their bodies had soon thawed away a cavity, the snow had settled, and a large breathing-hole had formed above them.

So here were the lost sheep and lambs, all huddled together in the gully, snug and warm. The snow had melted from the mossy and porous



JOHNNY BRINGS THE SHEEP OUT OF THE GULLY.

soil, and the shrubs and herbage were all gnawed close. The sheep might still be hungry, but they were not starving.

Pretty soon all had shaken themselves out from the fallen snow, so that each one could be plainly seen. Johnny counted them; none were missing, except one weakly lamb. How to get them out, now, was the question. He trod steps for himself, up the bank of snow, but the sheep would not follow; so he went home, rather late for dinner, but with a heart so merry, that it was as good as a feast.

After dinner, he repaired again to the gully, carrying a dish of salt, agreeable to flocks after green forage. He gave each of the sheep a taste, then put a little on each step, and the ewes all followed him up, and the lambs after them,—only he had to bring two or three. One, the weakest, he carried all the way home. So they went home in regular procession; first Johnny with the salt-dish in his hand and a lamb in his arms; then two ewes and a lamb; then a ewe and two lambs.

It was a pleasant sight to this humble family,—who certainly ate their bread and milk that night with gladness of heart.

EASTER IN ROME.

By Lillian Gilbert Browne.

In the old days of Rome, when the Pope was absolute ruler, and before the present King of Italy lived there with his sweet, young wife, Holy Week, the last week in Lent, which ends with Easter Sunday, used to be celebrated so prettily that strangers went from far and near to see the spectacle. There were all sorts of processions in the streets, fine music in the churches, ceremonies in the great basilica of St. Peter, and everybody looked happy; for the Italians seem a great deal more like grown-up children than like men and women. They are fond of all bright, pleasant things, and though it is their religion to observe the rites of Holy Week, the doing so gladdens them, for other reasons.

But all these ceremonies cease at the close of Easter Sunday, which is made a sort of beautiful climax to the week of celebrations. Everybody who can get there hurries to St. Peter's, the largest church in the world, you know, and the one you see illuminated in the picture. There all the most important ceremonies take place, and everybody wants to see them. St. Peter's is on the right bank of the muddy Tiber, which flows swiftly through Rome, dividing the city somewhat as the river Seine divides the city of Paris. The largest portion of the town, where most of the people live, is on the left side of the river; so when they go to St. Peter's—and that is very often—they have to cross the bridge of St. Angelo, as the picture shows. The Castle of St. Angelo is the big round fortress you see at the right; and from there a street leads directly to the great place, or piazza, as the Italians call it, before St. Peter's.

At each corner of the front of the church begins a grand covered walk, called a colonnade. For some distance this covered walk, which has four rows of handsome pillars to support the roof, comes straight from the front of the church. Then it curves out into an oval form, and nearly surrounds the open place, which would otherwise be a square. Looking down from the roof of the church, the colonnades seem like great stone sickles, the handles joining the building, and the blades—the points toward each other—inclosing the piazza. The colonnades, favorite places for the Romans to walk in when the piazza is sunny and hot, are always crowded when the people are waiting to see or attend any of the famous ceremonials of the church.

St. Peter's itself is so big, so much bigger than any church you and I have ever seen in this country, that I am afraid you would get very little idea of it if I should say it was 696 feet at its longest part, and 450 feet at its widest. It is built, like most Roman churches, in the form of a cross, and just over the part where the arms of the cross, or transept, separate from the body of the cross, or nave, rises the great dome, which is 403 feet from the floor to the top. Beside this great dome, are two lesser but not little ones, and six, I think, really small ones; and it was the lighting of all of them which made St. Peter's so magnificent on Easter Sunday evening.

On Easter Sunday morning, there used to be a service in St. Peter's, in which the Pope took part. The great interior was crowded with ladies and gentlemen, the ladies all wearing black dresses and veils, and the gentlemen, evening dress or handsome uniforms. There was beautiful music, and chanting by the priests; and after it was over, the Pope was lifted in his great chair of state, and



EASTER IN ROME—ILLUMINATION OF ST. PETER'S AND FLIGHT OF ROCKETS.

borne on the shoulders of men in a long procession from the church. About noon he appeared on the gallery in front of the big dome and over the great door of the church, and looking down on the crowds in the piazza below, gave them his blessing.

This was a very pretty sight. The place was full of people; fathers, mothers, girls and boys, babies held up in their mothers' arms, and little bits of toddling children, all dressed in their best, with bright-colored garments and shining chains and rings—the Italians love jewelry, and wear all they can get—all looking bright and happy, waiting patiently for the Pope to come. Even the strangers who did not think as he did were glad to see him, for he was a gentle, kindly old man, and looked very handsome, standing above the people in his white robe and rich, red cloak.

But the most splendid part of the festival was when, just at dusk, the whole church of St. Peter's was illuminated, as you see in the picture, by forty-four hundred lamps. These were hung on all the pillars of the portico, the corners of the walls, the angles of the domes—wherever, in fact, the line of light could bring out the shape of the building. Even the great cross on the big bronze ball at the top of the large dome looked like a cross of fire. If the evening were dark, the stone walls of the building seemed to disappear, and a monster cage of flame to stand in its place.

About an hour and a quarter after sunset, when the people had begun to grow tired of this spectacle, 250 workmen would, in almost as little time as it takes to tell it, change the lamps for blazing torches. This was the most imposing sight of the day, and the people waited for it patiently for hours. It was well worth seeing, too. Travelers stood in the streets, side by side with the Romans, that they might witness what they could never witness in their own countries. Perhaps the sight will never be observed in Rome again, because for some years before the gentle old Pope, Pio Nono, died, and ever since the new Pope, Leo X., was chosen, the custom of illuminating St. Peter's has been discontinued.

Those who have seen it know how beautiful it was, and how delighted the Roman people were after spending the day in idly wandering about the city; whole families together visiting, chattering, and enjoying the sunshine, with the illuminations, and the fire-works that sometimes rose high over the gloomy castle of St. Angelo, and fell into the dark, hurrying river.

The castle of St. Angelo was built by the Emperor Hadrian, for a tomb for himself and his descendants, and for a long time their remains were placed there. But when the Goths came down from Germany, they turned it into a fortress, without asking anybody's leave, and a fortress it has remained ever since.

"DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY."

By Susan Hartley.

Poor little Daffy-down-Dilly!
She slept with her head on a rose,
When a sly moth miller kissed her,
And left some dust on her nose.

Poor little Daffy-down-Dilly!
She woke when the clock struck ten,
And hurried away to the Fairy Queen's ball,
Down in the shadowy glen.

Poor little Daffy-down-Dilly!
Right dainty was she and fair,
In her bodice of yellow satin,
And petticoat green and rare.

But to look in her dew-drop mirror,
She quite forgot when she rose,
And into the Queen's high presence
Tripped with a spot on her nose.

Then the little knight who loved her—
O, he wished that he were dead,
And the Queen's maid began to titter,
And tossed her saucy head.

And up from her throne so stately,
The wee Queen rose in her power,
Just waved her light wand o'er her,
And she changed into a flower.

Poor little Daffy-down-Dilly!
Now in silver spring-time hours
She wakes in the sunny meadows,
And lives with the other flowers.

Her beautiful yellow bodice
With green skirts wears she still,
And the children seek and love her,
But they call her Daffodil.

KITTY'S MOTHER.

By A. G. Plympton.

I WONDER if any one thinks how tiresome it is to be a little girl, and how perfectly horrid a girl's mother can be, if she chooses? No; that 's the worst about grown people, they never seem to suspect that there is anything out of the way about them. They are saints in white, of course. Ah, but Kitty's mother! She is perfectly splendid.

I don't know Kitty's mother very well, but they live in a "splendiferous" big house next to ours, and I often hear what goes on at the other side of the fence.

My mother makes me wait on her all day long. It 's "Mary Jane, just put on your hat and run down to Bennet's, and see why they don't send the coal"; or, "Mary Jane, step 'round to Hazleton's, and tell them to send me a peck of potatoes." Very nice, to be sure. Why don't she "just run round to Bennet's," or "step into Hazleton's" herself, if it 's such a trifle.

Kitty's mother says: "Don't wear yourself out carrying that heavy parasol. Let Eliza hold it over your head, love." I heard her as they were walking in the garden.

Imagine my mother thinking that I could wear myself out. No, not though I ran errands and tended baby, and ran up and down stairs all day long.

And oh, once I was in the toy-shop, and Kitty and her mother came in, and her mother did actually say, "Don't you see anything here that you would like, Kitty, dear?" And "Kitty, dear," like a simpleton, said, "No, mamma."

I wish my mother would let me call her "mamma," it sounds so stylish, and makes you feel just like a girl in a book; but she says "mother" is the most beautiful name in the world. I 'm sure, I don't think so.

People say that I 'm not a good little girl, and I think it 's because I 'm not brought up judiciously. It spoils a child's disposition to be constantly thwarted, and that 's why I do a great many things that are bad. That 's why I tear my clothes so often, and make up faces behind people's backs. I 'm aggravated. If my mother was not so strict about my going to school, I think I should be a much better girl. I 'll tell you how I have to manage when I don't want to go. I get the twins, and begin the most interesting play that ever was. Just as we get all ready to have the party, or get into the cars for a journey, or something exciting, I stop short and say: "I can't play any more now; it 's school time." Then Lucy sets up the most awful howl, and as she has been sick, it is n't good for her to cry, so if mother 's pretty busy, and can't 'tend to her, she says: "Perhaps you had better stay at home to-day, Mary Jane. Lucy is so fretful, and will have to be amused." And then I get them into the yard, and run away and have a good time by myself. I know it is n't right, but I 'm aggravated to it.

But what I particularly like about Kitty's mother is that she is so interested in everything you do, and is so encouraging. Now, there is that composition I wrote, and mother snubbed so. At least, she said I had better try something more simple, and would n't let me give it in. It begins: "It was a beautiful spring morning, and all nature seemed to blend with one accord into each other." Well, I always thought it was real good, and when I read it to Kitty's mother, she said she thought it was beautiful, and that I would turn out a famous authoress.

All this I wrote one day in my journal. It is dated May 21st, 1879, a year ago, so now I can tell you what happened afterward when I had a chance to compare Kitty's mother with my own.

One day, Kitty's mother came to see mine. I supposed that she had come to make a call, and I thought that was splendid, 'cause I believed that she might influence her to bring me up as she did Kitty. But, oh, she had an object in coming that I never should have dreamt of. She wanted to adopt me for a companion for Kitty. I was in the room when she told my mother so, and my heart bounced, I can tell you.

I thought mother looked amused at first, and she put her hand under my chin to hold my face up to hers, and said: "Do you want to leave your mother, dear?" I really believe she thought I would n't want to go.

When I said, "Oh, mother, do let me," a great blush came over her face. "I will think it over," she said, quietly, to Kitty's mother, "and I 'll let you know my decision."

She had a long talk with father when he came home. I don't think he approved of my going, but after the twins were in bed and baby asleep, she came into my room, and told me that she had concluded to let me try it for a month, while she and the children paid a visit to grandpa.

I could hardly believe my senses, for I never

supposed she would let me go, and I was wild with delight. "Kitty's mother is a perfect love," I declared, and mother kissed me gently and left me.

In just a week, I began to be Kitty's mother's little girl. My trunk was carried over to the big



MARY JANE AND THE TWINS.

house, and I kissed my mother,—my first mother you know, and the twins, and carried the baby to the carriage that was to take them to the station, and after seeing it drive away, I followed Kitty to my splendid new home.

I had never been in the house before. When I had seen Kitty and her mother, it had always been in the garden or the little summer-house near our own home. That is where I read my composition to them, and learned to think Kitty's mother perfection. But now I entered the tiled hall, and walked through the elegant rooms on either side of it. It just turned my head to think of living there.

"Now we 'll go upstairs, and you shall see the room that has been prepared for you," said my mamma.

"Yes, mamma, said Mary Jane, tossing her golden curls as she glode down the marble hall." This I said out loud, but I intended to say only "yes, mamma," the rest came out before I knew it. You see, I was pretending I was in a book.

Kitty's mother laughed outright. "You are the most amusing child," said she; "but I should think being called Mary Jane would take the poetry out of anything."

"It does," said I, eagerly. "I want to be called May Jennie instead. Then I would be happy."

So May Jennie I became. In two or three days, I almost forgot that I ever had been called Mary Jane at all. My new mother was just elegant, I thought, and there were no errands and no baby. I did n't know just what to make of Kitty. She was n't a bit like me or any girl I knew. When I played with her it always reminded me of the day I was shut up in the spare chamber, and made believe that my image in the glass was another little girl and tried to play with it. She would do just what I did, but she would never do anything first. She did n't care to play much, anyway. Her mother said that she was too delicate, and I felt that I ought to be too delicate, too. At first, it was great fun to pretend to be too feeble to move, and call a servant every time I wanted anything; but I got very tired of that sort of thing, by and by. One day I said to Kitty's mother:

"I should like to just go and splash around in a mud-puddle as I used to do when I was Mary Jane Hunt."

I thought she never would let me, on account of my fine clothes, but she said "I am afraid you can't find a mud-puddle, there has been so little rain lately: but you can tell Thomas to take the hose and make one for you."

I could n't help laughing at this plan. "I should feel pretty cheap to do that. I think I 'll get a book and read instead."

"There," said she, "that just proves my theory. You never would have cared to do such things, if your mother had not been so strict. The fact is, she does n't know how to bring up children. Why, my dear, how warm you look!"

I suppose I did look warm. I felt mad. Why should she go and talk in that way about my mother? To be sure, I had complained about her to myself when I was Mary Jane Hunt, and grumbled because she made me run errands, and amuse the baby, and pick up threads off the carpet, but ——

About this time I began to think it was very queer I had received no letters from mother. It's

true I had not asked her to write to me, because I had n't thought anything about it then. I longed to hear what they were doing at grandpa's. So one day I sat down and wrote:

DEAR MOTHER: Why don't you write to me? I want to know if the twins cry as much as usual, and if the baby is as cross now that his tooth is through. I 'm having a splendid time.

Then this I scratched out and wrote instead:

This is a very handsome house indeed. Does grandpa let the children ride old Whitey, and does Aunt Prue make many doughnuts? I can eat just as much cake as I want to, here; but they don't have any doughnuts. I don't see why. Do write soon to your own, MARY JANE.

When the answer came, it was a real short one. Mother said the children had all gone huckleberrying,—(Oh don't I like to go huckleberrying!)—and she never wrote a word about seeing me again. I thought she would say when she was coming home, and how glad she would be to see me when the month was over. Could it be that she expected me to live with Kitty's mother always? I sat right down and cried at the thought of it.

I made my eyes so red, that Kitty's mother declared that I should receive no more letters.

"It just upsets you," said she, "and besides, when a person adopts a child, she does n't expect the relatives to meddle with it."

Meddle! I began to think I hated Kitty's mother.

I told the truth when I wrote that I could have all the cake I wanted, for Kitty and I used to have lots of it. I don't believe it agreed with me, for before that month was over I became real ill. Now I knew why Kitty did n't care to play, and preferred to loll all day on the lounge. I could n't hold my head up, and I felt as cross as a bear. Oh, how I did snap at people if they spoke to me!

Of course, I would not take any of the medicines prescribed for me, for I never do until my mother makes me. And Kitty's mother only laughed when I flung them away. She did n't seem to try to do anything to make me more comfortable; but left me entirely in Eliza's hands. I began to feel the value of the mother I had left. All day long I cried for her, till that hateful Eliza said: "Lor', miss, I would n't be crying for her, she is n't half so illigant as your new ma."

Oh dear, I did feel so mad and so sick, I could n't think of anything half horrid enough to say to her. I could only lie there and cry.

I suppose I must have been pretty sick. I know I felt horrid. How I wished I was healthy Mary Jane Hunt again, with the baby and the errands, and the strict mother thrown in.

"She is a hundred million times better than Kitty's mother, after all," I sobbed to the pillow.

When the doctor came, and inquired for Miss May Jennie, I screamed out that my name was Mary Jane Hunt, and I suppose he must have thought I was raving.

But Eliza explained that that was my real name, and May Jennie only my new name I had taken, and all about my coming there to live.

He was n't the regular family doctor, for he had gone out of town, but I thought this one must be just as good, and better, too, when he took my hand and said: "Oh, ho! so that 's the trouble, is it? Well, Miss Mary Jane, we must get you back to your own mother. That 's the kind of medicine you need." And so a telegram was dispatched that very night to Mrs. Deborah Hunt, and the next morning I was lying in her dear, kind arms.

I had to take my medicines regularly after that, and I got well, but I think the reason was because



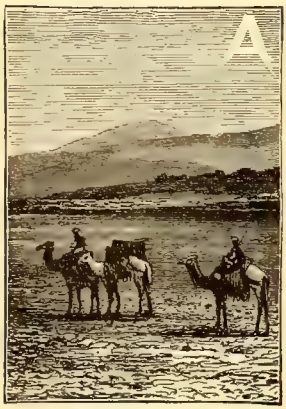
"I SAT RIGHT DOWN AND CRIED."

I had got back to my own mother again, and the doctor thinks so, too.

And now, if any one wants to make me real mad, they have only to call me May Jennie, or ask me if I don't wish my mother was like Kitty's mother.

NAPOLEON AND THE YOUNG EGYPTIAN.

BY COLONEL T. A. DODGE.



ALI BANU, Sheik of Alexandria, was universally beloved and respected for his great riches and generous charities. But the Sheik was not a happy man. Ten years before the beginning of our story, he had lost his only son, a lad twelve years old. It was at the time when the French were waging war in Egypt, under the leadership of Napoleon. Ali Banu was a wise and prudent man, but his sympathies were with his brethren in the faith, and one day his son, Kairam, was taken prisoner and held as a hostage of the Sheik's good behavior.

Soon after, the French, or Franks, as they were called, unexpectedly left the country, and, it was supposed, carried Kairam with them.

Ali Banu was nearly broken-hearted, but he was a pious Mussulman, and instead of wrapping himself in his gloom, he went about, though with sad heart and downcast mien, doing good. Every year, on the anniversary of his son's abduction, he gave away much money to the poor, and freed twelve of his slaves.

One day, a Dervish foretold that on the same day of the year as that on which Kairam had been lost, the lad would once again be found.

Henceforth, Ali Banu would always garnish his house on this sad day, invite his friends, and await his long-yearned-for son. And upon the tenth anniversary the following events occurred.

The guests were all assembled, and the group of slaves who were to be freed sat upon a carpet in the center of the great hall. After refreshments had been handed about, the slaves, according to custom, drew lots as to who should entertain the guests with story-telling. The lot fell upon a youth, who had attracted much attention by his noble bearing and manly beauty. He had been purchased at a great price a few days before, but as he was at about the age at which Ali Banu's son should have arrived, the Sheik gave him his freedom at this early day. He arose, and having bowed low to the company, began as follows:

"Oh, master! On the vessel of that Algerian slave-trader from whose hands your generous purse freed me some days since, was a young man, of about my own age, who seemed out of place in the slave's dress which he wore. He was called Almansor, and as we passed a great deal of our time together, I became familiar with his history.

"Almansor, whose father was a man of note in a large town in Egypt, had passed his youth in happiness, surrounded by all the comfort which wealth procures. His father had taken special care with his education, and he had enjoyed the instruction of a sage, of great reputation, who taught him everything which it becomes a young man of his position to know. Almansor was about eleven years old, when the Franks came across the sea and made war upon his people.

"The boy's father must have been considered a great enemy to the Franks, for one day they burst into his house, seized upon his son, and carried him away to their camp as a hostage.

"No harm happened to young Almansor among the Franks; he was treated well, as far as food, drink, and clothing went, but his homesick prayers and tears to be sent back to his father were in vain; he was told that he must remain as a hostage of his father's good-will.

"All at once, orders came for the troops to march toward the coast, to re-embark and leave the country. Almansor now expected to be liberated, but he was obliged to embark with the army. He was told that it had not been possible to send him home from the place where they had embarked, and that if he had been left behind he would have perished miserably; and they promised that if he was a good boy, he soon should see his home again.

"But the Franks did not keep their word, for after many days' sailing, when they finally landed, they were not in Egypt, but in France, and the poor lad's heart sank within him. For two weeks he marched with the army into the interior. Finally, the army arrived at a great city, which was the end of their march, and Almansor was handed over to a doctor, who took him to his house.

"The doctor obliged him first to put on Frankish clothes, which were a poor exchange for the flowing robes worn in Egypt. Then he was no longer allowed to cross his arms over his breast, and make the usual salutation of the believers; but when he wanted to address any one, he was taught

to lift the detestable, stiff, black hat that all Franks wear, and bow his head. Nor was he allowed to sit with his legs crossed beneath him, as was the custom at home; but he had to use high-legged chairs, and let his feet hang down to the ground, a position which cost him much discomfort. And eating was a matter of no less difficulty; for everything he ate he was obliged to convey to his mouth on an implement of iron, as awkward as it was dangerous.

"It is probable that he would have entirely forgotten his native tongue, but for the kindness of a certain old Professor.

"This old man was very learned, knew many of the languages of the East, and was paid much money by the Franks for teaching them in the public schools. He was an intimate friend of the doctor, and obtained permission for young Almansor to visit his house twice a week and spend the day. When, on these occasions, he arrived at the Professor's residence, the old man would give him a suit of Egyptian clothes to put on, and being himself similarly attired, he would take him by the hand and lead him to a great room, where all kinds of Oriental trees and plants were growing in large boxes, and where there were carpets spread for them to sit upon, with soft and luxurious cushions, such as Almansor had been used to have at home. A servant in eastern dress would wait upon them with sherbet and other eastern delicacies, while another would stand beside his master with a dictionary, to aid the Professor when a word failed him; and thus they would spend the afternoon, chatting in the beautiful eastern tongues that he and young Almansor were in common acquainted with.

"My poor comrade had lived in this way five years or more in the great city, when a circumstance happened which greatly influenced his future. These Franks had chosen for their Emperor that leader with whom Almansor had so often spoken in Egypt, when he was first taken to the camp. Almansor was not aware of this fact, for he had only seen the coronation processions and ceremonies from a distance, and had no idea that so young a man as he remembered this leader to have been could rise in so short a time to so eminent a position. But one day, as he was going across one of the bridges of the city, he saw a man dressed in a plain uniform such as soldiers wear in that country, leaning on the parapet, and looking thoughtfully over into the water. No sooner did Almansor's eye fall upon this man, than he recognized him as an officer of the Franks who had been very kind to him in Egypt, and who, he had always felt sure, would have sent him home if he had known of his detention after the embarkation of the army. So the youth at once approached the man, crossed his arms upon his breast, and addressed him by the name he had gone by in the army. 'Salaam alaicum, Petit-Caporal!' said he.

"The soldier turned about with an air of much surprise, looked at the lad, bethought himself a moment, and then exclaimed:

"'Heavens! is this possible? *You* here, Almansor! How is your father? How go matters in Egypt? What has brought you here?'

"Poor Almansor could not restrain his emotion. He began to weep bitterly, and said to the man: 'So you do not know what your wicked countrymen have done to me? Don't you know that I have not seen the land of my fathers for many weary years?'

"'I hope,' replied the man, and his brow clouded up, 'I hope they did not carry you away from Egypt with my army, Almansor?'

"'Why, to be sure they did,' answered Almansor, amid his tears. 'On the day your soldiers embarked, I saw Egypt for the last time; since when I have been servant to a hard-hearted doctor. But, look you here, Petit-Caporal,' he continued, and a smile of hope broke through the gloom upon his face; 'it is very lucky that I have found you here. You will help me, will you not?'

"The man smiled, and asked in what manner he could help the boy.

"'Why, don't you see,' said little Almansor, 'I cannot ask any money of you, for I know you are poor, you wear such plain clothes; but you are a soldier, and, I dare say, you know some of the officers of this Emperor the Franks have chosen. Now, could n't you say a good word for me to some of them, so that I may get sent back to Egypt? My father will pay you handsomely for it, I know.'

"'Come with me, then,' said the soldier, 'and perhaps I can aid you at once.'

"'What, now?' cried poor Almansor, frightened. 'Oh, no! I can't come now, else I should be late, and the doctor would beat me; I must hurry and get back home.'

"The soldier seemed touched by the boy's sad story. 'Never mind the doctor,' said he; 'come with me, and be of good heart; the doctor shall not hurt you again.' With which words he took Almansor by the hand, and led him through many streets; and although his heart beat fast when he thought of his cruel master, there was an air of assurance in the soldier's face which comforted him not a little. But he could not explain why every one bowed so low to the soldier, and so many would stand still and gaze after them. He spoke of this to his companion, but he only laughed.

"At last, they arrived at a beautiful palace, into which the man led Almansor.

"'Do you live here, Petit-Caporal?' asked the boy.

"'Yes, I live here,' answered he, 'and I will take you to my wife.'

"'Oh, what a beautiful place! I suppose the Emperor gives you some rooms here, does n't he, Petit-Caporal?'

"'Yes, it is the Emperor who lets me live here,' said the man, and led him into the palace. They mounted a broad flight of steps, entered a large anteroom, and thence proceeded along a beautifully decorated hall, to a small but richly furnished apartment, where, seated on a divan, was a lady. The soldier said a few words, in a foreign tongue, to her, whereupon they both indulged in a hearty laugh, and then the lady moved to Almansor, and asked him, in the Frankish language, many questions about Egypt, which the boy answered with alacrity and intelligence. Finally, the soldier interrupted them: 'Perhaps, after all, Almansor,' said he, 'we may as well go and see the Emperor, now, and I will speak for you, myself.'

"Almansor was quite startled at the idea of seeing the Emperor in his present shabby guise, but he bethought himself of his wretchedness, and the chance of once again seeing his home. 'I will go with you,' he said. 'But say, Petit-Caporal, what must I do when I see him? Must I kneel and touch the ground with my forehead, as they do in the East?'

"Both the soldier and his wife laughed immoderately at the question, and assured little Almansor that no such prostration was at all necessary.

"'But what does he look like? Has he a long beard, and stern, flashing eyes? And does he look awfully grand and majestic?' asked Almansor, trembling at the idea of seeing the Emperor face to face.

"'I 'll leave you to guess who he is, from his looks,' replied the soldier, taking him by the hand. 'But I will tell you how you may recognize him. Everybody will take off his hat in the Emperor's presence, while he alone remains covered.'

"With these words, he led the boy toward a saloon, where a morning business reception was being held. The nearer they got to the place, the faster poor Almansor's heart beat, and his knees smote together with excitement and dread. A servant threw open the door of the hall, and they entered. There stood some fifty officers, all splendidly dressed, with stars and broad ribbons on their breasts, and Almansor thought it strange that his companion, who was dressed so plainly, should be allowed to be among these great personages. All had their heads uncovered, and Almansor began to look about for one with his hat on, for this must be the Emperor. But in vain; every one carried his hat in his hand,—the Emperor could not be among them. He turned to ask the soldier when the Emperor would arrive, when, lo! the Petit-Caporal had not removed his hat from his head!

"Almansor was stupefied. He regarded his companion for a moment with a vacant stare, while a kindly smile stole over the latter's face; when suddenly remembering that in his excitement he himself had retained his own cap, he hastily pulled it off, made a low bow, and said: 'Salaam, alaicum, Petit-Caporal! You are the only one who is covered—tell me, are *you* the Emperor?'

"'You have guessed right,' answered his companion; 'and, moreover, I am your friend. Do not think you were brought over here with my knowledge or consent. The first ship that sails from here to Egypt shall take you home to your father.'

"Thus spoke the Emperor, and Almansor fell down before him, kissed his hand, and begged his forgiveness for not recognizing him at once, saying that he could scarcely have thought from his looks that he was the Emperor.

"'That 's true,' replied the Emperor, with a laugh. 'In our country the head of the nation has not his rank emblazoned in his face and manners.' Almansor retired with a servant, and from that day lived in the palace, in joyful anticipation of his return to the home of his ancestors. He revisited the old Professor once or twice, but never again saw the hard-hearted Doctor. After the lapse of several weeks, the Emperor sent for him and told him that a ship was lying at anchor, on board of which he would be sent home. Almansor was beside himself for joy. A few hours sufficed to make his preparations, and with a heart full of thankfulness, and boxes laden with presents, he took leave of the Petit-Caporal, and journeyed toward the sea.

"But it so happened that in those days another Frankish tribe, who lived on an island in the great sea, were at war with the Emperor, and captured all of his ships they could find at sea. And on the sixth day of the voyage the vessel upon which Almansor was sailing was shot at by a cruiser of the Britons (so is this other tribe called), and compelled to surrender. The crew were placed upon a smaller vessel, which followed in the wake of the cruiser, and the captured ship was set on fire. But the sea is no more secure than the desert, where caravans are so often attacked by robbers: a pirate from Tunis captured the smaller vessel, which had been separated from the large one by a storm, and putting all on board in the hold of his own ship, carried them to Algeria, and sold them into slavery.

"To be sure, Almansor did not fall into as hard

slavery as the Christians, for he was a good Mussulman; but yet all hopes of again seeing his home and his father were dashed by this new calamity. He lived in Algiers, as gardener to a rich man, for five long years. At the end of this time his owner died without heirs, his property and slaves were sold, and Almansor was again cast into the hands of a slave-trader. About this time the trader hired a vessel, and placing his slaves, Almansor among the number, on board, sailed from Algeria. It was in Almansor's own country that the slave-trader determined to sell his cargo; it was the slave-market of his native town in which Almansor was offered for sale, and it was his own, his beloved father, who purchased him!"

Sheik Ali Banu had listened with rapt attention and rising excitement to this strange tale; his breast heaved, his eye glistened, and he was often on the point of interrupting the narrative; but at its termination the youth could no longer restrain his emotion, and weeping for very joy, he fell at the Sheik's feet, exclaiming:

"It is your son, Kairam Almansor; for you are he who bought him!"

"Allah! Allah! A miracle! A wonder!" cried the guests, and crowded about the prostrate youth, while the Sheik, bereft of speech, stood intently gazing into the face which was lifted up toward him.

"My old friend, Mustapha," said he, at last, to a venerable dervish, who stood near him, "before my eyes there hangs a mist of tears, and I cannot trace his features. Tell me, is this my son?"



"ARE YOU THE EMPEROR?" EXCLAIMED ALMANSOR.

The old man stepped up, looked long and earnestly at the youth, who was now standing, laid one hand upon his forehead and the other on his shoulder, saying:

"Kairam, what was the proverb that in that luckless day when you were carried into the camp of the Franks, I gave you to remember?"

"My beloved teacher!" answered the youth, pressing the hand of the aged dervish to his heart; "it ran thus: 'If a man but love Allah, and have a good conscience, he will never be alone, even in

the desert of misery; for there go with him two companions, who steadfastly walk at his side.'"

The old man lifted up his eyes, and led the youth to the Sheik:

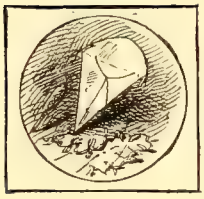
"Take him, Sheik Ali Banu," said he; "as surely as you have mourned him ten long years, so surely is he your son!"

The Sheik's heart overflowed with joy and content; he scarcely could remove his eyes from the face of his newly found son, whose features grew to him every moment more like those of the young wife he had loved, and he well remembered how Kairam had resembled his mother. All present joined him in his rejoicings; for the Sheik was so universally beloved, that each guest felt as if he had a large share in the father's joy.

Kairam explained that he had not made himself known immediately on his arrival at his old home, because he had heard of the prophecy of the old dervish, and of his father's custom of remembering the anniversary of his son's loss, and so had thought it well to wait until that day to tell his story. Mirth and feasting once more rang through the halls of Ali Banu's house. Again and again the youth was entreated to tell his story in all its details, and each one praised the old Professor and the Emperor, and all who had taken an interest in Kairam's welfare. The company remained together till late in the night, and when at last they separated the Sheik presented each friend with a costly gift by which he might remember the happy day of the return of his only son.

THE GAME OF KITE-CUTTING.

BY F. D. CLARKE.



I WISH to tell the boys about a game I learned to play when I was a boy. I hope it will not be thought a very rough game, for if it is played fairly there is a great deal of fun in it. It is a game played with kites, by Mexicans and Cubans. It was a bright afternoon in March when I first found out about it. I took my kite and went out to fly it. I crossed the San Pedro Creek to a hill west of the town of San Antonio, Texas, where I then lived.

There were dozens of other kites flying there. In fact, it was a favorite place for kite-cutting, but I knew nothing of that then. I had been in that part of Texas some time, and picked up enough Spanish to get along pretty well with the neighboring Mexicans, who all speak that language, but as it had not been "kite-time" since I came I knew nothing of "cutters."

I soon had my kite high above all the others. The other fellows were running about a good deal, but I thought that was because they did not put up their kites high enough to catch a steady wind. Presently a Mexican boy whom I knew came toward me with his kite about twenty yards up in the air.

"*Tiene usted navajas*" (have you any knives)? he sang out as soon as he came within hearing. I thought he wanted to borrow my knife, as I did not notice he had said "knives," so I said "yes." Just then I caught sight of a kite which had broken its string, as I then thought, and I was so much interested in watching it fall that I forgot all about my Mexican.

When I looked at him again he had got, as the sailors say, "dead to windward" of me, with his kite a short distance over my string. Suddenly letting out a few feet of cord and running sideways, he brought the tail of his kite down across my string, and gave a quick pull on his own, which caused his kite to rise rapidly, dragging its tail across my string.

I had watched all these movements without an idea of what he meant by them, and was greatly astonished to see my string come in two as if it had been cut with a sharp knife, and my kite go sailing off with the wind.

I thought my Mexican friend must have had something to do with it, but I could not see just how. I had no time, however, to wait for explanations, but started off after my kite, which was carried so far that I had a run of nearly a mile before I recovered it.

As I was winding up my string, Alfred, one of my school-mates, a boy who had been born in the town and knew all the customs, came up and said, with a laugh:

"So you got cut, did you? You were foolish to let your kite go up so high."

"What do you mean?" I asked, in surprise.

"Did that Mexican cut my string? How did he do it, then?"

"Of course he cut it. Have n't you cutters on your kite?"

"Cutters on my kite!" I exclaimed. "What are cutters?"

"Why! Don't you know? Cutters are things made of glass, you know. You fasten them on your kite's tail and cut other fellows' strings with them."

I suppose I showed by my looks that I was considerably puzzled, for Alfred added:

"Wind up your string and come back where the other fellows are and I will show you. It was not fair in Santiago to cut you if you had on no cutters. A kite without cutters is considered out of the game."

When we reached the Mexican boy, Alfred translated my demand to know why he had cut my kite.

"Why," he answered, "I asked him if he had on cutters, and he said 'yes.'"

"No, he didn't," I said. "He asked me if I had a knife and I said 'yes,' and was waiting for him to come and get it when he cut my kite-string."

When I had got this far I noticed that Alfred was laughing. He said a few words in Spanish to the Mexican, and he began to laugh too. I anxiously waited for Alfred to tell me the joke.

"You did not understand," he said. "When Santiago said '*tiene usted navajas*' (have you any knives), he meant 'have you any cutters on your kite?' When you told him 'yes,' you declared yourself ready to fight, and he had a right to cut you if he could."

I soon had my kite up again, and, while we were sitting watching it, Alfred explained all about cutters to me. His explanation must have been good, for I soon became one of the most expert cutter-makers in the town.

As we sat and talked, several boys came up with their kites and cried out to us, "*Tiene usted navajas*," or "Got on any cutters," according to their nationality. When they found that we had none, they always went off, though I know their hearts must have ached at the sight of my tempting kite so high up that I would have had no chance to defend myself.

But now I must tell you how cutting is done, and the best way for me to tell you will be to describe one of my cutting-kites.

This veteran war-kite was a six-sided one, about two feet and a half long. The frame was made of thin pieces of southern cane, and while very light was very strong. This was covered with paper cambric. Paper would have been lighter, but this was a cutting-kite, and one fall into a bush would ruin a paper kite, but would not hurt one of cloth. The tail was made of pieces of soft cloth, about one inch wide and eight inches long, securely knotted in the middle to a strong twine string. The end of the tail was finished by a neat tassel.

I took great pride in this kite, so I had each foot or two of her tail made of a different color. Just above the tassel was the place where I put the best set of cutters I could get. Half-way up the tail was another set. Some boys would have many more sets of cutters, but I always thought two sets were enough; in fact, I often only used the set at the end of the tail.

These cutters were made of glass. I would get a thick glass bottle and a case-knife. The bottle was broken off below the neck, and then I would begin to chip off the glass by tapping the bottle with the back of the knife. Pretty soon off would come a long, keen splinter of glass, thick and strong on the back, which had been the outside of the bottle, but as sharp as a razor on the inside. This was a cutter. They were usually shaped like a scythe-blade. Some of the boys made them by tapping the bottle against a smooth stone, but I had better luck with a knife.

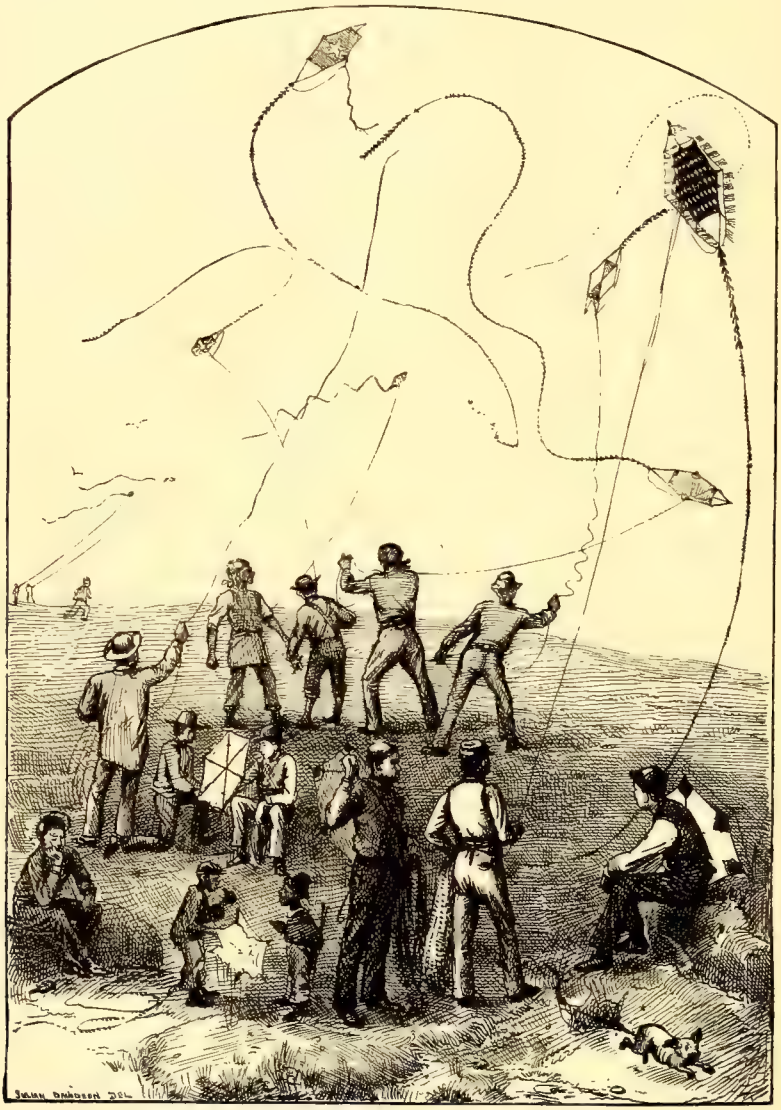
When I had made as many of these cutters as I needed, or had used up all the bottles I could get, I would go home to mount them. This was the hardest part of the work. I took four short pieces of reed, shaved so thin that they would bend easily, and put them together lengthwise, with two cutters between each two, at right angles to each other and to the reeds. Each cutter would then point in a different direction. The pieces of reed were then wrapped with string, so that they would hold the cutters firmly; and where there was any danger of the string coming against the edge of a cutter, a little raw cotton was used to protect it. This made what we called "a set of cutters." Then this set had to be fastened to the tail of the kite in such a way, that when the tail was dragged across a kite's string there would be no danger of the string slipping between the pieces of reed and the tail of the kite. If it did this, instead of cutting the string your kite would soon be hanging from it, head down, perfectly helpless. I used to manage this by putting the upper ends of my reeds between the ends of one of the pieces of cloth that formed the tail, and tying all smoothly down to the reeds.

Now you know how the cutters are made and fastened on, the next thing is to tell you how to use them.

With a good, steady breeze, you must put your kite up about twenty yards, and have your ball of string so arranged that you can let out or pull in, as you wish. Your object is to bring your kite's

tail across the string of your opponent, and so cut it, letting his kite fly off. You have the right to cut every other kite that carries cutters, and you are fair game for any of them; but you are bound in honor, of course, not to interfere with those who you know are not armed.

A certain bend of the creek was usually the farthest point to windward that we could reach in our "kite-ground." Sometimes the cutting would be fast and furious there. It was thought a great honor to keep your kite flying there, when every other one was down.



KITE-CUTTING.

Your best plan is to get what the sailors call "the weather-gage" of the other kite. If the wind is blowing from your kite to his string, you have him at your mercy, for you can make your kite fall to his by letting out string. If you are to leeward of a kite, with the wind blowing to you past it, you can hardly hope to get at it.

On one occasion, I had been very lucky; and, after cutting half a dozen kites and having several narrow escapes myself, only mine and one other were left. We were both on the bank of the creek, and the only chance left for one to cut the other, was to get one kite over the other's string, either by making the kite go straighter up, or by reach-

ing up and putting one string over the other. He had a little more string out on his kite than I had, but he was taller. I ran off down the bank, and he followed me. He thought that he would cut me soon, for there was a high fence that would compel me either to stop or to turn off and give him the chance he wanted. But I had a plan of my own. As I ran, I gradually pulled in about thirty feet of string and coiled it in my right hand.

When I reached the fence, I turned to leeward a dozen feet, and then, when my enemy was not more than five yards off, I wheeled round, threw my ball of string over his string, caught it on the other side, let loose the string in my hand, and started back, pulling in with both hands. Before my adversary knew what I was doing, his kite was cut, and I was alone on the battle-field, my kite soaring up in triumph.

Sometimes we would make up sides and have a regular battle. One of these, between a dozen boys on each side, was very exciting. We would agree not to go out of a certain field; but there would be more leaning over fences and throwing up of balls than you ever saw in all your life.

Besides cutting kites, we had other less warlike sports with them. A favorite one of these was to send up a kite, at night, with a paper lantern on it. Some of the boys would put the lantern on the end of the kite's tail; others would tie it in front where the string was fastened to the kite. I liked the end of the tail best, because there the lantern was less apt to get tangled with the tail.

Hummers were another thing that we put on our kites. A hummer was a thin piece of wood, bent like a bow, holding a piece of silk ribbon, stretched tight, instead of a bow-string. It was fastened to the upper part of the kite, so that the ribbon would catch the wind. You would be surprised to hear how much noise they make. Sometimes we would have two or three hummers of different sizes, one within the other, and the mingling of the different tones made a curious effect.

THE CUBAN "WAR-KITE."

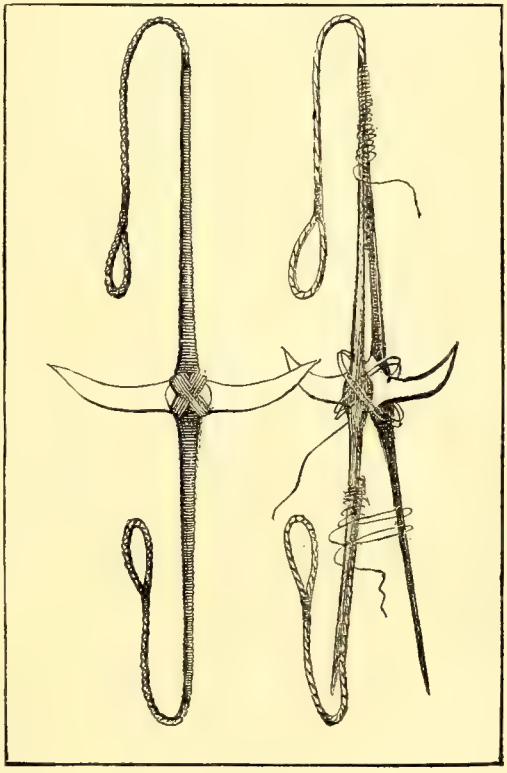
This kite is different from the Mexican kite, and the knife is a more effective and costly weapon.

The sport in Cuba is not confined to boys alone, but youths and men take part in this exciting and health-giving pastime.

TO MAKE THE CUBAN KNIFE.

Take two pieces of whalebone four inches long, whittle them to a point at each end (see diagram), and, inserting a piece of cord at each end, tie firmly.

The knife, made of a *pen-knife* blade or *piece of clock-spring*, ground to the right shape, is placed between the whalebones and lashed firmly with fine brass, copper, or artificial flower-maker's wire, and the whole is bound together with wire or silk. To the lower end of knife add one yard of tail (heavier than the rest). This serves to keep the knife from



THE CUBAN KNIFE.

entangling its own tail. The knife is now complete.

You now know how to make different kinds of "cutters" and how to play this game; but always be very careful never to "cut" a kite that is not armed like your own, and ready for the fray.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

BY MRS. E. W. LATIMER.

I.

LONG back in the far-off ages, when low lay the might of Rome,
When the Crescent had not yet risen, and Mohammed had not yet come,
A knight crossed the desert of Egypt, riding slowly at close of day,
His good horse drooping and weary, as he toiled his trackless way.
Just then, far over the sand-hills,—for daylight was almost done,—
He saw three palm-trees standing dark on the rim of the setting sun,
And his horse, with a joyful quiver, threw his weary head up high,
For he sniffed the hope through his nostrils, that his master saw with the eye.
On over the shifting ridges, they strained and struggled their best,
To the water under the date-trees, and the grass where they longed to rest.
Under those trees lived a hermit, who, many a year ago,
Had shaken off the dust of his feet on a world of evil and woe;
And into this haunted desert, where no servant of Christ had trod,
Had come to pray for the world he had left, and to dwell alone with his God.

Kindly the hermit received them,—cool water and dates and corn,
He set before weary man and beast, and he bade them rest till morn.
But himself all night kept vigil,—kept vigil and wept and prayed;
All night Sir George heard him crying, "Dear Lord, help my Christian maid,—
The only creature that loves me! Ah, God! so pleasant and good!
When late she was here to see me, I made her a cross of wood,—
Two poor little sticks together, just tied by a sackcloth thread;
But she knows the blessed story of Him who lives and was dead.
I put the cross in her bosom; I told her there it must stay,
For fear that the heathen should find it and scorn it and fling it away.
My Sabra! My Sabra! My princess! That thou art dead or distrest,
I know, my love, for thy little white dove came flying into my breast.
I know that the dear Lord sent it as a sign I must wrestle in prayer;
Oh, God! make the cross or temptation no more than the child can bear!"

All night he prayed; and when early dawn began to redden the sky,
The knight, at the moment of parting, besought him to tell him why,
And who was the Christian princess, so fair and so good, in distress,
And how she came to honor the name of our Lord in Heathenesse.

"She is the king's own daughter; she dwells in yon city of On,
Whose porphyry columns and golden gates are lit by the rising sun.
There reigns the king,—her father,—there blossoms in heathen shade
My Lily, my Rose of Sharon, my Sabra, my Christian maid!
Nine weeks ago a dreadful curse on the king and his people fell;
I know not whether 't was sent from God, or whether it came from hell.
A ravening dragon, with blood-shot eyes and a mouth that vomited flame,
With gaping jaws and sharp-curved claws, from the slime of the river came.
He raged and ravaged the growing crops, the barley, the rye, and the wheat,
Tore the grazing kine, uprooted the vine,—for he spoiled what he could not eat.
The people fled, destruction spread, the king, from his royal city,
Sent nobles great, in splendor and state, to implore the dragon's pity,
And the way to show (if he would but go) to the lands of some other king,—
To Goshen fair, or Nubia where soft rains make the valleys sing.

'Not so, my lords,' growled the dragon, 'in these reeds I mean to abide;
I like my lair, and I like my fare, by your ancient river's side;
But if you will bring me a maiden each day,—rosy, and tender, and good,—
And tie her fast where the lightning blast has stricken yon oak in the wood,
I will take your maid, as tribute paid, and refrain from other spoil,
And your land may be at peace for me, and your peasants resume their toil.'
So every day a virgin is torn from her mother's embrace,
Each noon a fresh, fair victim they lead to the fatal place,—
Lead to the place and leave her to horrors that none may know,
While the city's pent-up wrath bursts forth in bitter pleading and woe."

II.

How came the little white pigeon to fly to the hermit's breast,
And bear him a sign, from the Lord divine, that his Christian maid was distrest?

That eve there had risen a wailing from every house in the city,
The mothers flocked to the palace gates and implored their king for pity.
The king on his throne sat weeping. "O women!" at last cried he,
"Do you believe I have hardened my heart till your grief is nothing to me?
All know how I love my Sabra. But what other thing can be done?
Must we let the monster ravage and waste till he levels the walls of On?"
No woman made him an answer. Only more wailing and woe.
Then a loved voice sent a thrill to his heart: a child's voice, tender and low.
"O father! The wondrous story of One on a throne I ken
Who forsook all His power and glory, to perish for other men,
And I think if a royal maiden be given the dragon to-morrow,
The Lord above, in pity and love, may send us help in our sorrow."
She stood at the edge of the dais, and she strained her hands to her breast,
Where, hidden away, the rude cross lay, that the hermit had made and blessed.
"I offer myself to the dragon," she said, "in the name of my Lord who died,
That these may be absolved through me, and the curse be satisfied.
O father, dear! If all now here will pray to Christ in Glory,
And you let me do as He prompts me to when I think of His wondrous story,
I seem to see, by an inward light, how blessed my death may be.
O father, spare those shrinking hearts, and visit the curse on me!"
"No!" cried her father, "Never!" But the Chief Priest's voice arose.
"Fling a nesting pigeon into the air, and watch which way she goes.
If she fly North, or South, or West, this thing may not be done,
But IT SHALL if the dove fly straight to the East, in line from the setting sun."

They brought a brooding dove from her nest. The tumult and wailing ceased.
She soared; she circled thrice in the air; then winged her flight to the East.

III.

Who pricks so fast through the golden gates? Who seeks the ivory throne?
Where, in sackcloth—mourning his daughter's fate—now groans the king of On?
Who humbly craves permission to lay his lance in rest,
And go to the ground where she stands fast bound, with her hands still clasped on her breast?
All dread to anger the dragon; but they bid the knight good speed;
And swift from the ground, he springs with a bound to the back of his steel-clad steed.
Not yet to the wood he rideth, but down by the flowing tide,
Where dwells a caulker cunning in boats, in a hut by the river side.
"Am I obeyed?" the good knight said, as he galloped along the shore,
And rapped with the point of his glittering lance on the caulker's humble door.

The lance they pass through a pitchy mass that looks like a human fist,
Ugly and black, like a giant's hand, lopped short from a giant's wrist.
Then high his spear did the knight uprear, and fast he rode to the wood,
Where under the blasted oak, close bound, the martyr princess stood.
She heard the tramp of his horse's hoofs; she deemed the dragon drew near.
She pressed her cross to her beating heart, but she showed no sign of fear.
"In the name of our Holy Savior, who died for thy sins and mine,"
Cried the voice of the knight, as he came in sight, "I bear thee help divine;



For I know, sweet fellow-Christian, by the wonders wrought to-day,
That I bring thee good deliverance,—and shall the dragon slay."
She heard his words; her heart beat fast; she gazed at his lion-crest,
And joy and surprise came into her eyes, as she saw the Cross on his breast.
But loud through the wood came a roaring before they could utter more,
And fiercely out of the brushwood the furious dragon tore.
"Presumptuous knight! Out of my sight! Dare trouble no prey of mine.
Get hence! For know, on no pretense may mortal see me dine!"
"I challenge thee, my gauntlet see! Vile reptile, take thy stand!"
The thing he bore from his lance he tore, and poised it in his hand.

And, as the monster gaped his jaws, he, with good aim and true,
Into their midst the sticky mass of pitch and oakum threw.
The furious dragon leaped with rage. His teeth stuck fast together.
He lost the power to use his fangs. Sir George! Sir George forever!
With skill and might on came the knight, his good horse swerved and quivered;
His stout lance struck on the monster's hide; and with the blow it shivered.
A muffled roar, like waves on a shore, from the dragon's throat there came.
He reared his head; his nostrils spread; they snorted living flame.
Into his horse's heaving sides Sir George the rowels prest,
And urged him, till he seemed to stand close under the dragon's breast.
Then, ere the curved and cruel claws or man or steed could harm,
The knight uprose, and dealt three blows, with the strength of his good right arm.
One spot there is in a dragon's throat,—one spot,—and only one,—
Where a deadly thrust may do its worst. The dragon dropped like a stone.
Blood gushed from his throat, like a rushing stream when river freshets are high;
Like a prisoned wave in a fissured cave, it spouted up to the sky.
And Sabra sank at the foot of the oak, all faint at the reptile's blood.
But her champion raised her swift to his horse, and rode from the darkening wood.

IV.

"Watchman! Who comes!" cried the king of On; and his voice his anguish showed.
"No man, my lord," was the watchman's word; "all 's quiet along the road."
"Watchman! What comes?" "A rising dust I see in the distance now;
A little dust,—and I see a horse . . ." "His master is slain, I trow."
"I see a knight on the steel-clad horse . . ." "He has 'scaped the wood in fear:
Ho, porters! look to the city gates, for the dragon will soon be here!"
"I see the knight, and he waves his sword: a maiden lies on his arm . . ."
"I 'll follow the faith of the Christian knight, if he bring her safe from harm."
"I see her now; but her robe of snow is draggled and red with blood . . ."
"Alas! alas! For he rode too late,—too late he entered the wood."
"Nay,—nay my liege, for she waves her arm! I see a cross in her hand."
"Now, God be praised,—the Christian's God,—and this be a Christian land!"

V.

He bore her in through the golden gates. Too happy to speak she lies
Close to the breast of her father pressed, and gazes into his eyes.
And the mother dove sits cooing love, with two eggs under her breast,
For the hermit gray, at the close of day, has brought her back to her nest.
Now round him, eager and fervent, flock crowds who beg him to preach
Of the wondrous Christian story the maid would have died to teach.
And hundreds (yesterday Pagans) to-day God's praises are singing,
And into the river, to reptiles and fish, their household idols are flinging.
And Sabra has seen her father count his glory and crown but dross,
As down in the river lowly he took the sign of the cross;
Now thousands out of the city flocked to look at the monster dead,
And the burghers buried the dragon lest a plague should arise and spread.
St. George became patron of England: the master of English knights.
There the queen bears his cross on her bosom: there brave men wear it in fights
No honor more great in that Christian state can be paid to a hero this day,
Than to give him the right to the cross of the knight who did the dragon slay.

A BURIAL AT SEA.

(See Frontispiece.)

IN the great annual art exhibition of France, the Paris Salon, a picture by Henry Bacon, an American, attracted a great deal of attention last season. Many lingered before it to admire the fine skill of the painter, and because it was known that the figures in the group were actual likenesses of young American artists and writers. But perhaps a greater number were attracted by the subject itself, so full of mournful interest.

Through the kindness of Mr. Bacon, we are enabled to give you a good engraving of the picture. It is a sad scene to present to our happy young readers, but sometimes it is well to contemplate sad scenes, and rest in the shadows for a moment.

Few persons excepting those who have had the experience of witnessing a burial at sea, know how much more solemn and impressive such a service is than a funeral upon land.

It is not necessary, on the ocean, to carry the dead body of a friend or relative to some distant cemetery or grave-yard. A great cemetery, large enough to contain the bodies of all the people in the world, is beneath the feet of those who must attend to the burial, and all that is necessary to do is to perform the proper religious services, and then to gently drop the corpse to the bottom of the great ocean.

With a heavy weight at its feet, to make it sink quickly, it goes down, and down, and down, and is forever lost to the sight of human beings.

There is no mark to show the place of the watery grave,—no tombstone, no grassy mound; nothing but the same tossing, heaving waves that toss and heave for hundreds of miles on every side.

But, although the man who dies at sea is buried deeper than any one for whom a grave was ever dug on earth, and although the exact spot of his burial is lost forever as the ship moves on, his body is of as little worth, and just as useless, and his soul is just as immortal, as those of the men who lie beneath the green sod of any grave-yard in any land.



HOW JOHNNY AMUSED THE BABY.

AMONG THE LAKES.

(A Farm-house Story.)

By William O. Stoddard, Author of "Dab Kinzer," etc.

Chapter XVII.

That Friday had been looked forward to, as all such days must be, by the academy school-boys with mingled feelings of fear and hope.

Fear of the examination, hope of getting through it fairly well, and that it would not be a very long day after all.

At the academy a good deal of tribulation was caused by what Bill Young and Kyle Wilbur declared was: "Just the meanest kind of trick."

Instead of calling up the boys in the order of their names on the roll-book, which always had been done before, beginning with A and on to Z, their names were written on slips of paper and folded up, one by one, and tumbled together in a box.

Then the teacher of the class picked up one paper, just as it came, and read the name on it, and the boy with that name had to begin.

"Is n't it rough?" said Bill Young, but, before he could say more, his name was called out and he had to go forward.

That was in geography, and Bil was better posted in that than in almost anything else.

Indeed, if the examining teacher had stuck to the text-book, and asked him the questions in the printed form, Bill might possibly have come off with credit to himself. As it was, he did fairly well until he was asked:

"What is the boundary line between North and South America?"

"The Ohio river," said Bill, without a moment's hesitation, and he was not a little flustered by the laugh that followed.

He hit the mark again once or twice, however, and then came the question: "Where is the equator?"

Bill knew, and he was as prompt as lightning, in spite of the nervous condition he was in.

"Right in the middle of the map!"

"That will do, Master Young," said the examiner. "You may take your seat." The teacher picked up another slip of paper, and read: "Master Kyle Wilbur."

Poor Kyle! He had heard all the laughter at his friend's expense, and it had not at all improved his condition for his trial. He arose to his feet with a dim wish in his mind that he could see Piney Hunter's pet heifer making a charge on the academy "faculty," but when he was merely asked: "What is Great Britain?" he said, quite correctly: "A large island near the coast of France."

"Not a doubt of that," remarked the examiner, "but how is it separated from the United States?"

"By the Revolutionary War and the Declaration of Independence."

"Well, yes; but the Atlantic ocean has something to do with it, has it not?"

"No, sir," said Kyle; "it does n't keep them from holding on to Canada."

He felt that he was getting adrift somehow, and the brindled heifer came to his mind again just as the examiner recovered from a sharp spell of coughing, and asked him: "Who were the human inhabitants of this continent at the time of its discovery?"

Of course he knew. He was sure he ought to be able to answer that question, but the right words were slow in coming. He looked at the ceiling and hesitated just an instant, and then he heard the voice of Roxy Hunter, prompting him, in a loud whisper, from the front seat where she sat between Mr. Sadler and Aunt Keziah:

"Pilgrim Fathers, Kyle, Pilgrim Fathers!" And Kyle mechanically repeated it after her:

"Pilgrim Fathers."

And then the laugh was louder than it had been over Bill Young's reply to the equator question.

"That will do, Master Wilbur. The young ladies in the audience will please show no favoritism."

"I can recite the whole of it," whispered Roxy to Mr. Sadler, "but I don't believe Kyle Wilbur can."

When the bell called them in, after recess, the class in algebra was the first one examined. It was a large one and the largest room in the academy was a little too small to hold both the scholars and their anxious friends.

Piney thought he had never seen anything wear quite so threatening an expression as did the great blackboard which covered one side of that room. It seemed to say: "Here I am, stupids! I 've got you!"

And just then the academy principal himself held up a slip of paper and read, in a loud, sonorous voice: "Master Richard Hunter!"

All the peonies in Aunt Keziah's tub were hardly so red as their namesake's face when he walked forward and picked up his piece of chalk.

Another slip of paper was given to him, with

the problem on it, which he was expected to work out before that crowd, on that awful blackboard.

For almost a minute it seemed to him as if he never before in all his life had seen any such letters or figures as those. Some of them stood for "plus" and some for "minus," and there was a hint of that dreadfully ridiculous and impossible thing a "square root."

"There never was one," said Piney to himself, as he stared at the paper, but somehow the marks and signs were beginning to look more and more like old neighbors and acquaintances. Somewhere or other, he had seen those things before.

He knew very well that his mother and Aunt Keziah and the rest were watching him anxiously. He could feel their eyes on the back of his head, and he would not have turned around for anything.

"I declare," he suddenly said to himself, "if it is n't the very problem I had such a fight with, the other night. Why, it 's just the freshest thing in the whole book. I 've got it on my finger ends!"

His heart gave a great jump, and the blackboard itself seemed to put on a more cheerful expression of countenance as Piney's piece of chalk began to skip along over its surface. He worked with an almost nervous rapidity and his mother turned and looked very proudly in Aunt Keziah's face.

Roxy whispered to Mr. Sadler: "It 's just like Piney. He 'll use up all the chalk."

Not quite that. But he solved the problem.

It must have been a little tiresome to Mr. Sadler, and he deserved credit for sitting it out. Uncle Liph himself was not half so patient, and Grandfather Hunter did not come back at all after the noon recess. Bi did, however; that is, he managed to come in time to hear Piney recite in grammar. As for Greek, and all that sort of thing, it had not yet got into that academy.

There were to be prizes, but they were not to be given out until the close of the exhibition, next day, and as soon as Piney's last class was dismissed, he and his friends set out for home.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THAT evening, Piney took a whole boat-load of his visitors for a moonlight ride on the lake. Roxy and Susie were allowed to go, but Chub was put to bed in spite of a very vigorous protest on his part.

The lake was very beautiful by moonlight, and they stayed out on the water for nearly an hour and a half, and when they got back to the landing there were Aunt Sarah and Aunt Keziah waiting for Susie and Roxy.

Saturday was to be Exhibition, and it was to be held in the afternoon, because if it were held in the evening a good many of the country-people could not come.

Just before noon, Piney saw Kyle Wilbur coming along the road from the village, and went out to meet him, asking, "What on earth took you over before dinner?"

"Oh," said Kyle, on whose face there was a gloomy sort of look, "I 've got a new idea."

"A new idea? What is it?"

"I 'll show you before the day 's over. They wont laugh at me to-day as they did yesterday."

"Oh, they wont laugh at your piece; it 's sober enough."

"Well, it is. And I guess they 'll have all the 'burning deck' they want, too."

But Piney was unable to get out of Kyle the particulars of his "new idea," and Kyle seemed unusually anxious to get home.

"It 's a pity Roxy can't wear the things she practiced in," Piney said to himself. "How it would bring down the house!"

He hardly thought they were likely to get anything quite so funny at the academy that day, but he did not know what was in the troubled mind of Kyle Wilbur.

Nobody else did, for he had concealed his purposes from even Bill Young.

The upper story of the academy building was more than half of it thrown into one great room, with a raised platform at the west end, and with seats all around like a church.

There was a small gallery, too, but that was occupied by a brass band on such great occasions as Exhibition day and Fourth of July orations.

The young gentlemen and young ladies who were to recite always came upon the stage through a door at the side, from a stair-way that led to the room below. On the stage at one side was a piano, at the other were some arm-chairs for the principal and the teachers, and in the middle was a wide, open space, for the speakers.

The hall was well filled at an early hour, and was quite crowded by the time the recitations began. All sorts of people were there, and Bi Hunter said to Mr. Sadler that he "would n't have missed seeing that crowd for a good deal."

Piney was to be one of the first speakers, just after a dialogue between some young ladies, and his mother and Aunt Keziah thought that dialogue never would come to an end. But it did, and the young ladies walked off, and Piney walked on.

"Mercy sakes!" exclaimed Aunt Keziah, in a whisper to Mary Hunter.

"What is it?"

"Don't you see? Piney's pale."

"So he is. Poor fellow!"

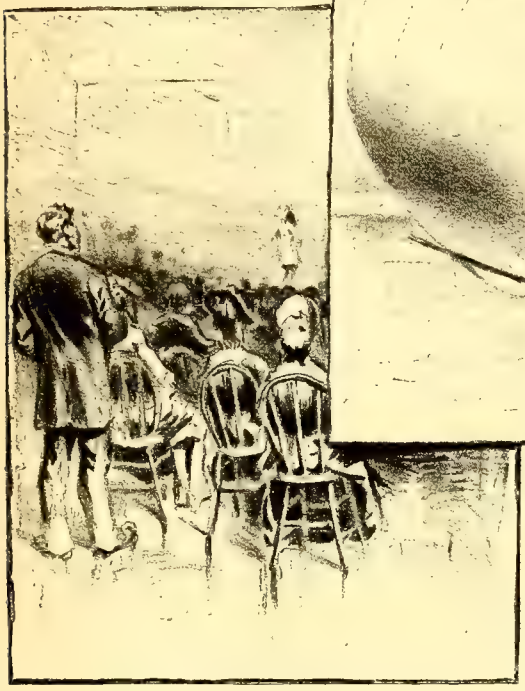
It was only for a moment, however, and his

color came again as he went on and found himself remembering the piece perfectly. He recited fairly well, too, and Bill Young whispered to Kyle Wilbur: "You can't beat that."

"Wont I, though?" said Kyle. "You 'll see."

There was a sort of rumor among the boys that Kyle meant to try on something uncommon, but his turn was not to come for a good while yet.

There were piano-music and singing, and more dialogues, and other boys, and then the time arrived for Roxy to say "The Breaking Waves."



ROXY'S ORATION.

Cousin Mary had gone with her as far as the door that opened upon the stage, although Roxy knew the way well enough, and did not seem one bit afraid. Then Mary stood at the door, with it open just a little, to see how Roxy got along.

She began nicely, after she had made her bow, with only a slight tremor in her clear, childish voice, and everybody was delighted, especially her mother and Aunt Keziah and Aunt Sarah and Uncle Liph and Grandfather Hunter. Stanza followed stanza, just as if she had been at home, till she was more than half through.

Then the first line of the next stanza seemed to have got away from her, and she hesitated. It was a dreadful moment for her.

"'What sought they thus afar,'" whispered cousin Mary, through the crack of the side door.

"That 's it! I remember now!" said Roxy, triumphantly, and she went on to the end amid a perfect storm of applause.

And now came Kyle Wilbur's turn, and all the boys nudged one another with their elbows.



THE SAIL.

"Something 's coming," said Piney to Bi, as he crowded into a seat beside him.

And so there was. Kyle Wilbur was coming and bringing something else with him. It had cost him half the money he had saved up for his next Fourth of July fire-works, and he stepped behind the door, when his name was called, just long enough to scratch a match on the top stair.

Then he marched on, carrying in each hand one of those queer fire-works called "flower-pots," of the largest size he had been able to find.

Each of those "flower-pots" was already beginning to fizz a little on top, but Kyle gravely set them down on the floor, one on each side of him, at arm's length, and plunged into the recitation of

> "The boy stood on the burning deck
> Whence all but him had fled."

Before he was into the third stanza his fire-works began to throw out their showers of fire and stars, and the audience was shouting and stamping most enthusiastically. The boys yelled with delight, but Kyle went steadily on, regardless of the astonished looks of the teachers on the other side of the stage.

Just before he got through, one of the fire-works

came to the loud "bang" they all make at the last, and the other went off as he was saying:

"There came a burst of thunder sound
The boy, O, where was he."

Nothing could have worked better, and the academy principal hardly knew what to do till Kyle made his bow. Then, just when he ought to have walked off, he exclaimed: "There, Piney Hunter, is n't that better than birch-bark?"

Of course there was more stamping and cheering, and by the time it was over, Kyle Wilbur was outside of the academy.

CHAPTER XIX.

THERE probably was not a more popular boy in or about Parable Centre, for the rest of that Saturday, than Kyle Wilbur, but for some reason or other he did not stay to enjoy it. He preferred to walk home with Piney and Bi Hunter.

"Kyle," said Piney, as they strolled along, "I 've got an idea about our old scow. We 're going up through the lakes next Monday, if the weather 's good, and it 'll be a long row."

"Rather long, that 's a fact," said Kyle.

"Now, if we had a mast and sail—"

"Just the thing," exclaimed Bi. "She 'll bear it. I 've sailed in a yacht. I 've seen all sorts of boats."

"Can you show us how to rig up a sail for the scow?"

"Of course I can. You 'll want a keel first."

"But how about the mast and sail?" said Kyle.

"Easy enough," answered Piney. "I 've got a piece of straight spruce sapling that 'll make a good mast. It 's more 'n ten feet high. We can bore an auger-hole in the middle seat."

"No," said Bi, "in the seat next to the front end, if there 's any front end to a scow like that. I 'll show you how to step it,—that is, how to fit it in. Then there 'll have to be a boom and a yard."

"To rig the sail on?" asked Kyle.

"Yes. Piney, how about the sail?"

"Got an old sheet that 'll do. We can cut it out and have it hemmed. There 's lots of rope around the house."

"And we can put in stones for ballast. Hurrah!" shouted Bi. "We 'll make her go. Let 's hurry to the house."

The Exhibition was forgotten sooner than anything like it had ever been forgotten before, and it was wonderful how soon those boys got home.

The boat was hauled out on the grass, and turned bottom upward, and then the work began.

It seemed nothing at all to them to make the keel, and then bore an auger-hole in one of the seats and to nail a block of wood with a hole in it just under the hole in the seat, on the bottom.

"The rudder puzzles me a little," said Piney. "How about that?"

"Put in a couple of thole pins in the middle at the stern, and we can steer with a paddle."

"I see. That 'll do," said Piney. "Now let 's shove her into the water."

Nobody would have known that the old scow had a keel now, to have looked at her. She sat on the water just as quietly as usual, without a word to say about it.

When they stuck in the mast, however, it made her look a little queer, and just then the bell rang for supper.

"We can fix up the sail this evening," said Piney. "Mother and Aunt Keziah 'll help us."

And so they did, and Cousin Mary, too, and the sail was cut and fitted all the better for that.

It was pretty hard to keep from "talking boat" that Sunday, and Piney and Bi retired to their own rooms at night a little earlier than usual.

Piney and Bi could hardly eat their breakfast next morning, and came near going off without the basket of luncheon which Aunt Keziah had prepared for them.

The mast was put in its place, the boom and the yard, with the sail between, were fitted to theirs. Bi took the steering paddle, Kyle stowed away the luncheon and bait, Piney shoved the boat off, and then, as the breeze filled the sail, they heard a sound of cheering from the house.

The whole family were out, waving their hands and handkerchiefs, and Roxy and Susie were running across the lawn toward the landing so fast they could not even say "Hurrah!"

As for the old scow, she really made a fair "cat-boat" and slipped along pretty fast.

CHAPTER XX.

THAT Monday promised to be for Susie and Roxy the very best since Uncle Liph and his family came to the farm-house. Not only was the weather out-of-doors all that could be asked, but everything else seemed arranged to suit the two girls. Aunt Keziah had taken a notion to have Chub with her all the time. Uncle Liph and Grandfather Hunter were planning a ride with Aunt Sarah and Roxy's mother. Piney and Bi were gone off a-sailing. Mary Hunter and Mr. Sadler were playing chess in the front parlor. In fact, the two girls were left to take care of themselves, and what more could they have asked for?

That was the way it seemed to them, and they did not ask for anything.

They just took their dolls, put on their wide-brimmed sun-bonnets, and marched out through the front gate and up the north road.



"OH, THERE 'S A DARNING-NEEDLE!"

"The farther north you go," said Roxy, "the cooler it is;" and the next moment, she added, with a start of surprise: "O, Susie, there 's a darning-needle lit on your sun-bonnet!"

"A darning-needle? Lit on my bonnet? What is it, Roxy?"

Susie's voice sounded a little scared, for Roxy was watching the great, brilliant dragon-fly which had paused on her cousin's hat, with a look that expressed some dread of it.

"Take it off and look at him. There he goes. That 's his needle. Is n't he beautiful?"

Susie had snatched off her sun-bonnet and she gazed after the dragon-fly with wide open mouth and eyes.

"Let 's go home, Roxy."

"What for?"

"Why, I don't like those flies."

"It is n't a fly."

"Is n't it? Is it a sort of bird?"

"Now, Susie, they don't hurt anybody They don't even sting. They only scare you a little."

Susie looked at her bonnet carefully, but it was unharmed, and she decided not to go back to the house for a while.

There were plenty of thistles at the roadside, here and there, with large, red flowers, and Roxy and Susie stood by a patch of them for some minutes, watching the bees, wasps and hornets that flew by or settled near them.

Indeed, as they walked along, Roxy was able to point out to her city cousin quite a number of insects and birds. A crow, a robin, a cat-bird, a meadow-lark, a bobolink, a blue-jay, one after the other, were made the subject of admiring comment.

"Are there any snakes?" asked Susie.

"Yes, but they don't live in the road. They 're over in the swamps and among the rocks up on the hill where we pick huckleberries."

"O, I would n't go there for anything."

"Snakes don't hurt anything. Aunt Keziah says there used to be more of 'em, but the country is too poor to raise snakes, nowadays."

Neither of them had any idea how far they had walked, they had been so busy with their birds and insects, and their talk; but they were beginning to feel a little tired, and they were about to have a real "scare."

"What noise is that?" asked Susie, turning her head the way they had come.

"That? Don't you know? That 's cows."

"But how loud it is!"

"So it is," said Roxy. "O, dear me, there must be a drove of cattle!"

"Oh,–oh! Wont they run over us?"

"Of course they will. Cattle are just dreadful!"

"O, Mother! Mother!" exclaimed poor Susie. "I wish I was home!"

"Come, now, Susie, don't cry," said Roxy, putting her little arms about her cousin. "It 's a good deal better just to climb the fence."

It was a nice rail fence, easy to climb, even for such little girls as those two were, but they were not on the other side of it any too soon. The drove of cattle was a large one, and some of the great oxen in front acted as if they were angry. The road was crowded, and if the girls had been in it they would surely have been hurt.

They were safe behind the fence, but it made

them a good deal frightened to hear so much noise, and to see so many pairs of long, dangerous-looking horns.

There were some men on horseback and one or two on foot behind the drove of cattle, and a man coming from the other way, in a lumber-wagon, with two horses, stopped right in front of where the girls were. He had driven through the drove slowly, and he seemed angry.

"There ort to be a law agin' it," he shouted to the men on horseback. "Drivin' a drove like that on such a traveled road as this, at this time o' day! Somebody might be killed."

"Got any critters to sell?" returned one of the horsemen. "Beef 's goin' down."

"S'pose somebody's children,—I declare, if there aint two little gals, now,—they might have been just trampled!"

"Why, Susie, it 's Deacon Simmons," exclaimed Roxy, and then she shouted at the top of her voice: "Deacon Simmons! Deacon Simmons!"

"Is that you, Roxy? Well, if you aint a pilgrum to-day, wuss 'n you was a Saturday! How 'd ye git so far from home?"

"We walked," said Roxy.

"You did, did ye? Why, it 's a good four mile. Well, you 'll just git in with me and ride home, you will. Did the drove scare ye?"

"It scared Susie, but we remembered to climb the fence," said Roxy.

"It 's well ye did."

Roxy and Susie climbed back into the road, and the good deacon ceased scolding the drover and helped them into the wagon.

"What could have got into Keziah Merrill," he said, "let alone your mother, to have let two such bits of things ramble off alone? If my wife was here, she 'd give her a piece of her mind. Don't know but I will myself."

For all his indignation, however, Deacon Simmons chatted with Roxy and Susie all the way to the front gate of their own home.

There stood Aunt Keziah and Roxy's mother and Cousin Mary, looking up and down the road, and Mary exclaimed: "There they are, sure enough! Dear me, I sent Mr. Sadler the wrong way!"

CHAPTER XXI.

SOMEBODY or other said, a great while ago, that the funniest thing about a river was that its head and its mouth were so far apart. For all that, every river seems to know just where to go. You never heard of one trying to climb over a hill. Even such a little bit of a river as the Ti-ough-ne-au-ga, that ran through those little lakes and on down the valley, was wise enough to pick out the easiest course to run in. For that reason the banks of it were quite low, except in one or two places where it had made or found a channel through a ridge of ground. Here it was narrow, and there were ledges of rocks on one side or the other; but they helped make the scenery beautiful.

The three boys thought they had never seen anything finer in their lives. Kyle Wilbur and Piney Hunter had seen it all before, and had visited all of it in that very boat. But then the old scow did not have a mast and sail in it until that morning, and that made a great difference in everything else.

They narrowly watched Bi in his management of the sail, and their respect for the city boy was very much increased. The curiosity was that while the wind blew from the south-west all the while, and the river made any number of crooks and turns, Bi kept the boat in motion in the right direction by changing the position of the sail. Now it was right over the boat, then it would swing out a little on one side or the other, and then he would let it away out at right angles, or even farther.

They soon came out into the middle lake. It was about as large as the one by the farm-house, but a little wider.

As the scow moved swiftly on from the narrow place where the river went out of the lake, Bi noticed that both his friends were busy with their fishing-tackle.

"O, boys," he exclaimed, "let 's sail. Don't stop to catch fish."

"No," said Piney, "we wont stop. Only I 've always thought how I could troll for pickerel if I had a sail-boat. I 've got the neatest kind of a spoon-hook, and here 's one for you, already rigged."

"A spoon-hook!" shouted Bi, "that 's splendid. Why, I 've often trolled for blue-fish on Long Island Sound. Hurrah!" he continued. "I 'll set the boat steady right up the lake, and we 'll all try our hands."

The "spoon-hooks" were just what their name indicated. They were of pretty good size, with what was shaped like the bowl of a spoon just above them, and when they were pulled through the water the shining metal twirled and glittered in a way to make a pickerel think he saw the prettiest kind of a "shiner," just ready to be eaten.

In the course of two minutes or so there were three of those hooks leaping and flashing along the little waves in the wake of the old scow.

It was magnificent fun. No worry about bait. No rowing to do. Nothing but to lie there in the stern of the old scow and watch for bites, while the light breeze carried the boat northward.

Piney could have sung something, if he could have thought of a song that would not scare the

fish, and Kyle Wilbur's sallow face began to look red and earnest.

The first bite came to Bi's hook, and he "struck it," as fishermen say, in a way that told a story for his blue-fishing. That is, the other boys saw that he knew how to do it, and again they wondered that a city boy, and a bit of a dandy, too, should know so much about some things when he knew so little about others.

"Guess he might say the same of us," thought Piney, "if he had us in the city."

But Bi pulled in his pickerel hand-over-hand, and landed him safely in the bottom of the boat.

Just then there was a tug at Piney's line that almost took it away from him.

"You 've got one!" shouted Bi.

"Not too hard, Piney," said Kyle, coolly. "You might pull it out of his mouth."

"Or break my line," exclaimed Piney, his face blazing with excitement. "I say, boys, this one 's a regular cod-lamper. See him jump!"

"Give him line," screamed Bi. "That one wont hold him on a dead pull."

It was not very easy for Bi and Kyle to keep their eyes away from Piney's fight with that big fish, and it took a good while to master that pickerel with that tackle. If Piney had been in too much of a hurry he would surely have lost his game, but he stuck to it bravely and patiently, and at last he pulled him alongside the boat.

"Hold him steady," said Kyle, "till I give him a lift."

"Quick, now," shouted Piney.

And Kyle was quick, and in an instant more the pickerel was in the boat, the biggest fish either of them had ever seen caught in those lakes.

Bi Hunter lost a capital bite while he was looking at that pickerel, and Kyle Wilbur said:

"Now it 's my turn. I guess I 'll catch something."

And so he did, only it was not a pickerel but a fine, large yellow perch.

"They don't often strike a spoon hook," said Piney, "but they do, sometimes—the larger ones."

Four or five more fish were pulled in, before they reached the end of the lake.

The river between the middle lake that they were in and the upper one, was merely a short "strait," hardly half a mile in length, windings and all.

"Not so many farms around this lake," said Bi, as they sailed in. "More woods. Hullo, Piney, is n't that an island?"

"Rockiest kind of one," said Piney. "We 'll eat our luncheon there. Let 's sail all around it and troll as we go."

That may have been a "better fishing-ground," and it was true that they pulled in a greater number, but neither of them caught a match for Piney's big pickerel. The island looked wonderfully attractive, with its tall trees rising among the rocks, and the boys soon began to feel hungry.

"It 's like going into the wilderness," remarked Bi, as he lowered the sail and the boat put her nose against the shore.

"That 's a big word," said Kyle, "for an island that is n't more 'n an acre 'n a-half of land, and that nobody 'd live on if you 'd give it to 'em."

"I brought some matches," said Bi; "we 'll have a fire in less than no time."

"And we 'll cook some of our own fish," said Piney. "Soon as I 've put 'em on a string I 'll wash some stones to cook fish on. It 's the way the Indians did. Heat your stones good and hot. Use flat ones, you know. Beats a broiler all hollow."

His first care, however, was to "string" all his fish, except the few small pickerel which he meant to cook, on a stout piece of twine, and then he lowered the whole string into the water and fastened it to the boat to keep them fresh.

"Now for dinner. O, but I 'm hungry!"

Kyle Wilbur had gathered bark and dead wood and started a fire, and Bi had helped him actively. Then Kyle said: "Now, Bi, you 'tend fire, and I 'll help Piney clean fish."

Aunt Keziah had put up a liberal luncheon and a nice one, but nothing in the basket tasted half so good as those fish.

"Best picnic I ever heard of," exclaimed Bi. "If I lived out here I 'd come to the island once a week."

After dinner the boys spent nearly an hour in rambling over the island and climbing among the rocks, till Piney said, at last:

"Well, let 's go for some more fish, for we 'd better be starting for home pretty soon."

The scow was right there waiting for them, and the heavy "string" of pickerel and perch was lifted out of the water and into the boat.

"Boys," said Bi, as he raised the sail, "shove her off. But I just hate to leave that island."

"So do I," exclaimed Kyle and Piney, almost in the same breath.

CHAPTER XXII.

AT the very time their friends at home were talking with Deacon Simmons about the girls, Piney, Bi and Kyle were pushing away from the island. There was just about wind enough to fill the sail, at first, but the old scow went along very slowly, and before they had gone far, the water was as still as a wash-tub, and the sail hung limp and idle.

"What a dead calm!" said Bi.

"Never mind," said Piney, "we can't troll, but we 've plenty of bait. We can just anchor and fish."

Something like an hour went by, and the lake and the rocks and woods were a perfect picture of peace and quiet. It was enough to make the boys feel sleepy, and not one of them had thought to notice the sky. To be sure, there were not many clouds to be seen, only a sort of misty cloud-bank in the east, but pretty soon Kyle looked up from putting a bull-head on the string and remarked: "I say, boys, there 's some wind a-comin'. We wont have to row home."

"Wind?" exclaimed Bi. "So there is. It 'll be here quick, too. Let 's have up the anchor."

He began at once to pull on the anchor-rope, and Piney and Kyle, just to be good sailors and help him, hoisted the sail.

"Hold on!" shouted Bi. "We 're not half ready. It looks like a squall."

There had been a ripple on the water, away toward the eastern shore of the lake. Just a little rough patch at first, but it grew and spread, and darkened with sudden swiftness, and came sweeping on toward the boat while Bi was lifting the anchor.

"It 's coming," shouted Kyle, as he gave an extra tug to the halliards of the sail.

"Here it is!" exclaimed Piney, as the cool breeze blew sharply on his cheek.

"Kyle, drop that rope," shouted Bi, excitedly, and Kyle dropped it; but a knot on it caught on one of the seats and held it firmly, just as the sail swelled out with the full force of the fierce gust of wind which followed.

It seemed, for a moment, as if the mast would break, but it was a tough, well-seasoned piece of spruce, and it bent without breaking.

If it had broken then, the boat would not have been upset; but as it was, the wind seemed to take hold of the sail more and more fiercely, and forced it over further and further, till one of the flat stones they had put in for ballast slipped out of its place, and over went the old scow, and Piney, Bi and Kyle went over with it.

The next moment, they were all puffing around in the water, and Bi was especially glad of the fact that he knew how to swim.

"Shall we strike for the shore or the island?" he asked. "The island's nearest. Guess I could swim ashore, though, with one of the paddles to help keep me up."

"No, sir-ee!" shouted Piney. "We 'll just right the old scow and bail her out."

"Can we do that?"

"Course we can," said Kyle, "if the water is n't too rough. We 've tipped her and righted her, lots of times."

Bi had not thought of that, but he took hold manfully with the other two.

"I see what 's the matter," he said, after they had worked in vain for a few minutes. "It 's the sail. We must manage to get it down."

"Of course," said Piney. "What a stupid I am, not to have thought of that."

There was nothing very difficult about it, and before long they had the old boat righted, but she was nearly full, and her sides were only an inch or two above water. Half the waves that came went right over into her.

Still the boys worked away with their hats, and were gaining pretty fast, when Piney exclaimed:

"Look here, Kyle, don't you see? Bi 's getting tired out. He can't swim like you and me."

"What 'll we do?"

"I could hold on awhile," began Bi, very bravely, although his face was a little pale, but Piney interrupted him with:

"No, you can't. You go to the end of the boat and climb over in. She 'll carry you, all alone."

Bi did so, for he felt pretty well exhausted, and he was delighted to find that his weight only sank the boat down to about where she had been when they began.

"Try to pull in the anchor," said Piney. "We 'll help you. But don't upset her again."

It was what Kyle Wilbur called "mighty ticklish business," but the anchor was lifted in and Bi began to bail as fast as he could with his hat.

"Work away," said Piney, "while Kyle and I tow her toward the island."

"Pity we 've lost all our fish," said Kyle, mournfully.

"Lost em?" said Piney. "Not a bit of it. But I 'd forgotten 'em. We never can tow the boat with those strings of fish dragging alongside."

"They 're hitched to the boat!" exclaimed Kyle. "So they are! Why, we can throw 'em right in."

"Careful!" said Piney. "Take it easy or we 'll have the boat over. Bi 's bailing like a good fellow. If it was n't for the waves washing in he 'd get ahead fast. Now, Kyle."

Bi helped them put the fish in, and his face wore a sort of mortified expression as he saw Piney strike out toward the shore, with the hitching-chain of the boat fastened to his coat-collar, while Kyle Wilbur pushed with all his might at the stern.

Bi envied them their strength and skill as swimmers, but he tried to do his share of the work with his hat. The paddles and seats had all been saved, and the fishing-rods. As for the trolling-lines, they had been tied to the thole-pins and

were safe. All that was lost was the bait-box, they thought, until Piney turned over in the water and exclaimed: "The luncheon basket!"

"Bottom of the lake," replied Kyle.

"That 's too bad," said Bi.

"Aunt Keziah 'll think so," said Piney, ruefully. "Basket, napkins, plates, forks, knives, spoons, pepper-box, and pickle-bottle, all drowned."

"Can't be helped," said Kyle. "It was too deep to dive for 'em."

Altogether too deep, and the boys worked their way manfully to the shore.

Once there, it was easy enough to drag the boat half out of the water on a sloping beach, and turn her up on one side to drain. It was easier than bailing in that hot sun. Some more stones were put in for ballast when they launched her again, but the afternoon was pretty well used up when they started for home.

So were the boys, but then the wind was fair and strong, so that they had no more hard work before them.

Chapter XXIII.

Late that afternoon Uncle Liph Hunter came back with the carry-all. Of course he brought the mail, but they were all a little surprised to see Grandfather also, and both he and Uncle Liph were more than usually bright and smiling.

"What makes you look so happy?" said Aunt Keziah.

"O, because we 've some news for the family," said Uncle Liph.

"News! What can it be?"

"I 'll tell you. They 've been giving the prizes for the Exhibition. The teachers, of course, reported who were best in all the classes, but they selected a committee of gentlemen in the audience to decide on the prizes for declamation."

"That was fair," said Aunt Keziah.

"Fair!" said Uncle Liph. "Yes; but who do you think got the prizes?"

"Do tell us," said Aunt Keziah.

"Well, the report of the committee says, 'First prize for excellence in declamation, Kyle Wilbur.'"

"You don't say!" exclaimed Aunt Keziah. "His fire-works did that."

"The teachers said as much, and I think they only half liked it. But there was a second prize. The first is a big dictionary, and the second, a fine copy of 'Stockton's Roundabout Rambles.'"

"O!" exclaimed Susie. "Who got it?"

"A young lady named Roxy Hunter."

O, what a shout there was from all the aunties and Cousin Mary, and Mr. Sadler picked up Roxy and tossed her almost to the ceiling.

"Piney and Bi and Kyle are out sailing yet, but it 's pretty near time they were home," said Aunt Keziah. "I do hope nothing has happened to 'em. They 're gone clean through to the upper lake."

Another hour went by, however, and another, and the people at the farm-house began almost to feel uneasy, as tea-time drew near and there were no signs of the return of their young sailors.

Just then a tall lady came in through the front gate, and Aunt Keziah exclaimed:

"If there is n't Kyle's mother! Wonder if she 's alarmed about him?"

Mrs. Wilbur came in and was introduced to the visitors from the city.

"Did n't my Kyle go a-boatin' with your Piney?" she asked of Piney's mother.

"Yes, and with his Cousin Bayard."

"Well, don't it seem to you as if they 'd been gone long enough? Kyle 's got his cows to go for, and there 's the pigs to feed and lots of other chores. But then it 's vacation, and boys are boys."

"Your boy seems a very promising one," said Uncle Liph. "Have you heard from the village to-day?"

"Not a word. Do you mean from the academy? Now, I do declare! I know that caper of his on Exhibition day 'll get him into a scrape, but I could n't help laughin'."

"Everybody laughed," said Uncle Liph. "And what 's more, the committee awarded him the first prize."

"You don't say! The first prize to my Kyle? Now, if that is n't somethin' worth while. It 'll be the makin' of him. All he 's been a needin' this ever so long was a little settin' up."

"He 's got it now," said Grandfather Hunter. "It 's a dictionary. Largest size that 's printed."

"He 'll read it through, then, he will. You see, he and Piney are neighbors, and they 're good friends; but Piney beats him too bad on books and such things. But now he 's won a prize right over Piney's head. I declare!"

They all sympathized too much with Mrs. Wilbur's pleasure to say anything just then about Piney's school record. Even Aunt Keziah shut her lips resolutely, but Roxy marched forward with:

"Kyle got one prize, Mrs. Wilbur, but I got the other. I did n't forget a word of my piece."

"You got a prize, my dear?" said Mrs. Wilbur. "I 'm glad of it. But, Mrs. Hunter,—Keziah, don't you think those boys ought to be home by this time?"

Mr. Sadler and Mary had walked out on the lawn while the rest were talking, and just at that moment they heard him shout: "Here they are! All three of them. Boat and all."

There they were, indeed, and they rapidly sailed

in toward the landing, where their friends came hurrying down to meet them. But they were not the neatly dressed party of young fellows that had sailed away that morning. To be sure, they had been pretty well dried by the sun and wind on the way home, but there was no need for them to tell that they had all been in the water. And then, such looking hats! It does not improve a straw hat at all to bail out a boat with it.

The boys were in splendid spirits, however, and, as they came in, they lifted their strings of fish and swung them proudly around, and then the next half hour was taken up in telling the story of the upset and in answering questions.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE evening after what Bi Hunter called "the cruise of the scow" was by all odds the brightest one he had had at the farm-house. Not only were he and Piney better acquainted, so that they understood each other, but there were no school-books nor lessons in the way; that is, Piney was free, and vacation had really come.

It was a beautiful evening, and Piney's mother and Cousin Mary played on the piano and sang; and, after the children were in bed, Grandfather said he was tired and went too, and Bi and Piney got out the chess-board.

Then Piney's mother came and sat down by the boys, and Uncle Liph and Aunt Sarah went and sat on the front piazza. All of a sudden, Aunt Keziah looked up and said to Piney's mother:

"Elizabeth, where are Mary and Mr. Sadler?"

"They 've gone for a walk, Keziah. To-morrow 's the last day he can stay here."

"Is it?" exclaimed Piney. "Then, we must show him some fun in the hay-field. The men say there are more bumble-bees' nests than they ever knew before. Some of 'em are in the grass where they 're mowing. The mowing breaks up the nests, anyway, and we might as well have the honey."

Whether Piney was right about that or not, he had always considered bees' nests fair prey, as all country boys do; and he and Bi awoke the next morning with a sort of a buzzing in their ears.

"Let 's go and practice with my bow and arrows till breakfast," said Piney.

"All right," said Bi. "I want to go for some pickerel, while I 'm here, and I might as well learn to shoot."

It was easy enough to set up a target out on the lawn, but Bi very quickly discovered that, as he expressed it, he was "not one bit of an Indian."

"Hullo!" he added, turning about: "Mr. Sadler and Mary are coming. Let him try a shot."

That was what they were coming for, and Cousin Mary stood, with her beautiful new white straw hat swinging from her hand, while Mr. Sadler took the bow and one of the blunt, wooden-headed arrows, to see what he could do with them.

"Oh, Susie," shouted Roxy, on the piazza, "they are bow-and-arrowing out on the lawn!"

"And Mr. Sadler 's going to shoot!" said Susie. "Let 's go and see."

Mr. Sadler had fitted the arrow on the string just then, and was beginning to pull on it; but the bow was harder to bend than he had expected, and, just as he was beginning to raise it and was turning toward the target, his finger slipped from the end of the arrow. Cousin Mary had been looking hard at the target, as if she expected to see that arrow sticking in the middle of it the next moment, but Mr. Sadler exclaimed: "Well, now!"

And Roxy, who was running across the lawn like a little deer, in a short dress, shouted:

"Oh, Cousin Mary, he 's shooted your new hat!"

Bi and Piney tried hard not to laugh, but the more they tried the more they looked as if they wanted to. There was no mistake about it. There was the hat, ten feet away, on the grass, with the arrow sticking through the middle of the crown!

"Oh, never mind!" said Mary; "the arrow is n't hurt a bit."

"But the hat is," said Roxy, as she breathlessly picked it up.

"Take another arrow, Mr. Sadler," said Piney. "You made a center shot that time."

Poor Mr. Sadler's face was pretty red, and he hardly knew what to say; but Cousin Mary's face wore so kind and smiling a look, that he just took the fresh arrow from Piney and turned toward the target. Such a pull as he gave that bow-string!

And, when he let go, the arrow never stopped to make a dent on the target. It went twenty feet above it, and on, on, on, till it was tired out and tumbled into the lake.

"Never mind," said Piney. "It 'll float ashore. We 'll find it. There goes the breakfast-bell."

After breakfast, they were all soon ready for the hay-field and on their way through the barn-yard and into the lane.

About half-way up the lane they came to some bars in the fence, and Piney let them down, so they could all walk through. He led them right across that field and a little way down the hill-side, and through some more bars, and then they were in the hay-field.

It certainly was a fine field of hay, but one of the mowers motioned to them to stay where they were. He shouted to Piney that they had "jist been clean driven away from that easterly swath by the biggest nest of bumble-bees ever stirred up. They 're all mad, and they 'll go for ye, sure."

"Hurrah, Bi," shouted Piney. "There 's Kyle coming across the meadow. Do as I do."

Out came his handkerchief. He spread it over the back of his head and down over his ears, and tucked it under his shirt-collar, and put his hat on hard.

"They wont get in through that," he said, as he saw Bi and Mr. Sadler imitating him. Then he gathered a handful of long grass and weeds.

"Get a good brush, like that," he said to Bi. "Don't mind 'em unless they 'light on a place where they can sting through."

Cousin Mary and Aunt Keziah and the children remained where they were. They even took up rakes and made believe "make hay," but they could not help watching Piney and the rest as they went for that nest of bees and honey.

The bee-hunters had no difficulty in finding about where that nest was. Not only the mowers pointed it out to them, but both Kyle and Piney were familiar with the business they were on. As they drew nearer, more than one angry bee made a dash at them, but Bi and Mr. Sadler followed the example of the two country boys, and merely brushed their enemies away.

The trouble was that the insects did not seem to know what fear was, and charged again and again, no matter how often they were knocked into the grass.

"Here it is," shouted Piney. "It 's a big one. Now, Kyle, keep 'em off while I take it out. They 're coming."

He stooped down as he spoke and dug with his bare fingers in the grass at the side of a large, round stone. Not many boys would have had the nerve to pry out that nest and pick it up, but Piney Hunter did, and all the while Kyle Wilbur was thrashing away like mad in all directions against a swarm of angry bumble-bees. Bi and Mr. Sadler came running up, and they, too, were compelled to work with their bunches of grass and weeds, as if they were earning very large wages, indeed.

"Had n't we better run?" asked Bi.

"Run, then. That 's what I 'm going to do. But keep on whipping. They 'll follow you."

It was good advice, for the bees did follow, ever so many of them. Piney held the nest in one hand and fought with the other, and somehow he and Kyle got off without a sting. Perhaps it was because they ran along together and kept a good look-out on each other. If a bee alighted on either of them he was instantly brushed away.

"In union there is strength," and Mr. Sadler and Bi got separated as they ran.

Mary saw them running, and exclaimed: "O, Aunt Keziah! The bees are after them."

"Of course they are. But look at Piney. He 's got the nest."

Mr. Sadler should have been wiser than to have run in the direction he took. To be sure, he had whipped himself free of his enemies, except one that managed to settle for a moment on his nose, but another dashed on ahead and, while poor Cousin Mary was thinking of anything but her own safety, she suddenly felt something terribly hot on her under lip.

"Oh, Aunt Keziah, I 'm stung!"

"Are you, my dear? I 'm sorry for that. Where did he sting you?"

"On my lip. Oh, dear!"

It really pained her very much and Roxy said, as Mr. Sadler came up: "There, Mr. Sadler, you brought a bee with you, and he 's stung Cousin Mary on her lip. It 's awful."

He, too, seemed to think it "awful," for he took his hand away from his nose and began to say so, but Aunt Keziah exclaimed: "Nonsense! All that fuss about a bee-sting. Put a little mud on it and and let 's go and see 'em mow."

In a few minutes Piney came in with his prize. It was indeed a large nest, with several table-spoonfuls, more or less, of the most delicious honey any of them had ever tasted. So they all said, but, not long after, Mr. Sadler and Cousin Mary walked back together toward the bars.

By that time, however, Piney and Bi and Kyle were fighting with another lot of bumble-bees.

Chapter XXV.

THE fun of the hay-field, for Cousin Mary and Mr. Sadler, had been spoiled by two angry bumble-bees, but that was no reason why all the rest should give it up, and they did not.

The bees of that next nest managed to get a good sting at all three of the boys, and Bi Hunter learned more respect for them than he had had before. His handkerchief had got out of his neck and a very angry bumble-bee had stung him. Piney and Kyle had each been stung too, but it was an old story to them and they did not seem to mind it much.

As for Aunt Keziah, she was more interested in seeing what a good crop of hay she was to have, and Roxy and Susie began to turn their attention to it also. They had brought their dolls with them, of course, and it was capital fun to put them to sleep and make houses for them in the low, soft mounds of hay, where it had been pitched into hay-cocks. And then they kicked the hay about in the "winnows," where it had been raked together.

"Is n't hay nice?" said Susie.

"Of course it is," said Roxy, "but they 're

going to load a wagon pretty soon. Then we 'll have a ride to the barn."

"That 'll be splendid!"

A good deal of the hay in that field was sufficiently cured to be carried home, and before noon a great wagon, drawn by two horses, with a wide wooden frame on top of the wagon-box, was slowly pulled along from one heap of hay to another.

Piney and his two friends were getting pretty warm over their fun, by this time, and Bi was troubled by a feeling that it was not exactly right.

"The bees own the nests," he said to himself, "and it 's their honey."

He had to give up making Kyle and Piney see it in that way, however, for Kyle told him:

"The bees own the honey till haying-time, Bi, —then it 's ours. Why, even if they sting a fellow they leave their sting in him."

Bi put his hand gently on the back of his neck, where a hot lump was growing, and he had very little pity for that particular bee.

"I say, boys," he exclaimed, as he looked across the field, "they 've loaded that wagon and they 're lifting the children on it for a ride. Just hear 'em scream. S'pose we go and ride in with 'em."

"All right," said Piney, "but who shrieked then?"

Not Roxy nor Susie, decidedly, and the next thing they saw was Aunt Keziah, running across from where she had been standing, and whipping her head with her apron.

"There 's a bee after her!" said Kyle.

"That 's too bad," said Bi.

Piney was already on a run to Aunt Keziah's assistance, but before he reached her she stopped, stood still a moment, and then walked slowly back toward the hay-wagon.

"What is the matter, Aunt Keziah?" asked Roxy, from the top of the hay-wagon. "Did they try to lift you up?"

She and Susie had enjoyed being lifted, but they had screamed pretty loudly, all the same.

"Did he sting you?" shouted Piney at the same moment.

"Sting?" said Aunt Keziah. "What do I care for a bee-sting? I 'm going back to the house, along with this load. I 've been fooling around here long enough."

Somehow or other, though, her right hand went up to her ear just then, for all the world as if something was smarting there.

"Come, boys," shouted Piney, "let 's climb up!"

The wagon was soon in motion, and it tilted this way and that over the rough places of the field, on its way to the bars, in a very exciting way.

How the two girls did hold on to their brothers!

"Does hay ever upset?" asked Susie.

"Does it, Piney?" said Bi.

"Oh, sometimes, but not on a straight, easy road like this. We 're all safe enough. Hold tight when we go down the lane, that 's all."

Roxy and Susie screamed with delight and fear, as the load of hay climbed the ascent to the bars leading into the lane, and then began to roll slowly down to the barn-yard. Right in front of the wide barn-doors, the horses stopped.

"I see now," said Bi, "why barn-doors are made so high. Why, the load can but just get in."

"That 's so," said Piney; "we must all get down, or we 'll be scraped off. Slip down the back end, Bi; I 'll let the girls down to you."

Bi did so, and Roxy and Susie clambered close behind him. They were trembling a little, but Roxy said: "Piney knows, Susie. It 's awful high, but we 'll get down."

Aunt Keziah was right there, with her hand on her ear, telling one of the farm-hands—a tall, strong man—to "help down those children, so they wont break their little necks."

Could she have been angry at that bee for stinging her? She would not have said so for anything, but she was plainly in a hurry to get to the house.

Bi took hold of Roxy's hand, and let her slip, slip, slip down the smooth surface of the hay, till the man below could reach up and touch her. Then he let go, and just as she was screaming, "Oh, Aunt Keziah!" she was caught in a pair of strong hands and landed safely on the ground.

"Come, Susie," she said at once. "Come on. Don't be scared. It just is n't anything at all."

Susie thought differently, but she took Bi's hand and began to slide; and then, almost before she could believe it, she was standing beside her cousin.

Kyle Wilbur was there, too, for he had swung himself down from the forward end of the wagon.

It was easy enough for a pair of active boys like Piney and Bi to come down without help. They would have scorned asking any.

Chapter XXVI.

Aunt Keziah did not go back to the hay-field that day. None of the older people did, and Roxy and Susie were prevailed upon to play in the neighborhood of the house, where there were no nests of angry bumble-bees.

When the boys came back from the hay-field they were hot and tired, and that evening was a quiet one at the old farm-house.

The next day Mr. Sadler had to return to the city, and very little could be done till after the carry-all came to the door to take him away. Uncle Liph and Aunt Sarah and Cousin Mary went over to the village with him, and when they came back Uncle Liph said to Piney's mother that he should have to cut short his visit.

"I may have to spend a week in the city, on business, and then we are all going down to the sea-shore," said he.

About noon the boys came marching in a slow procession toward Uncle Liph, who sat upon the front piazza.

"What?" said he, as they handed him some curious objects. "Six new arrow-heads! I declare, there 's one big enough for a spear-head. That war-club is a noble one, and so is the stone hatchet."

"Kyle found them. There are plenty of such things scattered about the old fields near here," said Piney. "They 're his present to you."

"Kyle? Well, now, I thank him very much," said Uncle Liph, and then he seemed to be thinking for a moment before he added:

"Kyle, would you like to visit the city?"

"O, yes, sir. I guess I would. Why, I never was in one in all my life."

"Well, I 'm going home next Monday, and I 'm to take Piney and Roxy with me, to stay a week. I 'd be glad to have you come and visit me with them."

Poor Kyle! It was almost too much to come at once. He blushed and stammered and did not know what to say, for it sounded very much as if he had been promised a peep into fairy-land.

"Ask your mother when you go home. I 'll show you all my curiosities and Bi will show you the city. You can see the houses and streets and the ships in the harbor, and the forts, and we 'll all go some day and have a look at the ocean."

Kyle's eyes seemed to be growing bigger while Uncle Liph was talking. But that was the first Piney had heard about the visit to the city, and Aunt Keziah exclaimed: "Do look at that boy! Piney, you aint going to burst, are ye?"

"I 'd like to do something. Mother, are you going to let us go?"

"Yes, my son. You and Roxy too."

"O, Chub, I 'm going to the city," shouted Roxy, as she hugged her fat little brother. "I 'm going to the city where the oshung is, and Piney's going, too, and Kyle Wilbur, and Kyle never was there before, and it 'll scare him half to death."

"I 'll ask my mother," said Kyle, as he began to edge away toward the door. "I guess she 'll let me go. It 's only for a week, and Bill Young 'll go for my cows while I 'm gone."

Mrs. Wilbur was glad enough to let Kyle make such a visit as that, and Mr. Hunter promised to send him home safely at the end of the week.

"That 's what comes of his speakin' so well at the Exhibition," she said.

The boys did all they could to make Friday and Saturday pleasant for Bi, but it was hard to talk of anything but the city, and poor Bi had to answer an endless string of questions. Then came Sunday, and Piney and Roxy thought it was the longest Sunday they had ever heard of.

Aunt Keziah and Piney's mother had been doing everything they could to get him and Roxy ready, and Mrs. Wilbur had been over to see them about Kyle's clothes again and again, until Aunt Keziah exclaimed: "Overcoat! Yes, and he 'd better take his skates, too, so 's to be ready if there 's a summer freeze while he 's there."

"It 's a tryin' piece of business, Keziah. He 's never traveled any."

"Well, he must learn," said Aunt Keziah.

It was indeed a trying piece of business to get Roxy and Susie off in proper shape, that Monday morning; but Piney had become, as he said, "kind o' settled down to it," and Kyle Wilbur was trying his best to imitate him.

Such a grand start they made, with the older people in the carry-all, and the trunks and the children in one of Aunt Keziah's farm-wagons.

Piney and Roxy looked a little sober when they kissed their mother good-bye, and Mrs. Wilbur came to the front gate with Kyle's dictionary under her arm; but for all that, the three boys managed to stand up in the wagon just after it started, and give "three cheers and a tiger" for the old farm-house and the lakes, and the dear, good friends who were gazing after them from the front piazza.

We could tell our readers the particulars of this happy visit to town. Of the sights the boys saw and the sights they did n't see, of the wisdom they found and the ignorance they lost—of how life seemed to widen before them when they saw the vast workings of business, trade and manufacture in a great city—and how, after they returned home, they never were quite the same that they were before. But the story would have no thrilling ending after all—not even if it carried them out of boyhood into manhood and old age. The lives of the great crowd of human beings about us are more interesting in the living than to those who look on. You have looked on while Piney and Bi and Kyle were passing through some happy weeks of boyhood, and if you have been interested and pleased, the author is satisfied.

THE END.

NED'S STILTS.

BY LUCY G. MORSE.



NED'S sis-ter, who slept in the room un-der his, was wak-ened one morn-ing by a loud thump! thump! o-ver her head, and a heav-y bump, as if Ned's four-post bed-stead had sud-den-ly be-gun to dance a reel and had fall-en a-part in the at-tempt. In a few mo-ments Ned called to her to come in-to the gar-den and see him walk on his stilts. At first he found it hard, for his legs went just where he did not want them to. He had al-most a hun-dred tum-bles and a-bout twen-ty bruis-es be-fore he could walk firm-ly. "Hur-rah!" he cried then. "These stilts make me as tall as my fa-ther! I can see as much as he can, with-out wait-ing to grow up. Hur-rah! I can see the world!"

While walk-ing a-bout, he came to an old ap-ple-tree. His head was high up a-mong the branch-es. There was a great flut-ter a-bout his head, and a low cry of "Peep! peep! peep!" just un-der his nose. He found him-self close by a nest with some lit-tle new-born rob-ins in it. "Oh!" he cried. "Here is some-thing I nev-er should have seen with-out my stilts. I knew those two birds that come to our kitch-en door ev-er-y day had a nest near by, and here it is. How the poor old birds cry! They think I am a great big stork, with my stilt-legs, and that I am go-ing to eat up their young ones this ver-y min-ute. Well, you fun-ny, lit-tle snip-per-snap-pers! You need not think *you* can eat up a big fel-low on stilts, not if you split your heads a-part, o-pen-ing your bills so wide! And I will just tell you one thing be-fore I go: boys are not so bad as you think they are. I don't be-lieve there ev-er was a boy who could look three lit-tle young rob-ins straight in the face and then do them a-ny harm at all. Tell that to your pa-rents. Good-bye!"

Ned went a-way on his stilts, and be-gan at once to tell his sis-ter what he had found; and soon she, too, had a peep in-to the nest.

NAUGHTY JACK.

Jack stole and ate an ap-ple-pie,
And said it was the cat.
To hide his theft he told a lie!
Oh, what is worse than that?

Up in the gar-ret he is locked,
And cry-ing, as you see,—
Two lit-tle mice are great-ly shocked
At such bad com-pa-ny.



Wa-ter and bread he has for food,
No cake, nor jam, nor cheese,
Un-til he says: "I will be good,
For-give me, if you please."

And he must pray that God his sin
Will par-don, if he try
Nev-er to steal—not e-ven a pin,
And nev-er tell a lie!



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

YOUR Jack has several things on his mind this time to talk over with you, although he feels the awkwardness of having to do so much of the talking himself.

In the first place, he would like to make sure that every sizable boy in the land has read, or will read, Brother Gladden's paper about city boys in the March ST. NICHOLAS. The dear Little School-ma'am says it is "perfectly splendid," and Deacon Greene declares it is "invaluable." Now these two always mean what they say; and it strikes me that a perfectly splendid, invaluable paper must be well worth reading, if only for the oddity of the thing.

Besides this matter, there 's a dubious bit of school news,—then some funny things I have heard about beavers, and cats, and swallows, and water-worms, and villages on house-tops, besides an insectivorous letter from that wonderful Little School-ma'am, to be delivered, and a choking story, that is appropriately hard to swallow,—and,—and—

Well, the only way is to begin.

"NO MORE TRUANTS."

A LITTLE school-ma'am writes from a town in Massachusetts that soon there are to be no more truants from schools. The reason is that there is to be a new way of teaching, in which the scholars are to ask the questions and the teachers are to answer them, or show the scholars how to do so. And, besides, the reading-books are to be full of pretty stories, fairy-tales and poems. What do you think of that, my chicks? Mind and let your Jack know just as soon as the new, happy times begin with you—if ever they do.

BEAVERS COASTING.

ONE of my friends in Iowa sends word that when her brother—now a General in the United States Army—was a boy, he was very fond of hunting, and a great favorite with the grown-up hunters. One of these took him on a bright moonlight night in winter to see a strange sight.

The pair crept through the cold, clear air to the home of some beavers. At the dam which the beavers had built, the moon was reflected from the ice with a great glare, and, in this light, the lookers-on saw the beavers have a splendid game of coasting down a long slide, from the top of the dam to the ice-covered stream below. The old beavers gave the young ones rides on their broad, flat tails; all slid down as gravely as judges, and then climbed up to have another. They kept it up until one of the watchers sneezed. At this, the beaver sentinels sounded the alarm, and then all was still—excepting that the lookers-on went away laughing heartily at what they had seen.

HOUSES ON THE ROOF.

NOT bird-houses, but real dwellings of men; and the roof on which they are built is that of the vast Cathedral of St. Peter, in Rome. The traveler who tells about this says that the houses make quite a little village, and that the persons who live in it are the workmen who take care of the great building beneath them.

HAVE INSECTS HEARTS?

DEAR JACK:—Please tell me if spiders and other insects have hearts. A. E. C.

Here is the Little School-ma'am's letter in reply:

MY DEAR JACK:—At your request, and for the benefit of all your inquiring youngsters, I send my answer to A. E. C.'s question.

Of course spiders have hearts.

The heart, you know, is a kind of small force-pump. There are muscles around it which keep squeezing and letting go, squeezing and letting go, all life through. These muscles act without any wishing or direction by their owner. Every time they loosen their grasp on the heart, the blood rushes in to fill it, and it becomes a tiny reservoir; every time they squeeze, the blood is forced out into the arteries with a throb, and starts on its long and winding journey through the body. Finally, having done its errands by leaving all along its path the materials for building up bone, and flesh, and skin, and every other part of the body, the blood is gathered in a thousand delicate veinlets, and at length finds its way in a single stream to the lungs, where the exhausted blood is rested and mixed with air and sent back to heart-headquarters to start on a new journey with a new burden of supplies. This is the way every sort of animal lives, and each has a heart, though, in some of the small, shapeless creatures that dwell in the water, and whose blood is thin and white, the heart is not easy to find.

The spider's heart is large, and shaped more like a banana than anything else. It lies a little way under the skin of the back, in the largest part of the body, and from each side of it start off branches through which the blood flows to the head, the legs, and the rest of the body. Although other insects are not formed precisely like this one, yet all have hearts.

But now, why is the spider called an *insect?* That is what I should like to have A. E. C. or somebody tell me.

THE LITTLE SCHOOL-MA'AM.

WELL-BEHAVED SWALLOWS.

OF course, your Jack knows very well that birds are not quite as good as human beings—are they? You need not answer, my dears, until you have read the following paragram:

"Up in the Rocky Mountains, parent swallows take tender care of their brood. After the little ones are grown up and can look well after themselves, the mother-bird lays more eggs, and, when these are hatched, the older brothers and sisters join with the father and mother in getting food for the new little ones. The young birds that are able to fly go hunting for grasshoppers, moths, and so on,

and carry these to their tiny brothers and sisters in the nest, feeding them as carefully and lovingly as if they were their parents."

A WATER-WORM THAT BUILDS A HOUSE.

"THERE is a curious little fellow called a caddis-worm," says D. C. B., "and he lives in the water



and builds his own house. The picture shows him in the bottle of water swimming among plants. The piece of paper leaning against the glass gives near its top a side view of him, without his house; below there is a front view of this dwelling, and, next, a back view of the little chap with the bumps and hooks that dove-tail him securely in his home. At the corner of the paper is a plan showing how he builds,—crossing the straws and splinters near their ends, and binding them together with a fine silk, which he spins from himself.

"In the circle you see him floating along in his house, which is very light and gives him no trouble. This is lucky for him, because, if he were to be long without his covering, some hungry fish would surely eat him up. But the house looks too prickly to be comfortably swallowed.

"In time, the caddis-worm comes to anchor, closes up his front door with a strong silken net, and becomes a pupa, with hooked jaws. These jaws bite through the net, and the pupa gayly swims away. By and by, it rises to the top of the water, where its stiff skin breaks open and forms a kind of boat, and in the boat appears a slender little fly with beautiful wings. One of these flies is shown on the table-cloth in the picture, near the foot of the bottle.

"I once had a caddis-worm in my aquarium, and gently took away his house. Then I gave him some tiny bright-hued straws. At the close of that same day, when I looked at him, I found that the busy little fellow had built himself a new house with the tinted straws, and it was as gay and bright as Joseph's coat of many colors."

Now, my hearers, who has seen a live caddis-worm? Look sharply for one in future, and, when found, let your Jack hear about it.

BRUNEL'S MOST IMPORTANT JOB.

DEAR MR. JACK: You may be interested in hearing about a curious piece of engineering, by Isambard Kingdom Brunel, the great English bridge-builder and engineer, by whom the Box Tunnel and the "Great Eastern" steam-ship were made. These were great achievements, but what I am going to tell you may be counted the most important work of his life, for if it had failed he would have lost his life.

One day, he was amusing his children by making a gold coin disappear and re-appear by sleight of hand. At length, he tossed the coin with a sudden swift movement into his mouth; it went a great deal farther than he had meant, however, and slipped into his windpipe, and almost choked him.

While the surgeons were hesitating, and calculating as to the best point for cutting into the windpipe, Mr. Brunel suddenly took his case into his own hands, as a mere piece of engineering. He had found, while coughing and choking, that, when his body and head were in a certain position, the coin lay edgewise in the windpipe; so he caused a platform to be made on which he could lie in that position, his head down. On this platform he stretched himself, and had his body rigidly fixed. Then he made an assistant strike blow after blow sharply on the foot of the platform. As he had anticipated, each stroke jerked the gold-piece, and it slipped by its own weight along the windpipe. It required many hammer-taps, but at length the coin rolled through the throat, into the mouth and out upon the floor.

G. M. K.

A CAT-TELEGRAPH.

IN a certain Belgian town, cats are being trained to run with messages, after the manner of carrier-pigeons; only, of course, the cats go afoot.

Your Jack is glad that a new way has been found to keep puss out of mischief, and give her something to do instead of catching birds. And there 's another encouraging side to this scrap of news; boys in Belgium must be growing gentler in their ways with cats, for people would never trust a cat alone with a message where the boys were ordinary boys—or, at least, like some boys I 've heard of.

BYE, BABY, BYE!

Words by MARY MAPES DODGE. *Music by* HUBERT P. MAIN.



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THE LETTER-BOX.

WALTER and Robert Lowry ask: "Will you please tell us how to tell a quail from a woodcock, by the markings?" Who will answer the question?

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A poem in the January number, entitled "Bidding the Sun 'Good-Night' in Lapland," says the sun sets in Lapland, and does not rise again for seven or eight months. Is that true? My parents and teachers say it is not true; and I read that in Nova Zembla, which is farther north than Lapland, the nights are only three months long. I am eleven years old.—Yours truly,

F. H. ROPER.

Here is what the author of the poem says in reply:

It is too much to say of Lapland in general that its people do not see the sun "for more than half a year." But we know there are many places, even among the White Mountains of New Hampshire, where the sun rises so late and sets so early that the day is much shorter than in ordinary localities near, and we can easily conceive how, in a time when the sun rises but a little way above the horizon, and that for only a few hours out of the twenty-four, a range of hills, in the direction where it rises, must prevent its being seen from the dark side of the hills, and from the valleys, "for more than half a year."

An article in "Chambers' Journal" entitled "A Winter in Lapland," on which the poem was based, says: "A Night that begins in early October, and ends in June," and "I had actually seen the sun go down into an obscurity that was to last the better part of a year." This was written of Kublitz, a village where the writer remained through one of these winter nights, and his account of it is exceedingly interesting.

JOY ALLISON.

FANNIE M. B.—Your question about the truth of the story, "A Faithful Friend," printed in the February number, is answered in the "Letter-Box" of the same issue.

THE AUDIPHONE—M. E. MANNING AND OTHERS.—The audiphone, that wonderful instrument described by Aunt Fanny in the February number, does enable deaf people to hear. The inventor's agents are Messrs. Caswell, Hazard & Co., 1099 Broadway, New York.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last spring papa got sister and me four prairie-dogs. They like sweet cake, and mamma gives us a piece now and then for the dogs. They eat it just as sister and I do, sit straight up, and put it into their mouths with their fore-paws. They don't eat hazel-nuts, because their teeth are not strong enough, and then, too, hazel-nuts don't grow near western prairie-dog towns. They never drink water, but appear to be afraid of it, and never leave their holes on damp or rainy days. They pile the dirt around. Prairie-dogs look just like wee bears, but they don't stay in their burrows all winter. Up to this time, ours have been out every pleasant day, that is, 'most every day, because our Nebraska winter days are nearly all pleasant. From your friend,

GEORGE H. PALMER.

WE have received a letter from a good friend of ST. NICHOLAS finding fault with our Frontispiece in the January number, saying that while it illustrates the meaning which is usually given to the old nursery jingle—

"Hark! hark! The dogs do bark; the beggars are coming to town;
Some in rags, and some in jags, and some in velvet gowns,"

—it does not illustrate the historical meaning of the rhyme. He adds:

The couplet is not descriptive of a band of ordinary mendicants, but of the entrance into a town of a company of English strolling players, who, when the rhyme was made, and long after, were in British law not only classed as vagabonds, but were debarred the rites of Christian burial.

The most trustworthy writers upon the drama have used this couplet to illustrate the low condition of those early actors of old England, who were not permitted to bear the distinguished title of "His Majesty's Servants." The motley garments of "the beggars," that is, of the actors, are fully described in the last line, and the "velvet gown" distinctly indicates that the wearer was no ordinary alms-seeker. These strolling actors, of the early period indicated by the couplet, strolled from town to town, played in barns, and charged no regular price for admission to the play, but accepted gifts, or, in other words, "took up a collection" from the spectators.

Both by the statutory law and the unwritten law of custom, these strollers were "vagabonds" and "vagrants," and they were as widely known by the name "beggars" as by any other. Yet they were not maimed, halt, blind, nor wretched, but very merry "vagabonds," and the memory of them is very pleasant to me. L. C. D.

The letter is printed as an act of justice to the strolling players, and because it will interest our older readers.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Mamma and Papa, and all of us children, have fine times making words for each other to spell. Each letter is on a little piece of card, and we shuffle them all together. Here are some that we had the most fun over—my aunt brought them to us from North Elba, in the Adirondack Mountains: L A S E I; Papa made out this word. N C O T A E S R S; my brother found out this one. And here is another which they say was made by the Earl of Beaconsfield one evening for the Queen, and which she was delighted with *after* she made it out. B A L Y E R T A. We haven't got it out yet. I send these to you, because I think some of the boys and girls may like to try them. They are good English words in common use. I wish some of the ST. NICHOLAS boys and girls would send some good ones to the "Letter-Box."—Your affectionate reader,

C. D.

ELLA B. AND OTHERS.—All readers of ST. NICHOLAS, whether they are subscribers or not, are welcome to send letters to the "Letter-Box." But there is room only for the best of those letters which are likely to interest the greatest number of readers.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This evening the girl turned the gas bracket so that the flame came close to the sash and under the window-shade, throwing a bright light into the yard. And then she went into the yard to take down the clothes from the line. Of course, the gas flame set fire to the shade, which blazed up. Our Beta, a little girl of ten years, was in a front room and saw the blaze through the doorway. So she ran, got upon a table, tore down the shade, threw it on the floor, and poured water on the shade until the fire was out. When asked how she came to think of doing this, she said: "I read about the Practical Fairy in the January ST. NICHOLAS, and thought I could do as she did." We all think it was brave of her, and that the other ST. NICHOLAS girls will like to know about it.—Yours truly,

B. T.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Please tell me whether or not the story of "How the Elephants turned back" in the December number of ST. NICHOLAS is true, and where an account of it can be found.

LOUIS L. CURTIS.

The story is given in McClintock and Strong's "Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological and Ecclesiastical Literature," under the head of "Maccabees—Third Book."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In looking over your pages I saw in the March number of 1876, an account of the "Man in the Iron Mask," and that his name had never been found out. Not long ago, I saw in a paper an account that at last he had been found out, in this manner:

One day, it is said, a few days before his death, the door of his cell being open, a certain Jean Aumont received furtively, during a few moments' absence of the jailer, a letter from the "Iron Mask," which, for precaution's sake, doubtless, had been written in indecipherable characters. The prisoner, on remitting it to Aumont, began to explain the method of reading it, when suddenly the jailer returned. Jean Aumont kept the letter until his death, being unable to read it, and then it passed into the hands of his son Auguste Aumont, who, after great labor, managed to read it. This is the letter: "If my sad captivity is necessary for the happiness of France, grant me, Lord, the strength to endure it. Louis Louvais and ye, their accomplices, whose names I may not mention, God will one day judge you most severely. What crime have I committed, unless that of being born a French prince? I have offered you to quit France, to go and live and die far away, unknown. Was it not enough? Alas! royalty seems to me very terrible, when it thus renders kings criminals. Oh, Louis, hast thou then no remorse when thinking of the sufferings that I endure? May these lines escape one day from my prison and belong to history. From my tomb, I will bless him who will have transmitted them. May God bless the beloved France—such will my prayer ever be. You who

will read these lines, pity the poor 'Iron Mask,' and pray to God for him. From the Bastille, the 20th of June of the year 1703."

He died on the 19th of November, 1703, and was buried, under the name of "Morchialy," in the cemetery of St. Paul, his parish. He died on Monday and was buried on Tuesday.

Your reader and friend,

CARROLL L. MAXCY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: One day, a little Western boy had his pet dog photographed, and, when he saw the portraits, he said to his father:

"May n't I send one to the man in America who loves dogs the best?"

"Certainly," said his father

After a time, they sent the picture to Mr. James H. Beard. "For," said they, "he could not paint dogs so well if he did not love them very much."



I hope you will print this and the picture, for it will surprise the boy and Mr. Beard, neither of whom knows anything about my sending the photograph to you. I dare say, too, that it will surprise the dog, who was a smart little chap when last I saw him.—Yours truly,

B. H. M.

THE remarkable clock mentioned in the article about "Wonderful Automata," in the February number, was the first of its kind made in America; but J. Willie Stone sends a description of a later American clock, even more wonderful than this, and made in Hazleton, Pennsylvania, by Stephen D. Engle. The clock has forty-eight moving figures; but its description is printed at great length, and so only the gist of it can be given here. The whole machine looks like the front or façade of a cathedral, with three square towers, the middle tower being the tallest, about ten feet high.

The towers spring from a base, which is eight feet wide and rather more than four feet high. The sides of this lower part are ornamental, but the middle has a small globe representing the earth and some complicated astronomical mechanism.

In the lower half of one of the side towers is an organ, and, whenever this plays, two figures appear, with harp and pipes, in the upper half of the tower.

In the lower part of the other side tower a mechanical fife is hid, and in the upper section are twenty figures of soldiers of Revolutionary times, including Moll Pitcher. When the fife plays, the troops march boldly on to take part in some battle—that of Monmouth, perhaps.

The middle tower contains in the lower part a clock, to show the time, the tides, the seasons, the changes of the moon, the months, and the days of the week. At the top of this tower, a Roman sentinel keeps marching to and fro behind battlements, facing about at each end of his beat.

In the middle parts of the tower are more figures, some in niches, some shut in by doors that lead into a small open court, and others upon a balcony. These figures act as follows:

When the hour-hand approaches the first quarter, Father Time reverses his hour-glass and strikes "one" on a bell with his scythe, a bell inside the clock responding, and Youth appears. Three minutes previous to the half-hour a bell strikes, followed by the music of the organ. At the half-hour, Time reverses his glass and strikes two on the bell, a bell inside responding. Then Youth passes and Manhood appears. One minute after this, a chime of bells is heard, a folding door opens in the lower porch and another at the right of the court, and the Savior comes out. Then the Apostles appear in procession, Peter in the center and Judas in the rear. As the first one approaches the Savior, a folding door opens in the balcony above, and the three Marys come out in single file and stand—Mary, the sister of the Virgin, on the left, the Virgin Mary in the center, and Mary Magdalene on the right. As the Apostles come opposite the Savior, they turn toward Him. The Savior bows to them, except to Peter, who turns in the opposite direction; then a cock on the right flaps his wings and crows, and Satan appears above at a window, and a figure of Justice raises her scales. Judas, as he advances, does not look upon the Savior; Satan follows immediately after on foot, and goes back the same way he came, to appear again above at another window. Satan appears six times at different places. At the third quarter, Father Time strikes three with his scythe and turns his hour-glass, when three bells respond.

Then Manhood passes and Old Age comes into view. Three minutes previous to the hour, the organ peals again, and as the hour arrives, the skeleton figure of Death strikes its number with a human thigh bone on a skull. One minute after, the procession of the Apostles again takes place. Besides these two regular movements, the Apostles' procession may be made to occur twice on the first quarter, and twice again on the third, making, in all, six processions each hour.

P. J. B.—The "Legend of the Ground-hog," which you ask about, is explained in the following letter from the author of the poem in the March number:

The ground-hog, a bright, wary little rodent, chiefly abounds in the Southern States. He makes his winter quarters in a deep hole which he burrows into the ground, and in this he sleeps throughout the cold season, far below the reach of frost. His only sustenance during this time is the sucking of his paw, which, curiously enough, is always the left one. On February 2, never sooner, he comes out from his hole, and, if the day should happen to be a bright one, so that he sees his shadow, he is frightened, and hurries back to his hole, there to stay six weeks longer. If the day is dull, and he cannot see his shadow, he keeps out until the cold weather sets in again.

Now, as to his foretelling the weather. February Second is Candlemas Day, and tradition says that if Candlemas Day is bright and sunshiny, six weeks of hard winter weather are sure to follow,—if the contrary, winter will speedily break up. This tradition became linked with the habits of the ground-hog, and what is called Candlemas Day, according to English tradition, is called Ground-hog Day in this country.

WILLIAM M. PEGRAM.

A LITTLE boy of ten years, who has lived all his life in a poor quarter of New York without once being in the country, and who, perhaps, never saw a real live ox or cow close by, wrote the following "composition" about "The Ox:"

Kingdom.	*Type.*	*Class.*	*Order.*	*Family.*
Animal,	Vertebrate,	Mammal,	Cud-chewing,	Ox.

The ox has a long and round body, it has a large and broad head, its tail is made into soup, its hair is put into mortar, its skin made into leather for our shoes. The ox has a cloven hoof; its hoof is made into glue. The female ox is called the cow, from which it gives us milk; the young ox is called the calf.

GEORGE R. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My cousin had such a curious dream a few weeks ago, that I thought I would write and tell you about it. She dreamt there was a sign on the moon telling the people that the earth was wearing out and that they must fly to Venus. It also told them to make feather belts and fasten them around their waists so they could fly. Just as every one was flying up to Venus, my cousin's belt broke, she fell to the earth and woke. She is eleven years old, and so am I.—Your reader,

H. S. GORDON, JR.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

EASY SQUARE-WORD.

1. A POINT in the heavens, directly under the place where we stand. 2. To worship. 3. Birds of the pigeon family. 4. An Empress of Constantinople. 5. To put into place again. D. W.

DIFFICULT DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE heads united spell a poet's name;
The tails set forth a work that earned him fame.

First cite an actress great, Old England's pride;
A famed philosopher set by her side.
Add to the pair a fiery Spanish saint;
A great Italian, next, who loved to paint.
Choose then a holy and a festive day;
And name a king of France long passed away.
A Yankee chief call next, who, long ago,
Fought oft and bravely 'gainst the British foe.
Take what can not be paired howe'er you strive;
And what is never less than fifty-five.
For tenth a Jew who bears o'er England sway;
Eleventh, a prophet-priest of David's day;
For twelfth, a writer old, a wonder, too;
Thirteenth, a Queen in "fourteen ninety-two."
The next is less than nothing and yet more;
The last a Roman bard in days of yore.

PICTURE PUZZLE.



THE name of this man's race is to be found, and then the letters of that name are to be re-arranged so as to spell the name of an East Indian dye of a deep blue color, and the name also of a space set apart for a special purpose.

METAGRAM.

I HAVE five letters, and am welcomed once every year. In me you may find: 1. The ocean that enwraps the earth. 2. A slight illness. 3. A couple. 4. What two persons tried to carry up-hill. 5. What one of them received on his head. 6. That on which he perched, bemoaning his ill-luck. 7. What the other found in her dress. 8. Where she sat while her mother soothed her. 9. Many a jar has it. 10. One who defies conscience through fear. T.

DIAMOND.

1. IN accurate. 2. A pole. 3. A pleasant beverage. 4. The female of the fallow-deer. 5. In acre. N. B. L.

DROP-LETTER WORDS.

EACH of the following examples gives part of the name of some mountain or range of mountains; every other letter being represented by a dash. With each example is given the name of the continent or country to which the name belongs.

1. —i—i—a—d—a—o; Eastern Africa. 2. —r—r—t; Armenia. 3. —o—g; Western Africa. 4.—t—a—; Algeria. 5. —l—s; Central Europe. 6. —r—l; Russian Empire. 7. —o—i—a—; Afghanistan. JACK.

LETTER SYNCOPATIONS.

[To SYNCOPATE is to shorten a word by taking away from the middle of it a letter, or letters, or a syllable.]

1. Syncopate kingly and leave genuine. 2. Syncopate a soldier's reward, and leave a necessary part of every day's living. 3. Syncopate firm, and leave old. 4. Syncopate speedy, and leave an invasion. 5. Syncopate a ditch, and leave a European fresh-water fish. 6. Syncopate grim, and leave a substance that oozes out of trees.

HOUR-GLASS PUZZLE.

ACROSS.—1. A seat for one. 2. A short poem. 3. To adumbrate. 4. A beverage of English people. 5. Wants. Central Perpendicular, To render corrupt. Diagonals (downward): From left to right, Systems of laws; from right to left, Part of a fortification. C. D.

BURIED CITIES.

THE balmy Spring in beauty re-appears.
Sweet April, either smiles or tears, has come.
Pausing to kiss the earth, she disappears.
Then May doth wander by to coax it into bloom.

Down by the brook, whose water looks so clear,
Now from each bank the greening willows sweep
To kiss the little eddies circling near,
And lean as though entranced above the sparkling deep.

The stream, all dimpling at those kisses, slides
Past many a grassy knoll and darkling cave,
Till clearer, deeper than before, it glides
Into the waiting lake, whelmed in a watery grave.

The crocus wakes to keep its tryst with Spring,
Kissed and caressed to life by April's sun.
Laden with sweets, soon June will roses bring,
And May repose because her work is done.

EASY DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

THE initials name a city of Scotland, the finals a city of England. Cross-words: 1. A title of nobility. 2. A city of Hindostan. 3. Four. 4. Part of a church. 5. A shield. 6. Rise! 7. A famous bridge in Venice. 8. An Italian who planned a beautiful tower, which he did not live to finish. 9. A shed. D. W.

EASY ENIGMA.

My first is in come, but not in go;
My second in arrow, not in bow;
My third is in mountain, not in hollow;
My fourth is in pain, but not in sorrow;
My fifth is in rosin, not in gum;
My sixth is in toy, but not in drum.
Of a bird of song here find the name,
And the isle from which the song-bird came.
GORDON L. WARNER.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

WE are two words often heard at this season, and we have twelve letters in all. A little girl once said of us that, if she should happen to be caught in any 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, they and the mud they make would be sure to 12, 8, 4, 5 7, 10, 11 9, 3, 1, 2, 6.

PICTORIAL ANAGRAMS.

[AN anagram is made by taking the letters of some word or words, and re-arranging them in such a way as to spell another word or words.] Each of the following anagrams is made up of just the same letters, no more, no fewer, which spell the name of some object represented in the accompanying picture. The problem is to name the objects correctly.

Here are the anagrams: 1. Charon. 2. Saw her. 3. Hold pin! 4. Hold sure! 5. Oh, must! 6. Fringes. 7. Yes, we rob! 8. Blew so. 9. Bolster. 10. Red tint. 11. Land, eh? 12. A list.

AUNT SUE.



RIDDLE.

WHO is the first small boy mentioned in American History?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MARCH NUMBER.

EASY BEHEADINGS.—1. T-reason. 2. T-rack. 3. S-oak. 4. W-eight. 5. S-word. 6. D-ice.

THREE SQUARE-WORDS.—

I.	II.	III.
OPAL	RING	HOST
PINE	IRON	OHIO
ANNA	NORA	SINS
LEAF	GNAT	TOSS

ANAGRAMS FOR OLDER HEADS.—1. Congregational. 2. Predestination. 3. Independence. 4. Exclamations. 5. Hemisphere. 6. Idolators. 7. Denominations.

ILLUSTRATED METAGRAM.—Minister, Minster, Mister, Miser.

DIAMOND REMAINDERS.—The five words: 1. Ale. 2. Grate. 3. Players. 4. Steam. 5. Err. Diamond: 1. L. 2. RAt. 3. LaYer. 4. TEa. 5. R.

WHAT AM I?—Yard-stick.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—Initials: Paris. Finals: Helen. Cross-words: 1. PlougH. 2. AriadnE. 3. RiIL. 4. IrenE. 5. SaladiN.

SQUARE-WORD.—1. Craft. 2. Razor. 3. Azure. 4. Forms. 5. Tress. —AMPUTATED ACROSTIC.—March winds.

PICTORIAL PUZZLE.—

Some boys love a top, and some love a gun,
But you must love your books, my son.

EASY DISENTANGLEMENTS.—1. Aleppo. 2. Garden. 3. Skipping. 4. Yelps. 5. Arbutus. 6. Spaniel.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—United we stand, divided we fall.

SO MANY solutions have been sent that there is room only for the solvers' initials,—excepting where the solver has answered all the puzzles correctly. Answers to Puzzles in the February number were received, before February 20, from M., and T. Jenks, 18 (all) and from E. McC., 3—F. E. P., 15—C. B. Z., 3—E. and E. J., 8—"Molly and Merry," 4—"Beauty," 3—H. S., 6—F. D. S., 12—G. R. M., 14—"Box 399," 15—E. F. P., 3—B. C. B., 12—H. S. M., 1—M. B. C., 3—P. C. H., 9—A. H. C., 2—A. M. G., 6—F. W. C., 8—F. T., 2—F. H. and S. T. P., 9—M. M., 9—S. P., 6—A. Z. H., 14—J. D. B., 6—B. J. T., 1—M. K. G., 1—E. L. B., 4—N. S. F., 6—G. A. H., 12—D. B. H., 4—S. A. H., 1—W. H. A., 2—E. S. G., 4—P. C. K., 6—G. Y. and J. C., 10—L. W. N., 1—E. M. B., 10—C. H. P. 11—A. M. K., 12—W. H. W., 9—A. E., and E., W., 13—C. M., 1—M. and L., 3—J. W., 7—S. and E. D., 8—F. L. K., 15—S. H., 4—S. C., 8—F. C., 1—L. B., 15—H. T., 4—M. F., 10—F. L., 10—W. L., 1—G. F. 2—X. Y. S., 11—H. B. W., 4—S. M., and L. L. L., 4—R. S. McI., 9—J. D. P., 2—"Blankes," 14—J. S., 8—G. A. M., 1—S. H. R., 7—F. W., 1—M. L. S., —"Diamond and Pearl," 8—W. T. N., 13—A. D. W., 1—W. H. L., 1—H. E. R., and C. R. T., 10—W. P., 8—R. S., 1—E. D., 10 B. M., 9—C. L. H., 9—E. E. J., 3—"Cathie," 4—L. H. D. St. V., 11—W. G. T., 9—"Craigielea," 13—C. R. McM., 1—A., and G., T., 8—M. B., 2—G., and W., H., 1—C. P., 10—H. C. B., 16—G. M., 6—L. L. Van L., 11—L. M. S., 2—A. F. M., 6—G. E. McI., 8—W. S. C., 13—J. S. Jr., 3—H. W., and J. K. B., 13—A. H. L., 2—M. E., and F. M., 14—R. E. P., 1—N. C. K., 8—P. and M., 8—L. P., 1—E. L. H., 6—I. C., 10—W. G. D., 2—L. T. E. B., 1—M. M., 12—B. W. B., 7—G. M., 6—B. McI., 9—M. A. E., 10—W. C., 8—C. S. L., Jr., 8—A. C. P. O., 2—C. B. G., 3—F. M. T., 9—J. R. T., 17—G. H. W., 15—M. M., 10—"Jack and Jill, 17—C. I., 4—E. T. S., 4—"Two Black Point Girls," 15—L. W., 1—C. F., 11—"Cousin Charlie and Mallie," 9—L. and A., 12—N. and J., 1—Annie C. Reynes, 11—D. C. W., Jr., 4—G. G. G. and L. B. S., 7—N. J., 11—F. D., 1—N. E. H., 10—A. H., and L. W., 8—W. A. McL., 8—W. F. B., 11—L. G., and J. R., 6—A. and H. M., 3—A. A. J., 9—M. H. T., 5—C. F. R., 10—L. P., 10—A. T. T., 10—L. C. E., 8—L. I. F., 4—J. H., 3—"Bessie and her Cousin," 15—V. C., 13—B. B. H., 2—G. McL., 8—J. B. L., 11—L. V. N., 8—B. T., 8—"Two Little Canucks," 12—A. F. S., 2—B. H., and E. M., 6—H. P. M., 12—L. C., 14—A. M. A., 13—E. G., 1—A. H., and G. F. I., 11—M. and J., 1—S. E. H., 3—"More and More," 12—J. E. D., 7—"Dandelion and Clover," 1—B. W. McK., 10—T. P., 1—W. D. D., 7—E. A. M., 7—E. M. K., 4—F. W., 14—L. H., 16—E. G., 1—R. W. B., 8—R. A. G., 9—W. E. L., 10—E. S. and A. K., 8—G. H. S., 4—H. R. and Co., 7—C. H. E., 5—"Clove Pink," 17—F. H. M., 9—"Dorothy," 8—K. B. B., 6—J. W. K., 6—M. and H. B., 2—"Winnie," 10—M. J. G. and H. L. C., 7—S. O., and M. S., 5—B. and V. C., 6—E. B. C., 13—C. A., 1—C. K. R., 4—P. S. C., 12—W. B. W., 11—F. M. H. 7—H. O., 14—"Dycie," 9—T. G., 13—A. L. S., 10—E. F., 4—R. H. R., 12—A. and T. S., 16—J. M. W., 9—C. F., 2—E. T. S., 10—P. S. C., 15—W. E. McI., 7—N. De G., 14—S. T. C., 1—M. and M. C., 12—A. M. C. and L. L. C., 12—J. I. N., 15—E. A. G., 3—O. B. J., 11—H. B. H., 7—E. S. T., 2—B. and S., 11—S. S., 3—J. N., 6—E. T. W., 3—A. M. P., 8—R. L. M., 6—C. D. H., 6—B. B., 8—E. F. J., 10—W. McD., 3—M. M. D., 14—E. V., 13—E. B. S., 1—F. and H. S., 1—F. S. A., Jr., 11—J. E. P., 6—G. A. N., 15—E. L. R., 5—H. and B., 10—G. and C. W., 13—J. H. McC., 10—N. H., 15—M. and D. S., 7—M. W. P., 4—D. A. C., 1—Impatieus, 14—O. C. T., 14—K. H. K., 7—C. H. H., 12—M. and sister, 5—C. and J. B., 4—N. A., 12—M. and M., 11—B. R. M., 13. The numerals denote the number of puzzles solved.



